

El Cronicón

Official Quarterly Publication of the
SANDOVAL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

President: Ken Kloeppe

Editor: Roy C. Skeens

Volume 24, No3

September, 2013

SEPTEMBER MEETING

Sunday, september 8th, 2pm

Rancher Antonio Manzanares will tell how he and his wife Molly run their 200 acre sheep ranch in the high country- overlooked by the Tusas Mountains. They run a “band” (flock) of about 9000 ewes and are the only producers of certified organic lamb in New Mexico.

Antonio has promised to bring some of his organic lamb for sale.



President's Message

Feast Days and Fiestas

Hola amigos,

The months of July, August and September are a great time to experience Living History. Sandoval county is blessed with a diverse population that celebrates their heritage by opening their pueblos and towns for a variety of feast days and fiestas.

If you have never been to a pueblo feast day to watch Native American dances, you are missing a truly remarkable historical treasure. The dances offer an opportunity to experience Native American culture in a beautiful setting and meet people from the community. Feast day is a one-day event.

Bernalillo is just one of several towns that hold an annual fiesta during the summer. The fiesta de San Lorenzo is celebrated August 9,10,11 in Bernalillo. Matachines dance each day at a specific site. They also dance through main street to and from Our Lady of Sorrows church. Pride and culture is on display here as the tradition of the Matachines has continued non-stop for over 300 years.

If you miss any of the events in Sandoval County, try to make other feasts and fiestas throughout our beautiful state. Some dances and fiestas continue into the fall and early winter. Please take the time to live and enjoy our glorious history.

Mil gracias, Ken Kloepfel

www.sandovalhistory.org

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

OOPS !!

It seems that some errors crept in to the report of Bill Dumire's presentation at last April's meeting .

Here are the corrections :

Columbus returned to the New World and brought 17 ships (not 117)

By the 1820's sheep were king in N.M.- records show 420,000 sheep and 5,000 cattle. (not 62.000 sheep and 1450 cattle)

Santa Fe (not Wagon Mound) may have been the earliest Rodeo in N.M.

Dude Ranches became popular in N.M. (delete (at one time as many as 6)

Metanza spelled incorrectly should be Matanza .

Delete the phrase

"KEEP OFF THE GRASS"

Also

Mention was not made that Sam McIhaney's Story about GUNTHER had previously appeared in UNM's quarterly maazine "Conceptions of the Southhwest", Spring 1989 issue .

**Elected officers
- 2014
Committee chairs**

Ken Kloeppe.....	President	294-2358
Tom Wilson.....	Vice-President	867-5575
Cynthia Spence.....	Secretary	867-9115
Ernie Jaskolski.....	Treasurer	828-2514
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Martha Liebert.....	Archives	867-2755
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William Last.....	Finance	867-5857
John J. Hunt.....	Public Relations	433-9524
Connie Aguilar.....	Programs	867-5820
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Open ...	Photo Albums	
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Joy Barclay).....	Refreshments	867-9769
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Max Cde Baca.....	Building Supervisor	867- 4994
Open	Art Exhibits	
Rusty Van Hart.....	Membership	293-2073
Madeline Tapia)		
Ricardo Gonzales).....	Building Officials	891-9789

JUNE MEETING



**David C. de
Baca, retired
Army Colonel**

presented part one of the history of his family. David has been researching his family history since about 1979. David is a master Information

Technologist and has a masters in business administration as well. He is very passionate about his genealogy research.

David began with the year 1212 when the Cabeza de Baca and Baca families were active in the military and included artists, bishops, and conquistadores. The family was involved in the las Navas de Tolosa battle where more than 375,000 soldiers fought—Christians vs. Muslims. Pope Innocent the 3rd called for a crusade and the masses of people responded. Lebanese bishops would carry the cross of the Visigoths as they gathered in Toledo, Spain to travel south. At Puerto de Muradel the pass was blocked. They were able to find another pass just before their supplies ran out and it was said that Saint San Ysidro (the Saint of the poor) must have helped them find that pass using the head of a cow as a marker. As a result, A. Sisneros-Cabeza de Baca was granted a lordship in Leon.

Pedro Fernandez Cabeza de Baca was a com-

mander in the military. His family eventually married into the Medici family in Italy. Several notable figures around the world are descendants of Pedro, including Princess Diana Spencer who was his 19th Great Grand daughter, Juan Carlos who was his 19th Great Grandson, and Louis the 14th, king of France, who was his 9th Great Grandson. Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca was a conquistador who explored in Florida, Georgia, Texas, and Mexico in the early 16th century. At one time he was charged with treason and found guilty and confined in the city of Seville for 4 years. David reported that after his release, his honor was restored.

