



El Cronicón

Official Quarterly Publication of the
SANDOVAL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

President: Lorraine Stubblefield

Editor: Roy C. Skeens

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It's Party Time- Sunday, December 11th—2pm

*Time to
eat, drink
and be
merry
with
friends, old
and
new.*



*Please
bring
your
favorite
dish to
accompan-
y the
ham and
turkey*



President's Message**ANYTHING CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED AS LONG AS YOU DON'T CARE WHO GETS
THE CREDIT**

As my second year as your President, I feel honored and blessed to have had this opportunity to be a part of this wonderful membership. What I have admired most from this group is how knowledgeable, caring and respectful the volunteers are. Many projects are being accomplished and the programs have all gone on without a hitch. It is refreshing to work with this caliber of volunteers who ultimately don't care who gets the credit for their efforts. We have had a very informative yet, fun filled year of many wonderful programs as highlighted quarterly in El Cronicon. I am grateful to the Board and all the volunteers who continue to step up with their individual talents and that are best utilized where they feel and see the need. Many behind the scene worker bees that are a family of regulars continue to contribute in so many ways to the growth and continuation of historical events and/or families that are being highlighted and not forgotten. Thank you to all the volunteers and also those members that attend meetings regularly, because without you we would have no audience. Kudos to each and every one you as you are all responsible for the success of our Society.

This coming year's programs will be just as informative and fun. Please feel free to submit names of contacts or your ideas for future programs. I thought it would be interesting to also open up a guest column written by our members to share topics of interest that would coincide with our mission. Those interested can submit your articles to me or Roy and we will publish them as space is available.

I wish all of you a happy and prosperous new year!

"There is no greater agony than bearing an untold story inside you."

Maya Angelou

Respectfully,

Lorraine Dominguez-Stubblefield

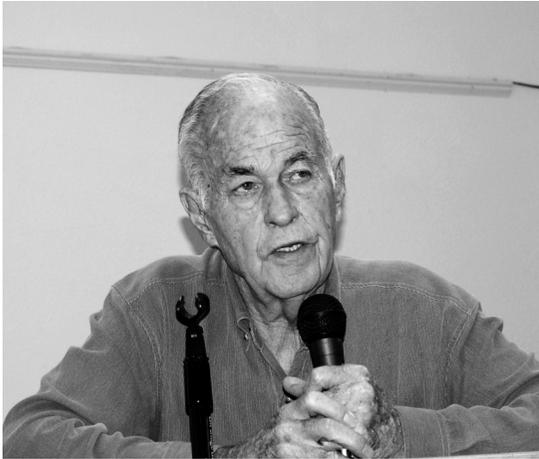
We pay Tribute to Our Heroes



Virginia Ortiz

2016 has been a very productive year for us. One of our major accomplishments has been putting our stamp, authorization and financial support to develop and preserve photos of veterans from Sandoval County. The official dedication of the Sandoval County Pictorial Memorial was held at the Sandoval County Administrative Building, on May 28, 2016. Over 1500 pictures and 5700 names of veterans who served in the United States military during the U.S. Civil War, Indian Wars, Spanish-American War, Mexican Punitive Expedition, World War I, World War II, Korea and Vietnam War eras were gathered for this memorial. Scouts, soldiers, sailors, marines, airmen, coast guard and merchant marines stories were also collected from the entire County in this one-of-a-kind memorial where you can literally “look them in the eye” when you thank them for their service. This project was spear-headed by Retired Colonel David C de Baca. His drive, commitment, leadership, and research ensured our heroes will be forever honored. Special thanks to Sandoval County Commission for allowing us to display our heroes in their first floor Administrative Building. The New Mexico State Historical Society made a monetary contribution toward this effort. Also, the tireless efforts and selfless dedication of the following volunteers made this memorial possible: Avelino Calabaza, Santo Domingo, Benny Bernal, Peña Blanca, Felix Lucero, Cochiti Pueblo, Florence McCoy, Cuba, Jerome Gachupin, Zia Pueblo, Jose Garcia, Cañon de Jemez, Lana Valencia-Lucero, San Felipe Pueblo, Thomas Larry Pecos, Jemez Pueblo, Virginia Rivera-Ortiz, Sile, Wayne Sandoval, Placitas. Phil Rios, Sandoval County Manager, Mary Jo Trujillo, Leticia Cruz, & Tommy Mora & Staff from Sandoval County, Martha Liebert, Bill Sapien, Karen Lermuseaux, Margaret Palumbo, Juliet Duran, Ernie & Jean Jaskolski and Leroy Lovato, Henry Millar and Virginia and David Ortiz were on hand to help the day of the dedication. As a volunteer and major contributor to the completion of this project has been the most valued and worthwhile project that I have worked on in my life-time of community service. Our mission to preserve and honor our heroes in a permanent memorial leaves a legacy that all veterans and their families from those eras will not be forgotten. Thank you to all the volunteers who made this project possible. This project is now on CD's and will be distributed to municipalities, libraries, pueblos, schools and other entities to hopefully be incorporated in their environments to also honor these veterans.

