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El Cronicón

Official Quarterly Publication of the
SANDOVAL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

President:Lorraine Stubblefield **Editor: Roy C. Skeens**

Volume 24, No5 *December, 2015*

It's Party Time-
Sunday,December 13th—2pm

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

Please bring your favorite dish to accompany the ham and turkey

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President's Message

2015 has been very rewarding for me as your President. I have truly enjoyed spending time with the membership who regularly attend the meetings. I have been most impressed by the volunteers who give so freely of their time; to help out in every area to make our meetings a success. You add a sparkle all year long. You have been great teammates—members committed with the same passion to meet our mission. I also encourage more volunteers to join us. Don't let opportunities pass you by because your contribution feels too small. Your talents can always be utilized and are welcomed. Our members are lifelong learners, changing and maturing through the many seasons, circumstances, trials, triumphs and we continue to teach each other about another purpose in life. When I reflect back on the wonderful presentations during the past year with the cultural origins, history, similarities, differences, sacrifices, talents, complexities, etc., it is evident an Intelligent Designer has made all this possible. We see the intricacy, beauty, and efficiency of creation. It's mind-boggling and I feel so thankful and blessed! I hope you are living life to the fullest and not settling. My wish for all of you in 2016 is that you are living passionately, loving completely, learning humbly, and leaving a legacy that will have eternal impact. "Here is a test to find whether your mission on Earth is finished: If you're alive, it isn't."—Richard Bach and one more to contemplate.. "The measure of a life, after all, is not its duration but its donation."—Corrie Ten Boom

Peace, Health & Happy New Year!
Lorraine Stubblefield, President
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SEPTEMBER MEETING

Las Fiestas de San Lorenzo

Joseph Moreno treated our guests to a wonderful presentation about the traditional Matachines dance held during the fiesta de San Lorenzo. Joseph is from Llanito, has his masters degree in anthropology, and is working on his doctorate. He has been a danzante in Bernalillo for 15 years.

A little history about the origins of the Matachines begins with two factions. Europe about 1588 when the Roman Festival of Mars was held. The dance was reported to have been brought to the New World about 1600, and used to convert the Aztecs to Christianity.

The Aztecs have been thought to have been the origins of the Matachines as they had a dance called Baile Pequeno that included 2 lines of dancers who wore a headdress similar to the Aztec crown and that hid the faces of the dancers. Beads on the headdress produced a sound similar to rain, and that is found in North African dancing as well.

After the Pueblo Revolt of August 10,1680, when DeVargas vowed the people would return to Bernalillo, he also required a dance be held on August 10 to celebrate their return. San Lorenzo is the patron saint of the poor and sick, and in Bernalillo there have been dancers since 1693.

The celebration includes a monthly rosary at the home of the Saint as well as the dancers helping the mayordomo (host family) to prepare for the Santo by cleaning, raising money, and preparing the outside yard for the yearlong flock of visitors. There are certain streets the Saint must stay within and the waiting list to be the mayordomo is about 9 years. The mayordomo is a family that lives within the defined boundaries. The music played during the fiesta was passed down orally until the very recent past and includes violin and guitar.

Each dancer (danzante) makes a promise to San Lorenzo that they fulfill during the Fiestas. A Respaldo is worn on their back like a flag, the design chosen by each dancer, and an elbow scarf is worn which the malinche may hold on to and be lead to safety. The danzantes become slaves of San Lorenzo and each has a strong desire to dance

Curtesy Karen Lermusaux

Continued

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for the grace of God.

Jemez Pueblo also has matachines, with both a Pueblo version and a Spanish version. San Felipe uses drums and chants, with no guitar nor violin.

Thanks to Joseph for sharing his personal history and studies regarding the Matachines. I especially enjoyed learning about the background of the danzante—why they dance, what they wear and why, and the service they provide to their community and mayordomo.

