



**SPECIAL ISSUE**

**FAMILY HISTORIES**

# *El Cronicon*

Official Quarterly Publication of the  
SANDOVAL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

**President: Ken Kloeppe** **Editor: Roy C. Skeens**

## SEPTEMBER MEETING

Sunday, September 9<sup>th</sup> 2 PM

### Meet President Wm. Taft..... (1909-1913)

- \*Signed the Proclamation in 1912 making NM the 47th state.
- \* Signed the 16<sup>th</sup> amendment to the constitution introducing income tax for the first time.
- \* Chief Justice of the United States (1921-1930)
  - \* Was secretary of war.(1904-1908)



..... in the person of **Montie Avery**  
Society member and student of history



*El Cronicón***President's Message**

*Hola Amigos,*

*Some of the best moments of our Historical Society has been the recollection of family histories told by our beloved members.*

*Sandoval county has ben blessed with many different cultures and people seeking a new future and a new beginning to their lives.*

*Some stories have been forgotten, or some have been sadly confused with time and age. We can hardly imagine the dangers and hard life many of our ancestors endured when they first arrived in Sandoval county.*

*Fortunately, many families overcame difficulties and prospered. These early pioneer families have gone on to give us the solid, rich, and proud community that we are now a part of. Congratulations to all who contributed to the past and continue this great journey towards the future.*

*Mil gracias, Ken Kloeppe*

**UPCOMING PROGRAMS**

**SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14th, 2PM**

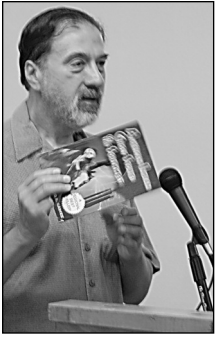
**Author Pat McCraw will talk about her book " Tiffany blue" and the true story of the hunt for turquoise in NM in the late 1800's and early 1900's and show samples of turquoise.**

**SUNDAY NOVEMBER 11th 2PM**

**Author's Day - Don Bullis introduces local authors**

## MAY MEETING

### *Do you believe in ghosts ?*



Our speaker **Antonio Garcez** gave plenty of examples from the many books he has written on the subject, and judging from the stories audience members told he was not alone.

Closer to home. Connie Aguilar read the following story about Santa Ana from his book *“American Indian Ghost stories”*



### **SANTA ANA (TAMAYAME) PUEBLO**

The original location of Santa Ana Pueblo is unknown. Most of the pueblo's inhabitants were displaced by either voluntarily leaving or were killed during the Pueblo Revolt of 1680. Following the reconquest of the New Mexico territory by the Spanish in 1692-1694, the pueblo originally known as Tamaya, or the Old Santa Ana Pueblo was founded in an area about eight miles northwest of Bernalillo.

The present people of Santa Ana pueblo tend to maintain two locations of residence, one area is a farming community along the Rio Grande while the other remains a traditional home located on the north bank of the Jemez River. Today most of the pueblo's population,

about 668 people, gather together at the Old Pueblo for their traditional ceremonies, social gatherings and festivals. This pueblo is rich in its ancient arts of pottery, woven articles and beaded jewelry.

### **SANTA ANA STAR CASINO**

I chose to include this story due to having been approached by several casino workers regarding their own encounters with spirits on the property. Granted, most of these individuals wished to not be included or be identified in this book given their spiritual or tribal beliefs. However, for reasons known to them, the following persons in this story absolutely wanted their stories to be told. Having traveled to many Indian owned casinos in and outside of New Mexico, I've discovered that for some strange reason, each one without exception has a history of ghosts. Might this be due to the extreme desires of economic hope they offer given the slim possibility for a chance of wealth? Could the fact that so many individuals have lost so much in the game of chance they offer? Or, as in this story does the fact that a burial gravesite exists just walking distance from the main entrance have anything to do with all these accounts?

I'll leave this possibility open for discussion. But if you're ever in the vicinity of this particular casino, enter, relax, and enjoy yourself. You just might return home with much more than a pleasant memory. You never know "what" might be standing, waiting for your return home, wanting to collect much more than a winning number!

-Antonio

*Continued*

## *El Cronicón*

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### **KATIE MARQUEZ'S (SANTA ANA) STORY**

"I'm a tribal member of the Santa Ana Pueblo and I've worked at the tribe's casino for over nine years. I know that there are some fellow pueblo people who would not want me to talk about the spiritual going-ons at the casino, but even though this is the feeling of the tribe, I know that employees talk openly to themselves about the ghosts. I've heard them and I also know that the tribal chairmen are aware of what people have seen and spoken of. If my story helps others to recognize that what is taking place is not in the imagination, that there really are spirits in the building, well then maybe we can have a medicine man or woman bless the grounds once again and put these restless souls at peace .

Speaking for myself, I'm scared of the spirits. I'm not going to lie; I'm really scared having to come into the building alone at night. I don't want to experience anything else like the experiences that I had in the past. So, after people read my story, I hope enough pressure is put on the tribal council to do something about it. The spirits need to know that they are honored and they need to have prayers offered to them. I hope a ceremony is offered to them; the spirits need one and so do we.

It was just a few months after being hired, six years ago when I had my first experience with a spirit in the casino. Just before my experience, I was personally told by a fellow pueblo woman worker named Estelle about her own experiences with a spirit that she'd seen in the parking lot one early morning. Estelle told me that it took place when she was

walking from her car to the sidewalk. She spotted a little girl about eight or nine years of age. The girl was quite a distance from where this woman was standing. However, the strange thing about this girl was that she was running and jumping about the ground like a small deer. The little girl was making movements that a normal child could not ever do. That's what initially caught the woman's attention. The unusually strange, non-human movements the girl was making.

Immediately the woman told me she knew this was of a spiritual nature, she quickly turned around, got in her car and drove around the casino to another entrance. As soon as she parked her car, Estelle sat inside and visually checked all around to see if there were plenty of people walking about. As soon as she felt enough at ease, she left her car and dashed in through the casino doors! She didn't dare mention to anyone about what she had seen, especially to co-workers. Estelle told me she was concerned people would think she might be losing her mind. 'It's difficult to explain to people about such things as seeing a ghost. Some might say they believe; but most people don't. It wasn't until my second experience that I decided to open up to others,' she said.