SEPTEMBER MEETING



Trespassers On Our Own Land

Mike Scarborough, Author of *“Trespassers On Our Own Land”* grew up in Espanola, sixty miles south of Canjilon, New Mexico. This book is the history of the Valdez family from the time Spain granted Juan Bautista Valdez, Juan’s great, great, great-grandfather an interest in a land grant located around the present village of Canoñes, New Mexico. This book is also dedicated “to the heirs of the Pueblo Indian, Spanish, and Mexican Land Grants whose ancestors suffered the loss of millions of acres when the United States unlawfully took it without an offer of compensation or apology”. After having spent eight years in the United States Air Force, Mike returned to New

Mexico, attended college and law school, and practiced law in the area for twenty-five years. Some years ago he was asked by his good friend, Juan Valdez, to help write Juan’s family history. Mike completed a five year study of Juan’s family history and the period during the late 1800s and early 1900s when the United States government was intentionally and maliciously appropriating millions of acres of then existing grant lands. This injustice denied the settlers who had lived on the land for over eighty years their legitimate right to use the land. Juan P. Valdez was born May 25, 1938, in Canjilon, New Mexico, the second of Amarante and Philomena Valdez’ seven children. Juan’s father took him out of school after the third grade to help with the raising of crops and tending of livestock necessary to support the family. After having been continuously denied grazing permits by the U.S. Forest Service it was necessary for Juan to sneak his family’s cattle on and off the forest pastures on a daily basis. While in his mid-twenties Juan met Reies Lopez Tijerina, a charismatic former preacher who was traveling from village to village in Northern New Mexico speaking out about how the United States had stolen hundreds of acres of grant lands that were supposed to have been protected by the Treaty of

Guadalupe Hidalgo. Juan was the first of eight members of Tijerina's Alianza to enter the Rio Arriba County courthouse on June 5, 1967, in a failed attempt that went terribly wrong to arrest the local district attorney, Alfonso Sanchez. Ironically, the judge in the courthouse that day was J.M. Scarborough, the father of Mike Scarborough. Through the Treaty of Hidalgo Guadalupe with Spain, the United States allowed Native Americans to become citizens and the United States did give them some of their land back or tried to compensate them somewhat. The Bureau of Land Management (BLM) is the Federal Agency that receives between \$400 million and \$600 million in gross revenues annually for the land that has been claimed for State Trust Lands in NM. Mr. Scarborough stated that "if those monies were not tied in a trust and could be used for critical funding in education, poverty, healthcare, etc., NM would be much better off economically". "Trespassers" provides a tragic view of the land grantee's and their heirs difficulties and struggles in Northern New Mexico. Before Mr. Juan Valdez passed he was able to tell his side of the story. These heirs have proven to be resilient people and made many contributions to this State.

reported by Lorraine Dominguez Stubblefield

Upcoming Programs

SUNDAY JANUARY 8 TH
we celebrate the 40th
anniversary of the founding of the
society
and
John Rinaldi gives us
a taste of Italy

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 12TH
We honor the Matriarch of Santa
Ana pueblo -
Lolita Peña Christobal

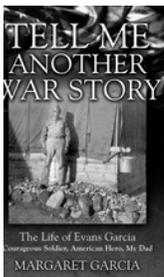
SUNDAY MARCH 12TH
We honor the family
behind Wagner farms and store in
Corrales -

www.sandovalhistory.org/

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

OCTOBER MEETING

Margaret Garcia talks about her book



I remember so clearly hearing my father and his friends talking quietly about the war and thinking "If I hear one more war story". Many years later she would gladly listen to those stories of her father, Evans Garcia. He grew up in Dona Ana in southern NM and she heard many stories about his family, his church, his culture and slowly she grew up also. The Catholic church which was the center of his home and family and perhaps one reason he survived the prison camps.

He survived the depression on the farm as they raised their food and shared it with their community. He worked in the fields for the Nakayama family on their farm. Two of the Nakayama sons would fight in WWII. Evans' friendship with this family would be instrumental in helping him recover from prison camp without holding a grudge against all Japanese.

Evans moved to Hot Springs at 16 years old when his parents divorced and he stayed with his mother. He worked beside his mother at several apartments and made \$1 a day, a lot in those times. In High School he played football and basketball and then began his secondary education at NMSU in 1934 – as one of 14 incoming freshmen. Unfortunately he left college to work and help his mother. Later, Evans registered in the military in 1940 in Valencia county. He was a social worker at the time and distributed food to needy families. He joined the NM National Guard, but they never

fired weapons due to lack of live bullets. They would be recognized as the best artillery unit, the 200th in spite of the situation with live weapons. They left from Fort Bliss and would return 4 yrs later.