Anne Rustabakke was honored with the Sunshine Award for her decades of community service to Placitas, Bernalillo, and Sandoval county. I remember how essential she was to the Growers Market and I especially loved going into her store Chile Hill. Thank you Anne, and it is a pleasure to see you at the Historical Society meetings.

reported by Karen Lermuseaux

OCTOBER MEETING

The October meeting honoring matriarch Rosita Coriz Rosetta started out with the chanting and pounding of drums by Alexander Rosetta (grandson) and Royce Garcia. Rosita and some of her children arrived dressed in their rich traditional colorful pueblo attire adorned with their beautiful turquoise and other stones that completed their uniqueness. Rosita is 81 and the widow of Martin Rosetta. She was happily married and a wonderful wife. Out of this love story are: 7 children, 17 grandchildren and 7 great-grandchildren. A lifelong resident of Santo Domingo Pueblo also called Kewa in their native Keresan language. Kewa is a pueblo in existence dating back to 1598 and possibly earlier. An opening blessing of thanksgiving for the day, his mother and all in attendance was given by Anthony Rosetta. Her hard work, teachings of traditional practices and sacrifice were shared by her granddaughter Gabby Rosetta who talked about her grandmother with such love and admiration. Individually, her children and grandchildren came up to the podium and expressed what she taught them and their memories of a strong loving mother and grandmother. The daughter in-laws also spoke kindly of their love and respect for Rosita. It was evident that Judy Rosetta the oldest daughter was already taking her role seriously of next in charge and directing her siblings; sometimes in their native language as she coordinated this event to honor their mother. Some of the things that we learned about Rosita were that as a child she learned to ride a horse and hunt better than most boys, she often packed small snack lunches for kids in the pueblo that had little to eat and often helped the elders in small ways. One of the most touching stories was shared by Mark Rosacker, a close family friend that called her a coal miner's daughter. As a child, she was aware of a railcar that had overturned with coal. The railroad conducted a cleanup process by merely burying the rail carload of coal with dirt. She often would make her way to the coal pile and dig coal so she could deliver it to the

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elders, so they could heat their homes. This went on until the coal was removed and recycled. Her face and hands always covered with black powdery coal dust. Anthony the oldest son is the current Warchief, with this title comes many intergovernmental responsibilities such as: always having her home open 24 hours a day for all pueblo officials while meetings and many major decisions pertaining to the pueblo take place. Traditionally, the parent's home as head of household is used for all occasions. Her husband and love of her life was often mentioned with great admiration. Martin Rosetta was also involved in pueblo and external government activities by voting and being involved on issues of importance to them, for a better quality of life for their pueblo. The importance of community involvement, sacrifice, hard work, faith, sharing and loving one another is something both Martin and Rosita instilled in their children. Together their ran a small grocery store that is closed now, however, it has a coca cola sign and is the pueblo gps marker for visitors to find their home during feast days and other holidays. Their livelihood was also through trading goods, planting and raising their own livestock. She has a contagious laugh that all her children have also inherited and so many of her wonderful ways. She continues to open her home on feast days and holidays to anyone who happens to stop by to share her wonderful cooking. She makes great tortillas, chile and many other foods that she has taught her family to make. She often jokes and her granddaughter wants to learn how she is such a magnet to so many men, as they just love her.

Karen Vallo, SCHS Member and Mark Rosacker, also contributed to help make her day a little more special. A few tears were seen in the crowd and family, but overshadowed by laughter that often erupted as memories of Rosita were shared. This loving traditional strong woman continues to live her life to the fullest. What a blessing she has been to many. Thanks to all the Rosetta family for sharing your treasure with us; it was a great privilege. *Lorraine Stubblefield*.

Rosita was honored by her children, Grandchildren , Great Grandchildren and family friend Mark Rosacker who played the drums and sang .

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Walking through History In Downtown Albuquerque

By Shannon Wagers

Did you know that an irrigation ditch once meandered through the heart of what is now downtown Albuquerque? Or that a horse-drawn trolley once ran down Central Avenue to Old Town? Have you admired the elegant Sunshine Building at Second Street and Central and wondered who designed and built it? And did you know that legendary gunfighter Elfego Baca once had a law office there?

The streets of downtown Albuquerque have been the scene of triumphs and tragedies, such as presidential speeches, gunfights, parades, street fairs, pageants and balloon launchings. Even the world's first atomic weapon's plutonium core made its way through Downtown on its secret journey from Los Alamos to the Trinity test site in summer 1945.

You can learn about all these things and more by taking a free walking tour of Downtown any Saturday morning through November 21.The tour provides an overview of the history of the "New Town" area, which dates from the arrival of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad in 1880. While few structures from the city's first decade have survived, others from the late Territorial period through the prosperous 1920s, the Great Depression and the World War II era are still in use today.

