

# *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 11<sup>th</sup> 2 PM

**The Effect of New Mexico  
Statehood on Isleta  
Pueblo  
Speaker  
Stephanie Zuni**

This joint program with Corrales and Albuquerque Historical Societies will take place at the ALBUQUERQUE MUSEUM 200 Mountain Rd NW, Old Town.

Free parking is available in the lot to the south - tell the attendant what space you are in and that you are attending the history program. No fee will be charged.

**President's Message**

*Hola Amigos, This year marks our centennial celebration of New Mexico's statehood. Unfortunately most of the people who witnessed that event in 1912 have passed on. But the first generation of people living in the new state can still recall life in New Mexico during the 1920's and 30's.*

*My challenge to you in 2012 is to find someone who has memories of those early years and ask them to share their experiences with you. Pass on these memories with others and enjoy our rich Sandoval County history. Another challenge is to slow down a little and reflect back to 1912. Instead of sending an e-mail or text message to a friend or relative, take the time to send a real hand written letter. What surprise and treat that would be to the recipient. Instead of speeding by all the beautiful landscapes in Sandoval County, stop your vehicle and walk down a dirt road. Perhaps this road is an original 1912. Look at everything this dirt road has to offer and maybe even "daydream" a little!*

*Lastly, this spring go outside and plant something that will grow over the summer and give you a taste of what a fresh garden harvest tasted like to "los abuelos" is 1912.*

*Mil Gracias, Ken Kloeppe*

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

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

We are sorry to note the sudden passing on January 17th of member **Albert Vallejos**. Our condolences go to his wife Dolores ,and all his family

# Christmas Party



# Christmas



# Party

*Virginia Ortiz  
captured the party  
spirit. She got every-  
one's best side too*



# Christmas



# Party



## JANUARY MEETING

The January meeting was a joint program with Corrales and Albuquerque Historical Societies held in the old San Ysidro church in Corrales. The program was a presentation by historians : Don Bullis and Tim Kimball - NEW MEXICO : THE YEARS BETWEEN THE LAST SPANISH GOVERNOR AND THE FIRST TERRITORIAL GOVERNOR - 1821-1851

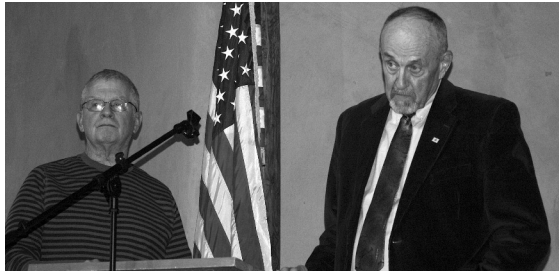


Photo by Ben Blackwell

**Tim Kimball** : The Mexican War and subsequent American Occupation ended representative government in New Mexico on August 18, 1846. Military rule and American laws (the Kearny Code) for civil government were imposed. Despite setbacks and disappointments, New Mexico's 65,000 Hispanics used their numbers and skills over a four year period to progressively mold the emergence of a unique bicultural political system as the Taos rising of 1847, the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, annexation, and military repression of an initial state government unfolded about them. On March 3, 1851, military rule ended as New Mexico became a U. S. territory, with a Hispanic majority legislature and Hispanics occupying most local government offices. These early struggles set the tone as the people of New Mexico continued to seek statehood and a more complete voice as Americans for the next half century.

**Don Bullis** : On the eve of the American occupation of New Mexico in 1846, confusion and uncertainty were the rules rather than the exception. In the national capitol in Mexico City, 35 governments presided in the years between 1821 and 1846; in New Mexico, 16 governors held sway in Santa Fe. Nomadic Indians raided towns and villages across the territory, as they had for more than two centuries, with the accompanying loss of life and property. After the Texas victory at San Jacinto in 1836, Texans began making incursions into New Mexico, peaceful and otherwise, in an effort to annex the territory into the Lone Star Republic. Even the Roman Catholic Diocese of Durango, of which New Mexico was a part, paid little attention to the people in the north; the Bishop only visiting Santa Fe twice in 82 years. And finally, an infusion of Anglos from the east and northeast changed the territory's population characteristics, even though they were relatively few in number. When General Stephen Watts Kearny rode into Santa Fe in August 1846, it seems unlikely that he knew what he was getting into.