Relative Diego Peralta y Cabeza de Vaca was the founder of Lima, and Antonio Cabeza de Vaca lived in the time of Oñate. Francisco Ver Cabeza de Vaca became a Monk and later painted the “Holy Family” for the church. Alphonso Cabeza de Vaca is a sportsman and race car driver.

I am excited to hear Part Two of David’s family history, hope you are too

reported by Karen Lermuseaux

4th and 5th graders enjoy a special presentation

Fourth and Fifth graders from Bernalillo heard about the history of the cultures of Sandoval County on June 21 in a special presentation by Martha Liebert and Ken Kloepfel. Their teacher Robert Alexander had arranged for the visit to the Sandoval County Historical Society.

Martha had set up a wonderful display of the foods, tools, and artifacts found and used in our area and spoke about the three sisters which includes squash, corn and beans and how they are utilized to feed the peoples. She talked about how rabbits and deer were the meat staples and Buffalo were traded with the Comanches for corn.

Sandia Pueblo, as an example, had a population of about 1300 and part of the pueblo was under the current Catholic church in Bernalillo. Tree sap was used to line the ollas so they would hold water that was carried to the pueblo homes. The kids learned how wild plums, choke cherries, and cactus fruit were used in food.



Traders came up from Mexico and brought feathers, shells, and rocks, from their local cultures to trade.

The kids were interested and interacted well.

Ken Kloepfel spoke about the actual introduction of the Spanish into New Mexico with the Coronado expedition and how they explored Zuni, Isleta and other Rio Grande pueblos during their initial 2 year stay in NM. They lead 3 major expeditions to New Mexico in a 50 year time span, including one in 1598 when Oñate led the expedition. There were Franciscan

Friars, 29 soldiers and their families, 83 carts, 7000 sheep as well as chickens, cattle, goats, horses, and pigs. After about 80 years the spanish went back to Mexico as a result of the pueblo revolt.

The Pueblo Indian revolt would take place in 1680 and Vargas would settle in New Mexico in 1693. New Mexico was bustling with activity during those years, and in 1706 Santa Fe

would eventually be established as the capitol.

Seeds and goods were brought from Mexico and included melon, pears, apples, chili, chocolate (my personal favorite). Metal tools such as hoes, axes, pans, knives, and guns, began to be introduced to our area. Also, a different kind of adobe bricks were introduced as well as irrigation methods. Religion and education were in their beginnings and taught with gusto.

Eventually, the Europeans brought government structure, schools, and other religions to the area. New Mexico became the true melting pot of cultures and peoples that we know today.

They kids seemed to enjoy the displays and the pictures that were set up for them, and I enjoyed hearing Ken and Martha talk with such passion about their home and cultures. I hope their visit here sparks a little interest in the kid's personal family histories .

Reported by Karen Lermuseaux

FOOD

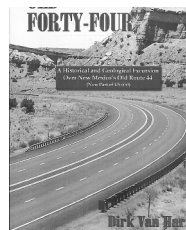
To help along our social hour we ask that our members bring a little something to eat **Joy Barclay at 867-9769 will help coordinate**

BOOK REVIEW

By John J. Hunt

OLD FORTY-FOUR-

*A Historical and Geologic
Excursion Over New Mexico's
Old Route 44 (Now Part of US-
550) Dirk Van Hart
Sunstone Press 2013*



I cannot call to mind many books about highways—the Santa Fe Trail, Route 66—but highways are the bands that unite us and hold us together. Where there are highways there is civilization. Human history can be traced through the creation of highways.

Now, one of our own, Dirk Van Hart, has written the definitive biography of one of these historic highways, NM-44, which was the precursor to US-550, the connecting link between the middle Rio Grande Valley and the San Juan River Valley, and continuing farther north to the San Juan Mountains of Colorado. Traveling northwest from Bernalillo, it cuts across Sandoval County through the cities of Cuba, Bloomfield and Aztec, then across the line to Durango, Colorado.

Van Hart is a geologist and he says he was always curious about the route US-550 travels; his book combines geology with history and is a fascinating account of how this route developed from a buggy trail to an official U.S. highway. Today it is a major thoroughfare.

With 32 chapters and 250 photos and

maps, the book is assiduously researched and well-organized, as is evident when he goes off on one of his “tangents,” like Indian water rights or the forming (and re-forming) of the NM counties, and of course one chapter called “The Amazing American Land System” where he says, “The rectangular system of dividing and settling land has ancient origins and is largely based on Mankind’s quest for order.”

Reaching back to the Bible, it seems God Himself instructed Moses on how to lay out new cities in the promised land of Canaan. He takes us up to the current day and he explains how the land system in New Mexico changed following the American takeover in 1846.