Sadly, many of Albuquerque's finest old buildings are gone. Some were destroyed by fire. Others, like the Alvarado and Franciscan hotels, fell victim to urban renewal in the 1960s and 70s. We have only photographs to remember them. Fortunately, we still have the KiMo Theatre, considered by many to be the city's architectural crown jewel, and the Albuquerque Gas &Electric Building across the street, which used to blaze forth nightly with hundreds of electric light bulbs illuminating its façade. Further west on Central are:

The streamlined "moderne" style Sears Roebuck Building, designed by John Gaw Meem;

Maisel's Indian Trading Post, also a

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Meem design, featuring in its entry-way murals painted by several well-known Native American artists, and Mexican silver pesos embedded in the terrazzo floor;
The Quickel Building, once a car dealership, with the showroom on the ground floor and the service department above it. Today it houses offices, condos, and retail shops;
The art deco Skinner Grocery at Eighth and Central, now the Villa de Capo restaurant;

These and many more are featured on the tour.

Even if you're a longtime Albuquerque resident, these tours are a great way to become better acquainted with our city. The arrival of cooler fall weather makes this an ideal time for a stroll through history.

The tour begins at the southwest corner of First Street and Central and proceeds at a leisurely pace westward along Central to Eighth Street. It starts at 10 a.m. and lasts 1 ½ to two hours. Restrooms are available at cooperating merchants along the route. Wear comfortable shoes, and take a water bottle. Cameras and binoculars are welcome, but pets should be left at home.

In addition to the regular Saturday walks, group tours for schools, senior centers, etc., may be arranged at other times by calling Janet Saiers at the number below.

Tours are sponsored by the Albuquerque Historical Society, which began offering them last year. They proved to be popular, so more trained volunteers – including this writer - have been added to the roster. Tours will be suspended during the winter, resuming in the spring. If you go:
When: 10 a.m. Saturdays through November 21 (Length: 1 ½ - 2 hours)

Where: Meet in front of the Century 14 Theater at the southwest corner of First Street and Central Avenue.

How Much: Free.

Reservations required? No.

For more information: Contact Janet Saiers at (505) 299-5019, or email her at jsaiers@msn.com.

Ed's note: This article originally ran in the October ssue of Prime Time. Magazine and is reproduced here with permission

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Christmas in My Placita

by Nasario Garcia

I want to share with you a brief story on how Christmas was celebrated during the 1940s in my placita that nowadays lies in ruins in the Río Puerco Valley. The old-timers (viejitos) called my village Ojo del Padre, but young kids like me referred to it as Guadalupe, named after the Virgen de Guadalupe.

LA VIRGEN DE GUADALUPE*

La Virgen de Guadalupe, our patron saint, was honored on December 12; it was one of the most significant religious holidays of the year. On the evening of La Virgen de Guadalupe's feast day, a pilgrimage led by the mayordomos and the rezador/a, the prayer leader, took place around the church and the village; this signaled the advent of the Yuletide season, and old-fashioned luminarios, small bonfires (not to be mistaken for luminarias), were lit.

A bonfire was lit each night between December 12 and Nochebuena, Christmas Eve. With more and more luminarios burning each night, the village looked brighter and brighter as the flames from the bonfires aimed for the nightly skies. On Christmas Eve villagers attended the Misa del Gallo (literally, Mass of the Rooster), Midnight Mass. On this special night Guadalupe, our placita, was aglow, and pride dangled in the cold air. Tonight the thirteen luminarios were lit about half an hour before Midnight Mass began. This brought not only warmth to all Guadalupanos but also joy as they celebrated the birth of the baby Jesus.

Each evening the sacristan was responsible for lighting the luminarios. They were stacks of juniper or piñón wood arranged upright, like a teepee. A large piece of ocote, torch pine, was

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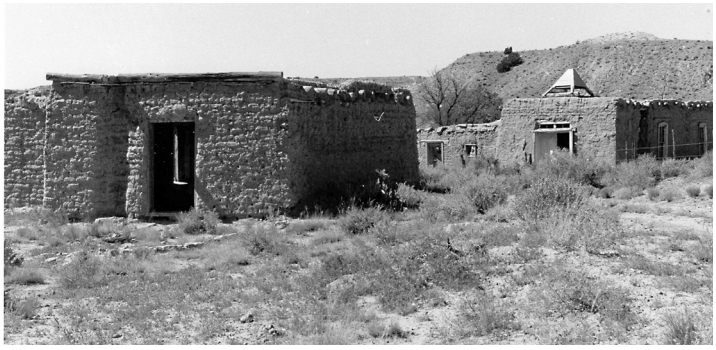
placed in the center and served as a fast starter in the winter. One or two families in the village usually provided the wood—oftentimes because they had made a personal religious vow—but

finding pitch was not always easy. People kept a keen eye out for this special wood so that the sacristan would have enough to light all the



Nasario Garcia

Virgen de Guadalupe Church in the background. Oratory/Morada in foreground. Ojo del Padre

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luminarios on Nochebuena.