## THE GHOST STORIES OF THE MARIA TERESA RESTAURANT

*“Maria Teresa Restaurant occupies one of the most historic homes in Old Albuquerque. Few of its contemporaries are left. They have succumbed to old age, the bulldozer, changing tastes, and the needs of a growing city. Fortunately for this house, it has been owned and occupied by members of the same family through seven generations, who have sustained and nurtured it. It has been changed and remodeled several times, but most of the basic house is intact. Though the individual rooms in most cases serve different purposes from their original intent. Since 1977, when Tinnie Mercantile Company acquired the Salvador Armijo House, it has been a public restaurant, the heart and soul of Albuquerque. A few small adobe houses clustered around the plaza, and several farms and haciendas were up and down the river. But New Town, which grew up along the railroad two miles east, didn't exist yet. Between this house and the church there may have been a few small homes and gardens, but the area was mostly open fields.”*

### LEO BRYANT'S STORY

I've worked at the restaurant now for about 10 years. My first job was dishwasher and now I'm the night manager. The restaurant is a great place to work. I'm surrounded by antiques and a beautiful house, filled with the history of the family that built it. I've not experienced a thing unusual in all the years I've worked at the restaurant, but the staff I've known sure has. Several employees have come to me with their own stories of strange goings-on. I personally know these individuals to be honest, and they

### THE SALVADOR ARMIJO HOUSE

would not make up such stories of ghosts and such things to please themselves. One incident I recall happened several years ago when I was a busboy. I had a fellow employee named J. D. Romero, also at the time, a busboy. He abruptly quit after experiencing, as he put it, ghosts.

It was late at night, and both he and I were left alone in the restaurant. We had been put in charge of making sure all the doors and windows were locked. After checking each room for the possibility of a “lost” guest, we determined the house was, indeed, empty. All the lights were turned off except for where we were standing in the lobby area. Quite unexpectedly, we heard the soft sound of voices coming from the north boardroom. J. D. decided to investigate. He left, and I stayed in the lobby, awaiting his return. Soon he returned, and informed me that there were some people sitting in the boardroom at the table. He had taken a quick look inside, but had decided to have me ask them to leave, since I was the one in charge. I was perplexed as to why these folks had not cleared out of the restaurant. I decided to check for myself and tactfully ask them to leave for the evening.

Making my way to the boardroom, I rehearsed over and over how I would ask these people to leave. I opened the door of the room and found it dark and empty. I did a thorough check. I looked inside closets and under tables. The room was totally empty. Why would J. D. play a joke like this? I turned off the lights in the room and returned to the lobby to confront him. “What are you up to J. D.?” I asked.

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He answered, "What do you mean? Did you tell them to leave?" I told him either he was playing a joke on me or he had imagined the people in the room. He left the lobby and after checking the boardroom for himself, stated emphatically that there were people in the room, but he could not explain why they had disappeared. He was very shaken by what had just happened, and refused to stay a minute longer at the house. He even gave me a couple of dollars if I would finish doing both his and my own for the night. The following day he gave his notice to our supervisor, terminating his employment.

There was another time, just about two years ago, when one of our waiters named Daniel Lamb reported a weird experience one evening. It seems that some patrons he was waiting on, pointed to a mirror in their dining room and said, "What is this?" Dan asked, "What do you mean?" They said a woman had appeared in the mirror, seated at the table with them. She was only reflected in the mirror, but they could not see her in the room.

I had another fellow employee who shared his strange experience at the house with me. This particular employee was like myself, a shift manager. His ghost experience took place in the dining room, named The Armijo Room, named after the original owner of the house. From the opposite end of the house, he heard the antique piano that belonged to the original owners' of the house, playing in the Armijo dining room. The piano currently stands against the west wall of the room. Knowing that he was the only person in the house, immediately he thought a burglar was in the restaurant. The eerie music continued as he quickly, but quietly, made his way to the rear of

the restaurant and locked the door from the outside to enclose anyone in the house. Then he found a public phone and called the police. As he put it, "The police were there in a flash!" He opened the door for them and with drawn weapons they shone their flashlights to completely probe and explore every room in the house. They were unable to find any evidence of burglars. Everything in the house was as it should have been. This manager was totally convinced he had heard the piano. There was no way of convincing him otherwise. His explanation, after all other possible explanations had been exhausted, was that a ghost had been the musician that night.