They arrived in Oakland CA and were ferried to Angel island for processing and on Sept Evans boarded USS Coolidge for the trip to Midway island and from then to Manila bay. Then 70 miles to his station at Clark Field where he and his unit would protect Clark Field. WWI vintage weapons were used, with great difficulty due to lack of modern weapons. On Dec 8, the Japanese attacked Clark field and even tho the men from NM fired on them with outdated weapons they forced the Japanese to retreat. Evans and 500 others were separated into the 15th unit to remain in Manila and hold it. They would receive many medals for their efforts during those horrific times. On Jan 5 Evans and his troops went on ½ rations and eventually would be short on both food and medical supplies. Their reinforcements never arrived, and the more than 80,000 men felt abandoned. McArthur had gone and vowed to return. Moral was low, help seemed fruitless. Eventually they would resort to eating the horses from the 26th regiment and Evans reluctantly ate but mourned as he remember his childhood horses White and Blue. On April 7, 1942 the men of 200th and 515th would reorganize as an infantry troop. They remained at Mount Samat as the Japanese attacked. After 5 months of starvation and fighting the Japanese would finally take the island. On April 9, 1942, 75,000 troops, 12,000 NM troops, surrendered under General King. With food and ammo nearly gone King surrendered against the orders of MacArthur, telling his troops that "you obeyed my orders, and have nothing to be ashamed of." The Japanese began the 80 mile march to Capas that would become known as the Bataan Death March. Soldiers were then loaded in railroad box cars and transported to prison camps and eventually taken overseas to work for the Japanese. The voyages on the ships were known as Hell Ships and many died. Many were killed by friendly fire as they were in unmarked vessels with no

red cross displayed.

Sixty six NM men would end up in camp 17 and work in the coal mines for 2.5 years but they had a joyous reunion spending those years together. They found many ways to sabotage Japanese efforts. They smoked in the mines in areas and set fires and the mine would collapse.

Aug 1945 the war ended and the men were taken back to Manila, but only 900 of the original 1800 men would return home. Evans received 17 medals, including a purple heart bronze star. This war hero traveled home to Hot Springs in a mail truck. He walked thru town and saw his mother for the first time in many years-she locked eyes with him and walked toward street and sobbed. She was now frail, white headed and smaller in stature and Evans cried as he hugged her. He grieved that she had also paid the price for the war.

He spent his years hunting, fishing, and was active in VFW in Santa Fe. He eventually visited the Manila memorial on several trips. In 1985 he placed a plaque at the Mt. Samat memorial along with other NM vets. Colors of Courage is about the 200 men of 515th. What a fine example of courage, integrity and bravery. They often sang GOD BLESS AMERICA. They were the greatest generation. He often joked about WHEN his book would be coming out???He passed away on Jan 29, 2011 at the age of 97. It wasn't a bad life, as he often said. Just let him tell you about the crow story. His children remember him as being so normal, no evidence of the horrific stress he had survived.



**Rose
Spade
talks
about
her
book**



“The Overturned Bucket” is about her Sandoval family from Corrales and our county. About 25 years ago, she t

relates the cultural experiences of her family.

Rose hopes that we will understand how hard womens' positions were, how families were plagued by alcoholism, poverty, and what it was like to live in Corrales in 1940.

Her book will cover the civil war, WWI and WWII and change in attitudes towards women as they filled the empty shoes of the men gone off to war.

Hopefully with understanding of her stories we can begin to break down the prejudices that plague us all. Her book speaks to the strength of the women of NM.

reported by Karen Lermuseaux

Here's the foreword to her book by Rudolf Anaya

it was a real pleasure to read Rose Spader's Overturned Bucket, a memoir whose riveting, realistic style held my attention from beginning to end. Spader's memoir is told by Rosabelle, the Ing Rose Spader. Rosabelle relates the stories four generations of women from the 1880s to

the present. Each woman plays a formative role in Rosabelle's life. The memoir also reveals many important nuggets of Nuevo Mexicano history of that culture-changing era.

Rose Spader was born eighty-one years ago in Taos, New Mexico, a village she fondly calls her Shangri-La. As such, she was witness to the tumultuous years at the turn of the 19th century, a time that changed New Mexico forever. This time of conflict began as Anglo-American homesteaders and entrepreneurs entered the northern New Mexico area after 1848. English became the dominant language, and men like Lucien Maxwell were able to buy and steal (mostly steal) indigenous land grants. The Maxwell land grant became the biggest in New Mexico. Other famous, or infamous, personalities come to life in Spader's memoir. The Santa Fe Ring was organized around that time, and crafty politicians used the law to serve their purposes. A conflict of cultures exploded as the newcomers

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met the established Hispanos and Native Americans. Even the struggle for New Mexico statehood became part of the ensuing culture clash. In Washington D.C. an Anglo American congress would not grant statehood to New Mexico as long as the majority population was Spanish-speaking Hispanics. And Catholic to boot. Many of these historical events form the background for Spader's memoir, but the real story centers around Rosabelle's relationship to her mother. It is the strength of the mother that helps Rosabelle survive the mean grandmother, the alcoholic father, and the displacement from home as the family has to move from place to place. Step by step, Rosabelle's journey tests her as the once stable society of her ancestry struggles to survive. Once helpful extended families begin to break down. Through all this it is the love and strength of Rosabelle's mother that is the guiding light. Her mother reminds me of the role my mother played in the lives of me and my siblings. I described her incredible strength of character and love in my 2016 novel, *The Sorrows of Young Alfonso*.