Every evening without fail my father hitched up the horse wagon and we headed for our placita. There we joined the prayer leader and other villagers in reciting the rosary as we paraded in procession-like fashion around the church, pausing momentarily at each luminario before returning inside the church. This ritual went on nightly until las vísperas, Christmas vespers, were upon us, which put people into a state of anticipation for the celebration of the Misa del Gallo.

MISA DEL GALLO

The Nochebuena was pretty cold. Mom got my little brothers, my sister, and me all bundled up with extra blankets before we took off for the village. She prepared a makeshift bed in the wagon for Beltrán, Juanito, and me in case we got sleepy. Julianita was still a toddler. Mom held her in her arms until we got to the church.

Filled with the eagerness of attending the Misa del Gallo, coupled with the excitement of eating posole, hominy, and opening our Christmas gifts when we got back home, I knew going to sleep was a doubtful proposition. What is more, the bitter cold was not conducive to sleeping. As we rounded the bend to El Coruco, renowned for its stories regarding witches and rattling chains, I covered my head with one of the blankets. The spookiness that overcame me did not disappear until we finally reached the Río Puerco about a quarter of a mile away. We started to descend to the river bottom, and I stood up as soon as I heard the wagon wheels groan when Dad applied the hand and foot brakes. There was enough water running in the river for the moon to create an icy reflection right before we crossed. By then my teeth had begun to chatter from the frigid night.

"Are you sleepy? Are you cold?" Mom asked us as we moved along the sandy road after crossing the Río Puerco. All I could hear were the horses' hooves and the soft sound of the sand hitting the wheels. A short distance away was the Virgen de Guadalupe Church.

Perhaps Mom heard my teeth chatter, prompting her to ask if I was cold. When we arrived at the church, Mom immediately took us inside. She huddled us around the potbelly stove before Midnight Mass started.

The fire was crackling, and the heat felt nice on my red palms. While I rubbed my hands together to warm them up, I looked around. The perspective from the back of the church was quite different from what I was accustomed to—Mom and the rest of us always sat up front. Besides the tall, white, skinny candles flickering at the altar, the colored prints of the Stations of the Cross hanging on the wall were lit up but with small, fat yellow votive candles. The entire church seemed brighter than usual on the special night of Nochebuena.

The other thing that struck me as I cast a glance about was the fact that, unlike the typical practice during regular monthly church

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services, men were not standing at the entrance. They were sitting down with their families. Women jokingly claimed that men usually leaned against the back wall, not because they were being gentlemen by relinquishing their seats, but because they wanted to watch the young girls come in.

Except for a few men, most grown-ups went to confession before Midnight Mass started, including my mother, who was very religious. Fasting for her and other parishioners on this festive occasion was not necessary, although some people declined to eat anything after dusk. At the time of receiving Communion, you could tell who had fasted and who hadn't just by the way they chewed on the host. After I made my First Holy Communion, I wondered silently if some overzealous parishioner kept track of such things.

Following Communion, and before the Midnight Mass ended, Grandma Lale, who long ago had started a choir in the community, led the singing of the traditional Christmas song "Vamos todos a Belén." It was beautiful! I still remember the rhythm as well as some of the lyrics.

Vamos todos a Belén
Let Us Go to Bethlehem
Vamos todos a Belén
Let us go to Bethlehem
con amor y gozo.
with love and joy.
Adoremos al Señor,
Let us pray to our Lord,
nuestro Redentor.
Jesus Christ, our Redeemer.
Relumbra una estrella,
A star shines brightly
divino dulzor.
on our sweet divine one.
Que bonita y bella,
A pretty star shines
nuestro Salvador.
brightly on our Savior.

Another popular song at Midnight Mass was "Noche de Paz," known in English as "Silent Night." The night indeed seemed more peaceful as the Mass ended for another year, with people filing out and heading home to indulge in their traditional Christmas foods and modest gifts.

**This Christmas story is excerpted from Hoe, Heaven, and Hell: My Boyhood in Rural New Mexico, University of New Mexico Press, 2015*

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Upcoming Programs

JANUARY:

Sunday January 10th

MUJERES VALIENTES
(Brave Women)

Carol Vigil & Lelia Flores, a delightful and dynamic duo, create a musical journey illustrating the struggles and strengths of the brave women of the Mexican Revolution.