She told me that it was about a year later when she was taking her work break in one of the bathrooms. Thinking she was alone in the bathroom, she was looking into one of the bathroom mirrors applying her lipstick. Suddenly she noticed the faint reflected image of a strange woman standing in front of the wall behind her. Surprised to see her, the woman turned around to face the woman, but she disappeared! Immediately she dropped her lipstick, grabbed her purse and ran out the door! Estelle described the woman as being

about the age of thirty-five, about five feet or so with waist, length hair and definitely of native decent! This time because of how upset she felt, Estelle chose to speak to a fellow worker, a Mexican woman about the spirit. She felt confident to speak to her because for the four years they had known each other; they both had grown friendly and trusting towards each other. Soon after her second experience, Estelle left her job and didn't return to work for a full month!

Before returning to work, she requested a change of position a position where she might have plenty of interaction with the public. Estelle did not want to work alone any longer. The casino's human resources department chose to accommodate her request by giving her the job of pushing a coffee and soda cart throughout the casino floor offering drinks to the guests. Estelle felt very satisfied and safe with this new position and stayed with the job for a few more years until she left the casino in 1991.

That same year I was inside the casino's Events Center room. I, together with two other women staff were in charge of setting up the tables, chairs and decorations for events. The Events Center is a very large indoor area that hosts concerts and conferences throughout the year and is equipped with a state-of-the-art lighting and sound system. At the time of my ghost experience, I and Elsa and Carolyn were in this large room setting up tables and chairs. I was the first to enter the room, and after turning on the lights, walked to the area where the chairs were stored. The other two women walked over to the opposite side of the room and began to remove the folding tables from storage. The only persons in the room were the three of us; absolutely no one else was

in the room. Carolyn mentioned to Elsa and me that she needed a bathroom break. Elsa also decided to accompany her, so they both left me alone in the room for a few minutes. There were approximately forty tables to dress and decorate. I walked to each table placing folded tablecloths in the middle of each. After doing this, I'd begin where I started and unfold them. I was very focused on the job that I was doing when suddenly I had the strangest feeling that I was being watched. I turned to look at the doors and they were closed. Then I looked up to the area of the stage and except for the microphone and podium, it was empty. I could see that I was totally alone in the room.

I was unable to shake off this feeling; it was unshakable, I knew someone was staring at me. I just knew it! I decided to stand quietly in place and listen for footsteps or perhaps a voice. All I heard was the slight humming sound of the air conditioner. But just as I was about to return to the job I was doing, I heard the sound of what appeared to be the dropping of dirt, or gravel on the floor. The sound was not abrupt or very loud, so I was not startled just a bit unnerved. I looked in the direction of the stage and noticed nothing unusual, then suddenly I heard the sound that I can only imagine was of a cardboard box being kicked very hard coming from what could only be the lighting room located up high and directly above me. The lighting room is located opposite the stage at the eastern end of the room. It's a small room that resembles a loft. In this room a person can operate the special lighting effects that are needed for stage productions. Because of its position, the interior is very visible to anyone standing at the floor level below.

I turned and looked up to

*Continued*

## *El Cronicón*

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face the lighting room and spotted the image of a person—a male, standing and starring directly at me! I stood in place wondering who this person could be. I waved at him with my left hand and I could see that he noticed me because immediately after I waved at him, he moved from where he was standing just a few feet to his right. Again, I waved at him then said, ‘Hey what are you doing, spying on me?’ He stood in place gazing at me and suddenly just disappeared! A shock of fear came over me. I almost peed myself! I threw the table cloths I was holding next to the table where I was standing and quickly got out of there fast!

I ran into the nearest bathroom looking for Elsa, gasping for air and calling out her name, but I was alone. I felt too afraid to stay in the empty bathroom any longer than a few seconds, so I ran out of there and down the hall to the buffet dining room. People were busy dropping their money in slot machines as I ran past them. Comforted by the noise and activity all around me, I stopped in place and soon I spotted Carolyn and ran up to her. I hugged her with all my might, but didn’t waste any time by telling her about what I had just seen. Because of the serious look on my face, Carolyn stood quiet and then I opened up. She listened to my every word. Then she spoke, ‘I know you’re telling me the truth because you’re now the third person who I know that has seen a ghost in this casino.’

She hugged and attempting to calm me down. She said, ‘Katie, don’t worry, he won’t hurt you. He’s probably lonely and is looking for a girl friend!’ Her silly joke made me smile, but I still had tears in my eyes as I gave into a little laugh.

I very hesitantly returned to the room

with her and expecting to see Elsa, we entered the empty Events Center room. I didn’t want to even accidentally peek at the lighting room. Clutching her arm, I asked Carolyn to take a look around the room for me. She said that there was absolutely no one living or dead that she could see in the room—it was empty. Just when we were wondering where Elsa had gone, walking through the door was Elsa. She looked oddly. I asked her if she was all right, and she asked us not to laugh at her, but she was scared. She stated to us, ‘As I was extending the folded legs from one of the tables, I felt as if an unseen hand had touched my left arm. I turned around and notice there was no one next to me, but I kept feeling the pressure of an invisible hand still holding tight to my upper arm! I got so scared that I started to swat at my arm. When the ‘thing’ would not let go, I decided to run out of the room and into the safety of the slot machine room! I didn’t notice when the invisible hand let go of me, but it finally did. I walked around for a few minutes until I felt ready to come back and locate the both of you.’

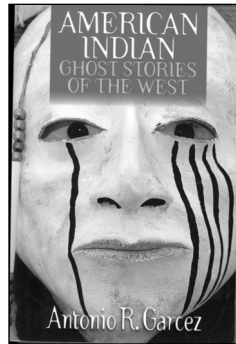
I told Elsa about my own experience and we both decided to call it quits for the day. Elsa and I reported the experience to our supervisor and we were surprised to hear that our experience with a spirit in the casino was not an isolated one. We were asked to finish up the day assisting in another department, but were strongly advised not to discuss our ‘encounters’ with any other employees. Carolyn and three other employees were left to finish up our job. I’ve spoken to my family about the spirit I saw at the casino as well as Elsa’s experience. My mother told me that the spirits are members of our people who are keeping a

watch over us. I shouldn't be afraid of them, just respectful.

My older sister Linda mentioned to me that there are graves on the casino grounds and in fact the graves are located just a short distance from the western edge of the casino's main doors; next to the main highway just behind the large wall with the sign that reads, 'Hyatt Regency Tamaya Resort.' The graves are directly behind that wall surrounded by a small wooden fence. I've also seen the photographs of large round circles of light that are called 'spirit orbs.' Lots of people have captured these lights just by accident during weddings and other events. They'll appear flying about the room and even next to people. Just ask around, you'll see I'm telling you the truth. The last thing I want to say is that people need to respect these graves and not climb over the fence and wander about. The ones who are buried in that area are ancestors; people like you and me. They lived and had families like everyone. It's best to show your respect by being silent when passing the area on foot, or when driving in your car. Offer a prayer, but never, ever disrespect their resting.