Rosabelle's family was patriarchal. The father ruled the roost, and as he gets caught up in the changing time that destroys his selfconfidence, he takes to drinking. An entire generation of men lived through similar circumstances. Some readers may shy away from the reality Spader paints, but I see it as a valuable lesson in the evolution of women's liberation.

Spader's story mirrors Rosabelle's struggle for equality. The story of the mother and Rosabelle's eventual knowledge of her liberation should be read by readers everywhere, especially in high school and university Women Studies classes.

In spite of the difficulties Rosabelle experiences, there is some joy in her life. She sees men build their homes from adobes, the cheapest materials the poor could afford. They work hard to provide sustenance for their families. The struggle to live and keep family together is at the root of this story. In spite of poverty and adversity, or maybe because of it, the Nuevo Mexicano culture survives and grows stronger. The values the ancestors taught assure Rosabelle that there is historical continu-

ity and that the culture will evolve toward a better future. Spader's memoir is a testament to the culture that has retained its values in spite of adversity. Rose Spader lived through a fascinating time. At eighty-one she shares her story with us. I found the same realistic and often poetic rendering of Hispano culture in Gloria Zamora's *Sweet Nata*, a memoir that won the 2009 Premio Aztlan, a national literary award. The first printing of *Overtured Bucket* has already garnered one award, the 2016 State of New Mexico Heritage Preservation Award. How fortunate we are that these two gifted women have shared their stories with us. Two memoirs that should be read by every New Mexican. Students especially should read about this time of transition so they can compare it to their lives today. And I am sure these books will be read beyond our borders by those interested in our Nuevo Mexicano culture. We need more memoirs like Rose's and Gloria's. The saying goes, if we do not write our history, others will write it for us. I wish these two talented storytellers all the best in getting their memoirs known far and wide. I am sure their books will be around a long time.

**We owe KEN KLOEPPPEL a sincere
and belated apology for omitting him
from the list of presidents in our June
issue . He was of course our very
capable PRESIDENT from 2011 to - 2014**

Red, Green, or Christmas?

By Matthew J. Barbour, Regional Manager,
Coronado and Jemez Historic Sites

“New Mexico it’s not new or Mexico.”

That is how the slogan goes and it is a fair observation. The name New Mexico really has nothing to do with the current nation of Mexico. However, the actual meaning and importance of the term seems to be lost not only foreigners and our fellow countrymen which fail to realize New Mexico is part of the United States, but on many New Mexico residents.

New Mexico is not named after the nation of Mexico, but rather the Valley of Mexico. It is a term used to apply to our geographic region in a similar way terms such as New Galicia, New Santander, New Hampshire, or more broadly New Spain or New England are applied to portions of the Americas. They are terms meant to equate these colonial territories with their fatherland. New England was conceived as a place for the English. New Spain was conceived as a place for the Spanish. New Mexico –a piece of New Spain- was conceived as a place for Mexica or more loosely Mesoamerican Indians.

However, the concept that New Mexico was meant as a settlement for Mexican Indians seems to fly against most New Mexican’s notions of our first settlers. After all, they carried Spanish names. However, surnames can be deceiving. While many of the settlers were descendants from Spain and other portions of the Old World, most were *mestizos*. That is to say that they carried both Spanish and Native –Mesoamerican Indian- blood. In most instances, the Native blood far outweighed that of European ancestry. Many perhaps had no

Spanish ancestry at all, but had been given European surnames the same way later Pueblo peoples would be given names like Tafoya and Vigil.

Archaeologists see this Mesoamerican ancestry in pottery. With the coming of these *mestizo* settlers polished blackwares copied from the Valley of Oaxaca and redwares copied from the Valley of Mexico become the predominant ceramic types in colonial New Mexico. For example, Tewa Polychrome looks very similar to Guadalajara Polychrome with both being contemporaneous with one another. Historians point to notions of a mythic past. Many of these colonists appear to have viewed the colonial effort not as a chance for discovery, but as a homecoming. New Mexico represented the fabled Aztlán from which the Aztecs emerged. They now returned to claim it generations later.

This notion was so prevalent that in the nineteenth century when the United State arrived, locals related the history of how Santa Fe was founded, not on an earlier Pueblo, but on an Aztec settlement. There is no truth to this legend, but linguists would be quick to point out that among Santa Fe’s oldest neighborhoods is the Barrio de Analco, a *nahuatl* – or Mesoamerican Indian- term for across river. Hence, the earliest *mestizo* colonists certainly used the language from the Valley of Mexico to identify and describe their new home.

However, perhaps the best way to frame New Mexico’s relationship to Mesoamerican Indians and the valley which they occupied can be found utilizing another age old adage. “You are what you eat.” In characterizing the Aztecs, an anonymous conquis-

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tador wrote: "They have a kind of pepper for seasoning that is called *chilli*, and nothing is eaten without it."

Today, chile represents the quintessential element of New Mexico cuisine. It is a New World food item, but was largely unknown and rarely utilized in New Mexico before the coming of these colonists. Chile is an item *mestizo's* carried with them from the Valley of Mexico, planted along the Rio Grande, and ate as an accompaniment to all other food stuffs. In time, it would ultimately come to define the region. All true New Mexicans continue to carry and honor their Mesoamerican heritage with the iconic phrase. "Red, green, or Christmas?" Now, that is food for thought.