One unusual incident that took place here in the restaurant last year occurred in the cocktail bar. The water pipes underneath the floor needed replacing. A crew of plumbers came in one day and proceeded to remove the floorboards in the bar for access to the pipes below. When the boards were dismantled and the bare ground underneath exposed, the work crew began the grubby task of digging down through the dirt. Very soon they came upon some old bones. The bones were of various sizes and, from their timeworn appearance, must have been in the ground for many, many years. As was our good fortune, we had an employee who was attending the University of New Mexico, majoring in anthropology. She gathered the bones in a box and took them to the university. She presented them to a professor who examined the bones and determined that they were from a large animal, perhaps a horse. Mixed in with these bones were also human bones. As you might imagine, there was much talk among the employees when word got back to us about the bones. Whether the

bones were re-buried where they were found or, if they remained at the university, I do not know. If they are connected in some way to the hauntings, I'm not sure. The fact that they were found where they were is enough to cause a bit of uneasiness, wouldn't you say?

Without a doubt, I've had many staff come to me with stories of their experiences with what they call ghosts. As I've said before, I've been employed at the restaurant for over 10 years, so that's quite a lot of experiences with ghosts .

#### DANIEL L. LAMB'S STORY

I began my employment as a waiter with the restaurant about three years ago. After a few days on the job, some staff members told me about the spirits of the original owners of the house haunting the restaurant. Of course, I was skeptical of what I had been told. But after so many personal encounters with the supernatural, I now believe the house has spirits that look after the place.

I've known waiters and waitresses like me who have come to work with negative attitudes about a variety of issues; they don't like their supervisors, their work hours, other waiters, or the house itself. I clearly recall one employee in particular, who didn't like working in the dining room, named The Armijo Room. In the room hangs a small portrait of a woman, one of the original family members of the Armijo family. The woman has light colored eyes. Well, this waiter for some personal reason disliked the dining room and especially the portrait of this woman. He at times made rude comments about the woman, including some off-color jokes. An obvious pattern began to develop. Soon after he said something negative about the portrait, he would have a mishap of some

kind. This waiter was usually quite capable, but he dropped trays of food, tripped over glasses of water or wine, etc. These "accidents" took place directly in front of the portrait, in a dining room filled with guests. Eventually, to no one's surprise, this waiter left his employment at the restaurant. My personal encounters with the ghosts were not so unpleasant, but they were spooky and weird, nonetheless.

My first ghost experience occurred three weeks after I had started working at the restaurant. I was assigned to the dining room named The Chacon Room, a room with many mirrors on its walls. Other waiters had told me that this room was known to have the ghost of a man in a dark suit. Apparently, this is the only room in the house in which he has ever been seen. I was told that typically the back of this man is reflected in the mirrors when he is seated at one of the tables. The man is elderly, and somewhat stooped over because of his advanced age. Strangely, only the upper back and head of this man is seen.

As I began my third week of employment, I was tending a table of customers in the room adjacent to The Chacon Room. It was 6 p.m. After taking the customers' orders, I excused myself and made my way to the kitchen. When I entered the corridor towards the kitchen, I was strangely compelled to look into the adjacent Chacon Room. There, in the empty room, I looked at a large mirror on one of the walls. To my amazement, I saw the reflection of the figure of the man in the dark suit, seated at the table! The room was more than adequately lit. Very distinctly, there was the ghost. I was surprised to see how clearly he appeared in the mirror. I could see his white shirt collar and

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his full head of dark gray hair. As I changed my focus from the table to the mirror, I could see his image in the mirror, but this image was not visible at the table. As I said before, others have seen this man in the same situation as I. Among the staff there is a saying, "The house accepts you when the ghost appears to you." To my knowledge, the ghost of the man in the dark suit has a history of appearing only to people in The Chacon Room and nowhere else. I must admit that I was more than a little surprised to have seen the ghost. At first it took me some seconds to collect my thoughts and to react rationally. It's not everyday I see a ghost. I tried to handle myself with as much poise and normality as possible. I acted as if nothing had happened. But soon it was all too much for me to contain. I began to question my sanity, so I mentioned my experience to a fellow employee that evening. She informed me that there have been other workers who had encountered the same male figure. Very soon I found out that most of the employees here had encountered the ghost at one time or another. They were open to discussing their personal encounters and reactions. I found it strange that none of the witnesses had ever seen the complete figure of this ghost. He keeps his arms to his side, he never makes a move, and he sits quietly, as if awaiting someone to join him.

