

# *El Cronicón*

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SANDOVAL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

President: Lorraine Dominguez-Stubblefield

Editor: Roy C. Skeens

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## MARCH MEETING

Sunday March 13th 2pm

A personal selection of  
history's, and pre-history's "What if?"  
a presentation by Dirk Van Hart



We all have our personal "what ifs": a person met here, a job change there, etc. Whole books have been written about such things. This presentation is about my personal list of six "what ifs." The first is astronomical at 3.5 billion years ago, the 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> are geological at 65 and

4 million years ago respectively, the 4<sup>th</sup>, 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> are historical at 1554, 1776, and 1909 AD, respectively. Quite a range! One of the six might be familiar to SCHS members, but the rest are likely to be new. All though should be thought-provoking!

**President's Letter**

*We Are One Human Race! for all.*

*When you recite the “Pledge of Allegiance” you are promising to be true to the symbol of our Country which is the flag. Each State that has joined to make our Country a republic is also making that promise. We are stating that it is a Country where the people choose others to make laws for them and that the government is “of, by and for” the people. A single Country the people believe in a supreme being. A Country that cannot be split into parts and with freedom and fairness for each person in the Country...you and me! You are promising to be true to the United States of America!*

*The original Pledge of Allegiance was written by Francis Bellamy and has been recited as early as September 8, 1892. “The flag of the United States” replaced the words “my Flag” in 1923 because some foreign-born people might have in mind the flag of the country of their birth instead of the United States flag. A*

*year later, “of America” was added after “United States.” No form of the Pledge received official recognition by Congress until June 22, 1942, when the Pledge was formally included in the U.S. Flag Code. The official name of The Pledge of Allegiance was adopted in 1945. The last change in language came on Flag Day 1954, when Congress passed a law, which added the words “under God” after “one nation.” Originally, the pledge was said with the right hand in the so-called “Bellamy Salute,” with the right hand resting first outward from the chest, then the arm extending out from the body. Once Hitler came to power in Europe, some Americans were concerned that this position of the arm and hand resembled the Nazi or Fascist salute. In 1942 Congress also established the current practice of rendering the pledge with the right hand over the heart. The Flag Code specifies that any future changes to the pledge would have to be with the consent of the President.*

*Other than our Native American brothers and sisters, America continues to be a nation of immigration from different cultures from all over the world. For centuries, the United States has also attracted people in search of the American dream from all corners of the world. Thus, it is not surprising that our early immigrants put much thought into writing “The Pledge of Allegiance,” so that it would befit for the most wonderful place in the world to live. I grew up reciting “The Pledge” in school every morning at the start of the school day. Unfortunately, I think this is a practice of the past. Will future generations ever understand what this great nation stands for and promised? Have we Americans forgotten what that promise means? I love “The Pledge” and what I promise each time I recite it. I will close with my grandmother’s words of wisdom: “todos somos una sola raza humana”-- We are all one human race!*

*Lorraine Dominguez Stubblefield*

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**NOVEMBER MEETING**


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**LaDonna Harris**  
*was our special guest, via PBS video and her daughters. She had a last minute commitment and was unable to attend.*



She is a member of the Comanche nation and Founder and President of Americans for Indian Opportunity. LaDonna has served as a vocal activist regarding human rights, poverty, housing, and rural issues. She believes that if you are strong in your beliefs you can organize around the issues and bring about change. Her life is a wonderful example of just that. Her PBS story was so very well put together and enjoyable.

LaDonna grew up in cotton county Oklahoma and remembers playing on the creeks and eating

wild plums, and being so free yet feeling as if she belonged. She felt connected to everyone, and in her culture having LOTS of relatives is their form of wealth. She was raised by her grandparents where she learned that there is no word **truth** in the Comanche culture but rather everyone has their individual beliefs and learns to appreciate the beliefs of others. An idea that I can appreciate and have tried to embody during my life.

LaDonna's father and his friend were in a boarding school when they were punished and then locked up. They were eventually able to tackle the matron at the school, load their pockets and begin the long walk home. The schools were an attempt by Federal policy to assimilate the Comanche, and others, rather than integrate their culture. In Oklahoma, Indian Territory, they were given 160 acre allotments of land and did not live on reservations.

LaDonna would marry Fred Harris and support them thru his law

school years. She learned how to express herself regarding civil rights in OK and helped establish a group of women who learned to flex their muscles among the intellectual community. Fred was elected to the Senate in 1965 and so began their life between Washington, DC and Oklahoma.