Merry Christmas

*I toss my little empty
flour sack
over my left shoulder
and head straight
for my aunt and uncle's house
that lies adjacent to the river.*

*I knock on the door
and I shout,
"Merry Christmas!
Merry Christmas!"*

*"And where's my
Christmas gifts?"*

one of them responds.

*They put plump turnovers
(into my sack),
some filled with meat,
others with fruit
including bizcochitos
some shaped like a star
while others are round.*

*I go up the hill
to my grandparents' house
and holler aloud at both
since they are hard of hearing
and quite elderly
something a bit more traditional,
"Season's Greetings!
Season's Greetings!"*

*They treat me to tamales
and sweet rolls too
that both baked
in the adobe oven.*

*With my little sack
plumb full
I return happily
to my little house
with all
my Christmas tidbits.*

Nasario Garcia

Book Review

by Christine Tade

SANTA ANA: THE PEOPLE, THE PUEBLO, AND THE HISTORY OF TAMAYA *by Laura Bayer with Floyd Montoya and the Pueblo of Santa Ana. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1994.*

This account of the Tamayame people and their centuries-long struggle to defend their land and culture against the incursions of other tribes, the Spanish, Mexicans, and North Americans begins long before written accounts of their history existed in any language and follows them nearly to the present day.

Historian Laura Bayer of the American West Center at the University of Utah worked closely with Floyd Montoya and other members of the Santa Ana Pueblo to piece together a record of the pueblo's past from oral tradition, legal documents, correspondence and contemporary accounts. Their explicit aim was to present their findings from the pueblo's point of view for the benefit of the younger generation of Tamayans. The text is enriched by many maps tracing the movements of the Tamayame and the shifting boundaries of their land, by copious notes on sources, and by a carefully considered essay on the challenges of reconstructing the past before written records existed. The reader is encouraged to view this story from the vantage of the pueblo not just because the narrative is consistently sympathetic to their plight, but because the Keres names are used:

Tamaya rather than Santa Ana, Kastera rather than Spain or Mexico, and Merikaana for the United States and its people.

In the early centuries of this story, we move with the ancestors of the Tamayame from the area of Chaco Canyon and Mesa Verde slowly toward their eventual, and foretold, home at the confluence of the Rio Grande and Jemez Rivers. The life of the pueblo is affected by floods, droughts and raids of rival tribes, but the cycle of the seasons, of planting and harvest and honoring the ancestors goes on uninterrupted until the advent of the Spanish. When Onate arrived in 1598 he proclaimed that Spain's holdings in the new land would encompass everything "from the leaves of the trees in the forests to the stones and sands of the river." Although Spanish colonial policy was to allow native peoples to choose their own officials and govern their own affairs the Spanish came with the intent of making the natives adopt their customs and religion. As the population of Spaniards grew, and as raids by Apache, Navajo and Comanche intensified, the pueblos suffered from loss of goods, livestock, land and water, as well as diseases such as smallpox and measles.

According to the authors, the primary effect of the shift from Spanish to Mexican rule for the pueblos was not the change of government or the departure of the friars but the years of chaos which ensued as Mexico struggled to establish policies and enforce the boundaries of its territories. The vanguard of Americans in pueblo land were traders who came not to conquer or convert, not to discover

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cities of gold or amass land, but to profit from offering goods in a remote land. When the United States had succeeded in winning the territory from Mexico, however, the fate of the Tamayame and other pueblo people fell into a curious limbo: American policy toward Indian tribes was developed in response to those Native peoples who warred against the federal government. The pueblo peoples, a stable and peaceful population, were considered neither Indians, to be governed directly by the U.S. War Department, nor citizens who could vote for their representatives at the local level. It was not until 1913 that the Supreme Court decided that pueblo lands should be considered 'Indian country,' meaning that Congress could enact laws for them and therefore protect them from what they viewed as the prejudicial decisions of local legislatures.

Throughout the centuries of Spanish, Mexican, and American rule, the great struggle of the Tamayame was to protect their land and water. Time and time again they had to argue for ownership of the lands and water rights that were theirs to begin with. Despite holding legal documents issued by the succeeding governments, the pueblo suffered repeated losses which directly affected their livelihood - losses to squatters, land barons, railroads, mining companies, the colonial settlements which grew up around them. At least twice in their history they lost their children as well: to Spanish invaders who stole them and raised them in an alien culture, and to the Indian

schools established by the Americans, where their sons and daughters were punished for speaking their own language and honoring their culture, and where many died of disease.

In the twentieth century the people of Santa Ana not only had to continue the fight to protect their land and water, but they also had to make the radical adjustment to an economy based not on barter, or even agriculture, but on cash transactions and wages. This book was written before the development of the Santa Ana Casino, the Tamaya Resort, and the golf courses but it hints at what was to come, as the Tamayame seek to retain control of their fates in a new world.