I've had another experience in The Chacon Room, which might be related to the man in the dark suit. On several occasions, I've meticulously arranged the table settings including the flatware here, napkins there, knife over there, etc. Afterwards, I've moved on to another task in another dining room, and returned only to discover all the flatware I had arranged was now piled haphazardly in the center of the

table. This has happened to me when I've been alone in the house or when I have been at the opposite end of the house and the cook staff is in the kitchen. What all this means, I'm not sure. It's as if the ghost has felt things are out of place and he has taken it upon himself to correct matters.

My third, and most dramatic ghost encounter, happened the day before the Thanksgiving holiday in 1993. It was about three in the afternoon, and I was the only waiter on the floor at the time. There were no busboys, and aside from myself, only the bartender was in the house. As I was attending to a young couples' meal order in the dining room adjacent to The Chacon Room, I found out they were from New York and this was their first visit to New Mexico. They had just arrived, and were anxious to have an authentic New-Mexican meal. After taking their order, I made my way to the kitchen. On my return to the couple, I distinctly heard a woman's voice ask me, "Can you help me sir? I need your help." I turned to face the direction of the voice and looked around. No one was in the room. I walked to another dining room, peered inside, the room was also empty. Involuntarily, the hair on the back of my neck stood up! I instantly knew something was going on, something weird. I decided to continue my walk back to the young couples' table, picking up the pace as I walked. As the seated couple came into view down the corridor I noticed the woman began waving her hand at me excitedly, saying, "Did you see her? Did you see her?" Then it hit me like a stone. I got the strong whiff of flowery perfume. The smell reminded me of a sweet-rose or lilac scent. As I arrived at their table the woman once again asked me, "Did you see the lady?" I responded, "No, I didn't see a thing." Then the

couple described to me a middle-aged, Hispanic woman with light colored eyes and dark hair, wearing a red dress, who had appeared at the doorway leading into the dining room. She paused, and had just stared at them. Then, the woman turned away from them and faced the direction of my approach. The couple continued to say, as I walked closer towards the dining room that the woman in the red dress had disappeared into thin air. Apparently we had passed each other in the doorway. I did not see any woman, although they described her in detail. The couple remained excited about their new experience with a ghost. Being new arrivals to the state, I'm sure they had something unique to tell their friends and family about back in New York.

Like the man in the dark suit, other waitstaff have seen the woman in the red dress. We all believe she might very well be one of the daughters of Mr. Armijo, the original owner of the house. People who have had encounters with the ghost have pointed to the original pictures that hang in the Armijo dining room and have singled out one of the daughters as the ghost. The management's position about these sightings remains one of skepticism. They believe that the employees make up these stories to entertain the patrons and guests. As far as I'm concerned, they can think whatever they wish. I know what I've seen and I know ghosts do dwell in this house.

My fourth experience involves the ghost of the woman in the white dress. She appears in The Armijo Room. This dining room contains the majority of the original furnishings that belonged to the house before it became a restaurant. The most noteworthy of these furnishings is a Chickering grand piano. Don

Santiago brought this piano into the house in the 1880s for his daughter, Francisca. Don Santiago was the son-in-law of Salvador Armijo, for whom The Armijo Room is named after. I've been told that all of the daughters, since the time of Francisca to the present, studied on this piano. Francisca was the one known to be quite accomplished in her playing, and she practiced everyday.

One evening, I was once again attending to patrons in this dining room. Nothing appeared out of the ordinary. Everyone had finished their meals and after the dinner plates had been cleared, I returned to ask if anyone wished to order dessert or coffee. I was carrying the silver tray, which had a selection of beautifully decorated desserts for their choosing. As I arrived at a guest's table, I was informed that a woman in a white dress had already taken their dessert order. I was perplexed. I had no idea who this woman in a white dress could be. I had no extra helper that evening to assist with dinner. Furthermore, all of the restaurant's female staff dressed in maroon dresses. I immediately knew that the person described to me, who had taken the order, was not part of our wait staff. I did recall a conversation with a fellow waiter who had informed me of a similar situation involving her table. Apparently, the ghost of a woman attired in a white dress had taken the meal order of her patrons. When I asked the people at my table what this woman looked like, they described her in great detail as middle-aged, Hispanic, about 50 years old, dark hair with streaks of gray, which she wore in a Gibson bun. Her full-length white dress was decorated with small white beads about the collar and bosom. I believe the woman in the white dress is the second wife of the original

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owner/builder of the house, Mr. Armijo.