We pueblo people know that even though the remains of our ancestors are underground, the spirits of our brothers and sisters are always involved in our daily routines. So, please respect the area and keep away. I'm not concerned about what people may think about ghosts, I know I've had my own experiences and I'm personally scared of them. I have confidence that our medicine people know about these graves, and that they gave the right offerings and prayers to our ancestors. I know that we, as pueblo people, need our ancestor's guidance and protection to

help us all do good. But sometimes even though they might not mean to scare me, I do get scared. And like I said before, perhaps the spirits need to be given more offerings."



## MEMBERSHIP

**Now Hear ye !Hear Ye!**

**For all those members who have "forgotten" to pay their dues for 2012. Here's a special deal. Pay now for 2012 and get 2013 for free.**

**This is a limited time offer so act now !**

Individual..... \$15.00

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Sponsor.....\$100.00

Please mail to Rusty Van Hart,  
Membership Chair (293-2073)

Sandoval County Historical Society  
P.O.Box 692, Bernalillo, NM 87004

## JUNE MEETING



*Our entertainers : Dancers Eric Provencio, Melonie Redmond , Rachel Gantz and musicians Rachel Penn , Violin, Robert Romero, Guitar*

*Our June meeting kicked off with a pot luck supper with entertainment organized by Connie Aguilar who persuaded her cousin Robert Remero to come down from Taos to play for us and provide the exotic Flamenco dancers: Eric , Rachel and Melanie Then we heard family histories from several of our members. It was an eventfull afternoon.*



*The dancers put on quite a show*



## JUNE MEETING



### THE CÓRDOVA FAMILY OF CUBA, NEW MEXICO

by *Esther Córdova May*

First off, all the Córdovas from Cuba, NM, descended from one family. How this came to be will be explained as I go along.

In Fray Angelico Chavez's *Origins of New Mexico Families*, his only entry on this New Mexico family goes back to a notary who was a native of Mexico City. As a notary, Señor Antonio De Córdoba must have been highly literate, had to have some knowledge of the law and was likely licensed to do his work. Yet, apparently, he did not remain in Mexico City. Documents show he was in Guadalupe del Paso where he married a woman who had been born in New Mexico before the Pueblo Revolt of 1680. This suggests that Don Antonio De Cordoba was migrating northward. Records also show that he and his wife, Eugenia de Herrera, had two children, Lazaro and Ana Maria and in 1695, Don Antonio was still acting as a notary. As a point of reference, this would have been two years after the De Vargas expedition and the reconquest of New Mexico.

Between 1712 and 1762, Lazaro, son of Don Antonio, is listed in land documents in the Santa Cruz or Rio Arriba areas of New Mexico. By this time, Lazaro would have been an adult and, since his mother had been born in New Mexico, perhaps held title to lands belonging to his mother's family. By this time, Don Antonio was listed as

deceased.

The naming of the village of Córdoba, New Mexico, corresponds with the information we have about the early Córdoba family's location. In 1900, the Post Office named the village after a Matías Córdoba, even though the village had previously been known as Pueblo Quemado. The Post Office already had a different post office called Quemado and so, given the U.S. Post Office's authority and wisdom, they decided to name this village Córdoba, after the most prominent man in the village. After all, the Córdovas had been there since 1749, concurrent with the beginning of the village. Somewhere along the migration northward, the spelling of the name changed to that used today, with a "v" instead of the earlier "b." Keep in mind that the name of the ancient city of Córdoba in Spain was also spelled with a "b" at the time Don Antonio, the notary, spelled his name that way and remains so today. In actuality, we do not know what this man's last name really was since he is referred to as being "De Córdoba," (from Córdoba).

The 1880 census of the population of Gallina and Capulin, New Mexico, (the area just north of Cuba) record that my great-grandfather, Pascual Cordova and his brother Antonio lived in that area but were born in Taos. These two brothers were married to two sisters from the sizable Jaquez family and apparently, the two families travelled together.

Interestingly, this same 1880 census records that the two brother's older children had been born in La Culebra, an Hispanic settlement in the San Luis Valley of Colorado. According to this same census, the younger children in these families were all born in

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## *El Cronicón*

Coyote, a tiny settlement located between Abiquiu and Gallina, in the mid to late 1870s.

It is very likely that these two Córdova brothers had been part of the numerous attempts made by many northern Hispanic families to settle permanently in the San Luis Valley. These efforts failed repeatedly because native tribes already occupying that land would push the Hispanics back into the safety of the Abiquiu area. Eventually, the Anglo invasion from the East settled the issue. Recall that, given the resources of fertile land and unlimited water in the San Luis Valley and the rich coal deposits in the Trinidad area were very desirable to the expanding United States. Congress was quick to declare Colorado a state in 1876 with its southern boundary set at latitude 37 degrees. This boundary included both the San Luis Valley and the coal deposits in Trinidad in the new state. Given the information gleaned from the 1880 census, it appears the mid-1870s was about the time the Córdova brothers and their families returned to the Rio Arriba area to find a new place to live and continue their subsistence ranching life style.

Pascual and Antonio Córdova remained in the Gallina and Capulin area where, in 1887, they established the first Presbyterian church. They accomplished this with the blessing and authority of the Rev Dr. J. M. Shields, the missionary doctor who established many of the Presbyterian churches in northern New Mexico, including the Jemez Springs Presbyterian Church. The entire Cordova clan and their in-laws are listed in the official register as the original members and officers on the Capulin Spanish Presbyterian Church.

In 1889, my great-grandfather Pascual and part of his family came over the mountain from Capulin into the upper Rio Puerco valley

where he homesteaded one hundred sixty acres of land that is still owned by members of his family.

Antonio Córdova and his family remained in Gallina where they continued to be active members of the Capulin church. On the other side of the mountain, Pascual and some of his Montoya friends who had lived in the Jemez Springs area organized the Cuba Presbyterian Church, which celebrated its 123rd anniversary this year (2012).