Although their land holdings are severely reduced from the pre-conquest era, or even from the years of Spanish rule, and although the rhythms of agricultural life may be lost forever, the Tamayame have endured and have preserved their language and traditions against all odds.

TO BE - OR NOT TO BE

by
SAM HcILHANEY

Does history declare you to be left-handed — or does history declare you NOT to be a leftie?

That is a good question?



Concerning William H. Bonney, Henry HcCarty, and Billy Antrim, alias Billy the Kid. For more than 130 years, and still going strong, is the controversy over the question:

was Billy a leftie? In recent years, according to some people, the matter has been laid to rest. The argument which says he was NOT a left-handed person goes like this: in recent years, it has been pointed out that in the routine processing of a photograph with the equipment of that time, the image would be routinely REVERSED. Hence, they say, Billy is really a right-hander.

Over the years, there have been several photos of Billy floating around. However, **up until now, the only one** which has been authenticated and documented to be Billy is the one many of us have seen in the history books. In the photograph, Billy is standing, full-length, with one hand around the barrel of his rifle, and a pistol on his other hip, on the other side. This is the phonograph, they claim, which has been

reversed. In this piece, I intend to go into that photo from several perspectives. First, Hollywood, here we come ...

Hollywood has had a love affair with several characters for many years. Every ten or so years, they wilt make a movie about Robin Hood, and Jessie James, the “mob” of the 1920’s and 30’s and several others. Especially, one of the favorites of Hollywood is ,Billy the ,Kid. Some evening, I start flipping channels on the tube, and every so often I will come across some old Western movie from the 1930’s, ‘40’s, or 1950’s. I almost laugh outloud. To me, it’s just fine when one of those old movie stars, like Tom Mix, is dressed up like a drug-store cowboy .. After all, it’s Hollywood and he’s one of its cowboy stars.” Then along comes Roy Rogers and Gene Autry and Hoppalong Cassidy. That’s fine some more cowboy stars.

However, occasionally I will run across an old movie which has some guy in the story whom they call Billy the Kid. He’s wearing a nice Western-style hat; nice Western shirt; nice, clean scarf around his neck. You’d think he was trying to compete with Tom, or Gene, or Roy. Now, let’s take a look at that photo I mentioned earlier.

Keep in mind, some of what I relate here is in the history books — and some is not. From time to time, I shall mention’ what is — and what is NOT ... in the books. According to *The Houston Chronicle*, we can thank Pat Garrett for the photograph we have seen in the history books. Garrett included it in his book about Billy the Kid which was published just about

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one year after he killed the Kid; it was published in 1882. Garrett did not actually write it, according to the experts, but had a “ghost writer” write it for him. He shot the Kid on July 14th, 1881 in Ft. Sumner, NM Terr.

I wonder how Garrett got ahold of the photo? Some stories say the long light-colored scarf Billy is wearing in the photo was a gift. Right after the photo was made, he gave it to a girl who had just given Billy that hand-made scarf; it was Billy showing his gratitude, it was said. Also, it was said the equipment of that time made four identical images on one plate. I wonder what happened to the other three? Maybe that’s where Garrett got the one he used in his book .. Each image was 2 by 3 inches. The one we see in the books sold in 2011 at auction for 2.3 million dollars.

The photo was taken at Ft. Sumner by an itinerant photographer, about a year before he was killed; at that time he would have been 19-20 years old. Until now, this was the only ,FOR SURE photo of Billy even though several others have been floating around for years, as I previously mentioned.

HOLD THE PHONE ... very recently we apparently have one more, and according to the experts, it has been authenticated and documented and five years and a small fortune was spent to do just that. It has been insured for five million dollars. What has historians, and lay-people, excited about this recent photo is the fact it is the only known photo of Billy’s gang, The Regulators, originally led by Richard “Dick” Brewer. After Brewer was killed, Billy

took over the leadership. I shall discuss more about Brewer later, and I will offer my observations about the new photo.

The story regarding this newly discovered photo was carried by the Albuquerque Journal newspaper in the 15th of October (2015) issue. A follow-up was in the 25th of October issue of the paper. On Sunday, Oct 18th, a two-hour documentary on TV went into great detail about the photo; narrated by actor Kevin Costner.

Now, back to the photo most of us have seen in the history books. **I have seen very little, if anything, about Billy’s wardrobe, his clothes, in the photo. So ... first, his hat.**

In those days, beginning in the 1820’s right on up to Billy’s day, were hats made of expensive beaver hide; in abig city, such as New York or London, a man-about-town would be seen sporting a derby for headgear. Take a good look at Billy. Remember, Billy is not a New Mexican, he isn’t even a westerner at all. According to most sources, he was born, Henry McCarty, in the Irish part of New York City, 23 November, 1859.

By the time he, his brother, Joe, his mother, Catherine, and her new husband, William H. Antrim, reached Silver City, Territory of New Mexico, Billy was at least 12 years old. Naturally, Billy’s headgear reflected his New York City roots, not anything New Mexican at all. Unlike those old movies, Billy is not wearing a nice clean scarf around his neck. ‘books like he is wearing two or three — including that long one which almost reaches

to his gunbelt. I previously mentioned that long one was supposedly a gift. It looks like the popular ski-scarf of our day and time ..

