

# *El Cronicón*

Official Quarterly Publication of the  
SANDOVAL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

President: Bill Sapien

Editor: Roy C. Skeens

*Volume 21, No3*

*September 2010*

*September Meeting*  
*Sunday, September 12th, 2pm*

**Dr. Estevan Rael-Galvez**, former state historian and now Executive Director of the National Hispanic Cultural Center in Albuquerque, will speak on Catalyzing community thru creativity, he will touch on the early history of Nueva España and discuss the National Hispanic Cultural Center.

**Artist of the month: Jemez gallery Co-op**

## **Saludos Del Presidente**

Hola Amigos (Hello my friends)! I want to express my desire and hope that all of the Society members have had an enjoyable summer and are looking forward to fall and winter as we close out the year. I want to express our appreciation to the Executive Board and the Society Members that have so willingly responded to the support of our organization. I look forward to 2011 with a lot of enthusiasm and energy. The Board will finalize the 2011 Program of Events with Connie Aguilar leading the charge. This task will take place during the months of September and October.

In July, we had a very enjoyable concert by the conjunto (musical group, Los Primos) and a delicious social hour which featured ice cream and other delectables. Thank you for attending – as over 100 listened and applauded approvingly.

The poster holders are in place and completed to a large degree. This project was handled by the very competent, Dirk Van Hart and Martha Liebert. I, also on behalf of the society members I want to wish Martha a speedy recovery regarding her eye surgery.

The world is very different today just from the first of the year but together we will overcome any and all challenges whether they may be traumatic or mundane. The important goal is to keep our eyes on the prize and that prize is to support our members by providing excellent programs. I believe the Board has done that and continues to do so.

As always thank you for your prayers and bring a friend to our next meeting!!

Mil Gracias,  
Bill Sapien

## JUNE MEETING

Reported by Mollie Andrews

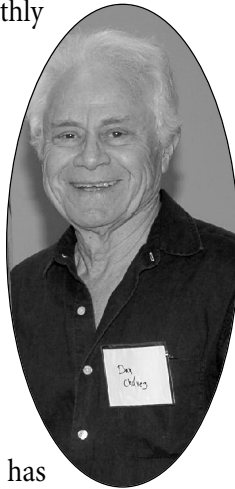
### José Leandro Perea of Bernalillo

On June 13th 2010, at the monthly meeting, **Dr. Dan Chavez**, retired Director of UNM Community College, spoke about José Leandro Perea who dominated the economy and politics of Bernalillo for many years.

New Mexicans were citizens of Spain for two hundred twenty years, Mexican citizens for twenty years and then were declared citizens of the United States in 1846. This has been questioned as General Kearney probably did not have the authority to declare them citizens.

As a territory, NM was entitled to a delegate in the US Congress. (A territorial delegate has no vote.) Four descendants of Leandro Perea were territorial delegates. The wealthy married the wealthy. Dan Chavez showed on a chart how the wealthy Perea's married the wealthy Chavez's. Colonel Manuel Antonio Chavez was famous as an Indian fighter. He enlisted in the Union Army with a militia of his own. During the civil war he fought at the Battle of Valverde and at the battle of Apache Canyon. Colonel Chivington prevailed against the Confederates with his help. A bronze bust at the state capital celebrates this.

The descendants of Pedro Perea played important roles in NM history. Two of



Leandro's grandsons were governors. Pedro II, with Archbishop Lamy, established the boy's and girl's Catholic schools in Bernalillo. Mariano Otero at one time owned the Valle Grande, an area close to 100,000 acres now known as Valles Caldera National Preserve.

José Leandro was known as the sheep king as he had 200,000 sheep. During the Civil War, there was great demand for wool but he lived in infamy because in 1878 when the railroad officials came to Bernalillo with plans to build the round house and repair shops they approached Jose Leandro to buy acreage. José Leandro asked \$425 per acre for land that was selling for \$2 to \$3. The officials went on to Albuquerque and the rest is history.



