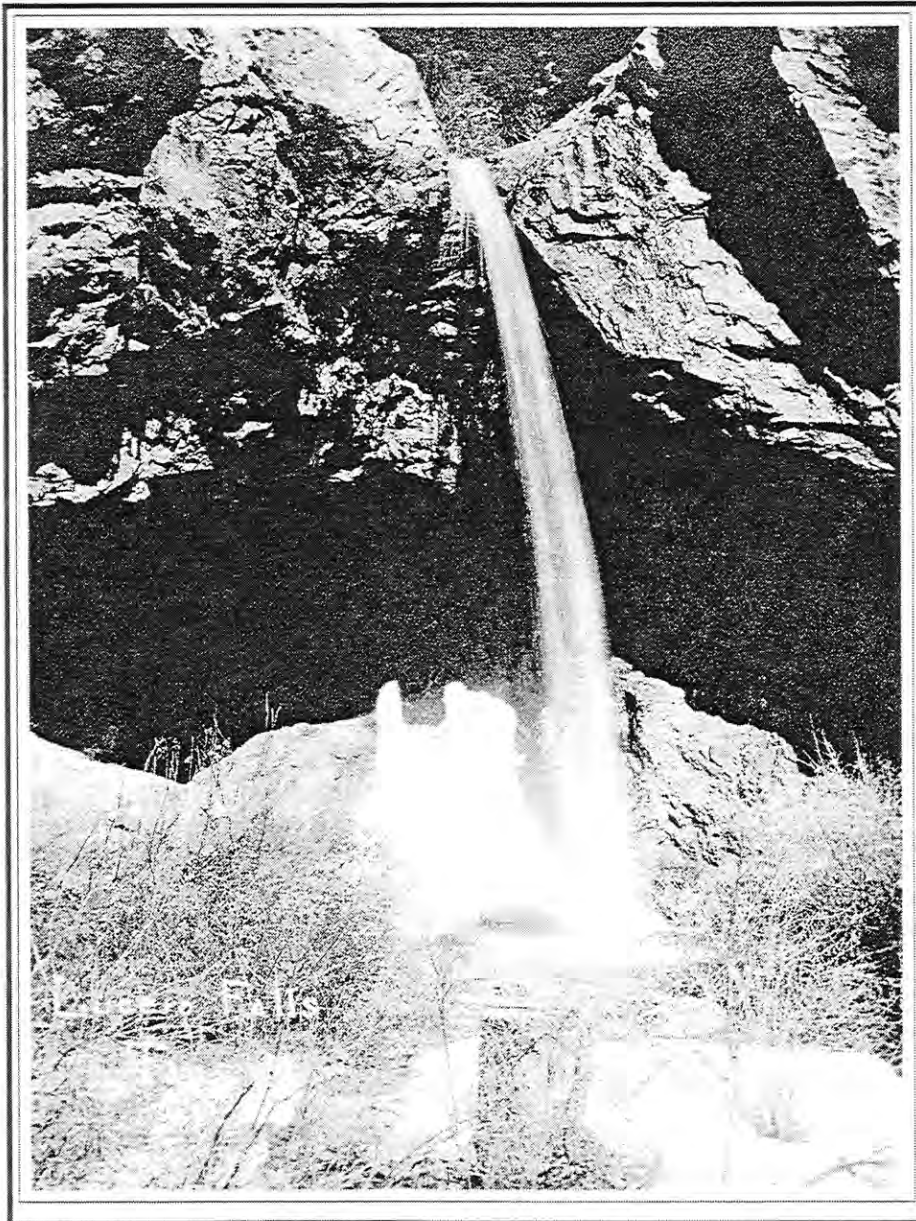


AYER Y HOY en TAOS

**Yesterday and Today in Taos County and
Northern New Mexico**

SUMMER 2001 Issue 30

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Referred to locally as "El Salto", this waterfall conceals a cavern, site of many stories through the years. Photo courtesy of Taos Historic Museums.

ESTILOS DEL TIEMPO
THE KIDNAPPING OF MANUEL DE ATOCHA MARTINEZ
THE MYSTERY OF THE APPLE TREE

AYER Y HOY en TAOS

Yesterday and Today in Taos County
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We invite articles of a scholarly nature, as well as book reviews of recent publications pertinent to the Taos and northern New Mexico area. We are open to publishing occasional reminiscences, folklore, oral history and poetry that are of lasting historical interest.

The Taos County Historical Society endeavors to maintain high standards of quality in *AYER Y HOY*, and we seek to make improvements as we go along. Readers' comments and suggestions are welcome.

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AYER Y HOY is mailed to all members of the Taos County Historical Society as a benefit of membership. Memberships are \$15 for individuals, \$20 for families, and \$30 for sustaining Memberships.