The belief that oppressed people often come to hold the same stereotypes as their oppressors led LaDonna to work to change the way people look at themselves in order to force others to look at them differently. She developed what came to be called ***Indian 101*** while in Washington, in an effort to educate the politicians and leaders regarding the existing treatment of the tribes within the Federal system. Thus, the tribes were eventually considered an integral part of the system. President Johnson was her champion with his ***war on poverty*** that would include the tribes.

LaDonna accomplished so very much in her lifetime and was con-

sidered overtly affectionate, unlike most in Washington. That led to her success and she learned how to be an activist HER way, no violence allowed. She lobbied hard and long for the forgotten Indians in both Urban and rural settings. She was essential in the passage of legislation to return Blue Lake to the Taos Pueblo, despite efforts of Sen. Anderson of NM to block that legislation. In 1976 tribal sovereignty came to be for the tribes of the United States. She turned her attention to the world and helping indigenous peoples everywhere to strengthen their voices and teach their young people how to develop the ***spark*** that will get things done for their communities. LaDonna developed the Ambassadors program and leadership classes to help young people learn values in the way they relate to the world.

I do know that I would have

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loved to meet such an inspiring woman, who was determined in her goals and life, yet in a peaceful and dedicated manner. What a role model for any woman, in any country, and in any era.

Thanks to her daughters for sharing her story.

*Reported by Karen Lemuseaux*

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

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

## Christmas party



# Christmas party



Thanks  
to Virginia Ortiz for the  
photos

There was a good turnout for our annual party, although the snowy conditions did reduce our numbers. Lots of wonderful food and drink. I always enjoy trying new dishes and tasting other peoples' cooking. And the cleanup was quick !!!Everyone mentioned how much they had enjoyed the programs this last year, myself as well. What a pleasant, relaxing party it was , with just a little music in the background. ..

*Karen Lermuseaux*

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**JANUARY MEETING**
**Las Flores del Valle**

entertained us with their stories and music. What a joy. Both Carol Vigil and Leila Flores-Dueñas are so animated and obviously passionate about their music. They have taken several years to travel Mexico to research the Soldadera, the songs and stories of the women who followed the soldiers and battles of their country, as well as taking part in the fighting and struggles for women's rights during the Mexican Revolution.

By the 1910's there was much unrest and the Haves and Have nots became widely separated even though Pres. Porfirio Diaz had made some improvements by bringing the railroad and telegraph to Mexico. But unrest had taken hold of the country. Diaz left to Spain and then France within a few months of the beginning of the revolution. Women began to make themselves a vital part of the Mexican Revolution in their efforts to pursue social justice.



Juana Gutierrez de Mendoza was one woman who began printing brochures urging women to fight for the right to vote and own land. Clara de la Rocha joined her father in the fighting. Adela Velarde Perez was a nurse in Juarez, and would receive a pension years later for her work. Women organized the White Cross to provide medical care for the revolutionaries. Valentina Ramirez joined the revolution with her father, who later died in battle. She would take his place with his troops. Petra Herrera, also known as La Capitana, fought and led troops in battle. She would form a female

brigade who took control over Torreon in a blazing battle. Margarita Netty was of Mayan and Dutch descent, became a Zapatista soldier, and would also establish ballet Folklorico in Mexico after the revolution.

Many other women were integral in the Revolution, including Maria de la Luz, Maria Bernal ( Pistolas), Ermalinda Wong-Chu, Maria Savala (La Destroyer) and so many others. Their photos and stories and the songs of their fighting were so inspirational- to see these strong women fighting for what they believed in, and to make change in their worlds. I noticed how much many of our elder members enjoyed the music and the meaning of the words that they grew up singing. I loved the music as well.

*Reported by Karen Lermiseaux*

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*The January meeting was also our Annual General Meeting, at which the standing slate of officers was re-elected.*

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## Regarding Pueblo Language

By Matthew J. Barbour, Manager, Jemez Historic Site

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As an outsider, I think the Jemez language is beautiful. It is also amazing that so many young people within Walatowa can still speak the language of their ancestors. That is not the case in many other pueblos and it gets me thinking about Pueblo language in general.

When I was a student of anthropology my least favorite subject was linguistics. It is the study of language, how it is transmitted and evolves over space and time. It is a confusing subject full of what appears to the untrained mind to be inconsistencies and leaps in understanding that cause archaeologists to cringe. There is no better example of this confusion than the Pueblo languages of the American Southwest.