### Juan Gonzales Bas

**Ricardo Gonzales** also was a speaker at the June meeting

He related that Juan Gonzales Bas founded the area known as Corrales. He purchased the grant from Francisco Montes Vigil. The grant had been given To Vigil by Don Diego De Vargas two years earlier at the time of the reconquest and he sold it to one of his soldiers. Ricardo showed a chart of his ancestors from Juan Gonzales to himself and confirmed that Juan Gonzales was the same as Captain Juan Gonzales Bas.

## JULY CONCERT & SOCIAL

We held an ice cream social on the evening of July 25th ,2010. The room was almost full to capacity. The musical group, Los Primos from the Albuquerque Santa Fe area was a huge success. They are known for their ability to adapt each show to their audience. Their selection of traditional And popular Latin music made it easy for the group to join in and enjoy. Some of their selections were *Volare*, *Solamente Una Vez*, *Malaguena Salarosa*, *Aya en el Rancho Grande*, *Cielito Lindo*, *Cuanta La Mera (Cuando Calienta El Sol)* and *La Bamba*. The performers Los Primos, Juan Lucero and Carlos Chavez, are cousins. They are very professional and very talented young men. The audience had another treat when Diego Lucero, Juan's eight year old son sang *Paloma Blanca*.

Following the performance ice cream, cookies, fruit and punch were served.

*Mollie Andrews*



**Our membership chairman**

**Rusty Van Hart announces a special deal: Join now for 2010  
and your dues will count also for 2011 !!!**

Here are our very modest Membership dues

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

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

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

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

You can reach Rusty at 293-2073



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

## PROFILE OF SANDOVAL COUNTY

Fourth largest in size in New Mexico, this county was originally SANTA ANA COUNTY 1852—76

Boundaries ran to the California line County seat was Peña Blanca

BERNALILLO COUNTY

County seat: Town of Bernalillo

1878 County seat moved from Los Ranchos de Albuquerque to town of Bernalillo

SANDOVAL COUNTY 1903 created/1905 repealed and changed to separate from Albuquerque.

When Corrales was called Sandoval it was the County seat.

Town of Bernalillo made County seat. (Population 1,000)

In 1949 Los Alamos County was created out of NE corner of Sandoval.

The area of the county is 2,378,880 acres. Land ownership demonstrates our tax base problem:

Federal Lands: 981 thousand acres

Indian Reservations: 650 thousand acres

State Lands: 80 thousand acres

Private Lands: 661 thousand acres

Our census figures indicate our growth problems:

1910 our population was 8,579

1970 17,492

1980 34,799

2000 90,000

Our precipitation varies with our geology:

8 inches in Bernalillo (the valley) to 20 inches in the mountains of the Jemez

## “ROSE’S POTTERY HOUSE”

The Main Street of Bernalillo is known as Route 66, Camino Real, New Mexico 313 and Camino Del Pueblo. Rose’s Pottery House, Gallery & Museum is located at 925 Camino Del Pueblo and faces the beautiful majestic Sandia Mountains.

James and Ella Founders of Rose’s Pottery House had vision for themselves, their children, artist and their Community. .

Historically James, Ella and family have been preserving art for close to 100 years as The Silva Collection started when James was seven years old in 1910. His first purchase was Native American Indian Art.

Rose’s Pottery House named after their daughter Rose, has art dating from the year 200 to present time 2007.

James and Ella also built the first movie theatre “The Zia Theater” in Bernalillo and Sandoval County which currently houses a large collection of art and is part of Rose’s Pottery House.

James and Ella not only collected art but also bought, and sold Native American Indian Art and Southwest art. Their collection also includes international and national art.

James and Ella were memorialized by the New Mexico State Senate for their contribution to New Mexico in 1996.

Rose’s Pottery House supports the National Hispanic Cultural Center, The Native American Indian Museum in Washington D.C, which is part of the Smithsonian Institute. They have also supported The New Mexico Museum in Albuquerque and Santa Fe MuseumS.They have also introduced artists and sold art to Herda Museum in Phoenix and Museums in Oklahoma, Chicago and New York.

