



# *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 10th 2pm

**Geologist, Dirk Van Hart**

**will give a  
Power  
Point presen-  
tation on  
the geology  
along recon-  
structed  
Hwy 550,**



**an exemplary sampling of  
the state's diverse geology**



**President's Message**

*Hola Amigos,*

*As we enter a new year I want to thank everybody that contributed to a very successful 2012. Our society is all volunteer and the success of our association would never be achieved without the hard working individuals that put in time to make it a great society.*

*This year, as always, we will be asking for volunteers to help out when the can. Bring some tasty snacks to our meetings. At times we need help in the kitchen before or after the meetings. We will be asking for someone to clean before our meetings once a month. We need a person to oversee our photo album.*

*If you wish to help please talk to Ken Kloeppel, Tom Wilson, Cynthia Spence, Ernie Jaskolski, Martha Liebert, Roy Skeens, Max Ce D Baca, Connie Aguilar or any member of our Historical Society Board.*

*We enjoy your company and we look forward to making new friends for the year 2013!*

*Sincerely*

*Ken KLoeppel*

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

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

# Christmas party



# Christmas party





# *Christmas party*



*A big tip of the editor's hat to Virginia Ortiz for taking these photos and sand to Msdeline Tapia , Virginia Ortiz and Mary Ann Arthur for providing the musical entertainment.*

## JANUARY MEETING

### A TRIBUTE TO EDMOND DELAVY

Each year at this time we pause a moment to recognize the philanthropy of Edmond Delavy who donated this, his home and property to the Sandoval County Historical Soc. to be used as a meeting place and Museum of History.



Ed a portrait of Ed by his wife, Freida was born in Maine and raised on Long Island. He studied to be an artist at the Pratt Institute and the New York Students Art League. When WWII broke out he was making a living illustrating Western Pulp magazines. During the war he served as a medic for four years in North Africa.

After the war he came west in his '47 Chevy and landed in Albuquerque Old Town where he made his living as a carpenter. He met John Sinclair, curator of the Coronado State Monument who advised him of the Homestead pieces available to veterans. He applied and received a two and a half acre plot across the river from Bernalillo next to the Monument. He and two other men built this house and Ed lived in it from the 1960's until his death in 1989.

He made his living as a painter and

illustrator, working with John Sinclair, illustrating his books and magazine articles for New Mexico Magazine. He belonged to a group of western artists who formed a great support system for one another.

Ed's will left this property to us and we received it in 1980. Since that time it has been used as he hoped it would be and for this generous gift we honor his name and exhibit his permanent collection of paintings in his home/studio.

*Martha Liebert*

### UPCOMING PROGRAMS

**April 14** - Writer and Lecturer **Bill Dunmire** will talk on New Mexico's Spanish livestock heritage and examine the ways Spaniards, Indians and Anglos used animals.

**May 5** - International performer **Consuelo Luz** Weaves in words and music, and personal stories, the Crypto Jewish experiences integrating with the Latin and Indo-American heritage.

**June 9**- Lt. Col ret. **David C De Baca** will present part 1 of a two part presentation documenting the 800 year history of the C de Baca family

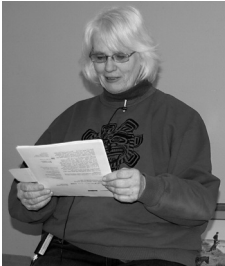
## JANUARY MEETING continued

The 2013 elections were held, and the current officers were re-elected by acclamation:

Treasurer : Ernie Jaskowski  
 Secretary: Cynthia Spence  
 Vice President: Tom Wilson  
 President: Ken Kloepfel

### Patricia McCraw

returned to continue the stories of turquoise mining in New Mexico at the turn of the century. Patricia was a journalism teacher and grew up in Cerrillos, with her Great Grandfather James Patrick McNulty. James was the superintendant of the Tiffany Mines and Patricia has over 3000 documents that he left behind and that were used in her book "Tiffany Blue".