The Córdova Presbyterians living in predominantly Catholic communities were eventually faced with the “slight” problem of whom they could marry. Given they were already related to all the other Presbyterians for miles around left them very few choices. Ultimately, they married into Catholic families but remained resolutely Presbyterian. Given that particular time in Catholic Church history, the spouses of these Presbyterians were automatically excommunicated from their church. With very few exceptions, the children of these families were shipped off to Menaul School or Harwood in Albuquerque or the Allison-James School in Santa Fé to be educated. This is how my many cousins and I remained bi-cultural, bi-lingual, bi-religious and very schizophrenic!



*My cattle rancher father ,Reuben Córdova with his horse “Branch & dog “Chico”.*



## WHEN THE KLOEPPELS MOVED TO BERNALILLO

By Lawrence Kloepfel

one of the boys would

The Kloepfel family came to the United States from Germany. No one knows from what part. My grandmother's parents were about 7 years old when they came to America, and they settled in Missouri - some of my relatives said Fredrick Town- some said Freeburg. My grandmother considered herself an American - forget where she came from - she's in Bemalillo now. Things got pretty rough in Missouri, and they decided to move west to New Mexico.

Since all they knew how to do was farm" they used the railroad to transport their equipment - horses, cattle, and household furniture for the trip. There were 14 in the family, and they didn't have enough money for train fare for all of them. It was decided that two of the boys could ride in the cattle car with the cattle. They loaded up with food and water and started to New Mexico in the cattle car.

The first few days it wasn't bad. Then they ran out of water. The train stopped every night to water and feed the cattle. When this was being done,



*John & Mary Kloepfel family.*

*Lawrence is in the back row, far left*

sneak out, locate some water to fill a jug or two. Then the food got low. This was a greater problem. One would go for water, and one would go into the neighboring fields for something to eat. It was pretty bad.

When I would ask who the brothers were, all I got was silence. I asked all my uncles and aunts and none of them would give me the answer. I was very close to my grandmother and I asked her. She said the family had vowed to keep it a secret, and for me to forget it.

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## *El Cronicón*

They finally reached their destination, close to Duran, N.M. That's between Vaughn and Corona. They were there a number of years, then they moved to Albuquerque, a large area between north 4th street and the Rio Grande. My dad showed me vacant land where Dan's Boots and Saddles and other buildings are now.

From there they moved to an area that is just north of La Madera and west of Golden -north of the arroyo and current Indian casino on the way to Santa Fe and north of Algodones. They were there for a great number of years. They heard the railroad was going to build a hotel and railroad yard in Bernalillo, this they figured would provide employment in the railroad yard and the hotel. This is when they moved to Bernalillo. Since they were not going to need ranch land if they got rid of most of the livestock, they settled in what is now a number of acres just south of the Courthouse and west of Main street.

### **MALLET- LERMUSEAUX FAMILY**

*by Brenda Lermuseaux*



Two French families: Mallet and Lermuseaux came into Bernalillo at the turn of the century and joined in marriage.

Pierre Mallet and Catherine Chaussart came to the US in 1886. Pierre and his son, Victor worked in the coal mines in Colorado. Pierre died in the 1890's and Catherine married Victor Rollins and came to Bernalillo where they produced and sold wine. She divorced Rollins and she and her sons, Albert and Victor operated the Mallet Bros. Fine Fruit Farm and ran a hunting business. Daughter Ann Marie (Mary) married Louis Lermuseaux, Jr. In 1901. Louis was also a miner in Dawson when their son Victor was born. Mary was the Bernalillo telephone operator for many years and died in 1932. Her sister Rose married Ernest Rutherford and lived in Santa Fe. Albert fought in WWI in France. The two brothers never married. Catherine was prominent in Bernalillo until her death in 1943.

The Louis Lermuseaux family came to the US in 1889 and appear in the 1900 census in NM. Their children were Louis Jr, Zelie, Phoebe, and Rose. Louis Jr. married Mary Mallet and they lived in Bernalillo, raising their son, Victor who was born in 1904. Louis died in 1918 and his son Victor was sent to the Agricultural school in Farmington. Later he helped with the family fruit business which shipped fine fruit and vegetables across the US

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into the 1950's.

Victor went to mechanics school in Kansas after which he owned and operated the V&L motors in Bernalillo where he sold Whippet cars. He married Mildred Dunman and they had 4 children: Leo Gene, Zaida, Louie, and Betty. He began teaching auto mechanics and drivers education in the Bernalillo High school about 1940 until 1970's. He died in 1980. Mildred drove the school bus for the BPS for 20 years and lived to 102 yrs of age, dying in 2010.

Gene married Faye Steward and they had children Bruce, Kurt, Karen, Sharon, Gene Jr., Denise, David, and Tina. Zaida married Bob Williams and they had children Danny and Jeanna. Louie married twice but never had children. Betty married Melvin Kelley and their children are Vonda and Robert.



*Louis & Marie Lermuseaux holding baby Victor*

## MADRID - MARQUEZ ANCESTORS

*By Carlos Madrid*



Since my family roots were not of the Rio Grande Valley, but of the Pecos River Valley, I need to describe the communities my fore fathers came from. Have you ever heard of Puerto de Luna, NM, where my father's family originated? What about Anton Chico, NM, where my mother's roots are from?

Puerto de Luna, now referred to as PDL, is located about 10 miles south of Santa Rosa. Lies in a beautiful valley, watered by the Pecos River. It was once the county seat for Guadalupe County in the 1880's. It was also regularly visited by Billy the Kid and Pat Garrett. Today, Billy the Kid Festival is celebrated every July 4th at PDL.

Legend says that Coronado named the place when he camped in the spot where the town is now located. He named it Puerto because of a gap in the mountains near the vilage, where at certain times during the month the moon shines through, bathing the river valley in moonlight. PDL is where Coronado built a bridge to cross the Pecos River in 1541 as he proceeded to explore the lands to the northeast, searching for Quivera.

My father, Francisco (Frank) G. Madrid, was born on Feb. 29, 1904 in PDL. His parents (my grandparents) were Monico and Albinita Garcia de Madrid who were born on May 4, 1864 and Jan. 25, 1871 respectively. Dad grew up with two brothers (Victoriano and Senovio) and two sisters (Gregoria and Ysidora). My grandfather was a merchant who had a store with the family living quarters on the second floor. Unfortunately, the store and

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living quarters burned to the ground and they lost everything. Shortly thereafter, the family moved to Gallup, NM and Seligman, AZ to work with the Railroad. Dad decided to stay in Santa Rosa so that he could complete his schooling. The Moise family, a successful Jewish merchant in Santa Rosa, hired him as night watchmen in their general store allowing him to live there in as part of his payment.