*Marie Antoinete Silva, daughter of James & Ella Silva*

*Upcoming programs*

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

Presenters portray women of early  
New Mexico

Mary Aguilar - Lee - Isabel Bernal (1600)

Rita Last - Donna Josefa Trujillo (1800)

Mida West - Elena Gallegos (1600)

**SUNDAY, November 14th,  
2PM**

Don Bullis presents  
Author's Day



*Two examples of Ed DeLavy's versatility*



## Historical Society Poster Project *by Dirk Van Hart*

One element of the Society's archives is its collection of over 200 posters - most of them made over the years by Martha Liebert. They are bulky, difficult to store, difficult to retrieve, and difficult to protect due to their fragility. In November 2008, Roy Skeens and Dirk Van Hart began work on this project. Roy photographed each and every poster with a digital camera, with Dirk acting as assistant. This phase took until January 2010.

After each photographing session, Roy downloaded each photo file into his computer, adjusted each one with the software package Photoshop, and then printed the improved photo on high-quality paper. Dirk organized the poster photos by subject, and assigned to each a sequential number starting with 001. He labeled each poster with this unique number on the upper right corner. However, when this process was finished it was discovered that about 30 posters had somehow eluded Roy and Dirk's sharp eyes. Therefore these "outlaw" posters had to be also photographed and inserted into the collection. This was done by using the sequential number scheme as before, but by adding supplemental letters "A," "B," "C," etc. to allow them "to fit." All the poster photographs are now in a three-ring index book, organized by subject and number, and available on the top shelf of the central cabinet.

In January 2010, Martha Liebert contacted Bernalillo carpenter Rick Catanach about constructing a number of cabinets to house the poster collection and to make them retrievable. We agreed on a design, with vertical slots to hold the posters. Rick and his son Luke built three large cabinets as per our design, with caster wheels for portability, and in June 2010 delivered the cabinets to the DeLavy House. Now the Society's poster collection is properly stored in these three cabinets. Dirk prepared a "Poster Protocol" sign for display on top of center cabinet instructing researchers to located their poster(?) of interest in the index book first, and then to ask an authorized Society person to retrieve their posters from the cabinets. This way the posters are not only stored, but retrievable and protected from the elements.

# Historical Society Poster Project



**POSTER PROJECT**

1. Please DO NOT go over the posters by pencil. The posters are very fragile.
2. Instead, refer to Poster Catalogue for instructions.
3. First part of Poster Catalogue has organized by subject and then by year.
4. Second, map part of Catalogue contains poster to catalogue reference for the poster.
5. First number of your poster/poster.
6. Ask CHAIRMAN, authorized poster/posters of interest in the list.

*These are typical Posters. If you will carefully remove the original.*



posters. If the reproductions in the catalog do not show sufficient detail, a staff member original from the cabinet for you. The posters are fragile and need to be handled with care

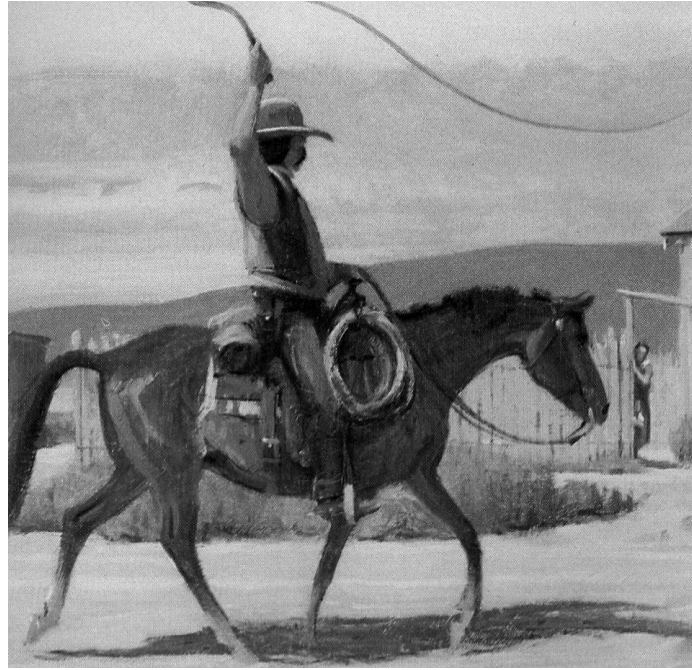
## Friendship with Casimiro by John L. Sinclair