Apparently, the woman in the white dress also frequents another dining room named The Wine Press. I have been informed that she is typically seen by busboys in an area outside the restrooms. The busboys describe the fleeting image of a woman dressed in white, which is followed by a chilling gust of air.

I recall one Easter Sunday evening when I returned to a table of guests after dinner, and asked them if they wanted dessert. They responded by saying that a woman in a white dress, pushing a dessert cart, had already taken their order. I knew that the restaurant did not use or own a dessert cart and that, once again, the ghost had visited us. The patrons described in detail the woman's long, white-beaded dress and her distinctive hair style.

The piano in The Armijo Room, which I described earlier, has some more interesting history. This old piano has been heard playing on several occasions. Employees have been in the restaurant after it has closed for the night and the dining rooms are empty of patrons. Quite strangely, and without explanation, the sound of several keys can be heard from across the house. Whenever employees went to The Armijo Room to investigate, they found the room dark and empty. I recall my very own experience when I heard the piano keys being struck, not once, but on several occasions late at night.

On one occasion, not long after I began my employment, I was alone in the lobby area. I heard soft piano music originating from The Armijo Room. I decided to investigate. All the lights were turned off in all the dining rooms, including The Armijo Room. While I made my way through the house, I reached blindly into each dining room, located the light switch, and

turned on the lights. As I approached The Armijo Room, the piano music continued to play. When I reached into the room to turn on the lights, the music stopped. I turned on the lights and the room was empty. I was terrified. There is only one way into the room and one way out, and I was standing in that doorway. Whatever or whoever was in The Armijo Room playing the piano had to pass by me. Quickly, with shaky knees, I made my way back to the lobby. I didn't even bother to turn off the lights. It took all my emotional strength to keep from running out to the lobby.

A longtime employee of the restaurant, Rose Dinelli, told me the ghosts of the house were more interactive and expressive in years past. Rose related stories of ghosts knocking guests off their chairs and even turning over tables. I have not personally encountered this extreme behavior but, knowing Rose as I do, I don't doubt her word.

I am not afraid of being alone in the house any longer, because I know the spirits have accepted me as nonthreatening. I know this might sound strange, but I believe the house actually likes me. I find comfort in this belief, and feel quite at home here.

### FRANCIA-GALE SEYMOUR'S STORY

I've been working at the restaurant for four months now. I'm currently a waitress, and can usually be found in the Zamora dining room. Three weeks after my first day of employment I had my contact with the ghost of the house. The house is filled with original antiques that belonged to the original owners of the house. These personal pieces of furniture and what-not somehow have given me the feeling that something was "special" about the house. As I said, I had been working for only three weeks,

when one evening the strangest thing I've ever encountered took place.

That night, I was taking dinner orders in The Zamora Room. I remember I had a large table of six patrons, who were seated directly below a large antique mirror. After taking their orders, I collected the menus and made my way to the kitchen. Suddenly, one of the patrons, who was seated at the table, got up and ran after me. She was excitedly saying to me, "Come here, come here! How do you do that? This is great!" Bewildered, I answered, "How do we do what?" She asked me to follow her back to the dining room, and pointed to the large mirror, saying, "That, look!" Everyone seated at the table was happily smiling. I looked at the mirror and saw the reflection of the patrons at the table. Then, in an instant, I knew what everyone was so excited about.

Reflected in the mirror, seated between two of the patrons, was the clear figure of a woman I'd not seen before. But what made this all so weird was that, when I turned my view away from the mirror to the table, this woman was not to be seen! She was not physically present in the room, although her ghostly image was in the mirror! Everyone assumed that it was all a special-effect illusion provided by the restaurant. I was at a loss for words, so I decided to play along as if it was some kind of prank put on by the restaurant, though this was not easy for me to do.

As I said before, the ghost was seated between two people, and I could clearly see her from the waist up. The details of her dress and face were also visible, and I was able to study her mannerisms. She had poise and was obviously a woman of refinement. She had long black hair, and was wearing a white dress with long sleeves and no jewelry. The white dress itself

was very sheer. Her face was slender and her eyes were a very clear hazel. I venture to say that her age was somewhere in her early 30s. She had a healthy color to her face and was not overly pale as I might imagine a ghost would look. The entire body of this woman was transparent, and aside from this oddity, she appeared to be quite normal and real.