FEBRUARY

Sunday February 7th

NORTHERN NEW MEXICO HISTORY
Mary Montoya & Berndette Mares

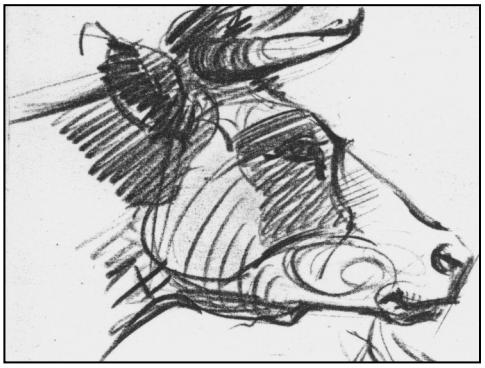
MARCH

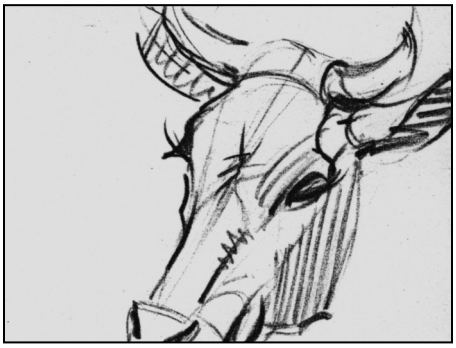
Sunday March 13th
WHAT IF'S

Dirk Van Hart presents a personal selection of some of history's. and pre-history's What if's

Bill Andrews 1928-2015

We are sorry to note the passing of member Bill Andrews.
Bill was born in Big Flats .N.Y. He followed his brothers into military service, joining the United States Air Force. His service spanned the Korean and Viet Nam wars, While assigned to Tierra Amarilla Air Defense Command Site he met his wife of sixty years- Amelia Montoya (Mollie) to whom we offer our sincere condolences.





SSketches by Ed DeLavy

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Christmas In Peña Blanca

By Amelia Montoya Andrews

I write of Christmas 1938, the last year my father was alive. He loved these occasions. The Christmas tree, a beautiful well shaped blue spruce, was selected early in the year on one of his horseback trips to tend to his cattle at the Valle Grande (now Valle Caldera). Just before Christmas he would make another horseback trip to bring the selected tree.

The December celebrations started with preparations for the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the patron saint of Peña Blanca The *mayordomos,* two couples from the parish, had the honor of overseeing the celebration. White washing the interior church walls, organizing parishioners to bring piñon trees to line the area of the procession for the vespers and preparing the *luminarias* which would be lit and burned on the evening of December the 11th. *Luminarias* were made from piñon wood which would have lots of pitch to burn brightly. A *luminaria* is a formation of interwoven piñon logs and to purists like me the only *luminaria.* The candle in a paper sack is a *faralito*. On the evening of December 11th there was a procession with the parishioners singing the Rosary as well as other prayers. Little girls in their white first communion dresses carried the Blessed Virgin Mary's banner. Older women carried the banner of the Sacred Heart. At this time in Piña Blanca there were still old ladies wearing long black dresses down to the floor and a *tapalo* (shawl) on their heads, not unlike what we now see in pictures from the Middle East. The church functions were followed by a dance.

Everyone wore their finery. We would *estrenar* our winter coats. and the soot from the *luminarias* could be catastrophic on a light-colored coat. *Estrenar* means first use of something, be it clothes or other objects, and there does not seem to be an English equivalent. The following day a high mass was held. Franciscan priests from Cuba, Gallup and Santa Fe came to celebrate. After the church function a fiesta followed at the home of the *mayordomos.*

After the fiesta of the patroness, came the novena in preparation for Christmas. For some reason, unknown to me, these nine masses were held at 6AM in the dead of winter. We walked in pitch darkness in bitter cold weather to the church for mass - I hope St. Peter will take note of this when he marks down the Sundays I have missed mass. At school we had Christmas plays ending with a visit from Santa Claus who gave us each a paper sack with peanuts, candy and an orange.

The winter solstice marked the Ember Days, days of fasting and abstinence. With the cold it was time to butcher a yearling. According to my mother her *Tio* (uncle) Amado Baca would say, *"Cuando el pobre llega ha tener carne siempre se atravieza La vigilia."* When the poor man finally has meat, along come the Ember days. It never Failed.