The Jemez, or Towa, language is part of the Tanoan Language Family. Also known as the Kiowa-Tanoan Family, this language group is believed to have originated in the Four Corners Area. Today, it has four branches: Kiowa spoken by the Kiowa, a plains tribe in Oklahoma; Towa spoken by the Jemez; Tewa spoken by the Pueblos of Nambe, Ohkay Owingeh, Pojoaque, San Ildefonso, Santa Clara, and Tesuque; and Tiwa spoken by Isleta, Picuris, Sandia, and Taos.

Recently scholars, such as Dr. Scott Ortman, have argued that variations of the

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Tanoan Language Family were utilized by many of the Ancestral Puebloan civilizations. These included the inhabitants of Mesa Verde, the Gallina, the Fremont, and the original Pueblo famers along the northern and central Rio Grande.

However, there is some debate as to exactly which language branch of the family was spoken by each of these earlier Puebloan groups. For his part, Ortman has argued that Tewa was the language of Mesa Verde and the Tewa migrated into area during the late thirteenth century. Others, such as Dr. Eric Blinman, disagree. They agree that the people of Mesa Verde did speak a Tanoan language but that when they migrated into the area, they were absorbed by people already living in the Rio Grande area which spoke the Tiwa, Tewa, and Towa branches.

Adding to the confusion, not all Pueblo peoples speak a Tanoan Language. Keresan, spoken by Acoma, Cochiti, Kewa, Laguna, Santa Ana, San Felipe, and Zia, is an isolate. Its closest linguistic relative is the Wichita part of the Caddoan Language Family. However, Keresan itself is not part of that family nor are the Keresans thought to be migrants from the eastern plains. In fact most archaeologists today agree that they are most likely the descendants of the Chaco Region. Hence if the Wichita are related, it is possible they migrated from the American Southwest.

Then there is the Zuni. Like Keresan, it is an isolate. While probably not related, several lin-

guists have pointed out that some of the Zuni words actually bear strong similarities to Japanese. This has led some to connect the two. However, more credible researchers have argued that while Zuni is indeed an isolate today, it may have been spoken by many groups in the past. Instead of linking the isolate with Japanese culture, they suggest that the Zuni speak the language of the Mogollon, a culture which once dominated much of south-eastern Arizona and southwestern New Mexico.

As always, the Hopi are an enigma. I will not even try to explain that one. However, even in this brief overview, it is quite easy to see how difficult it is to study the languages of Puebloan peoples. While they may share a similar culture, the languages spoken by the various tribes are anything but. Moreover, the relationships of these languages to others suggest great movement and cultural transmission over large portions of the American Southwest and Great Plains areas. It is an interwoven web and much of it remains a mystery. It is a mystery we may never fully understand.

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*The Sandoval County Historical Society acknowledges Mr. Rupert Lopez lifetime contributions with gratitude and respect. Thank you for your example of how we are to use our talents, time, and compassion to improve the quality of life in our Community, County and State.*

### **Corraleño Rupert Lopez Celebrates Centennial Birthday**

January 30, 1916 is the date of birth of Rupert Gonzales Lopez who celebrated his centennial birthday on January 30, 2016. On that day, he was honored at a mass given by Father John Carney from the Church of Incarnation in Rio Rancho. The following day more than 200 people gathered at the Corrales Community Center to celebrate his life with family, villagers, and friends with wonderful home cooked food and music. The Village of Corrales proclaimed January 30, 2016 as "Rupert Lopez Day". Right out of high school and after graduating high school in Albuquerque at the age of 18, he joined the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC Camps). He worked in different camps and in 1939 he was married and living in Santa Fe. He currently is the only living member of the crew that built the National Park Service building in Santa Fe. His only transportation in those



days was an Indian Motorcycle. In 1941 when he first arrived in Corrales and because of his love for God he accepted his volunteer position as a Mayordomo (steward) of the San Ysidro Catholic Church. He began cleaning the church that needed more than

restoration and was given the duty to draw up a schematic print that was used for the replacement church.