His recounting of the formation of our great river valley is astonishing, think of the fact that the “Ancestral Rio Grande” a couple of million years ago flowed 400 feet above our heads, that 400 feet of riverbed has been eroded away until it is as we know it today. The town of Bernalillo sits in the river’s flood plain and at the edge of a great lava field known as the Santa Ana Mesa. His sketch of the city tries to answer the question of how Bernalillo got its name. He also includes, as travel writers must, a list of Select Places of Interest in Bernalillo. Seeing as I was included in the 90th Anniversary issue of “New Mexico Magazine” in January, it was a point of connection to learn that a State Highway Engineer named G.D. “Buck” Macy, who called it “New Mexico Highway Journal”, started the magazine in 1923. At first it promoted interest in good roads throughout the state, but eventually it

began to appeal to tourists. Van Hart says, “This wildly successful publication has morphed into the state’s premiere exponent of tourism.”

Van Hart is a polymath; geology is only one area of his knowledge. As a matter of fact, his historical side trips—which are profuse—make the book enjoyable. Stories about Threatening Rock (It collapsed in 1941), the New Deal CCC camps that housed the people who did so much great work in New Mexico during the 1930s; there’s a fascinating account of Richard Wetherill and his exploits in Chaco Canyon before federal regulations stopped souvenir hunting—which led however to the development of various highways and roads in and around the ancient ruins.

There’s more, the Mormon settlers, the cattle companies, and the trading posts that sprang up along Old Forty-Four. As I have said, this is a complete biography of something most of us take for granted; Van Hart has laid open its life—birth, early development, and maturity—and hopefully, with proper maintenance, Old Forty-Four will continue to serve our needs for a long time to come.

He ends his work with this: “In this book I have intended to bring this 151-mile drive to life, and to add to its intrinsic interest via some of my idiosyncratic ‘tangents.’

I hope I have been successful.”
I would say he’s been wildly successful.

*The book can be purchased
from Dirk -293-2073*

Good Compañeros

by Sam McIlhaney

*A historical story set in the time of the
great pueblo revolt of 1680*

The boy and his father had been climbing for most of the morning and the boy was very tired. The high mesa top was still far above their heads and below was the great valley of the Rio del Norte. The narrow trail was an ancient one, overgrown with weeds, grasses, scrubby piñons and small cedars. Old rock slides forced them to seek detours from time to time and the higher they climbed, the stronger the wind blew. The sound whistled around the huge boulders and threw sand in their eyes. Far out over the valley floor, a lone hawk circled on the air currents which were flowing over the parched land. No clouds could be seen in any direction and the sun beat down on their bare backs.

The man wore only a loincloth, the twin braids of jet-black hair touched his buttocks, his copper skin glistened in the bright sunlight as if his body was painted with grease. Beads of sweat ran down his face and covered his eyebrows; his thin lips were clinched tightly. With each stride, the muscles and tendons of his legs stood forth only to relax, tighten again and relax. Determination showed in his face, but their remained doubts in his mind. Perhaps, he thought, prayer will make it easier for what was yet to come. Close at his back hurried Manah. He knew his father had something to show him, but his father had said nothing about what it concerned. Only the look

in his father's eyes told him that this was not a fun-walk. He tried to keep up by placing his bare foot into each footprint when they crossed soft sand but there were not many sandy spots, and stretching to match his father's stride only made his legs ache more. Still, he thought, he must keep up. Even for a boy of eleven summers, he was strong and healthy; he was growing every day, and the day would come when he could braid his long hair and be a great warrior of the village like his father. Sweat burned his eyes, and looking through the bright sunlight, everything around him seemed to sparkle. Manah had heard of a special place high on the mesa that stood above their village. He wondered if that was where his father was leading him.

The man stopped, looked up at the rock wall before him and wiped the sweat from his face. It was a sheer cliff of sandstone rising perhaps sixty or seventy feet straight up, crested at the top with twenty feet of basalt lava and crowned with vegetation.

The boy stood beside his father and his eyes followed the notches carved in the soft stone that formed a pattern all the way to the top of the mesa. Manah wondered how long ago The Ancient Ones had been there. He wondered if they were watching at that moment. The notches seemed to beckon his tired body and the wind whistled in his ear. The man placed one foot in a hole almost waist-high and reaching for a firm grip with one hand, he bounced lightly on the other foot, grasped the rock with both hands and lifted himself upward. He repeated the process twice, looked down at the boy, and continued to

climb. Manah knew he must follow. He imitated his father's movements and slowly they made their way toward the crest.

Near the crest, a Western Diamondback rattlesnake moved quietly back into the shadows of a rocky overhang as the two figures passed by. The man had seen it, but since it had moved away, he had decided not to alarm the boy. It could do no harm where it was at the moment and to even attempt to kill it would bring ill will upon them from The Great Spirits. A wise man would disturb no snake.