Butchering was only one of the preparations. There was also baking of *biscochitos* and candy making. *Empanaditas* and *Tamales* were made the day before Christmas. Making *Tamales* entailed soaking the white com in a

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lime solution, then it required many rinsings before grinding the com for the *masa.* The *masa* was then beaten very well until a sample of it would float in water. Boiling and shredding a pork roast was next. Then the red chile sauce was added and the tamale could be assembled in corn husks which had been soaking. There is little wonder that this was the only time of the year that we had tamales. *Chaquewe* was another thing. It was much easier to make and the results were not too different. The meat concoction for the *empanadas* (probably a cooked beef tongue) had been prepared with raisins, chopped apples, pinon nuts, whiskey or wine and aged for a few days. The pastry is similar to a sopapilla. The *empanadas* were stuffed and deep fat fried Christmas eve so they would be fresh.

Rural electrification came early to New Mexico compared to other parts of the country. Governor Clyde Tingley was a political supporter and friend of President Franklin Roosevelt so New Mexico profited from the New Deal projects early. In December 1938 we were hoping that the installation of electricity would be completed and It was. My older sisters Elda and Margaret had brought us Christmas tree decorations. There is no comparison between the beautiful General Electric decorations of those years with the lights we have today. The lights were blue, about 1 1/2 inches long ands shaped like bells and stars. We had a blue tree for many years as those lights lasted twenty or thirty years. While my mother baked, Fita, one of my older sisters decorated the tree. After the tinsel, and icicles came a covering of angel's hair. This was a spun glass covering. This decoration was removed from the market quickly perhaps because it could cut and was very irritating to the skin. We would try to peek through the key hole into the room where the tree was, but we were not allowed to see the tree until we returned from midnight mass (*La misa del gallo*)The nativity scene at Our lady of Guadalupe church was and still is especially beautiful. The manger was lined in piñon boughs. The nativity set had been purchased with funds donated by the students, also with bingo games and raffles and, like our tree at home, it was not put up until Christmas eve.

Immediately after mass we opened our gifts. By 1938, the depression was receding and we received dolls. In previous years we received paper dolls and were just as delighted with them. After opening gifts, we had tamales, empanaditas and coffee.

Early in the morning on Christmas day, less fortunate children came to beg for "*Mis Crismas*" much like children go from house to house for trick or treating at halloween. The children were given peanuts, nuts and candy.

Our Christmas dinner was roast beef and my sister Celina made fruit cake. In the evening we went to see the lights in Madrid in Elda's car. My sister had recently completed her education as a public health nurse and had purchased a new car. Our family had never had a vehicle other than a *caraje* (carriage) and wagon. Madrid, a mining town, assessed the

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miners a fee from their monthly wages and used volunteer help to put on a spectacular display at Christmas that was famous far and wide. We had never previously been able to see it.

During the Christmas vacation, every evening, my mother would come out with her cache of goodies. She hid the candy, peanuts, and nuts in her square sewing Machine cabinet. She thought no one knew where they were. Each night, she doled out a handful of these goodies. The candy had to last through January 6th ..

The feast of the Epiphany was the end of the Christmas season. We had early dismissal of school and we would go to Santo Domingo Pueblo. At each home, in the pueblo, where someone was named Ray or Reyes, the family celebrated their Saint's day by throwing gifts from the roof tops to the crowd. The gifts might be a loaf of bread wrapped in muslin, or a pretty printed material from a flour sack, candy, or if you were lucky one of the squares of cloth might have a turquoise ring.

Our Christmas tree was up for several weeks after Epiphany, perhaps my mother kept it up until the beginning of lent.

This story ran in a previous issue ,but it captures the spirit of the season so well that it bears repeating
Ed

Manos de Azbache

By Matthew J. Barbour, Manager, Jemez Historic Site

For most New Mexicans, the symbolism of turquoise is immediately recognizable. It is the "Great Stone" of Pueblo religion. It symbolizes the sky and water. It is a giver of rain and an instrument of tranquility. Prehistorically, the stone was valued and traded throughout the American Southwest and Mesoamerica.

Today, New Mexicans –Anglo, Hispanic, and Native alike- adorn themselves with the stone. It is hard to go anywhere in Santa Fe without seeing it. Yet, if you were to turn back time and view Santa Fe in the seventeenth century, it would be another semi-precious gemstone adorning necklaces, bracelets and rings: jet.