His additional duties and more responsibilities of building a proper church increased and with the help of many volunteers, fiestas and fundraisers the church was built out of blocks. He is a veteran and served in Korea. He retired from the military with the rank of E-8 Master Sergeant after 21 years. He also retired after 32 years of working at Kirtland Air Force Base in the warehouse. Over the decades he served seven years on the Corrales Planning and Zoning Commission, twelve years on the Corrales Bosque Advisory Commission, Sandoval County Senior Affairs Board and the local Soil Conservation Service. He was named as Corrales "Farmer of the Year in 1998" an award long overdue since most of his life he farmed 11 acres with alfalfa, corn, chili, melons, okra and other vegetables, while tending to 400 peach and apple trees. He raised cows

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and pigs and currently has a small herd of goats and one billy goat for breeding. He was an expert in the art of making red chili ristras (strings). He was a small business owner opening a small grocery store in Corrales and later he was the owner of the first travel agency in the metropolitan area. He is also politically involved and well respected when it came to the issues of most importance to him. His wisdom, vote and support from candidates is sought to date. He knew the issues and always voted. He lobbied for the grant for the Corrales Senior Center. Rupert's parents were Eduardo and Raquel Gonzales Lopez from the San Jose, Albuquerque area. In addition to Rupert, their children were Dave and Richard Lopez, Sinfora Vigil, Rita Palacio, Antonia, Sarah and Priscilla Lopez. He married Reymunda Lopez Lopez. Her parents were Emilio and Josefita Leyba Lopez originally from Casa Salazar and Rincon de los Lopez. Rupert and Reymulda had four children: Joe, Johnny and Theresa Lopez, and Genova Aragon, 10 grandchildren, and 23 great- grandchildren and 4 great- great- grandchildren. His says his secret to a good long life is: "God made us all the same: black, white, brown, yellow and red. We are the same inside. No difference between you and me. We have to respect each other." Mr. Lopez has walked the talk and set an exemplary

example of a life of hard work and commitment where challenges are handled with integrity, courage and compassion. He continues to contribute for a better quality of life for his family and community. Wishing abundant blessings on Mr. Rupert Lopez and his family.

*Interview and article by: Lorraine Dominguez-Stubblefield*

### UPCOMING PROGRAMS

**April 10th**

**Family history in Rio Abajo**

A presentation by historian and witer **Andres Armijo**

**May 1st**

**La Musica de mi Barrio**

( **The music from my neighborhood**)

Honoring Candy (Lala) Wiggins Lopez.

**June 12th**

**Curanderismo - Trsditional**

**medicine- Tonita Gonzales and Cecilia Howard.**

©Grandma Lale's Egg Fritters  
by Nasario García, Ph.D.

Spring was upon us in earnest, and Holy Week loomed not far away. Good Friday, Viernes Santo, was the day Grandma Lale prepared her delightful *tortas de huevo*, egg fritters or *torrejas*. Dipped either in red chile sauce or in *caramelo* (carmelized sugar diluted with water), both kinds of egg fritters complemented the other Lenten foods (no meat), including desserts, when family, friends, or special guests were invited to Grandma's house for a luncheon treat on Good Friday.

One of my chores at the ranch was to feed Grandma's chickens and to put water in their pans. But this was Monday and she was already very busy making preparation for Friday's luncheon so she asked me to gather the eggs from the chicken coop for her fritters. Each time I came back to Grandma's house empty-handed. Grandma was mystified.

"*Hijito*, don't tell me the chickens didn't lay any eggs again. I don't know what's happening."

"Maybe it's the *ratonera*, bullsnake, that's eating the eggs."

"Where did you get that notion?"

"Grandma, you told me that a long time ago."

Bullsnares were known to eat eggs, but when Grandma searched for the snake's *rastro* or trace of its presence, she found none. "I wonder what the mystery is surrounding the missing eggs in Grandma's chicken coop?" I asked myself.

Grandma, who was sharp as a tack, concluded without hesitation that the culprit was Grandpa's rooster. She thought his better days were behind him. Tuesday morning Grandpa asked why there were no eggs for breakfast. Grandma was quick to react. "*Viejo, ese gallo ya no sirve pa' nada*. Dear, that rooster's too old to cut the mustard." "What are you talking about?" countered Grandpa. "*Ya no pisa a las gallina. Lo único que pisa es la tierra donde anda*. He no longer steps on the chickens. The only thing he steps on is the dirt that he walks on." "So what do you want me to do?" Grandpa asked. "Get me another rooster. That's what," Grandma responded a tad impatient. "Good Friday will be here before we know it and I won't have enough eggs for my *tortas de huevo*."