On the crest, the man stood for a moment, turned and bent one knee, reached down, grasped the boy's out-stretched hand and pulled him up beside him. The flat top of the mesa was covered with rocks, scrub-oak, piñon, juniper and a stunted pine here and there. About one hundred feet straight ahead stood two great cat-like creatures carved from solid rock. They were almost fifteen feet high and faced each other across a small clearing about fifty feet apart. The man knelt in front of the twin statues, bent his head low, and was silent. So, Manah thought, this was the place of the Ancient Ones. This was where they came to worship The Great Spirits and to ask intercession of the Katchinas.

Finally, the man rose to his feet, walked back to the boy and they sat together on a large rock. The man said, "The Whiteman, the Spaniards, have nine days to live." Manah could not believe what he had just heard his father say. He wanted to say something, to ask him to say it again, but he said nothing.

His father looked very serious and he knew this was not a time to question. "I have waited until now to tell you because I wished to make peace with The Ancient Ones and The Great Spirits. You are old enough now to see this place and know. Soon, all The People of the villages, from Taos to the North, to the Piro to the south, will rise up and take back this land. As in the days of The Ancient Ones, it will be our land again and life will be good once more. Some of our old enemies, the Apaches, have agreed to help us in this great thing. We must be careful that the Whitefaces do not hear of this. Speak of it to no one, not even to your mother or your sisters. It must come to pass." Manah was sitting rigidly, his back braced, staring straight at his father's lips as they spoke. The wind shook the grass at his feet and whined in his ears. He brushed the hair from his eyes. "Because the White Medicine Men force us to seek their God, the rains do not come, enemies steal our crops and even our women and children. The People are whipped by Whiteface for participating in our ceremonies. even for the Dance of the Corn Mother. We shall return to the Old Ways and to the Old Gods. The Whitemen's God is dead. "So now the Sun Father, Pohé-yemo, has spoken to Pope, the great religious leader of the village of San Juan, that he should be our leader in this thing. Popé has ordered that each village must follow in the great plan. Any village of The People that does not, Pohé-yemo will destroy. Do you understand, my son?" At first, Manah listened with curiosity but

slowly a sense of horror and fear crept over his whole being. His eyes were wide as his father finished speaking, and he almost choked as he spoke: "But what of my friend Tomas must he die also?" "Yes," was the soft reply. There was sadness in the man's face but he only said, "Come, we must return to the village before the light is gone." Manah followed his father and watched him disappear over the edge of the mesa. He stood at the edge. His mind was so confused. Down there was home, the village of The People. He could see, far to the northeast, the mountains Tomas' father, Don Luis, called the Sangre de Cristo. He recalled that Don Luis spoke proudly of the banner that waved in the breeze at the foot of those mountains. He said it proclaimed to Indian and Spaniard alike that this was a royal province. This was the Kingdom of Nuevo Mejico La Villa de Santa Fe was there at the foot of those mountains, and on the Plaza ~Mayor was the great palacio. In that building lived the governor. His name was Don Antonio de Otermin and they called him the Captain General Don Luis had explained that the banner was the flag of España, a land across great waters. He said the waters were greater than those which used to flow in the Rio del Norte. Manah found this difficult to understand. And in the land of España lived the King. His name was Carlos II and he was in command over all Governors and captain Generals and even over The People.

Manah brushed the hair from his eyes, looked over his shoulder at the stone statues, and began the careful descent down the wall of

basalt. His father's words remained in his mind, mixed with the sound of the wind in his ears. Tears streaked his face.

They had done everything together for as long as he could remember. Tomas would come to the village, or as was usually the case, Manah remembered, he would go seek out his friend and together they would swim or hunt rabbits, and they would learn together. Manah had never spoken to his father about Don Luis. Don Luis taught the boys about Nuevo Mejico, Don Juan de Oñate had colonized this land for España in the Year of Our Lord 1598. Manah remembered asking about the word "colonized." Don Luis had said people were planted like corn to grow and prosper. The people planted were settlers, soldiers and men of God. He thought of the times he asked the Spaniard why the men of God wore such funny-looking clothes and he was told that the clothes were cassocks and they wore the gray cassocks to tell everyone that they were, Indeed, men of God.

The year was now 1680. What month was it? Manah thought for a few minutes as he reached the foot of the sandstone cliff and carefully made his way down the steep trail. He felt the sting of a cedar branch against his leg. The month is now Augusto, he remembered with pleasure. He always felt a special feeling when he could remember his lessons long after he had been taught them. The day? He could not remember his lessons very well at that moment and he was thankful Don Luis was not nearby to question him about them. His belly reminded him that many hours had

passed since it had been full.

There would be no more lessons, he thought. But then, no one in the household of Tomas would know of the great plan spoken of by his father, and therefore, life would go on as usual for a few days. Don Luis would have him sit down with his best friend, which they did about every other day, and the haciendado would patiently explain and teach. Manah smiled as he walked along behind his father. It was nice to learn what the strange marks said and he remembered how thrilled he was when he began to learn how to make the marks on the paper himself. Soon, there would be no more lessons! Tears ran down his dusty cheeks and he quickly wiped them away with the back of his hand.