However, like the old movies, he is wearing high-heel boots. He has his pants cuff tucked into the top of his beautiful boots. From personal experience, there is only one reason why he would tuck in his cuffs — to show off those boots. Again, from much experience, believe me, You want those cuffs DOWN to keep out hay, weeds, dust and bugs.

Looking closely at his boots, one can see they are hand-tooled. There is only one place, then and now, where you can get such fine footgear — Mexico. Either he got them down there or someone got them for him. I don't blame him — I'd show them like he is doing in the photo ... They are extra-high-tops; beautiful ...

Judging by the layers of clothing he is wearing, the photo must have been taken during the winter. Finally, thinking about those old movies which would have some clean-cut guy playing the part of Billy the Kid, I have to laugh. Except perhaps for his boots and firearms, Billy looks totally different from the actors of the old movies.

In late years, Hollywood has awakened to how ridiculous Billy looked in some of those old films. In recent years — remember, I said every ten or so years — two movies have been released which depict Billy a little more historically correct -not perfect — but better. One of these “new Hollywood Billy” movies was released in 1973; another, with different actors, was released in 1988; I call them recent because they are much newer than those of the

1930's, '40's, etc.

In 1973, the film was titled *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* and was directed by the well-known Sam Peckinpah. Actor James Coburn as Garrett, Kris Kristofferson as Billy and, would you believe? Bob Dylan as a drifter. 1988 and we had a new Billy with the film *Young Guns*. We had Emilio Estevez as Billy. I mentioned earlier Billy's bunch called themselves The Regulators. One of the Regulators was actor Lou Diamond Phillips and another was Estevez's brother, Charlie Sheen. Sheen played the role of Dick Brewer. I mentioned him earlier and I shall discuss him more later. Whomever played the part of Garrett was so, shall I say, dull, I don't even remember who the actor was as the sheriff, Garrett.

I have to say Kristofferson did not impress me in his role of Billy. He was too old and too tall and heavy. James Coburn came the closest to what I picture Pat Garrett would have been like; not anywhere perfect but fair. Then, if we could take Emilio Estevez and use him again as Billy; Estevez was near what I pictured Billy to be like. So... if we could do another movie of Billy the Kid using Estevez as Billy and Coburn as Garrett, we would have the best Hollywood has EVER DONE on the subject of the Lincoln County War. One problem: all of the actors are too old these days ...

I shall move on to another subject which pops up from time to time: **William H. Bonney, Henry HcCarty, and Billy Antrim.** If you search the history books, the historians skirt around where and why Billy used the name Bonney.

Continued

El Cronicón

For example, in the volume *A Journey Through New Hexico History*, by Donald Lavash, the author goes into more detail about Billy than do most books. However, no mention is made of Billy using the name Bonney until we get to a paragraph where the author, all of a sudden, says in 1877 Billy shows up in Lincoln and begins to use the name Bonney. As most books, where Billy got the name is not mentioned because -nobody seems to know; that's my guess.

Records show a gentleman was a prominent land-owner in the neighborhood of Watrous (NM). His name was **James Bonney**; his Spanish-speaking neighbors called him Santiago (James in Spanish). He had married a local girl, of the family of MartIn (a Spanish name: MAR-TEEN) and she was an heir of the large Mora (NM) Land Grant.

Some try to connect Billy the Kid with this Bonney. Santiago Bonney was eventually killed by Indians. Some of his descendants actually have the spot where he was killed marked. I don't recall what year he was killed, I believe it was something like 1866 or so. After he was killed, his widow married into a prominent ranching family in the Roy, NM, area; the family is the Laumbachs. There are Bonneys still in the area.

One of the descendants, Ramón Bonney, a **coyoté** (part Hispanic and part Anglo), lived for many years alone, up until recent years, on a homestead acreage near Roy. The gossip in that region always said Ramón was Billy's half-brother — or some such None of the standard New Mexico history

volumes mention anything whatsoever about this Santiago and Billy. As I pointed out; most historians just skip over the name Bonney — because they simply don't know ...

Regarding the name **Antrim**. We know where and why it comes to this name. Billy's dad died right after the Civil War; the War ended in 1865. Catherine, Billy's mother, his brother Joe, and he, moved to Kansas from New York City. We are not certain as to when Billy's dad actually died but we know it was sometime between the end of the Civil War and their arrival in Kansas. Did Catherine strike out with her kids alone or was her husband still living? We don't know. We do know that after he died, the family was destitute.