That same day after finishing break-

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fast, Grandpa mounted his bay horse. “Where are you going?” Grandma asked. “You said you wanted a new rooster so I’m going to Santa Clara to see my old compade Nestor. I’ll be back by noon,” and Grandpa took off.

When Grandpa reached Santa Clara, don Nestor was tending to his horses in the corral. “Hello compadre. What a pleasant surprise! And what’s with that rooster?” he asked. “I brought it for you to use on Saint John’s day next time we celebrate rooster racing. My wife says he’s too old to cut the mustard. Her chickens have quit laying eggs. She needs a new rooster. Do you have one?” “I’ve got just the right one.” Without hesitating he went straight to the *gallinero*, henhouse, and fetched a big gray rooster. “Here, this one will step on enough chickens to supply your wife with sufficient eggs from now till doom’s day.” “And how much do I owe you, compadre?” “*¡Nada!* Nothing! It’s on the henhouse,” he said jokingly. “Well here, take this rooster that I brought for you,” Grandpa said. “No, take it back. I have enough roosters already,” don Nestor responded.

Grandpa put both birds across the saddle in front of him and he bid adieu to don

Nestor. As promised, Grandpa was back home by noon. “Here you are, *vieja*. My compadre Nestor assured me that this gray rooster will keep your chickens busy laying eggs from now until judgment day, *hasta el día del juicio*.”

Time past, but there were still no eggs. Grandpa was surprised. And Grandma was livid. “I think your compadre has given you *un gato por liebre*, a pig in a poke.” “Ah, the rooster will be alright. Just give him time to get used to his new female friends and surroundings.”

Grandma waited and waited patiently for the chickens to lay eggs. She was getting increasingly jittery, so she decided to take matters into her own hands. She began spying on the gray rooster. Lo and behold, what she witnessed surprised her. Don Nestor’s rooster instead of stepping on the chickens kept trying to step on Grandpa’s old rooster. For a moment, she thought the scene was comical. However, the more she thought about it, the more incensed she became because surely don Nestor, who was known as a jokester, was up to his old tricks so Grandma confronted Grandpa.

“Viejo,” she said to him, “now I know why the chickens are still not laying eggs.” “You do,” he exclaimed a bit bewildered. “Yes, your compadre gave you a rooster that’s a *jotito* (queer) that likes other roosters rather than chickens.”

“I’ve never heard of such a silly thing in my life! A bull, yes, because Eduardo Tachías had a *toro* that liked other *toros*. But a rooster, that can’t be.” “Come, I’ll show you,” and Grandpa followed Grandma to the chicken coop. “There, see with your own eyes.” “*¡No puede ser, no puede ser!* It’s can’t be, it can’t!” Grandpa kept repeating.

That same afternoon he went back to his compadre Nestor’s home to exchange the rooster for another one. “Eh, compadre, what happened?” he asked. “What happened is this; the rooster you gave me does not step on chickens. Instead, he spends the whole time trying to step on my old rooster.” “Ah, ha, ha. That’s funny. I’ve never heard of such a thing,” he said with a wry smile and suspicious look. “But I tell you what, I’ll get you another rooster,” and he went and caught a shiny dark red rooster half the size of the gray one. “Here you

are. This rooster will do the trick.”

Grandpa took it home. The red rooster wasted no time in adapting to his new friends. He felt right at home. Soon Grandma’s chickens started laying eggs. She was ecstatic! “*Hijito*, tomorrow is Good Friday. I will need more eggs for my *torrejas*. And don’t worry about feeding the chickens or putting water in their pans. I already did that. But this afternoon after you take your siesta, come gather the eggs for me. And put them in this straw basket. I don’t want you to drop them and break them. I will need every egg you can find.”

That afternoon after my nap, I went over to Grandma’s. I picked up the basket from the portal. When I walked into the chicken coop, I couldn’t believe my eyes! That rooster had really done its job! I filled the basket with eggs for Grandma’s *torrejas*. She was happy. I was happy. Good Friday turned out to be a very good day with plenty of Grandma’s egg fritters for everyone to enjoy.