Patricia reported that American Turquoise Company was the first company to mine turquoise and also had the Castilian Mine which was close to the Tiffany Mines near Cerrillos. A close friend of Charles L. Tiffany had seen turquoise on exhibit in Paris, France and perhaps then speculated that turquoise was a "gem" and money was to be made. She read from several letters and stories of the time period 1888-1912 in which McNulty recalled the corrupt politicians, lawmen, and merchants that were active at the time.

Mariano Sena continually sued the American Turquoise Company

claiming he owned the mines in a land grant. Tiffany fought him for 8 years in court and eventually won. During that time, there were many Indian raids on the mines, and the turquoise was often looted. But, amazingly, NO ONE was ever killed during the raids---hundreds of bullets and years of shooting without any deaths, that is quite unusual.

McNulty reported trying, unsuccessfully, to get help from the local sheriff and eventually the Governor. In retrospect, Patricia noted that perhaps all this activity was swept under the carpet as New Mexico was seeking Statehood – that might not happen if all this raiding and corruption was acknowledged.

Then the turquoise market crashed in approx 1912.

Doug Magnus now owns the old Tiffany and Castilian mines.

*Reported by Karen Lermuseaux*



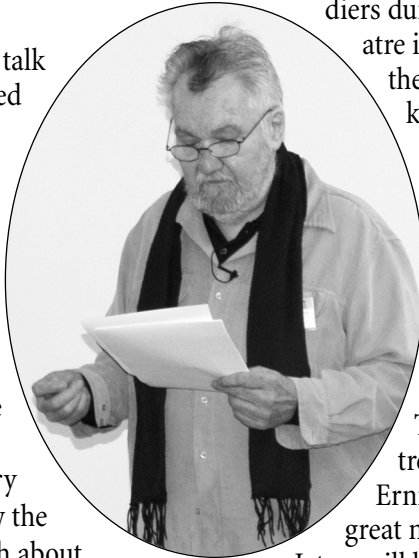
## FEBRUARY MEETING

Today's program is a talk by **John J. Hunt** about famed wartime correspondent **Ernie Pyle**.

There was a FULL house and everyone was so excited to hear about Ernie- from John who included him in his book "A State of their Own" about the people who came to NM and left their mark on the culture.

John did not know Ernie's story prior to his research. He knew the name Ernie Pyle, but not much about the soldier with a typewriter. In a 1942 magazine article Ernie told the story of WHY he had come to NM, and related that he had chosen NM because of a deep, unreasoning love of the SW. Ernie and his wife Jerry were thrilled to have a country mailbox and a wondrous view of snow-capped Mount Taylor. Ernie was born in Dana, Ind in a farming community, but had no desire to become a farmer. He went to the university, left to become a reporter, and ended up in Washington, D.C. He and his wife eventually drove around the US doing interviews with the common folks, an early version of Charles Kuralt, and he managed to earn \$400 a month during the hard times of the depression.

By WWII he had built a large following and with those readers and a reported upwards of 9 million by 1943. Ernie reported on the sol-



diers during fighting in the European theatre in N. Africa, Italy, France, and in the Pacific theatre where he was killed by sniper fire on 4-17-1945. He penned "Death of Captain Waskow" during his time in Italy in 1944 and it was read and printed in newspapers across the Nation on Jan 10, 1944. John read this article and I have to admit it hit me hard, and I noticed how still the room was. The power of those words is still tremendous. Thanks so much to Ernie Pyle, "a born listener with a great memory", for his legacy of writing.

I, too, will have to read up on Ernie Pyle, perhaps see if I can find the 1945 movie with Burgess Meredith and Robert Mitchum... Story of GI Joe, and read "Ernie's America" and "Ernie's War".

Betty Prichard, a retired art teacher from Indiana and neighbor of Ernie Pyle's family spoke about him and her family growing up in farming country. Her nephew has written 2 books about Ernie as well.

Cherry Burns worked at the newspaper in Denver the day Ernie was shot, and recalled the phone call about his death.

Thanks John for the interesting story of Ernie Pyle, and for letting us see the human side of him.

Thanks to ALL of the veterans who have served our country over the last 230 years.

*Reported by Karen Lermuseaux*

## *El Cronicon*

### ***From Cultivating the Land to Planting Crops: A Personal Recollection\****

NASARIO GARCÍA, PH. D.