A sense of urgency seemed to fill his whole being. He hurried after his father, deep in thought, temporarily forgetting the fatigue and hunger he had known only minutes before. The shadows were long across the plaza when the man and the boy reached the village known to the Spanish as the Pueblo de Santa Maria. On the second story of the multi-level adobe building, in between other living quarters, were those of Manah's family. No one lived in the first level. There were no windows, no doorways there. Centuries of survival had taught The People to store there enough food to last for at least three years, just in case Earth Mother was not generous. Manah followed his father up a crude ladder and they entered the living quarters through a low doorway. Manah's mother had a meal waiting for them: squash, pinto beans, corn and corn tortillas.

Seated beside his two younger sisters on a buffalo hide, he ate until he could eat no more. Later, he lay on his back on a blanket in the darkness. The night winds reminded him of his journey to The Place of the Ancient Ones. It was true, he thought. The rains would not come. He could remember when he could not cross the river because the current was too swift, and where once the water had made a great path through the valley, now there was only sand.

His father had spoken the truth about The Enemy, Manah decided. His younger brother had been carried away by the Apaches. That was a day he would never forget. He remembered little Tapu screaming and kicking as The Enemy raced away with him on their horses. The men of the village had tried to track them but they had come back empty-handed. They were no match for the Apaches on foot. And besides, the crops would ruin in the hot sun if they were away too long. He never saw his brother again. A mosquito buzzed near Manah's ear and he reached out in the darkness to brush it away. He remembered stories he had overheard in the village. Once, he had heard the men speaking of a great religious leader of the Pueblo de San Juan. The man and some of his followers were caught practicing the ways of The Ancient Ones which the Spanish had forbidden. They were publicly whipped in the Plaza Mayor in La Villa de Santa Fe and released. Manah guessed that this man and the man spoken of by his father must be one and the same.

Continued

He was very aware of the complaints which grew louder each day concerning the drought. Many said the rains did not come because The People had forsaken the Old ways and the Old Gods. Manah was confused and troubled. Perhaps, It was true, he thought. His father had forbade him to speak to anyone concerning the great plan. His friend Tomas must die, and Don Luis, and everyone In the valley except The People and The Enemy, the Apaches. Manah remembered his father had said they were going to help. That was all there was to It. Manah was one of The People and Tomas was a Spaniard, a whiteface. Tomas was to be his enemy!

He remembered how he had always been grateful for the friendship he shared with Tmas for he no longer had a brother. The pain he had felt when he lost Tapu had eased over the period of time he had known and shared with Tomas. He smiled in the darkness. He remembered that they had shared fights, too. Afterward, they would avoid each other for a few days. Everyone In the village would laugh when they saw the two boys back together again after one of those feuds. Upon seeing them together after a disagreement, Don Luis would smile at them and say, "Birds of a feather stick together, like good compañeros." And then he would wink at Manah.

The Sun Father had not revealed himself when Manah jumped up, rolled his blanket into a bundle, placed it In a corner of the room and quietly walked outside. There was a faint pink glow in the sky over the mountains to the east and to the west the sky was black. Running along the familiar trail, Manah

thought about how he was going to tell Don Luis of the danger to his household. Perhaps, he thought, he should just tell Tomas. Don Luis might choose not to believe such a tale.

An owl flapped its heavy wings and flew out of a nearby tree. Manah's heart seemed to jump to his throat and he had to stop and catch his breath. Any other time, he might have laughed after he realized what it was, but he did not feel like smiling now. He brushed the coarse, black hair from his eyes and started once more moving along the trail in a slow trot. He found the large wooden gates of the hacienda open wide, which seemed strange, because that was not usually the case. He remembered he and Tomas had met on several occasions for an early morning adventure. He recalled he had to callout several times before a sleepy Indian servant had finally let him Into the compound. He also knew that during daylight hours the gates were always open and the hacienda seemed to be a very friendly place. Now, it was dark and foreboding. He called out several times. A young Indian, whom Manah recognized as the stable boy, and who was of another village, walked to the gate. Manah was told the household of Don Luis had left a few minutes before for a wedding baile to be held at the hacienda of Don Diego and La Hacienda Blanca. His great estate was near the river just south of El Pueblo de Isleta. Don Luis had taken the two boys with him on a business trip to see that man. That was almost two years ago on the European calendar, Manah remembered. He could still remember so well that trip for it was his very first ride on a horse. He was puzzled, however, because Tomas had said nothing to