Jet is technically not a mineral, but rather a mineraloid created through the compression and fossilization of decaying wood. It is a lignite, or coal, known for its black color. Like turquoise, it is relatively soft and easy to manipulate making it ideal for adornment.

Use of the material is wide-spread both in the Old and New Worlds. However, Spanish use of jet, or *azabache*, dates back to Greek and Roman Period. It was believed to detect virginity, cause abortion, force demons to flee, and provide strong protection against the evil eye and evil in general.

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In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, major jet-carving industries were located in the provinces of Galicia and Asturias, Spain. From there, the finished products were shipped throughout the Empire. These manufacturing centers likely have their roots in the Middle Ages when pilgrims throughout Europe would travel to Compostela to pray at the Shrine of Saint James.

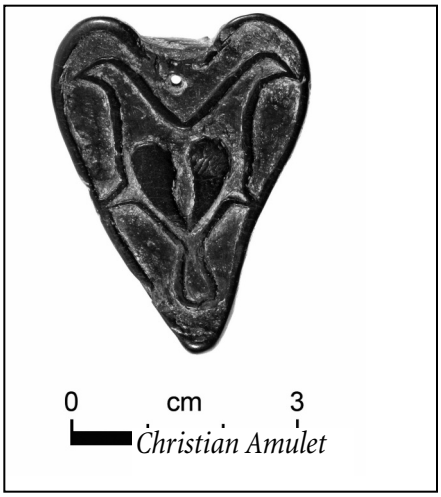
However, the use of jet objects by the Spanish was often not associated directly with Christianity. Crosses, devotional medals, and rosaries were manufactured, but in relatively limited numbers when compared with the "*manos de azabache*," better known as jet *higas* or fig signs.

A *higa* is a clenched fist with thumb placed between the fore- and middle fingers. Today, in many cultures, this gesture is seen as derogatory, but its use –like jet- dates back to Roman times when it was associated with the Lemuria ritual. This ritual was used by pre-christian Romans as a means to exorcise evil spirits and into later Christian times became linked –once again like jet- with protection against evil in all forms.

Interestingly, the profane origins of the symbol were not lost on the Catholic Church. Spain actual forbid the use of these "*manos de azabeche*" in the 1525 *pragmatica*. Yet, it is clear Spaniards continued to adorn themselves with jet amulets. Numerous examples of these artifacts have been found throughout the Empire, including in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Both secular and religious figures have adorned themselves with these amulets, as the items are identified in both administrative centers and remote missions. Often, the jet higas were worn in clusters of three, assumingly linking said materials with the Holy Trinity. While ostensibly used to ward off evil, during the height of its popularity in the seventeenth century, it appears to have even have taken on medicinal properties. Siguenza y Gongora writes: "buen orina y buen color, y tres higas al doctor" or translated, "good urine and good color, and three higas to the doctor."

As time wore on into the eighteenth century, the popularity of jet and higa amulets, as a whole, began to wane. Today, the use of such materials is largely forgotten. Yet, around us these items remain buried underfoot. waiting for archaeologists to dig them up and remind us of the other stone which once ruled Santa Fe.



Christian Amulet

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Society Library & Archive volunteers April 2015

L.to R. standing
David C de Baca
Theresa Baca -Aragon
Donna Cunningham
Christine Tade
Karen Lermuseaux

L. toR. seated
Jennie Muro
Martha Liebert
Joy Barclay

Not Present
Cecilia Rinaldi

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Reminders!

1) send in membership.

2) Visit our library

Elected officers - 2015
Committee chairs

Lorraine Dominguez Stubblefield…President..... 681-4239
Tom Wilson……Vice-President.....867-5575
Cynthia Spence……Secretary.....867-911
Ernie Jaskolski……Treasurer.....828-2514
Dirk Van Hart……Archives.....293-2073
Martha Liebert)..... Archives.. 867-2755
J oy Barclay, Francel Alezander, Patricia Weegar -Archives

Roy Skeens……Editor El Cronicón.....867-6310
Karen Lermuseaux..... Reporter 867-5163
Connie Aguilar……programs....7697-1393
Cecilia Rinaldi.....Librarian.....867-2622
Jennie Muro .....Librarian.....867-6239
Tom Wilson…… Grounds.....8.67-5575
Open ...…Photo Albums
Joy Barclay)…Refreshments.... 867-9769
Cynthia Spence) …….....,867-9115
Open ……Website
Max Cde Baca .....B.ld,Supervisor..... 867-4994
Open .....Art Exhibits
Rusty Van Hart .....Membership.....293-2073