**Years ago**  
in my placita  
of Ojo del  
Padre (aka  
Guadalupe) in  
the Rio Puerco  
valley



situated southeast of Chaco Canyon, the early March winds were not only a preamble to spring, but also a stark reminder that the planting season was just around the corner. The astrojos, stubble that livestock—including my grandma's hogs—had chewed practically down to the ground, were the only visible signs of crops from the previous sowing season. The fields, dormant throughout the fall and winter months, now beckoned us to wake them up from their prolonged nap.

The time was upon us once again to bring the soil back to life, a process that commenced around mid-March. Now and then the routine was begun a bit later depending on weather conditions, and continued until sometime in April when we planted our crops. The variance on time and when to get started hinged on my paternal grandfather's analysis of the weather gleaned from his readings in the Farmer's Almanac published in Spanish (he had taught

himself to read), a loyal companion of his. He banked on the information, and the rest of the family followed suit. His good judgment on planting matters was hardly ever off target, or doubted for that matter.

The parcels of land where the three García families—my grandfather, my uncle Antonio and my father—planted their crops were clearly understood according to how my grandfather, the landowner, parceled out the farmland. Therefore, the traditional pecking order was invoked. Despite the seeming arbitrary manner of distributing land—though traditional—a cooperative effort from tilling the soil in early spring to harvesting the crops in late summer and early fall prevailed amongst the three families. The women and children's helping hands were vital as well.

Though my grandfather and uncle had the prime land, if the rains didn't come (farmers relied exclusively on dry farming (*de temporal*), good soil or not was of little consolation to farmers. Only the weeds and rattlesnakes, not to mention the prairie dogs, thrived during hot and dry summers. Before planting took place, the soil was turned over, as it were, so as to let it air out and rest for a few days. We called this *barbechar la tierra*, to cultivate the land as opposed to *arar*, to furrow which is when the actual planting took place (more on this later). Regardless of the two tasks, it was a team effort between the farmer and the horse. Even though it was still early spring, the desert breezes were already beginning to heat up and

the erratic March winds mixed with blowing dirt and perspiration on the tiller's brow were not a pleasant sight. Hard work was at hand, regardless. After cultivating the land, the next step was utilizing the *jaira*, harrow. First and

foremost, *jaira* (pronounced hi/rah) is an Anglicism. The use of the harrow, which raised even more dust than plowing, was hardly a welcomed relief, to say the least, but it came after cultivation and was used for leveling the soil. The *jaira* meant that we were one step closer to the actual planting of crops.

For me, as may be the case with other people familiar with farm life in rural New Mexico, the term harrow conjured up two words in Spanish: *jaira* and *rastra*. In my family the two terms in essence signified three different things, but in some ways two of the farm implements, the iron spike and disk harrows, accomplished more or less the same thing, albeit in slightly different ways. The *rastra* or "drag harrow," on the other hand, was made from wood. All three harrows were vastly dissimilar in appearance, size, and shape.

The spike harrow, as the name indicates, sported sharp iron spikes for uprooting weeds, breaking up chunks of soil, and softening the dirt; it had a square-shaped (some were rectangular) iron frame. The disk harrow, in contrast, also made of iron, was elongated with one continuous row of disks about ten feet in length that could "cut and slice" through the soil with relative ease. The drag harrow, however, was used more to level or flatten the plowed ground, above all the terrones, big

chunks of earth. Of the three farm implements in question, the *jaira* is the more modern, factory-made, and the only one that required one horse or two, depending on the size of the

harrow. My grandfather's spike harrow, which was large, needed two horses (sometimes two small harrows were banded together). He also owned one with sharp round disks as well as a homemade drag harrow.

For the one-horse drawn spike-tooth harrow my father would stand in the middle or added weight, pull back on the reins for leverage, and egg the horse on. In the case of the larger harrow, my grandfather would position four large rocks—one on each corner for added weight distribution instead of standing although at times he did stand in the middle. As expected, the rocks were more effective than the farmer standing; he was also less susceptible to falling and thus injuring himself.