*painting by Edmond DeLavy*

They called him Casimiro, but that was far from the name he was born to. He was a mystery man to all but his closest friends, and those who knew anything about him were very few. He lived in or near the village of Arabela at the extreme east end of the Capitan Mountains, a sort of ward of the Pacheco family, sheep barons if any deserved the distinction. His complexion was very dark, and he was very old. But spry, as were others of his tribe, one famed for its stamina along with the Tarahumaras.

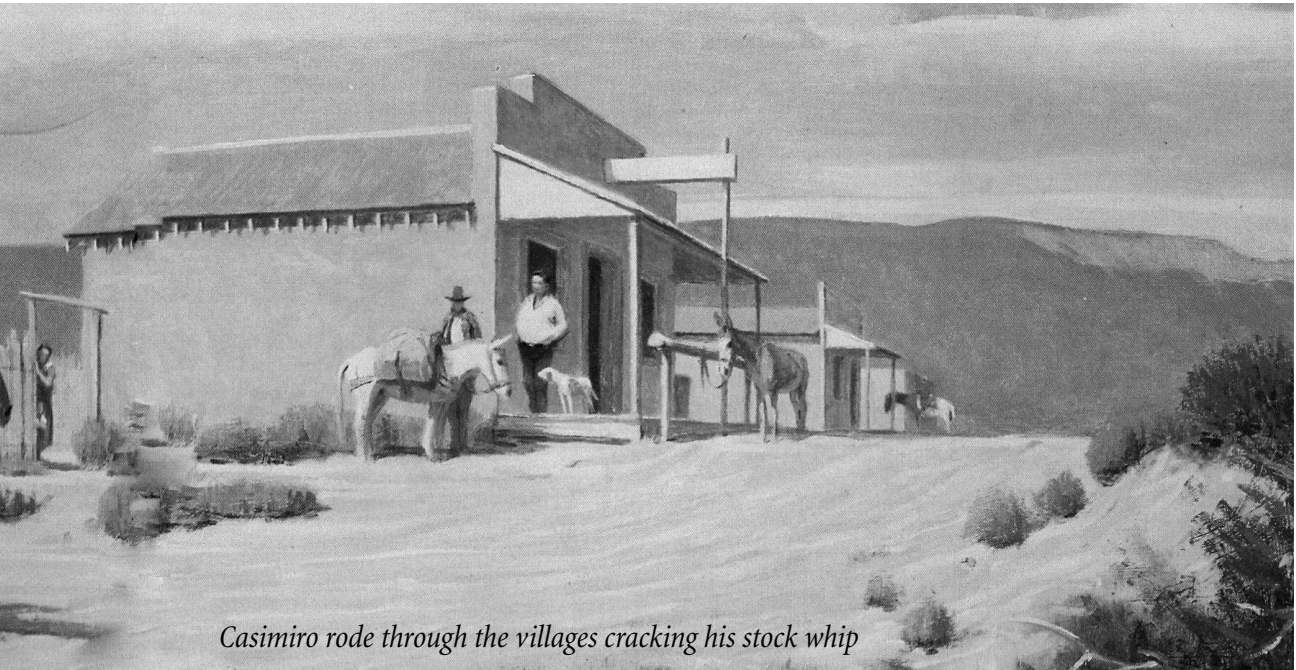
Casimiro was a Yaqui Indian come north from Sonora in Mexico. People who knew anything about him say that his Yaqui name was Casemide Biyesca, which sounded a little foreign to the Spanish-speaking paisanos of the Lincoln County settlements. So they changed it to suit their tongues, to a more familiar Casimiro Bosca.