We know that in 1870, Catherine and her little family arrived in Augusta, Sedgwick County, Kansas. Billy, according to most accounts, was more or less about 10-12 years old. He went to work for a gentleman named . Apparently Antrim was a single parent; we don't know how many kids he had. Eventually, the two families moved to Santa Fe and on March 1, 1873, Catherine McCarty married William H. Antrim. Eventually, Antrim took his expanded family to Silver City, New Mexico Territory. In 1874, Billy's mother died; he would have been about 15 years old. While he lived in Silver City with the family, he attended school. Of course, he never graduated from any school but everyone who knew him said he was innately very intelligent. He spoke fluent Spanish. After his mother passed away, Billy and his brother, Joe, were just about all on their own. We don't know much — if anything — concerning his brother

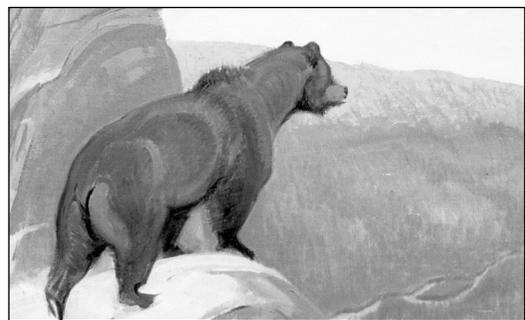
after this. We do know he began living in a silver boom town, Georgetown, which is about 18 miles from Silver City. After this, we lose track of Billy's stepfather, Antrim.

Let's back-track now to the beginning. That is, the name Billy was supposed to be given at birth: Henry HcCarty. Authorities usually say he was born in New York City in 1859; probably in the poor and destitute section of the city known — even to this day — as “the Irish section.” I've been there and, of course, it is not poor and destitute now but it is still called the Irish part of town. A little history of Ireland ... Please, a digression

At the time Billy was supposed to be born, that is, 1859, the Irish part of New York City was over-flowing at the seams. Generally speaking, Ireland was a very poor country. Most of the common folk lived on potatoes; very little meat. In 1847, a blight attacked the potato crops all across the country. 20,000 died from starvation; another million died because lack of proper nutrition made them susceptible to disease. Literally millions left Ireland and thousands came to the United States. Some say Billy could have possibly been born in Ireland. Anyhow, his earliest years were apparently in Irish “town” in New York City. Some say he was in one of the infamous gangs of NYC

TO BE CONTINUED

A footnote from Sam : *All of this narrative is based on my own personal knowledge, my personal library, local newspapers, as well as information given to me by my friends and acquaintances. - None taken from the internet.*



Sketches by Ed DeLavy



The Lighter Side

Nine Important Facts to Remember as You Grow Older

#9

Death is the number 1 killer in the world.

#8

Life is sexually transmitted.

#7

Good health is merely the slowest possible rate at which one can die.

#6

Men have 2 motivations: hunger and hanky-panky, and they can't tell them apart. If you see a gleam in his eyes, make him a sandwich.

#5

Give a person a fish and you feed them for a day. Teach a person to use the Internet and they won't bother you for weeks, months, maybe years.

#4

Health nuts are going to feel stupid someday, lying in the hospital, dying of nothing.

#3

All of us could take a lesson from the weather. It pays no attention to criticism.

#2

In the 60's, people took acid to make the world weird. Now the world is weird, and people take Prozac to make it normal.

#1

Life is like a jar of jalapeno peppers. What you do today may be a burning issue tomorrow.

BRITISH HUMOR IS DIFFERENT

These are classified ads, which were actually placed in U.K. Newspapers:

FREE PUPPIES

1/2 Cocker Spaniel,
1/2 sneaky neighbor's dog.

FREE PUPPIES.

Mother is a
Kennel Club registered German Shepherd.
Father is a Super Dog,
able to leap tall fences in a single bound.

**COWS,
CALVES: NEVER BRED.**

Also 1 gay bull for
sale.

**JOINING
NUDIST COLONY!**

Must sell washer and
dryer £100..

**WEDDING
DRESS FOR SALE .**

Worn once by
mistake.
Call Stephanie.



The Lighter Side

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

To Your Good Health!

Q: Doctor, I've heard that cardiovascular exercise can prolong life. Is this true?

A: Heart only good for so many beats, and that it... Don't waste on exercise. Everything wear out eventually. Speeding up heart not make you live longer; it like saying you extend life of car by driving faster. Want to live longer? Take nap.

Q: Should I reduce my alcohol intake?

A: Oh no. Wine made from fruit. Brandy distilled wine, that mean they take water out of fruity bit so you get even more of goodness that way. Beer also made of grain. Bottom up!

Q: How can I calculate my body/fat ratio?

A: Well, if you have body and you have fat, your ratio one to one. If you have two body, your ratio two to one.

Q: What are some of the advantages of participating in a regular exercise program?

A: Can't think of single one, sorry. My philosophy: No pain...good!

Q: Aren't fried foods bad for you?

A: YOU NOT LISTENING! Food fried in vegetable oil. How getting more vegetable be bad?

Q: Will sit-ups help prevent me from getting a little soft around the middle?

A: Oh no! When you exercise muscle, it get bigger. You should only be doing sit-up if you want bigger stomach.

Q: Is chocolate bad for me?

A: You crazy?!? HEL-LO-O!! Cocoa bean! Another vegetable! It best feel-good food around!

Q: Is swimming good for your figure?

A: If swimming good for figure, explain whale to me.

Q: Is getting in shape important for my lifestyle?

A: Hey! 'Round' is shape!

Well... I hope this has cleared up any misconceptions you may have had about food and diets.



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Ed Delayy illustration for a magazine Christmas story