Unlike the perilous spike harrow, the farmer using the horse-drawn sharp-edged disk harrow simply walked behind the contraption or to one side without much fanfare or danger to himself.

And what can be said about the *rastra*? It is a classical word that takes us back to Spain in time and history. The *rastra* could be crafted from a dead cottonwood tree and turned into a rather crude piece of quasi square lumber measuring about twelve inches on either side that resembled a railroad tie; it measured six to eight feet long. Imbedded at both ends of the *rastra*, a foot to fifteen inches from each end, were two *argollas*, (iron rings), or *ganchos*,

*Continued*

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hooks with heavy-duty chains connected to the crosspiece of a wagon leading to the horse's harness.

The *rastra* was a one horse, one-man drawn operation, but a two-horse *rastra* was

not unusual. If confident enough and adept at the challenge, a *rastrero*, dragger like my grandfather, already an elderly man—so I thought at the time—of seventy-plus years of age could balance himself on the *rastra* with no difficulty as the horse pressed ahead. It should be noted that in my village and throughout the Río Puerco valley, whenever somebody was good at performing a special feat, people would say, “¡A ése sí que le arrastra!” Boy, he's really good! Perhaps there is some relationship between “arrastrar” (to excel at something) and the ability to balance oneself on the *rastra*. After my grandfather finished using the *jaira* and *rastra*; it was now time for the *rastrillo*, the last step before planting began in earnest. *Rastrillo* comes from *rastrero*, rake or *rastrillar*, to rake. Horse-drawn, usually by two horses, the *rastrillo* was made of iron and sported two large wheels at opposite ends with large half circle-like rings from wheel to wheel that served as a rake. The farmer sat on an elevated metal seat in the middle of the *rastrillo*. He raked, piled up, and burned everything from stubble, corn stalks to tumbleweeds.

The planting of crops included above all else, corn and pinto beans, two staples for most families in my village. In addition to the popular yellow corn seed, my grandfather also had a variety of special corns that he planted. Among

them were *maíz azul*, blue corn for *nixtamal*, from whence came blue corn tortillas; *maíz blanco*, white corn used for *chicos*, dehydrated steamed corn in the *horno*, adobe oven, and cooked with pinto beans for flavor. He also planted a few plants of *maíz de rositas* used for popcorn. Grandpa even planted a couple of plants of so called Indian corn; the yield consisted of multi-colored (yellow, blue, red, and white) corncobs hung on the wall or porch for decoration. As a rule Grandpa reserved the first row of corn for these special corns, whose yield he shared with my father and uncle. Planted among some rows of corn were watermelons and *melones roñosos*, cantaloupes, but pinto beans enjoyed a tract of land all to themselves. The *calabazas*, pumpkins and zucchini, *calabacitas* (squash) were also planted separate and apart from the rest of the crops. By the time late August or September was upon us, the pumpkin patches added a special glow to the cornfields. My grandma had a special large plot of land north of the cornfields where she planted *chilecayotes* that she used in making *jalea*, jelly. To my knowledge, she was the only person in our village, and perhaps in the entire Río Puerco valley, who planted these watermelon look-a-likes albeit smaller. The meat was white, which she boiled, added sugar, and put into small Mason jars with paraffin wax to keep the jelly from growing mold, something that was done with other jellies as well. My grandfather loved jellies. He was particularly fond of *chilecayote* jelly so he always delighted in preparing the soil for Grandma to plant *chilecayotes*. My father also enjoyed the jelly from this unique and intriguing crop. Like

father like son! Now it was time to head for the fields to begin planting corn, the main crop. The plow my father used for planting corn was an ara[d]o de mancera, plow-tail. He owned one, and so did my grandfather. The pointed sharp blade could cut through the dirt like slicing cold lard with a hot knife. Once the horse was hitched to the plow, and my father had the reins knotted and securely draped around his neck and under his left armpit, he held on to the plow's handles with both hands (the reason for the reins around the neck and armpit), both for balance and effective plowing. The plow cut furrows six to eight inches deep from one end of the field to the other as my mother followed right behind my father with a ten-pound can full of corn seeds. I walked alongside her for observation.