I used to wonder how Casimiro ever got to Lincoln County from way down in Sonora. Did he come with his parents, maybe, a little bundle of Indian the color of walnut? Or did he in later youth ride up here on horseback, following the Rio Bavispe northward from the Sahuaripa and Tonichi country, to hit the United States border where Arizona and New Mexico come together, say near Cloverdale in the Animas? For in the days when Casimiro was young, a man on horseback could just keep on riding forever and wherever he chose. But why did he choose to live his long life near



Arabela, which used to be called Los Palos? I suppose nobody can answer that. It happened so long ago. The Capitan Mountain country was so different physically from that of the Yaqui River. Here it was green with grama and pine and high peaks so cool with a “northern” feel to them. The birthland of Casimiro, on the other hand, is among the most fertile on earth, without the bite of winter, where everything grows, a summer sun so compatible with earth and irrigation that lack of food and homespun clothing couldn’t possibly exist.

I got to know Casimiro, and ever so briefly, in the summer of 1928. I was 26 then. Although a poor judge of an Indian’s age, I came to a guess that he was in his late eighties or early nineties. Other folks of the region thought so, too. And what a man on horseback! It was no short distance between Arabela and Encinoso, perhaps 30 miles over the roughest dirt road in



*Casimiro rode through the villages cracking his stock whip*

the state, but a soft and kindly one to a pony's hooves. Arabela hugged the mountain's extreme east end, with the highest summit (10,025 feet) lordling over the west skyline. Almost from the village yards rose the Devil's Playground, named for the lightning spectacles that happened when the fiery bolts, to an orchestral accompaniment of thunder, struck and danced from one monolith to another in a natural forest of rock spires.

The pony ride to Encinosa from Casimiro's home was probably his favorite, for we saw him so often. Other times he would ride, folks told, in the other direction - down past Bluewater and Pancho Canyon to Escondido Spring. But wherever he rode, he sat his horse as a rider who can never age, as spry and nimble and graceful in the saddle as a man 50 years short of his, whatever in number they were at the time. And we know he certainly

must have been in his prime when Lincoln County's notorious Billy the Kid rode these same trails back from 1878 to 1881.

He was a strong, heavily built Indian was Casimiro. Never in a hurry, he rode his pony at a walk or a trot, and the pony was a match for the rider, the kind of mount we all rode at the time, the small but active and terrifically hardy Spanish mustang. Sometimes a bay, other times a sorrel or a dun, the two would take the ruts called a road with the dignity born into his own respective breed - Yaqui and mustang, a combination as unique to the desert Southwest as tequila drunk from a gourd. Casimiro rode a stock saddle, of course. High cantled with the popular wide "swell" and double rigged even if only the fore cinch was used. Just as any of the rest of us. But there was one difference that made this man distinctive, and

*Continued*

that was the gear he had looped by a saddle string under each end of the wide saddle swell. And the saddle horn was rawhide covered. His 30-foot manila lariat rope was at the right side, and on the left a coiled, 12-foot-long, rawhide, plaited stockwhip, buckskin tipped with a popper, and shot loaded. When Casimiro found use for the lariat he uncoiled it from the right, but whenever the stockwhip came off its left side string, well - that was the start of the act of horsemanship that made him notorious.

His passing scene was one of tranquil beauty - if, of course, the day wasn't one of springtime when the dry west wind and dust swirled over the flats and coated gray the branches of piñon and cedars at the lower forest. After a summer rain the whole world of the Capitans sparkled, and where they met the timber, the grama meadows smelled of a freshness sublime. Westbound, the great piney wall of the mountains were at Casimiro's left. To his right stretched the sea of grass that rolled and swelled northward to the Arroyo Seco and to the dry lakes appropriately called. Cocklebur and Antelope. Cactus Flat and the Arroyo del Macho were there to the south of the great gash in red earth we knew as the Gallo Canyons were cut down the green mountains to end on the flats. Like Peppin Canyon named for a famous sheriff, and Copeland for a pioneer. Las Tablas Creek came down directly south of the Block Lookout Station. There was Peachtree Canyon that watered the hunters' retreat called Fox and Fur Lodge. Then the ruins, one called Seven Cabins, the other, Las Tablas, deep mysteries both, for no one knew their history.