The End

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### **LOS COYOTES:**

#### **The Rest of the Story:**

by *SAM McILHANEY*

In July, 2015, the Albuquerque Journal Newspaper featured a New Mexico native who was turning a good solid 102 years old. He was born in the family ranch house, about 15 miles from Roy, NM; June 9th, 1913. His name is Ike Launbach (Class of 1931, Menaul High, Albuquerque.). There are some folks who see my story and honestly don't know much about New Mexico especially about the east side of the state. Allow me to elaborate a moment regarding Ike's story. At the time Ike was born, his father's ranch comprised 100 sections. Remember your general math? A section is one square mile or 640 acres. You could drive for 20 miles and not reach the boundary of that spread. A little more math: that works out to 64,000 acres. Over the years the land has been divided among the heirs. Ike lives in an up-scale retirement complex in Sandoval County (NM). Recently we agreed to meet for a mid-morning breakfast in the fine restaurant in the complex. We're good friends and I wanted to visit with him and see how he is getting along. During our conversation, I ask him a question: "Ike, are you a coyote?" Without hesitation he quickly replied, "Yes, matter of fact, I am."

An elderly couple was seated at a table nearby and as they prepared to leave they stopped at our table and one of them said,

"Please pardon the intrusion but we could not help hearing bits and pieces of our conversation. May we ask a question? We are from Wisconsin. What is a coyote?"

I explained they probably know the word with an English pronunciation: 'coyote;' two syllables. The Spanish pronunciation is CO-YO-TAY; both long "o." I explained in the Hispanic and Spanish speaking culture here in New Mexico, the word designates a person who is part Hispanic and part non-Hispanic; we just say "Anglo." I did not attempt to explain any farther, I did say they are probably familiar with the animal.

Oh yes, that furry varmit is still alive and well out on the mesa after dark. Once in a while, you may be lucky enough to hear him (or her) calling out to its mate with a series of high-pitched yelps. It is preparing to make its nocturnal rounds.

Now for the REST OF THE STORY.

Most folks know Spain claimed what we now call New Mexico. However, they have no idea just how long that lasted. The flag of his Catholic Majesty, the king of Spain, flew over the Royal Kingdom of the Northern provinces, Nuevo Mejico for 223 years; from 1598 until 1821.

The Northern Provinces were just the northern part of the whole region Spain called Nueva España (New Spain). New Spain included all of what is now the southwestern part of the United States and all of present-day Mexico. Why did Spain bow out from the whole area in 1821?

The folks of Nueva España were greatly

impressed with what the Yankees” had accomplished against one of the super powers of the day; 13 little dinky colonies had won independence from mighty Great Britain. On top of that, right after that, the French cut off the head of their king, Louis 16th. The Mexicans closely watched all of this. They began fighting for their independence from Spain clear back in 1811, and they continued their fight until, in 1821, Spain said, OK, you can have it — I’m outa’ here .. A new nation was born: The United States of Mexico; 26 states and 2 territories.

We need, now, to go back to the more than two centuries in which Spain had the land. There were several reasons why the revolution took place. We are going to focus on one: Spanish Colonial Society. The social structure was stratified and contained a distinct hierarchy.

We know quite a lot about this as historians for two reasons. The Spanish bureaucrats recorded anything and everything which was considered official in nature. Secondly, all records were written in 3 copies and much can be found in Seville (Spain) in the Archives of the Indies. To visit there and see some of these documents — and remember how old many are — is truly a memorable experience~ indeed. The whole of society was based on Spanish blood. As historian James Burke wrote:

“It should be remembered that the Spanish who did occasionally speak of pure blood (*limpieza de sangre*) were much more concerned with what they were NOT;” that is,

they DID NOT have Jewish or Arab (Moorish) or, in the New World, Indian or even Blackblood of some degree in their veins. However, that does not mean Spanish Colonial Society was one big and happy family where equal opportunity and equal rights were enjoyed by all. On the contrary, as mentioned, there was a rigid and complex social structure which has NO comparison to any country anywhere in the world today.

At the very top of the totem pole were the Spaniards born on the Iberian Peninsula. If you remember your Social Studies Class, the peninsula of Iberia is the home of Portugal and Spain. In the extensive records, men are listed as Peninsular or sometimes listed as Gachupine (probably from the Aztec word meaning a man who wears spurs). Resentment against the preferential treatment given those born in Spain was one of the main reasons why Spanish rule in the Americas finally came to an end.

Those born in Spain were thought to be far superior to the Spaniards born in the New World. A strange notion, indeed. One notch down on the totem pole were the blue-blood pure Spaniard born in the New World: Creoles (*criollos*). Women are very seldom listed in the Archives, even though married men were very much encouraged to include their wives when going to the New World.