On mere observation, her task appeared to be easy, but in reality walking on loose soil, dropping about four to six corn seeds into the furrow at each given step she took, was hard and tiring on your legs. On the way back after turning around when my father came to the end of a furrow, he used the plow to cover the seeds Mom had just deposited in the ground.

From time to time, Mom allowed me to dip my little hand into the can. I would hand her a few seeds of corn so that I could learn and thus assume her role. I was now seven years old going on eight and no doubt was ready for the challenge. She cautioned me, however, never to drop more than a few kernels of corn at a time into the furrow. Her warning was tempered by saying, "*Hijito*, remember one thing, corn doesn't lie. It's like the truth; sooner or later it comes out." Many times on hot days after I

took her place, I was anxious to get rid of the corn fast, but her words of caution rang loud and clear, and I therefore resisted the temptation.

Dad and Mom repeated the process of going up and down each furrow countless times until we finished. The sequence was simple, but it was hard work for both of them.

The horse could also work up a good lather as well as the plowman and the sower.

The only relief from the heat for us was water from a canvas-covered canteen.

There were no soft drinks, lemonade, or cold water, but the fruits of our labor rested in plentiful crops, namely, corn, pinto beans, and pumpkins in August and September, provided the benevolent skies showered our planted fields with ample rain. That's what dry farming and working the land was all about for farming families like mine. The End

*\* Excerpted from my forthcoming childhood memoir titled, Hoe, Heaven, and Hell.*

#### MEMBERSHIP

**You can check your membership status from the date on your Cronicon's address label .If you are not current ,you may not receive the newsletter. Also make sure we have your mailing address if the PO does not deliver to your street address.**

***Rusty Van Hart, Membership chair.***  
**293-2073**

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**BOOK REVIEW****By John J. Hunt**

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***The Southwestern Journals of Adolph F. Bandelier 1880-1882, University of New Mexico Press, 1966***

*I have been searching through the Society's limited library and, though small, it contains some important books about our history. This book by one of the foremost searchers of our past is a seminal work, laying the groundwork for many anthropologists and archaeologists who came after him.*

Although formally untrained, he learned from the best men in the field, and devoted the second phase of his life to studying the past of the Southwest and South America. And he kept assiduous journals, took photographs, drew, and collected samples of the ruins he rummaged through.

When Bandelier checked into the Grand Central Hotel at Santa Fe on the night of August 23, 1880, it was the start of a long and beautiful friendship, because he realized that this place was very different from the place where he had come from. He had been born in Bern, Switzerland, but as a young boy he lived with his parents at Highland, a Swiss settlement about forty miles west

of St. Louis.

The train had taken him to Lamy and from there he rode in a buggy for the bumpy, 18-mile ride to Santa Fe. He was forty at this time and was in the middle of changing careers. He had been preparing for years, studying and planning, running his eyes over the maps; there was the Continental Divide and the Great Southwest, the ancient pueblos, the Indians. He had read what there was to read and had come under a sort of tutelage of Louis Henry Morgan, known as "The Father of American Anthropology." He had met the world famous man seven years earlier and assuredly Morgan felt that the younger man would be of great assistance to his own work. For his part, Bandelier was happy to leave the world of banks and business behind. His wife approved, in fact the Archaeological Institute of America (AIA) also approved and gave him \$1,200 for a year of wandering amidst the relics of the New World.

For the record, his last name is Belgian and is pronounced as French [BAHN-del-ee-a], and not Bandeleer, as it is commonly pronounced. His first task while in Santa Fe was to meet with his various contacts. He attempted to find those people—Governor Lew Wallace, General Atkinson, and Padre Eguillon—but none were at home. He found that "General Wallace has the mining fever."

He began his exploration by going to Pecos to study the ruins and he was as delighted as a child. He didn't care about the heat, the altitude, the climbs—or the lack of amenities. For a man who people thought was “complex” and “aristocratic” he was nonetheless ready and willing to brave the elements, because he lived solely to rummage through the ruins, collecting potsherds, obsidian flakes, and arrowheads. He even chipped away fragments of the mud that held the stones of the ruins in place. He sent that stuff to a colleague at Harvard. He also reported the broken Anheuser-Busch beer bottles scattered about the ancient ruins.