him concerning a trip. Surely, he thought, they had planned it for some time beforehand. And yet, he had said nothing. Manah's mind was flooded with thoughts, questions, and confusion. He knew he was ignoring the Indian servant standing nearby, but he had much to think about. Ten days. He quickly realized that ten days time would be too late. They must be informed immediately! why didn't they tell him? The question remained in his mind. And Don Luis must have felt completely confident that his home and property would be safe with his trusted servants. His trusted enemies, thought Manah, looking straight at the Indian. The Indian was looking at Manah, but said nothing. The Indian finally turned around and disappeared into the stable. Manah brushed the hair from his eyes, walked out of the compound, and down the trail toward Santa Maria. Don Luis had been very kind to him. He realized at that moment how very much Don Luis had given him. His world was much larger because of him, and the rest of his life would never be the same. Manah remembered on one occasion, of which he could no longer remember the circumstances, Don Luis had even said he trusted him as his own son. He felt he wanted to cry but he made up his mind that it was not a time for tears. He must find a way to warn them.

As Manah entered the plaza of El Pueblo de Santa Maria, the bell of the mission church was tolling a reminder that morning mass would soon begin. He noticed many women and children, in groups of twos and threes, walking in the direction of the thick-walled adobe structure. He looked for the men but only saw one

here and there. The cacique of the village was standing in one corner of the plaza with several young men. They seemed in no hurry and lingered outside the church. Manah watched the family of the war captain disappear into the shadow of the church doorway but he was not with them.

Late in the afternoon, from the roof of his family's quarters, Manah watched two young men trot into the plaza. One carried a knotted rawhide rope in his hand. They were immediately lost in the midst of the crowd of men standing near the kiva. Manah did not recognize the two runners but he did know that they had come a great distance for their skin glistened with sweat in the hot sun.

After the evening meal, the boy joined his father on the roof, where the breeze was gentle and cool. He asked his father about the runners he had seen and about the knotted cord they had carried. "The knots represent the number of days the Whiteface have to live. Each knot represents one day." His father asked why he had not been seen with Tomas. "Do you wish to create suspicion among the Whitefaces? You must continue to see Tomas each day as before." The man seemed tense. He was not at all relaxed as he always was in the evenings on the rooftop with his family. Manah did not want to say that Tomas and Don Luis had not bothered to tell him before they left that they would be gone for almost two weeks. He and his family have gone down the valley to visit friends for a few days. They will return soon."

His father seemed to be satisfied with the

Continued

answer. The young boy wished to talk with his father, but not about Tomas. Not about the plan of El Popé. The boy wished only to sit by his father on the roof, as they had done so many evenings in the past, and talk. His father did not seem to be interested. Manah did not want to betray his father or The People, but he did not want the family of Don Luis to be harmed. He felt a strong urge to go off somewhere alone in the darkness and cry, but he had already made up his mind about such things. It was not a time for tears. He did not sleep well that night.

To be continued.

Follow the adventures of Manah in the next issue of El Cronicón.

This story originally appeared in Bane K. Wilker's TALES OF THE OLD WEST.

Vol 2 /No 4. 1986

Exhuming the Confederate Dead at Glorieta Pass

*By Matthew Barbour **

The Battle of Glorieta Pass is referred to by many historians and Civil War enthusiasts as the “Gettysburg of the West.” Beginning as early as 1861, the Confederate States of America planned to conquer the American West beginning with the annexation of New Mexico Territory. It was believed that conquest of the American West would give the Confederacy much needed wealth from the gold fields in Colorado and access to trade from the ports in California. In March of 1862, flush with success from capturing Albuquerque and Santa Fe, a Confederate army from Texas engaged an army of volunteers from Colorado and New Mexico east of Santa Fe, New Mexico. This was to be the Battle of Glorieta Pass. The battle was indecisive. Both sides initially claimed victory. However, decimation of the Confederate supply train by a group of Union soldiers forced the Confederates to retreat southward. Ultimately, it represented a turning point for the war in the west, after which Confederate Forces left New Mexico Territory, never to threaten Union supremacy in the American West again. On June 22, 1987, Mr. Siler encountered a mandible and other human skeletal fragments while trenching on his private property west of Pecos, to lay the foundations for what was to become his house. Siler knew that his property

included part of the Glorieta battlefield and he had previously found numerous munition artifacts on his property. He had even heard stories of a Confederate mass grave supposedly located to the west of Pigeon's Ranch.