Besides listing the blue-blood Spanish using the terms just mentioned, often after their name would be simply “Spaniard.”

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As news commentator Paul Harvey used to say, "Here is a strange." Up towards the top of Colonial Society, right after the two blue-blood Spaniard ranks, came the hereditary Indian nobility who enjoyed many privileges that were denied lower Indians and those of mixed blood.

Keep in mind, in New Spain, there was little concern for any mixed blood involved of Jewish or Moorish bloodlines. In the colonies, the concern was with INDIAN BLOOD. The more Indian blood, the lower on the pole you were ranked. Again, records were kept (and we can see some of them even now) as to the mixtures.

Down on the list was the famous term *mestizo*. I call it famous because you see it in the movies, read about in novels and sometimes in history books. Just what exactly was a *mestizo* as far as the official records reflect? That person was an individual who was half Spanish and exactly half Indian.

We now come to the term *coyote*. Genetically speaking, this was a person who was 75% Indian and 25% Spanish. Ethnically, this individual was a child born to an Indian mother and a *mestizo* father.

The Spanish did not often use the term *mestizo*/technical sense; that is, they rarely used the word referring strictly to the blood lines of the person in question.

More often than not, a great deal depended on the facial features, skin color and, above all else, on financial position. If an individual was

poor, uneducated, and a trouble-maker, he was generally considered to be a *mestizo*. On the other hand, if he was wealthy, educated and a responsible citizen, he could easily be counted among the whites (Spanish).

At the very bottom of the social scale was the ordinary Indian; several other designations are also recorded. Before I go on, I must point out — to the credit of the Spanish — the following people had many restrictions in the society, even when free, but their lives were better under Spanish rule than in the colonies subject to other European powers.

Several other designations included the *mullatoes* (Spanish and Black parentage); Blacks; *zambos* (mixed Indian and Black blood); and the *lobo* (parentage of an Indian and a *mulatto*, resulting in a child being 50% Indian, 25% Spanish and 25% Black.

All of these were at the bottom of the social structure with the ordinary Indian.

I must mention that I ran across another racial group in New Spain which actually was, apparently, outside of the social structure: the Orientals who had arrived in what is now Mexico as a by-product of the brisk trade that was carried on with the Far East. Mexico City had its own China Town in the 16th and 17th Centuries.

Let's go back to where we started. In light of the historical records I have presented, one should now much more appreciate the knowledge and historical context surrounding the name *coyote*. As previously explained, two hundred years ago in New Mexico, we have

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established that the name applied to an individual who was born to an Indian mother and a mestizo father. Things change ...

Today, if I ask someone, such as Ike Launbach, if he had an Indian mother and a mestizo father, he would have no idea, probably, of what the heck I was talking about. Again, things change — a lot!

In Spanish colonial New Mexico two hundred years ago, the concern was Spanish blood and Indian blood. In modern-day New Mexico, there is no concern as to Spanish blood and other bloods. In the modern Spanish-speaking and Hispanic culture, the term *coyote* is used occasionally to acknowledge Spanish blood mixed with Anglo blood. Matter of fact, there is a pride which goes along with this blending. I have many friends -and even some relatives — who will attest to this pride.

Incidentally, lest we forget, the only people in the whole wide world who are strickly Anglo are the English, - not the Irish, not the Scots. As the generations came and went, in New Mexico the term Anglo just came to mean anyone who was English-speaking. period. - The Indian factor was lost to history. How about the term *gringo*? It originally was used to point a finger at a person who spoke unintelligible gibberish. That is, from the Spanish point of view, it was pointing at. “foreigners” such as the English-speaking and once in a while, a French guy might come around, and so on. Certainly, it was a derogatory name; not a nice name at all ... Over the

centuries, it is simply a term applied to just about anybody who is “white” and is not Hispanic, nor Black, nor Indian. It has come to somewhat be famous because of movies and novels. In polite, Spanish-speaking company, it would absolutely not be used.

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Some interesting side notes which I ran across in my research. The term *coyote* in modern-day Mexico may refer to a domestic servant.

Concerning the term *gringo* in South America, that term is use especially towards the English and the Germans.

One last note. More, than once, Spanish governors of New Mexico wrote to their boss, the viceroy in Mexico City, and said where they were was in “this miserable kingdom .

And now you know THE REST OF THE STORY.

*Ed note: The term Coyote is currently used to describe the operators who transport people illegally across the southern border into the US.*

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