He begins making preparations to go to the other Indian Pueblos—Isleta, Laguna, Acoma. He meets with the governors of the Pueblos, like he does at Cochiti. They call him *amigo* and *compañero*, aware that this intense, refined European is different from the other whites they have known. He wants their stories, their knowledge—not their lands. Eventually he travels farther to Zia, Zuni, Gran Quivira, and as a good anthropologist he delves into their social organization, rituals and ceremonial life; their legends, myths, as well as their ethnobotany, horticulture and their dress.

Bandelier has been referred to as an anthropologist, archaeologist, archivist, ethnologist, explorer, geographer, historian and scientist. He was in fact all of

these. His desire was to see an amalgamation of various sciences, something he practiced assiduously. A polymath who corresponded in English, French, German and Spanish, he studied the Pueblo languages, Keres, Tewa, and even Nahuatl, the Aztec tongue. However, most conversations he had with the pueblo residents were in Spanish.

He also corresponded with Morgan as well as Harvard historian Francis Parkman, who supported his work. To have the endorsements of these men show themselves to be keen judges of character and his “readiness to endure any hardships in their pursuit” proved to be an accurate estimation of his willingness to follow his investigative inclinations.

Over the years Bandelier produced a prolific outpouring of articles and papers as well as history books like *Indians of the Rio Grande*, *History of the Southwest*, *The Gilded Man*, and *The Discovery of New Mexico by de Niza 1539*. But this book of his journals marked the beginning of his life-long pursuit into the ancient realm of Southwestern history. At one point he says, “My life's work has at last begun.”

Bandelier gave New Mexico, and the Southwest in general, a history and a link to the development of the continent. He studied the various cultures that abounded here before the arrival of the

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Westerners, and in many ways preserved, as best he could, what he recorded with the trained eye of the field anthropologist.

Bandelier continued working even as his health was failing. Ironically, he developed cataracts and could no longer keep his journals. His second wife Fanny became his eyes. Late in 1913 they were traveling again. Subsidized by the Carnegie Institution they were heading to Seville, Spain, in order to excavate treasures in the official archives of The Council of the Indies—the supreme governing body of the Spanish colonies. Oñate's letters, the king's orders to remove him, the letters and journals of Cortés, here they lay. But his heart trouble had weakened him. His limbs were swelling and he couldn't walk. He could work no more.

After almost four decades of study and research, suffering the hardships and privations that anthropological fieldwork of his time offered, as well as bouts of sickness, and his constant financial woes, Bandelier died in Seville in March of 1914.

Two years after his death, President Woodrow Wilson designated the area of his beloved Rito de Frio Canyon Bandelier National Monument. On the centenary of his birth an official plaque was unveiled at the visitor center and may serve as his epitaph:

ADOLPH F. BANDELIER  
— ARCHAEOLOGIST ARCHIVIST  
HISTORIAN —  
A GREAT AMERICAN SCHOLAR

An interesting footnote: Following his death, Bandelier was buried at Seville. His widow wanted his remains to be buried in the park that bore his name, but that was not to happen. Over the years the location of his grave was misplaced. During the Spanish Civil War chaos reined and it was not until 1974, when Booker Kelley, an attorney for the School of American Research (SAR) in Santa Fe, applied pressure on the authorities in Seville and the unmarked crypt was found.

In March of 1977 Bandelier's remains arrived in Santa Fe—but the long journey was not over. Various suggestions of where to lay him to rest came to nothing and his remains resided in a simple wooden chest under a table in the SAR boardroom.

Finally, the National Park Service conceded that burials were banned on NPS lands but cremations were not. On October 16, 1980 the scholar's ashes were scattered, near the north wall of Frijoles Canyon, between the visitors' center and the ruins of Tyuonyi. At last, after 66 years, Fanny's wishes were fulfilled.