I met up with Casimiro on only one occasion, and that on a midsummer day. I had ridden the mile from my house to the mailbox at the roadside. It must have been on a Monday, Wednesday, or Friday, for only on those three days did Bob Hale drive his mail car from Capitan to Spindle and back, serving the boxes along the way. I let my horse drag his bridle reins and feast on grass as I sought the shade of a piñon to read a letter I had just then received. I finished and folded the letter and looked up to see a horseman approaching, his pony kept at an easy walk. It was Casimiro. Frankly, he *did* look ferocious as was popularly supposed. Of the Yaqui people, his complexion was darker than for most Indians, very wrinkled with age, and he sported a sort of Pancho Villa mustache, as many do in Mexico. He was stockily built, holding to the saddle as though he was part of its leather, so much at ease. He pulled up beside me, and I was greeted with the friendliest smile. But the coiled stockwhip tied below his saddle swell *did* have a deadly look to it. He dismounted and joined me in the shade of the tree. Our horses nickered to each other as his joined mine to munch on the fresh summer grama.

He said nothing, but gave his chuckling laugh. It was the same that put the fear of hellfire into the people of Richardson, a Spanish village on the Block Ranch, and at Encinoso on the Merchant Ranch. I gave him a friendly invite to "set" as I sprawled comfortably on the fallen piñon needles. I knew very little Spanish then, having been only five years in New Mexico, but I could make use of "Buenos días." He answered my greeting with a chuckle. He

then reached out and patted my shoulder. "Amigo?" he inquired. "Sí," I assured him. He chuckled again, with the kindest sparkle to his sun-squinted eyes.

Was this the Wild Rider of the Spindle Route, the Whip-Cracking Villain from Los Palos, the source of terror inflicted upon the feminine element in Spanish villages who upon his approach scurried to gather their playing children and herd them into their houses and shut and bolt the doors?

Of course, it was natural that with his mighty sense of humor he would be encouraged to continue his pranks, thrilled as he watched them hurry like biddies in the chicken yard. Then he would uncoil the whip and spur his mount into a lope. At a full run he would take over the village street, slash at the ground with the rawhide-plaited terror, crack its 12-foot length in the air, its "popper" letting all and sundry know that Casimiro was in town and was having a world of fun. Heaven only knows how he could master his lariat rope if given occasion for its use! Like the vaquero of Old Mexico that he was, the rope - manila, maguey, rawhide or whatever would answer to every twist of his wrist, "tied lariat" or *dar La vuelta* free of the horn, the method popular in his own Sonora and our California. We conversed in sign language due to my ignorance of Spanish.

"Where did I live?" I pointed to my cabin, which showed itself clear on a rise to the south. He nodded that he understood.

"Where did I work?" I swung my arms around indicating "sometimes here, some-

times there," pointing to the Block Ranch, the Merchant Ranch, and across the mountains to sheep pastures south of the Hondo. He smiled. I had made myself clear.

Given another five years I could have conversed with him quite well, for the sheep camps were excellent academies for a course in Spanish. But just then he seemed interested in the letter I held in my hand.

"Lápiz," he said, with a finger pointed to my shirt pocket. I handed him a pencil as well as the enveloped letter. I wondered if the Yaquis had a word for pencil.

He scribbled something with seeming difficulty, and when he handed me back the envelope, there in what looked like Islamic script was the blessed word *amigo!* Friend! The most precious word in either the Spanish or English language. Even in Yaqui. Then, to my surprise, he offered the return of my pencil.

Surprised, why of course! I had heard it said a thousand times, a warning that took the countryside any season of the year. "Watch your house, don't let Casimiro inside. Keep him out of your saddle shed, he will steal all you own. He is a thief. When you see him coming, go the other way"

So they not only feared him, but they mistrusted his honesty. They feared the mystery man who cracked the whip, loped through the village to send the women, the boys and girls, even the old ones, scurrying behind closed doors. But look! He had given me my pencil, also the envelope signed with sincerity. He gave me to know he was my friend.