Dad met my mother, Erinea (Irene) Márquez, while both were attending high school in Santa Rosa. She was born in Anton Chico on January 6, 1905. Anton Chico, like

Márquez (2-11-1882 to 6-26-1945) and Barbarita (Garcia), Márquez (1-6-1886 to 4-10-1946) my grandparents. Mom had eight brothers and three sisters, Margarita (a red head) who died as a child, Maria; a beautiful lady, who died at 26 and Erma, the youngest of the family. My great grandparents, on my grandfather's side, were Lorenzo and Maria (Silva) de Mearquez, while my great-great grandparents were Jose Miguél and Loretta (Roybal) de Márquez.

Perhaps because my mother was being raised among so many brothers, my grandparents decided to send mother to The

Sisters of Loretto Boarding School here in Bernalillo. My mother came by train from Las Vegas, NM, accompanied by my grandfather. They were greeted at the Bernalillo train station by Pablo (the grounds keeper at the school), who I believe was from Santa Ana Pueblo. He drove them to the school in



PDL, is located next to the Pécós River, as is Santa Rosa where I was born. Anton Chico, settled in 1824, after the establishment of the original million-acre Anton Chico Land Grant, is located about 35 miles north of Santa Rosa. If you look back at pictures from 100 years ago, not much has changed in Anton Chico.

Mom, born on January 6, 1905, was the eldest of approximately 12 children of José

*The Madrid family , 1995- Frank Madrid, father - Irene Márquez Madrid, Mother - Carlos far right.*

a black surrey with a fringe on top. I remember seeing that beautiful wagon. One of Mom's teachers was Sister Mary Ellen. And can you believe this, some thirty years later, Sister Mary Ellen taught my sister Rosalia and my wife Evangeline, when they were in elementary school.

Mom's parents (my grandparents), also had a general merchandizing store and dealt extensively in sheep and cattle. They had well over a 1,000 sheep and 500 head of cattle

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on a ranch having around 2,000 acres. The ranch was located just north of 1-40 at Milagro, NM. My grandfather was also elected as sheriff of Guadalupe County for two terms, served as County Commissioner. was a member of the County Board of Education, and on the Board of Regents at NM Normal University now known as Highlands University.

Having completed high school in 1925, both Mom and Dad attended NM Normal University. After graduation, they were married on August 1, 1927. They established their home in Santa Rosa and taught school, Dad in San José and Mom in PDL teaching third grade. While living in Santa Rosa, my sisters Fabiola, Clara, and Rosalia were born either in

Anton Chico or Santa Rosa. My other sister and brother, Barbara and Marcos, were born later in Albuquerque while we were living in Bernalillo. In addition, from the age of five, my uncle Luis Marquez lived with us and was considered a brother. He later became the County Agent for the NMSU's Sandoval Co. Cooperative

Extension. Meantime the depression set in and my Dad started working with the NM State Highway Department. on a survey crew, later serving as a clerk in the Santa Rosa Court House. Finally, in 1936, he was hired by the US Dept. of Agriculture with the Farmers Home Administration as a supervisor for



*José Márquez, Carlos' grandfather*

Sandoval County and the family moved to Bernalillo. He worked for the government for 12 years before resigning and opening his own business. In 1948 they opened the Central Y Food Market in Bernalillo. (Building and farm are located south/west of the intersection of US550 and NM 313). Mom and Dad finally retired around 1970. My Mother, Irene Márquez de Madrid, died on October 13, 1992 at the age of 87, while my Father Frank G. Madrid died on November 19, 1998 at the age of 94. Mom and Dad were blessed with seventeen grandchildren and eighteen great grandchildren.



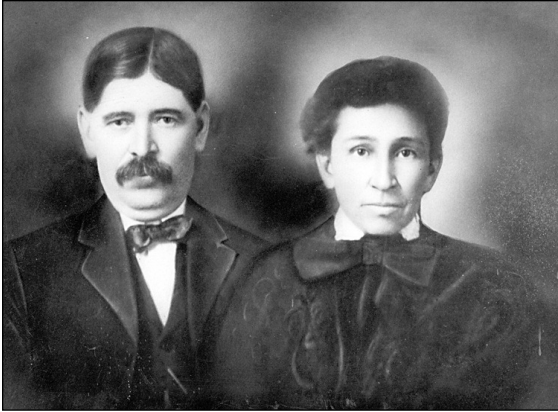
**THE FAMILY  
OF DON  
FRANCISCO  
C. DE BACA**  
*by Evangeline c. de  
Baca de Madrid*

Don Francisco C. De Baca was born in Sandoval County in 1854 at the "Rancho del Espíritu Santo", which is located on US 550 just north of San Ysidro, NM. The Rancho is now known as Holy Ghost Ranch. Upon leaving the Rancho, Don Francisco negotiated with the heirs of Don José Leandro Perea and purchased large parcels of land along State Highway 313 in Bernalillo from US550 to where the Perez Law Office is located.

Don Francisco married Beatriz Sandoval who was born in El Canon in 1870. El Canon is located just north of the Jemez Pueblo along the Jemez River. According to his personal diary, he married at 24

*Continued*

## *El Cronicon*



*Don Francisco C de Baca, Doña Beatriz Sandoval C de Baca*

years, 10 months, 25 days of age, while Beatriz was not quite 14 years of age.

On their honeymoon, they traveled extensively throughout the east coast. During their travels they were approached by many business men to invest in property in the east. Dona Beatriz was not encouraging him to invest, since she wanted to return to her beloved New Mexico. Returning to Bernalillo, Don Francisco, who owned large herds of cattle and thousands of head of sheep, would spend most of his time tending to his ranch, visiting his ranch hands and managing the ranch and upon returning home would find Dona Beatriz playing with her dolls under the kitchen table. This story was told to Pauline, his daughter, by their housekeeper.

At 16 years of age Doña Beatriz gave birth to their first child. She bore a total of eleven children, five boys and six girls. My father Eduardo, born on October 14, 1909, was the youngest. When each of his children married, Don Francisco deeded property to his children, built their homes and gave each cattle and sheep. In some cases, he even supported many throughout their lives.

Doña Beatriz passed away at age 42 on January 29, 1912. The housekeeper and Aunt Pauline, Eduardo's older sister raised him from two years of age. In 1914, Don Francisco remarried a "Widow named Cleotilde Cummick. He was at that time 54 years of age and she was 42. They resided in Bernalillo in the smaller of our two houses where we live. My husband, Carlos, recalls as a youngster delivering fresh milk to them and upon leaving, they would always give him jelly beans. They lived their last years there until they both passed away, Cleotilde in 1948 at age 76 and Don Francisco at age 91 in 1950.