Although she appeared to be seated between two of the patrons, she did not use a chair. She just sat in space and was not bothered by not having a chair. Seated at the back of the table, she directly faced the mirror and was very curious as she examined each plate of food presented to the patrons. I saw her lean over the dinner plates closest to her and inspect each dish with a critical eye. Apparently, she liked what she saw, because she nodded her head with approval. I remember her being very animated, moving her hands and arms regularly. Overall, she was very pleasant and genuinely concerned about how the patrons were being served and cared for. At one point, our eyes met and she fixed her gaze on me. I looked away, filled with apprehension. The patrons were thrilled and amazed at what they believed was some form of "extra added entertainment." They even went so far as to accommodate the ghost by passing butter around her and not through her. They were really having a great time with their "entertainment." I, on the other hand, was at a loss for words. Astonished by everything, I forced a smile, and kept my anxiety to myself.

For about an hour and a half, the ghost remained seated during the meal. Routinely, I walked out of the dining room area into the kitchen where I stayed for minutes at a time. Each time I returned, she was still at the table. Sneaking glances at the mirror, I could see her

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carefully, as I brought food to the table and when I removed the plates. When it came time for me to offer dessert, one of the patrons said, "Look." I watched as she slowly disappeared. Since that time, whenever I am in the Zamora dining room, I always take a quick glance at the mirror in the hope of seeing "her again. The whole experience has left me with a strange, but good feeling. I guess, if I were to see her again, my reaction would be to acknowledge her by saying hello. I have no idea who this ghost might be, although waiters, after hearing about my experience, have told me about their own encounters with the "woman in white."

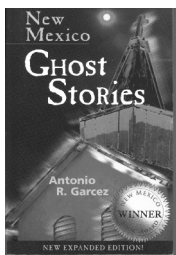
The only other strange thing that happened to me took place in the Armijo dining room. A couple of times I have been alone in the house, and have set up this particular room with all the place settings, including flatware. After re-checking all the dining rooms for the night, I have discovered that the flatware on the tables in The Armijo Room has been moved around and placed usually in one large pile upon the table. Definitely, this is not something the staff has done. I am convinced an invisible hand-or hands-is responsible .

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*These stories have been excerpted, with permission from Antonio Garcez's book "New Mexico GHOST STORIES"*

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*Unfortunately the restaurant is no longer open*



## **THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO**

by Katherine Pomonis, *retired assistant director of the Maxwell Museum*

The University of New Mexico embodies the love of place." It has Ilquerencia, a place in our hearts." Created by the state legislature in 1889 on sand hills east of the downtown New Town this Pueblo on the Mesa has a main campus which embodies a unique Spanish/Pueblo style architecture blended with contemporary modern buildings. Early on, buildings were designed by the well-known architecture John Gaw Meem ... such as the Alumni Chapel, the historic administration building, Scholes Hall and Zimmerman Library whose church-like reading rooms were designed after the interiors of the mission church at Acoma. Standing nearby is the modernist-style building, George Pearl Hall, which was designed by Antoine Predock for the School of Architecture and Planning.

UNM is the center of academic excellence: School of Medicine and the University's Clinical Law Program rank high nationally and can be found on the North Campus. On the Main Campus, Electrical and Computer Engineering programs are top rank of engineering and science research and development. Other programs such as Education, Art and Art History, the Anderson School's Management of Technology MBA program which ranks sixth in the world, the Department of Anthropology which remains deservedly famous all share this central campus with many other programs and administrative offices and the SUB. The South Campus



is the home of the basketball arena known as the Pit, UNM Golf Course and Baseball field and UNM's Science and Technology Park.

Hodgin Hall, located at the corner of Central and University Blvd. was the first building and school house - it was "The University." Bernard Shandon, later known as the Father of the University, when, only 32 years old single-handedly fought for the University. Instruction began in 1892 with 75 students enrolled

William George Tight who arrived in 1901 sent boys into the mountains to bring back trees. and created "The Tight Pine Grove". He personally brought squirrels from Ohio. He dreamed of an adobe campus. Not until 1927 was the pueblo style favored by President Dr. James Zimmerman. He appointed Santa Fe architect John Gaw Meem to carry out this style. Meem designed the President's house, swimming pool, Administrative Bldg., Library, faculty homes, Student Union Bldg. All made possible through federal aid from PWA and Works Progress Admin. Fraternity and sorority houses were encouraged to follow this style. Recently the campus has been designed to exclude automobiles and to make the campus a walking one.