Maybe Casimiro would come to my house,

*Continued*

that day or any time, I thought to myself. And if he should he could eat dinner or supper with me - like beans and bacon and biscuits and coffee. If he should come for supper he could stay all night. I hoped he would. Surely the great Spanish sheep barons knew his story, they whose herds ranged the hill country east of the mountains from Picacho north to Cedar Hill - aristocrats such as the Frésquezes, the Pachecos - and the families of Don José Anaya and the great Don Martin Chavez. But if they knew, they did not tell. There was talk about, which should have given him at least a little credit among the paisanos, a historic fact that he had been a close friend of Billy the Kid some 48 years before that day we sat together in the shade of the piñon tree. For if the Kid ever needed to find a friend, he would find a dozen in any of the Spanish settlements, among them this Yaqui. It is told that Casimiro in the days of the Lincoln County War had a home and ran livestock of his own, south of Los Palos, the village that became Arabela in the heart of the Pacheco empire.

It is also told that on two occasions the Kid sought Casimiro for help. The first was right after the five-day battle at the McSween store in Lincoln in July 1878. The kid and his friend Billy Wilson, after an unsuccessful escape, came to the Arroyo la Palpso afoot, where they met five Apache Indians returning from an antelope hunt. They tried to bargain with the Indians for their mules, which proved negative. So the two Billys drew their six-shooters and dispatched them all. Then mounting the mules they rode to Los Palos and presented Casimiro with a fine gift of antelope meat. There the Yaqui gave them in

return a saddled horse apiece and wished them a "vaya con dios" as they loped off on the long ride to Fort Sumner - to Stinking Springs and their capture. Casimiro was a young man then:

The second helping hand the Kid received from his trusty friend was after the famous escape from the Lincoln jail, on April 28, 1881, when arriving at Casimiro's jacal a few days later he was given a place to hide. Casimiro rode down to Lincoln the next day to idle around as innocent of outlawry as any law abiding ranchero could be, to enjoy a summer day's drink at the cantina, perhaps. But above all listen to the gossip. And the gossip told, as he related it to the outlaw Billy Bonney on his return home, that Sheriff Pat Garrett had sworn an oath before the Lord of Heaven, and to all and sundry on the face of the earth, to find Billy the Kid and kill him on sight - or bring him back to Lincoln as immediate fodder for the hang-rope.

"Ride south," Casimiro advised Billy. "Go to Mexico. If you stay in this country Pat Garrett will kill you."

But Bob Davis of the Block Ranch sent the Kid a saddled horse delivered by his friend Petronillo Sedillo. And proud and free as an eagle the young desperado *didn't* "ride south." No indeed, he rode north to Fort Sumner where he had many friends, even sweethearts, where he'd be free, free, free! But just for about two-and-a-half months. Then it would be Pat Garrett again!

He'll steal anything he can get his hands on. I'd heard Casimiro condemned so often for his "taking ways." As he sat beside me then I looked to my pony that was munching the nearby grass. Casimiro's horse was close by,



also nibbling at the new juicy grama, an equine friendship developed in tune with our budding human companionship in the shade of the tree. There were a few horseman's needs fixed to my saddle, easily removable. Things that could whet the criminal impulse of Casimiro; a new lariat rope, a 30-30 carbine in its scabbard, a nice hand stamped piece of leatherwork I purchased at Edd Amonett's - and a pair of pliers for fence repair in a holder of its own. The bridle and reins could be slipped from my pony in a jiffy, or even the horse himself with saddle and all led away should the notorious villain knock me out with a rock. And a good yellow Fish Brand saddle slicker was rolled and tied behind the cantle. Yes, he did have an outlaw's look to him. But when I looked away from my horse I noticed that he had leaned back, put his hat over his face to shade it from sun and flies, and prepared himself for a nap. The clean high-altitude air, the hush undisturbed except for a bird trill or two; the peace of it, it gave me a sleepy feeling, too. So I leaned back and joined Casimiro in what was probably an hour or half-hour's sleep. It didn't matter, for minutes and days and years of time had no masterly hold on me, or on anyone else in that faraway haven of peace, ease and joy. And when I awoke, lo and behold! My pony was still grazing, alone. For Casimiro and his horse, his stockwhip, and his nasty thieving desires were off and away, perhaps to frighten the distaff side of the village of Richardson, send them to shelter behind closed doors. Hastily, I made my way to the grazing pony to find every removable saddle fixture in place - carbine, fence pliers, rope, slicker, bridle, even the Navajo saddle blanket.