*Eduardo holding Vangie*

My father, Eduardo, attended the Christian Brothers School in Bernalillo and then went to boarding school at St. Michael's in Santa Fe. In his junior year, he attended and graduated from Albuquerque High School and later attended Albuquerque Business School. His first employment was with the NM State



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Highway Department and subsequently worked with electrical companies in New Mexico.

In 1929, my father invited Tom Montoya, my mother's first cousin to accompany him on a Sunday to Peña Blanca to pick up some sheep he had purchased. On that trip, my father met my mother, Josephine Montoya, daughter of my grandparents, Miguel Montoya and Trinidad Pino Montoya. Josephine attended school in Peña Blanca and graduated from Spanish-American Normal School in El Rito, NM in 1930.

Eduardo and Josephine were my godparents and aunt and uncle. They raised me since I was three months old and was legally adopted at age nine. Twelve years later they adopted my brother, Edward (Eddie) upon their return from California where they both worked during WWII in aircraft and naval ship yards.

Josephine, my mother, passed away on September 15, 1972 at age 60. My father, Eduardo, continued raising sheep and farming, which he enjoyed and took much pride. He passed away on March 30, 1997 at age 87. My brother, Eddie, passed away on May 9, 2012.

On one last note, our living room and dining room still grace the beautiful furniture purchased by Don Francisco and Dona Beatriz while they were on their honeymoon back east. It is fondly cared for and appreciated.



### **My Family's contribution to the American Revolutionary Cause**

*by Lionel E. Rael*

In 1759 King Carlos III inherited the throne to Spain upon the death of his half brother. Shortly after his ascent to the throne, Spain joined France on the seven year war with England. Both France and Spain lost that war and with it, a lot of territory in the New World.

The seven year war was a very expensive proposition for the three countries. King Carlos III in Spain decided to rebuild his navy, while his cousin, the King of France wanted revenge. In the mean time, the King of England imposed taxes on the American Colonies to recover his war expenses. This led eventually to the Declaration of Independence by the American Colonies.

The King of France joined the Americans in their quest and wanted King Carlos III of Spain to join in the struggle. King Carlos declined the invitation but agreed to establish a private Bank in New Orleans. Spain invested more than 1,000,000 pesos in the bank to be used in support of the American War of Independence.

On October 7, 1779 Croix, Cavallero de Chihuahua send a letter to the Governor Anza of New Mexico transmitting a copy to the declaration of war against Great Britain.

"Anza, Juan Bautista de, Santa Fe, August 1, 1781. Extracto de Revista relative to

*Continued*

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## *El Cronicón*

voluntary contributions to the war fund.” (The Spanish Archives of New Mexico, 827, Page 287).

The “Royal Decree” from King Carlos III was in essence for all of Spain’s subjects in the New World colonies to contribute to a war fund to help with the war against England. It was suggested that one peso for all free men, both Indians as well as other castes, which make-up the people and two pesos for Spaniards and nobles, understanding in this situation how many distinguished subjects there are in the Indies ... “Neve, Felipe de Chihuahua, January 14, 1784. Letter to the governor of New Mexico acknowledging receipt of information that there had been collected in New Mexico for the war fund three thousand six hundred and seventy-seven pesos and ordering that no further collections be made.” (The Spanish Archives of New Mexico, 875, page 293) From Croix’s letter of January 6, 1783 we learn the Presidio donated 247 pesos. To date we have not been able to find a list of the donors of the balance of the funds New Mexico contributed to the war fund. These donors should also be considered and honored as patriots of the American War of Independence.

“Neve, Felipe de Chihuahua, March 17, 1784. Letter to the governor of New Mexico communicating news of the treaty of peace between Spain and Great Britain.” (The

Spanish Archives of New Mexico, 886, page 294)

When you celebrate the 4th of July, you should be proud that some of your ancestors were people who contributed to the cause of the American Revolution.

I traced my family tree from my father Leopoldo Rael, Decidero, Bartolo, José Pablo, Ysidro Candelario, to Josef Rael de Aguilar, my patriot who served in the Santa Fe Presidio during 1779 - 1784. I also traced my family tree from my mother Sofia Rivera, José de los Angles, José Rafael, Antonio José Ramon, Luis Manuel, and Lt. Salvador de Rivera, my patriot who also served in the Santa Fe Presidio during that time. Luis Manuel Rivera son of Lt. Salvador de Rivera was married to Maria Josefa de Jesus Ortiz, the daughter of Gaspar Ortiz, my patriot who also served in the Santa Fe Presidio and contributed to the American Revolution.



*Rael grandparents - Desiderio & Marie Louise*

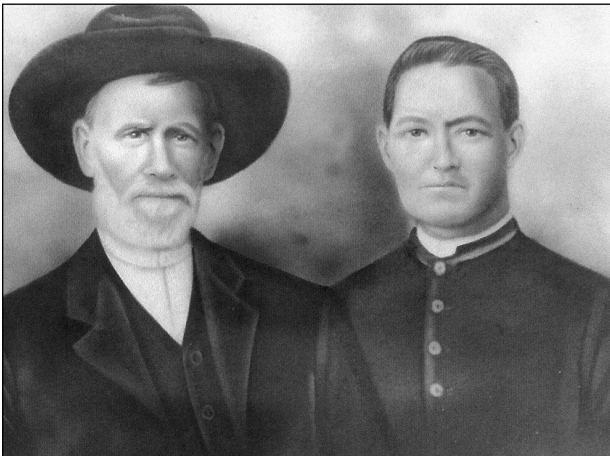
I contributed a book of the Rael, Rivera and Ortiz family tree to the Sandoval, County Historical Society library in Bernillo. The book includes all of the families for the above mention names. I hope you can get to read it and maybe you can connect to the line in the book.

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***Rivera & Rael families***  
by *Miranda Sapien*

I am Miranda Rael Rivera de Sapien. I am married to William Sapien and we make our home in Bernalillo. I will be speaking briefly on the history of my ancestors, the Rivera and Rael families. Actually we have five members in the Sandoval County Historical Society who are descendents of these families: Lionel Rael of both the Rael and Rivera families, Virginia Ortiz of the Riveras, Madaline Gonzales of the Raels and my sister, Mary Aguilar-Lee and myself of both Riveras and Raels. My dad was José Leandro and Rebecca my mother was Linda Rael.