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**Elected officers - 2013  
Committee chairs**

<b>Ken Kloeppe</b> .....	<b>.....President</b>	<b>294-2358</b>
<b>Tom Wilson</b> .....	<b>Vice-President</b>	<b>867-5575</b>
<b>Cynthia Spence</b> .....	<b>Secretary</b>	<b>867-9115</b>
<b>Ernie Jaskolski</b> .....	<b>Treasurer</b>	<b>828-2514</b>
Dirk Van Hart.....	Archives	293-2073
Martha Liebert.....	Archives	867-2755
Roy Skeens.....	Editor El Cronicón	867-6310
William Last.....	Finance	867-5857
John J. Hunt.....	Public Relations	433-9524
Connie Aguilar.....	Programs	867-5820
Katherine Pomonis.....	Librarian	867-5116
Tom Wilson).....	Grounds	867-5575
Open ...	Photo Albums	
Priscilla Taylor)		
Joy Barclay ).....	Refreshments	867-9769
Ben Blackwell.....	Website	897-5090
Max Cde Baca .....	Building Supervisor	867- 4994
Open .....	Art Exhibits	
Rusty Van Hart .....	Membership	293-2073
Madeline Tapia)		
Ricardo Gonzale) .....	Building Officials	891-9789

**FOOD**

To help along our social hour we ask that our members bring a little something to eat according to surnames as follows:

**March - A.B. C.D**  
**April - E.F. G. H**  
**May- I,J,K,L**

**Joy Barclay at 867-9769 will help coordinate**



## El Cronicón

### *The Lighter Side*

#### **FIVE RULES TO REMEMBER IN LIFE**

1.. Money can not buy happiness, but it's more comfortable to cry in a Porsche than on a bicycle.

2. Forgive your enemy, but remember the ass.....s name.

3.If you help someone when they're in trouble, they will remember you when they're in trouble again.

4.Many people are alive only because it's illegal to shoot them.

5. Alcohol does not solve any problems, but then neither does milk.

*Remember,  
life is good if you keep the right perspective.*

How old would you be, if you did not know how old you was.

*Satchel Paige*

*Live your life  
and forget your age.*

*Norman Vincent Peale*

#### **A FEW LIMERICKS**

There was a young lady called  
Lucy O'Finner  
Who grew constantly thinner and  
thinner  
The reason was plain  
She slept out in the rain  
And was never allowed any dinner!

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The Limericks birth is unclear  
Its genesis owed much to Lear  
It started out clean  
But soon went obscene  
And this split haunts its later  
career!

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There was a young lady called  
Harris  
That nothing could ever embarrass  
Till the bath salts one day  
In the tub where she lay  
Turned out to be Plaster of Paris!



March 2013

## *The Lighter Side*

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

### **LEARNING TO CUSS**

A 6 year old and a 4 year old are raking the yard.

The 6 year old asks, "You know what? I think it's about time we started learning to cuss." The 4 year old nods his head in approval.

The 6 year old continues, "When we go in for breakfast, I'm gonna say something with hell and you say something with ass."

The 4 year old agrees with enthusiasm.

When the mother walks into the kitchen and asks the 6 year old what he wants for breakfast, he replies, "Aw, hell, Mom, I guess I'll have some Cheerios.

**WHACK!**

He flies out of his chair, tumbles across the kitchen floor, gets up, and runs upstairs crying his eyes out, with his mother in hot pursuit, slapping his rear with every step.

His mom locks him in his room and shouts, "You can stay there until I let you out!"

She then comes back downstairs, looks at the 4 year old and asks with a stern voice, "And what do YOU want for breakfast, young man?"

"I don't know," he blubbers, "but you can bet your ass it won't be Cheerios!"

### **STUFF YOU MIGHT WANT TO KNOW**

It is impossible to lick  
your elbow.

The highest percentage of people who walk to work: Alaska

The percentage of  
Africa that is wilderness: 28%  
(now get this...)

The percentage of  
North America that is wilderness: 38%

The average number  
of people airborne over the U.S.  
in any given hour:  
61,000

Intelligent people  
have more zinc and copper in their hair..