Oh, how he must have been tempted - or did he have the nature to be tempted?

From that time on I saw Casimiro riding his familiar trails, but only from a distance, and tales of his villainy continued to entertain. Then, in the autumn, Bug Merchant came by to ask my help on a job at the ranch, one that would last but a few days, a week at the most. Before leaving I baked a pan of biscuits and boiled a pot of beans to be there should some rider stop by my lone cabin and care to stay all night. Padlocks were unknown in those happy years. My door was always open.

On my return I found that some one *had* stopped by. Someone *had* enjoyed a meal of cold beans and biscuits, and the molasses jar had been attacked. Who that someone was didn't matter, for a gift of simple hospitality makes the blood tingle with satisfaction. I would receive the same in any other house. It was the way of the ranch country. I went to the table where next to the kerosene lamp was my pad and pencils, pen and ink bottle. And the guest who partook of my beans and biscuits had left a note! It was done in a hand I had seen before, a piece of writing similar to one that would grace the portal of an Islamic mosque in Aleppo - a word that could be identified as Spanish, meaning "friend" I looked to the walls where hats and clothing and riding accessories hung on nails driven into the logs. I rushed to a trunk without a lock, where what few valuables I owned were stored. Everything was in place.

**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!

---

A crusader’s wife slipped  
from the garrison  
And had an affair with a  
Saracen  
She was not over sexed  
Or jealous or vexed  
She just wanted to make a  
comparison !

---

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!

*The Lighter Side*

A doctor examined a woman who had been rush’ed to the ER, took the husband aside and said, “I’m sorry, but your wife doesn’t look good at all” The husband replied, “I know doc, but she’s a great cook and good with the kids.”

My uncle lost his dog last week. When I suggested that he put an ad in the local newspaper my uncle said: “Don’t be silly, my dog can’t read!”

A blonde calls the fire department and yells, “Help me - my house is on fire. “Where do you live?” “I don’t know.” ·How do you expect us to get there?” The blonde replies annoyed: “This is no time to ask dumb questions. With your big red fire truck of course!”

A man was beaten up by robbers in Berkeley. As he lay there half dead people started gathering around him. Someone called an ambulance while others suggested some first aid techniques. Among them was a Social Worker who said, “Whoever did this needs help!” . .

## *The Lighter Side two*

Employer: We need someone for this job who is Responsible,” Applicant: Sir, I’m perfect for this job. In my previous job, whenever something went wrong, they said I was Responsible!” .

An old man was laying on his death bed. With only hours to live, he suddenly notices the irresistible scent of spice cookies coming from the kitchen. With his last bit of energy he drags himself to the kitchen and reaches for one of the delectable cookies, when his wife smacks his fingers and says “Leave them alone, they are for the funeral.”

A couple go to a Chinese restaurant and order Chicken Chow Mein. The waiter brings the meal, served in a lidded silver pot. Just as the wife is about to serve herself, the lid of the pot rises slightly and she briefly sees two beady little eyes looking around before the lid closes again. “Good grief, did you see that?” she asks her husband. He didn’t see it, so she asks him to look in the Pot. As he reaches for it the lid again rises, and he sees two little eyes looking around before it gently closes again. Rather perturbed, he calls the waiter, explains what is happening and demands an explanation. “Please Sir,” says the waiter, “what you order? Chicken Chow Mein .Ah - so sorry,” says the waiter apologizing. “I mix up and bring you Peeking Duck!”

*From Scoopified, Summer Edition*

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

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

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

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