*José Rael & Marie Antonia Rivera*

I was born in Sile, New Mexico, a small community sandwiched between Santo Domingo and Cochiti Pueblos, west of Peña Blanca across the Rio Grande. Sile was founded in the early 1800's by Antonio de Sile who was given a four-square mile grant by the Spanish governor.

The Riveras have been in New Mexico since the early 1700's having come from Puerto de Santa Maria, Spain, via Zacatecas, New Spain. They settled around the Santa Fe area in Pojoaque, Santa Cruz de La Canada and Agua Fria. Salvador Ribera, the first Rivera ancestor to be born in this country, was born in Santa Fe in 1720. Records indicate that as early as 1761 he was involved in the military campaigns. He served the Royal Presidio of Santa Fe almost all his life, the Rivera and Rael families first came together when Salvador married Tomasa Rael de Aguilar in Santa Fe on June 17, 1747. Our Rivera ancestors are offspring of this union.

The first member of the Rael family to come to New Mexico was Alonso Rael de Aguilar I. He was born in 1661 in Lorca, Murcia, Spain, and came to New Mexico from El Paso with Don Diego de Vargas during the

*Continued*  
**Page 19**

## *El Cronicón*

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reconquest in 1692. He was a captain in the military and was the secretary of government and war under de Vargas. In addition he was Teniente General (Lt. General) of New Mexico, served as alcalde (mayor) in several towns and was the attorney for the Indians. Through his connections the Rael family acquired significant property holdings and settled in Cerrillos and La Cienega. Lionel Rael has done a great deal of research and found that Josef Rael de Aguilar as well as three other members of the extended ancestral family were "patriots" having served in the military during the American Revolution. Around the turn of the century in the early 1900's, Juan José Romero, one of my great-grandfathers, purchased property in Sile and moved his family there. His move to Sile triggered a move by members of the Rivera family from Agua Fria to Sileo Juan José was married to Maria de Los Angeles Montoya. She was a sister to Cataline Carrillo, wife of Cosme Carrillo, and to Antonia Montoya, wife of Rafael Rivera, my great-grandfather. As a result, the Carrillos, Rafael and Antonia Rivera and most of their children moved to Sile from Agua Fria. The Rael family

remained in La Cienega except for my grandfather, Desiderio Rael, who was married to the daughter of Juan José Romero and, consequently, came to live in Sileo. With these moves almost the entire community of Sile from the Catholic Church to the southern end was populated by relatives. My mother Linda, was born in Sile in 1906. While most of the Rafael Rivera offspring moved to Sile, my grandfather, Julian Rivera, moved his family to Peñas Negras, an area in the mountains north of Cuba. He established a ranch there, farming and raising cattle to provide for his family. We do not know how long they remained there, however the oral history that has been passed on to us is that one winter while he came to Cuba for supplies, leaving his wife and children in Peñas Negras, it snowed so much that the family could not see out through the windows. Julian was unable to return home for quite some time. After that experience he moved his family to San Ysidro where my father was born in 1907. Later Julian homesteaded in the Jemez Mountains and in 1921 was granted a patent for 60 acres in the Santa Fe National Forest. As far as we can determine he made a living by

farming and raising cattle. He also ran a small sawmill which supplemented his livelihood.

The families in Sile made a living mostly through farming and raising cattle. One or two established small grocery stores in their homes to add to their livelihood. Grandpa Desiderio did some sheepherding and also had a press in his front yard whereby he made syrup from sugar cane which he would sell to families in La Cienega and surrounding areas.

While my dad was raised in the Jemez Mountains, since he had relatives in Sile he traveled frequently on horseback across the mountains to attend fiestas and other socials. During one of these visits he met my mom and they were married in Sile on December 29, 1930. They remained in Sile after their marriage so that my mom could look after her father. After Grandpa's death in 1941, we moved to the Jemez Mountains area in 1943. While in Sile my dad did some farming, raised cattle in the Jemez Mountains and mowed hay for the Santo Domingo Pueblo Indians. He also did a stint in a CC Camp at Paliza around 1933. After our move to the Jemez he also worked at the sawmill in

old Ponderosa. After the sawmill burned down in 1945 we moved to Lower Vallecitos, now known as Ponderosa, where mom and dad resided until dad's death in 1980. Mom then came to live with us in Bernalillo. He passed away in 1993. José Leandro and Linda had seven children, Miranda, Mary Aguilar-Lee, Bertha Silva, a girl who was stillborn, a boy who died a few hours after birth, Ray V. Rivera and Joe A. Rivera. All of us were born in Sile with the exception of Joe A who was born in Old Ponderosa. He passed away in 2006. Mary and I reside in Bernalillo, Bertha lives in Houston, Texas, and Ray, who served two terms as Sheriff of Sandoval County after having retired as assistant deputy chief from the Albuquerque Police Department, resides in Corrales. Our lives were simple, protected, carefree and happy. We did not have a lot but we never lacked anything.

As with most families, there may have been a few shady characters in the Rivera-Rael families but, for the most part, I think that these families have produced decent, upright, contributing members to the State of New Mexico.

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## El Cronicón

### *The Lighter Side*

As your weight goes up, the size of your brain goes down

*Daniel Amen MD, clinical neuro scientist and brainimaging expert*

#### **A sermon this Mom will never forget...**

This particular Sunday sermon... 'Dear Lord,' the minister began, with arms extended toward heaven and a rapturous look on his upturned face. 'Without you, we are but dust...' He would have continued but at that moment my very obedient daughter who was listening leaned over to me and asked quite audibly in her shrill little four year old girl voice, 'Mom, what is butt dust?'

#### **BUMPER STICKER**

Honk if you love Jesus

Text if you want to meet him

Save the Earth

It's the only planet with chocolate.

Life on Earth is expensive, but we get a free trip around the Sun every year.

One day you will no longer be the big dog... Just the old dog... and my friend, WE are now the old dogs. however, old dog is better than dog-gone...

A friend of a friend of mine was sitting on a lawn sunning and reading,

when he was startled by fairly late model car crashing through a hedge and coming to rest on his lawn.

He helped the elderly driver out and sat him on a lawn chair.

"My goodness" he exclaimed, "you are quite old to be driving!"

"Yes" he replied, "I am old enough that I don't need a licence."

"The last time I went to my doctor he examined me, and asked if I had a driving licence.