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The Lighter Side

Yogi-isms
A sampling of wisdom credited to Berra over the years

'YOU CAN OBSERVE A LOT BY WATCHING.'
'When you come to a fork in the road, take it:
'IT'S DEJA VU ALL OVER AGAIN.'
'It ain't over till it's over:
'BASEBALL IS 90% MENTAL. THE OTHER HALF IS PHYSICAL.'
'I usually take a two-hour nap from 1 to 4:
'WE MADE TOO MANY WRONG MISTAKES.'
'The future ain't what it used to be:
'A NICKEL AIN'T WORTH A DIME ANYMORE.'
'It gets late early out here:
'N EVER ANSWER AN ANONYMOUS LETTER.'
'I really didn't say everything I said:

Laws They Don't Teach in Physics:

1. Law of Mechanical Repair - After your hands become coated with grease, your nose will begin to itch and you'll have to pee.

2. Law of Gravity - Any tool, nut, bolt, screw, when dropped, will roll to the least accessible place in the universe.

3. Law of Probability - The probability of being watched is directly proportional to the stupidity of your act.

4. Law of Random Numbers - If you dial a wrong number, you never get a busy signal; someone always answers.

5. Variation Law - If you change lines (or traffic lanes), the one you were in will always move faster than the one you are in now.

6. Law of the Bath - When the body is fully immersed in water, the telephone will ring.

7. Law of Close Encounters - The probability of meeting someone you know INCREASES dramatically when you are with someone you don't want to be seen with.

8. Law of the Result - When you try to prove to someone that a machine won't work, IT WILL!!!

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The Lighter Side

A tip of the editor's hat to our contributors

Wish List

Wouldn't it be great if we could put ourselves in the dryer for ten minutes; come out wrinkle-free and three sizes smaller!

Old age is coming at a really bad time!

When I was a child I thought Nap Time was a punishment ... now, as a grown up, it just feels like a small vacation!

The biggest lie I tell myself is ... "I don't need to write that down, I'll remember it."

I don't have gray hair. I have "wisdom highlights". I'm just very wise.

I smile because you are my sister-in-law and laugh because you married my brother!

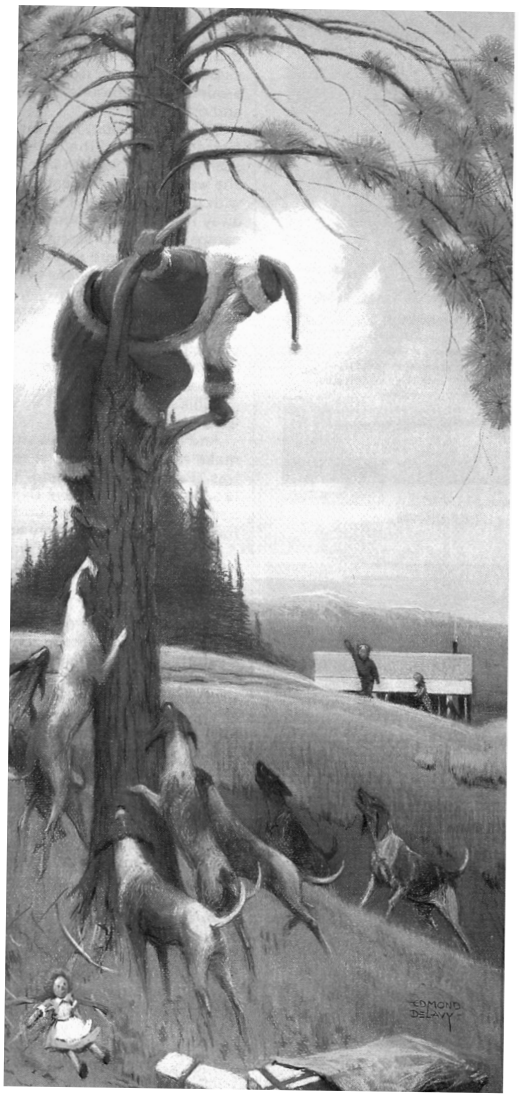
Teach your daughter how to shoot, because a restraining order is just a piece of paper.

If God wanted me to touch my toes, he would've put them on my knees.

The kids text me "plz" which is shorter than please. I text back "no" which is shorter than "yes".

Even duct tape can't fix stupid ... but it can muffle the sound!

Why do I have to press one for English when you're just gonna transfer me to someone I can't understand anyway?



Ed Delavy illustration for a magazine Christmas story

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