*"The campus of the University of New Mexico is arguably America's most original college environment."*

**VB Price**

*Albuquerque - A city at the end of the earth*

## THE VALUE OF THINGS

*by Benjamin Franklin*

When I was a child seven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children, and being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then ran home and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family.

My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle," and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw one too ambitious of court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees - his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it - I have said to myself, "This man gives too much for his whistle."

*The Lighter Side*

**The benefits of getting old**

Just before the funeral services, the undertaker came up to the very elderly widow and asked, 'How old was your husband?' '98,' she replied, 'Two years older than me' 'So you're 96,' the undertaker commented. She responded, 'Hardly worth going home, is it?'

Reporter interviewing a 104-year-old woman: 'And what do you think is the best thing about being 104?' the reporter asked.. She simply replied, 'No peer pressure.'

The nice thing about being senile is, you can hide your own Easter eggs.

I've sure gotten old! I've had two bypass surgeries, a hip replacement, New knees, fought prostate cancer and diabetes I'm half blind, Can't hear anything quieter than a jet engine, Take 40 different medications that Make me dizzy, winded, and subject to blackouts.

can hardly feel my hands and feet anymore. Can't remember if I'm 89 or 98. Have lost all my friends. But, thank God, I still have my driver's license. '

**You never know**

A tough looking group of bikers were out riding when they saw a girl about to jump off a bridge so they stopped.

The leader, a big burly man, gets off his bike and says, "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to commit suicide," she says. While he did not want to appear insensitive, he didn't want to miss an opportunity so he asked...

"Well, before you jump, why don't you give me a kiss?" So she does... And it was a long, deep lingering kiss. After she's finished, the biker says, "Wow! That was the best kiss I have ever had.

That's a real talent you are wasting. You could be famous. Why are you committing suicide?" "My parents don't like me dressing up like a girl....."

**To lengthen thy life, lessen thy meals"**

*Ben Franklin*

## *The Lighter Side*

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

### Wisdom of the “experts”

Everything that can be invented has been invented,”

— Charles H. Duell, Commissioner, US Office of Patents, 1899.

“I think there is a world market for maybe five computers.” — Thomas Watson, chairman of IBM, 1943

“Computers in the future may weigh no more than 1.5 tons.”

— Popular Mechanics, forecasting the relentless march of science, 1949

“I have traveled the length and breadth of this country and talked with the best people, and I can assure you that data processing is a fad that won't last out the year.”

— The editor in charge of business books for Prentice Hall, 1957

“But what is it good for?”

— Engineer at the Advanced Computing Systems Division of IBM, 1968, commenting on the microchip.

“640K ought to be enough for anybody.” — Bill Gates, 1981

“Man will never reach the moon regardless of all future scientific advances.” — Dr. Lee DeForest, “Father of Radio & Grandfather of Television.”

“The bomb will never go off. I speak as an expert in explosives.”

- - Admiral William Leahy , US Atomic Bomb Project

“There is no likelihood man can ever tap the power of the atom.”

— Robert Millikan, Nobel Prize in Physics, 1923

This ‘telephone’ has too many shortcomings to be seriously considered as a means of communication. The device is inherently of no value to us,” — Western Union internal memo, 1876.

“The wireless music box has no imaginable commercial value. Who would pay for a message sent to nobody in particular?”

— David Sarnoff's associates in response to his urgings for investment in the radio in the 1920s.

“The concept is interesting and well-formed, but in order to earn better than a ‘C,’ the idea must be feasible.”

— A Yale University management professor in response to Fred Smith's paper proposing reliable overnight delivery service. (Smith went on to found Federal Express Corp.)

“I'm just glad it'll be Clark Gable who's falling on his face and not Gary Cooper,” — Gary Cooper on his decision not to take the leading role in “Gone With The Wind.”

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

## UPCOMING PROGRAMS

### SUNDAY ,APRIL 1 st

Presentation of the life of the great New Mexican **CLYDE TINGLEY** by award winning author **Lucinda Lucero Sachs**.

Members are encouraged to bring an article of antique clothing to show.

### SUNDAY, MAY 6th

A telling of New Mexico ghost stories by author **Antonio Garcez** . Members are encouraged to bring a family antique( with a story ) to show .

### SUNDAY, JUNE 10 th

An old fashioned pot luck ( *old* family recipes ? ) and music.

**All meetings are at 2PM**

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