Concerted efforts by enthusiasts and collectors had been made to locate this mass grave, but the remains had never been found. The presence of the human remains on the Siler property, however, was unexpected. Siler's property was east of Pigeon's Ranch. Artifacts found in association dated to the mid-nineteenth century. It quickly became apparent, from the appearance of military accoutrements, that the remains represented the long lost Confederate soldiers. Mislocation of the mass grave by historians had served to protect the grave, preserving the true burial site. Ultimately, two burial pits were uncovered. Burial 1 was a small pit which contained one set of human remains. The remains were in relatively good shape. The body was positioned with the head towards the southwest. Arms were folded across the chest and legs were fully extended. Spurs were strapped to the boots and wool cloth adhering to corroded brass buttons was found sporadically in patches along the body's midsection. Numerous percussion caps were found in the left jacket pocket and six .36 caliber Colt Navy or Griswold and Gunnison pistol bullets were found in a leather pouch at the individual's waist. Personal effects found in association with the individual included two rings, on the right hand's middle finger. No firearms were encountered and are presumed to have been collected by surviving Confederates prior to burial. Burial 2 contained the skeletal remnants

of 30 individuals placed within a large rectangular trench. The human remains showed the very real consequences of war. The soldiers were buried two, and in some instances, three deep, head to toe, with arms folded over the chest, legs fully extended, and boots sometimes strapped together. The soldiers' heads were positioned towards the southwest or northeast. Many skeletons exhibited wounds to the head and chest. In some instances, the force of trauma was so severe that bones were completely shattered upon impact. Fragments of plaid flannel, wool, and other unidentified fibrous materials were encountered. These findings suggest a group of soldiers whose uniforms varied widely in appearance. Many wore U.S. Army accoutrements such as brass buttons and belt buckles. These were likely taken from abandoned army posts throughout Texas and New Mexico Territory. Several belt buckles had been worn upside down, presumably to signify the southern loyalty of the soldiers. As with Burial 1, no firearms were encountered. However, numerous munitions (n=71) of various calibers and types were found in association. These included fifteen .69 caliber smoothbore balls, presumably used for buck-and-ball rounds; twelve .58 caliber "Minié ball" conical bullets; one .52 caliber conical bullet, a Sharps "Ringtail" bullet found in the pit but not associated with a specific burial; three .38 caliber smoothbore balls; eleven .36 caliber conical bullets, possibly Colt Navy Pistol rounds; and 29 indeterminate .31 caliber smoothbore balls, presumably used as buck or canister shot. Many of the projectiles were found in the soldiers' chest cavities and

Continued

skulls and are presumed to have caused their deaths. Some, however, were obviously unfired and found in pouches or pockets. Collectively, these materials demonstrate that a substantial array of small arms was utilized in the battle.

Many of the dead were also buried with small personal effects. These included items such as kaolin tobacco pipes, vulcanized rubber "Goodyear" brand combs, Federal coins, and pocket knives. In several instances, these materials would later aid in identifying the dead. One possessed a satchel with several writing implements including a square pencil and pen, while another was buried with an inscribed ring.

Forensic analysis of the remains determined that all 31 individuals were male and that 31 could be positively identified as Euroamerican, with one possibly having been of Hispanic origin. Six sets of human remains could be linked to specific Confederate Soldiers. These individuals are discussed below.

Major John S. Shropshire was killed when he led a charge on the Union Army position at Artillery Hill. He received a head wound and possibly also a body wound. Burial 1 also exhibited a wound to the head. This combined with the position of the burial apart from the mass grave and the presence of spurs among the grave goods suggested that Burial 1 was Major Shropshire.

James Manus was a blacksmith in Company I of the 4th Texas Volunteer Cavalry. He was 37 years of age and the second oldest Confederate to die. Only one set of human remains was determined to be between 36 and

39 years of age making its identification as Blacksmith Manus highly probable. Private Ebenezer Hanna was 17 and was the official historian of Company C, 4th Texas Volunteer Cavalry. He maintained a journal throughout the campaign up until his death. Hanna was shot in the loins and bled inwardly while following Major Shropshire on his assault of Artillery Hill. His skeletal remains indicated a penetrating wound through the hip and a .58 caliber "Minié ball" bullet was found near his groin. Writing implements, including a square lead pencil and a pen, consistent with implements a scribe would use, were also found in association. Private William Straughn, Company D, 4th Texas Volunteer Cavalry, was 17 years old and died of a gunshot wound to the head. Straughn was one of two soldiers under the age of 18, the other being Private Hanna. His skeletal remains suggested a male between 15 and 18 years of age. Only fragments of the skull were recovered, but these were also consistent with the knowledge that Straughn died of a head wound. Private J. S. L. Cotton, Company E, 4th Texas Volunteer Cavalry, was hit in the lower back by a shot fired from a mountain howitzer. Cotton's skeletal remains displayed massive damage to the hip consistent with shrapnel or canister shot. Among his possessions was a ring engraved "S. L. Col. G. N. Taylor was a bugler in Company H of the 7th Texas Volunteer Cavalry. At 42, he was the oldest Confederate soldier killed at Glorieta and buried on the battlefield. Taylor's dental analysis found nine gold fillings distributed across seven teeth which may have been critical to his effectiveness as a bugler. In July

1990, Major John Shropshire's remains were given to his family for re-internment beside his parents in Kentucky, where he was born. After some initial discussion of returning Ebenezer Hanna to Texas, it was finally decided that he would be reburied with his comrades, having fought and died together. On April 23, 1993, Hanna and the 29 other Confederate soldiers found in the mass grave

were reinterred together in the Santa Fe National Cemetery. Cultural materials such as belt buckles, buttons, rings, and munitions, were returned to the property owner, Mr. Siler, who has kept them and sought to preserve and keep them safe for future generations. Ultimately, the Battle of Glorieta Pass mass grave and the individuals found therein serve as a harsh reminder of the consequences of war.