I told him yes and handed it to him. He took scissors out of a drawer, cut the licence into pieces and threw them in the wastebasket."

"You won't be needing this anymore," he said. "So I thanked him and left."

September 2012

## *The Lighter Side Two*

A tip of the editor's hat to  
our contributors

### **Bagpipes at a funeral.....**

*As a bagpiper, I play many gigs. Recently I was asked by a funeral Director to play at a graveside service for a homeless man. He had no family or friends, so the service was to be at a pauper's cemetery in the Kentucky back country. As I was not familiar with the backwoods, I got lost and, being a typical man, I didn't stop for directions.*

*I finally arrived an hour late and saw the funeral guy had evidently gone and the hearse was nowhere in sight. There were only the diggers and crew left and they were eating lunch.*

*I felt badly and apologized to the men for being late. I went to the side of the grave and looked down and the vault lid was already in place. I didn't know what else to do, so I started to play. The workers put down their lunches and began to gather around. I played out my heart and soul for this man with no family and friends. I played like I've never played before for this homeless man.*

*And as I played 'Amazing Grace,' the workers began to weep. They wept, I wept, we all wept together. When I finished I packed up my bagpipes and started for my car. Though my head hung low, my heart was full.*

*As I opened the door to my car, I heard one of the workers say, "I never seen nothin' like that before, and I've been putting in septic tanks for twenty years."*

### **John Cleese - British writer, actor and tall person**

The English are feeling the pinch in relation to recent events in Syria and have therefore raised their security level from "Miffed" to "Peeved". Soon, though, security levels may be raised yet again to "Irritated" or even "A Bit Cross." The English have not been "A Bit Cross" since the blitz in 1940 when tea supplies nearly ran out. Terrorists have been re-categorized from "Tiresome" to "A Bloody Nuisance." The last time the British issued a "Bloody Nuisance" warning level was in 1588, when threatened by the Spanish Armada.

The Scots have raised their threat level from "Pissed Off" to "Let's get the Bastards." They don't have any other levels. This is the reason they have been used on the front line of the British army for the last 300 years.

The French government announced yesterday that it has raised its terror alert level from "Run" to "Hide."

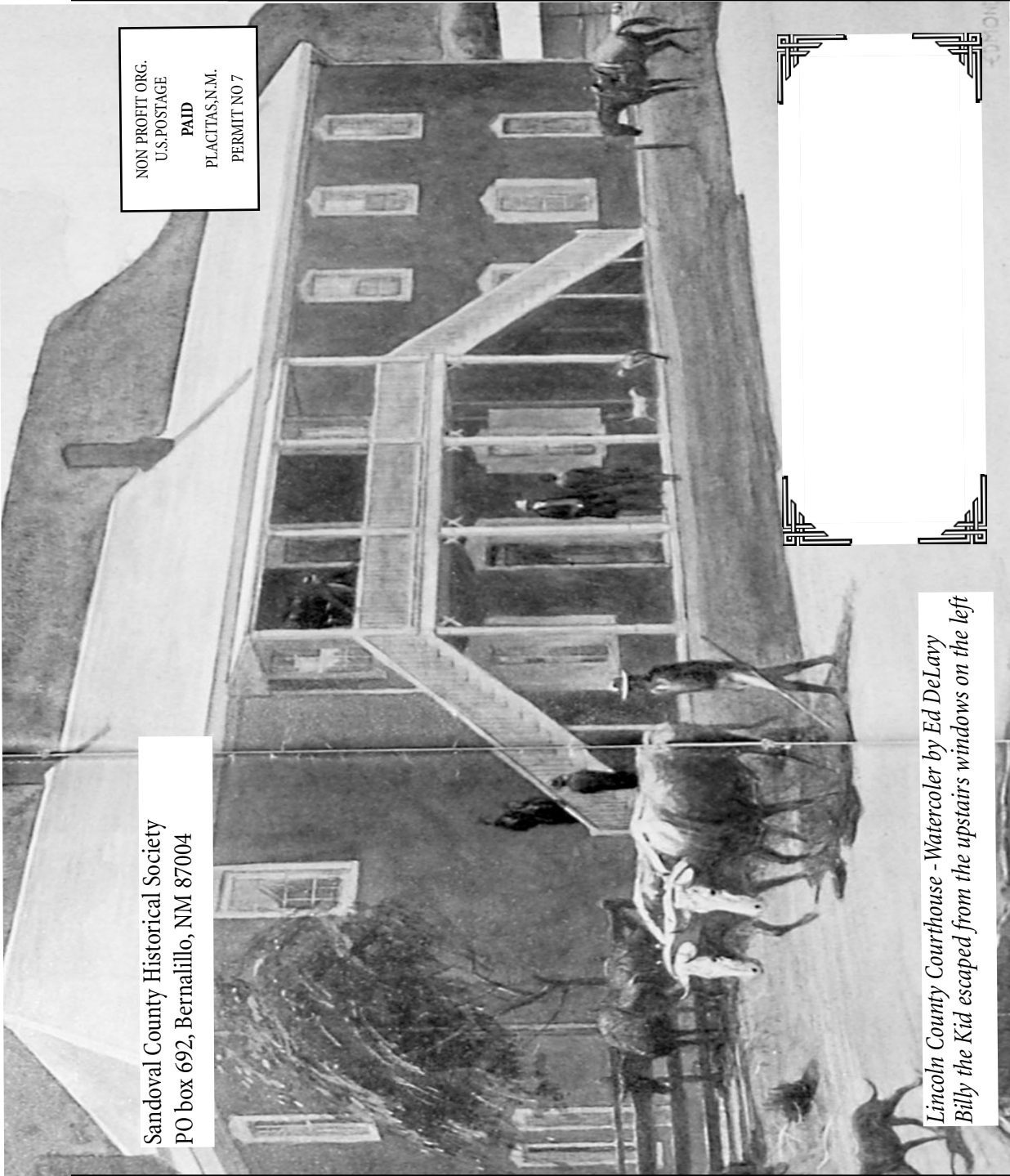
The only two higher levels in France are "Collaborate" and "Surrender."

The Germans have increased their alert state from "Disdainful Arrogance" to "Dress in Uniform and Sing Marching Songs." **A final thought - "Greece is collapsing, the Iranians are getting aggressive, and Rome is in disarray. Welcome back to 430 BC".**



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*Lincoln County Courthouse - Watercolor by Ed DeLavy  
Billy the Kid escaped from the upstairs windows on the left*