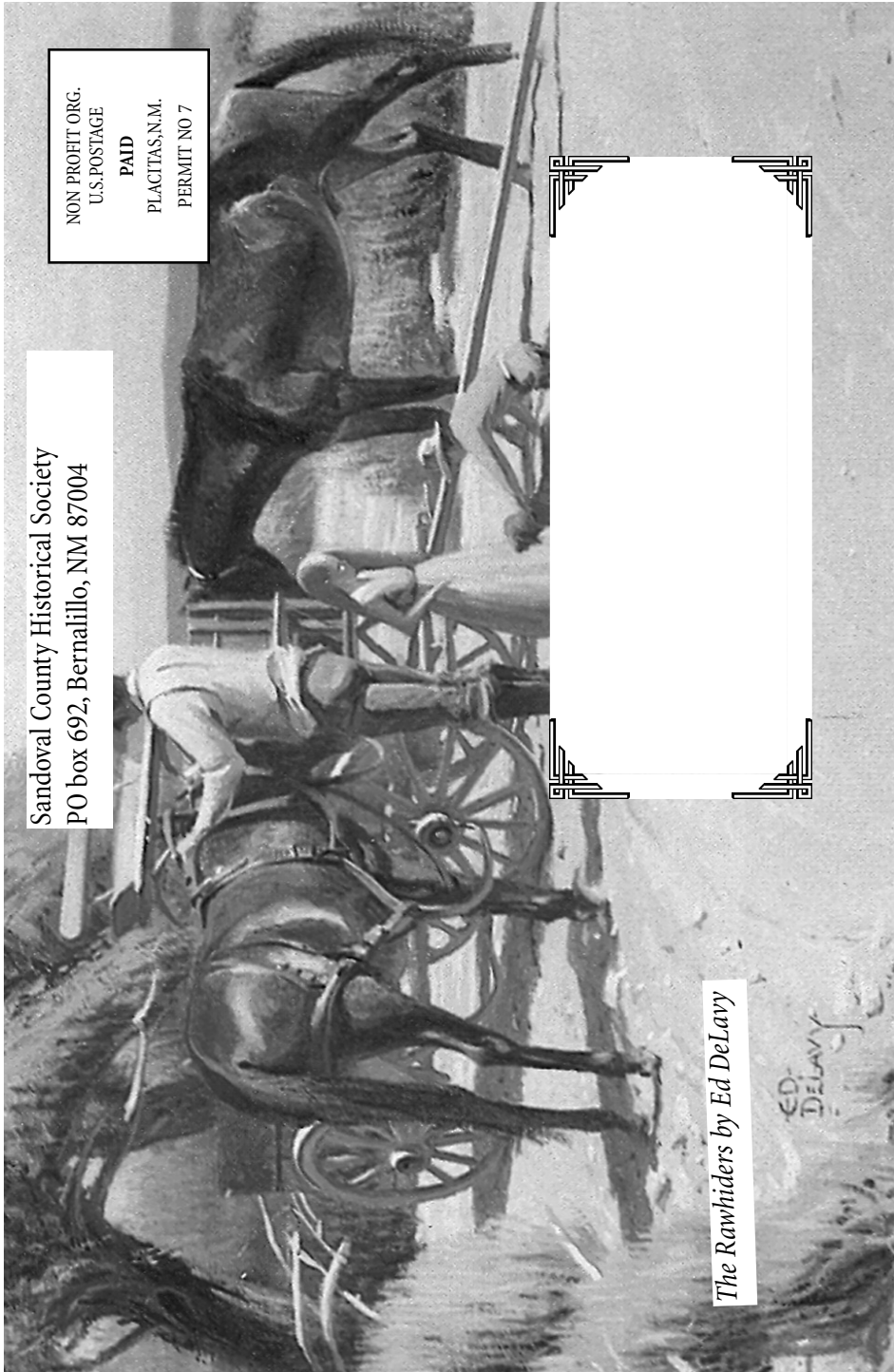
The first novel ever  
written on a typewriter, Tom Sawyer.

Each king in a deck  
of playing cards represents a great king from  
history:

Spades - King David  
Hearts - Charlemagne  
Clubs - Alexander, the Great  
Diamonds - Julius Ceaser-

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*The Rawhiders by Ed DeLavy*