** Matthew barbour is Site Manager at Jemez Historic Site*

MEMBERSHIP

For all those members who have "forgotten" to pay their dues for 2013. Here's a special deal. Pay now for 2013 and get 2014 for free.!

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Sandoval County Historical Society
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UPCOMING PROGRAMS

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 13th,

In part 2 of his presentation Col. David C De baca brings the family history up to date

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20th

Open House to honor old Bernalillo families and to hear their stories.

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 10th

Dr Frances Koenig will talk about her late husand, Karl koenig's work. He was a photographer and former psychology professor He developed a unique photographic printing process and published a book on the holocaust concentration camps which Dr Koenig will bring and sell.

SUNDAY DECEMBER 8th

Christmas Party
All programs at 2PM

The Lighter Side

How to call the police when you're old, and don't move fast anymore.

George Phillips, an elderly man from Walled Lake, Michigan, was going up to bed, when his wife told him that he'd left the light on in the garden shed, which she could see from the bedroom window.

George opened the back door to go turn off the light, but saw that there were people in the shed stealing things.

He phoned the police, who asked "Is someone in your house?" He said "No," but some people are breaking into my garden shed and stealing from me. Then the police dispatcher said "All patrols are busy. You should lock your doors and an officer will be along when one is available" George said, "Okay." He hung up the phone and counted to 30. Then he phoned the police again. "Hello, I just called you a few seconds ago because there were people stealing things from my shed. Well, you don't have to worry about them now because I just shot and killed them both; the dogs are eating them right now," and he hung

up. Within five minutes, six Police Cars, a SWAT Team, a Helicopter, two Fire Trucks, a Paramedic and an Ambulance showed up at the Phillips' residence, and caught the burglars red-handed. One of the Policemen said to George, "I thought you said that you'd shot them!"

George said, "I thought you said there was nobody available!"
(True Story)

One day, shortly after joining the PGA tour in 1965, Lee Trevino, a professional golfer and married man, was at his home in Dallas, Texas, mowing his front lawn, as he always did. A lady driving by in a big, shiny Cadillac stopped in front of his house, lowered the window and asked, "Excuse me, do you speak English?" Lee responded, "Yes Ma'am, I do." The lady then asked, "What do you charge to do yard work?" Lee said, "Well, the lady in this house lets me sleep with her." The lady hurriedly put the car into gear and sped off.

The Lighter Side

A tip of the editor's hat to our contributors

It's late fall and the Indians on a remote reservation in South Dakota asked their new chief if the coming winter was going to be cold or mild. Since he was a chief in a modern society, he had never been taught the old secrets. When he looked at the sky, he couldn't tell what the winter was going to be like. Nevertheless, to be on the safe side, he told his tribe that the winter was indeed going to be cold and that the members of the village should collect firewood to be prepared. But, being a practical leader, after several days, he got an idea. He went to the phone booth, called the National Weather Service and asked, 'Is the coming winter going to be cold?' 'It looks like this winter is going to be quite cold,' the meteorologist at the weather service responded. So the chief went back to his people and told them to collect. A week later, he called the National Weather Service again. 'Does it still look like it is going to be a very cold winter?' 'Yes,' the man at National Weather Service again replied, 'it's going to be a very cold winter.' The chief again went back to his people and ordered them to collect every scrap of firewood they

could find.

Two weeks later, the chief called the National Weather Service again. 'Are you absolutely sure that the winter is going to be very cold?' 'Absolutely,' the man replied. 'It's looking more and more like it is going to be one of the coldest winters we've ever seen.' A week later, he called the National Weather Service again. 'Does it still look like it is going to be a very cold winter?' 'Yes,' the man at National Weather Service again replied, 'it's going to be a very cold winter.' The chief again went back to his people and ordered them to collect every scrap of firewood they could find.

Two weeks later, the chief called the National Weather Service again. 'Are you absolutely sure that the winter is going to be very cold?' 'Absolutely,' the man replied. 'It's looking more and more like it is going to be one of the coldest winters we've ever seen.'

'How can you be so sure?' the chief asked. The weatherman replied, 'The Indians are collecting a sh**tload of firewood.'

Sandoval County Historical Society
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The mule train by Ed DeLavy