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The Taos County Historical Society is a New Mexico nonprofit organization dedicated to the study and preservation of the historical resources of Taos County and northern New Mexico. Membership is open to any interested person, regardless of residence.

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Letter from the President

We are gradually inching forward in finding stories and photos in time to publish the latest issue of *Ayer y Hoy en Taos: Yesterday and Today in Taos County and Northern New Mexico*. We are almost back on the normal schedule! Once again, I solicit your help in developing new material, the story of Taos has not yet been told!

One of the sources we tapped for this issue is directly from our most valuable archive, a collection of audiotapes of programs presented at the meetings of the Taos County Historical Society. This collection, dating back to 1952 contains 185 audio tapes. Originally on reel to reel format these tapes were nearly lost when a water pipe burst in the old Carson National Forest building on Armory Street (now called Civic Plaza Drive) flooding the basement where society materials were stored. Our dedicated archivist Curtis Anderson carefully dried each reel, and transferred the recordings to cassettes. Thanks to Curtis we now have the original reels as well as the back-up tapes, however, for the maximum utility we need to get these programs transcribed into written format so they can be edited and perhaps published, some of them are great, one of a kind stories.

Are you interested in doing this kind of work? Please contact us if you want to help!

Andy Lindquist

Estilos del Tiempo

19th Century New Mexican Hair Styles and Make-up

By Guadalupe Tafoya, Bilingual Educator, Museum of International Folk Art

If you think today's hair, make-up and clothing styles are intense, let's take a walk in the past. Not too far, just enough to help us realize what was considered beautiful and appropriate for the times using materials which were available.

In our history, both men and women had long hair. Navajos and Apaches wore their hair pulled back from their faces in a knot called a *chongo* and usually tied with a brightly colored woven ribbon or with leather ties. Some Pueblo men and women cut their hair in what has been described as the "terrace" style which meant straight across the forehead and straight across the chin, then the rest was gathered at the nape of the neck and tied with homespun string.

Hispano men, like the Pueblo men, parted their hair in the middle and plaited it into two braids, called *trenzas*. The hair was never cut, as it was a symbol of honor, honesty, good social standing, and spirituality. It was also the sign of a good family man, good son and eventually a good father. These men were well respected in the community. To have the hair cut or shaved meant that the person had committed a crime or was an outlaw. To be shorn or shaved was the outward symbol of shame and immorality. The community called this person a baldy, *pelón*,

which it still does on occasion. *Una pelada*, a skinning, opened up the person to public humiliation, disrespect and ostracism until the hair grew long again. It was used as a societal check on how a man or woman was expected to behave.

For women, long hair was also a source of pride and was usually worn pulled back and tied in a knot. It was also worn as a single braid swinging down the back. Like the men, if a woman was found doing something criminal or immoral she suffered the same humiliation as her male counter-

part. Hair was the pride, honor, and crowning glory of the person.

For the most part, people washed their own hair. There was a lot of time spent combing and washing long hair especially before ceremony. Washing hair was part of the ritual and was done before any sacred occasion. The shampoo used was the root of the yucca (*Y. angustifolia*), which the Spanish called *amole*, and is an old Aztec word. The *amole* root was soaked, stirred, and pounded in cold water to make lather or bubbles that are just as cleansing as regular shampoo. This was a great thing because hot

water was rarely used, most people bathed in the nearby rivers and ditches. Trade combs and brushes were available, but if they were too expen-



Sylveria Mondragon wearing some of the typical style elements of the 19th century.

sive to obtain, native brush and comb combinations made of grama grass were used. The final touch was to apply a home-made pomade made from ground wild rose leaves and *romero* added to strained melted beef marrow.

Although bathing was not practiced on a regular basis, (the sun and the wind kept people tolerable) washing was accomplished with home-made hard soap. Lye soap was made of animal fat and ash, which was boiled and strained. When the soap cooled, the top was skimmed off and re-boiled with fresh water until all of the lye dissipated. The soap was then shaved, bagged and placed into a pail of water and covered with corn husks. After three days of soaking in fresh, clean water (water was changed periodically) the bag was drained and the soap was then mixed with melon seeds, *romero*, wild rose leaves and home-made bran starch. Everything was mixed and ground into a paste, and formed into little cakes called *jaboncitos* which were set out into the sun to dry. These little bars of soap were used as face soap only, they were considered too precious for anything else.

Pueblo people and Hispanos used cosmetics and paints. Minerals and herbs were ground up. White, yellow and red clays were also used. Tallow from sheep, buffalo and other animals were used to soften and smooth out the skin, and in the case of Pueblo men, to adhere soot and colored clays in patterns on the body for ceremony. Using amaranth blossoms, women would paint red circles on their cheeks.

New Mexican women developed their own cosmetics using local minerals, vegetal and animal

products. Sometimes make-up was applied so thickly that the first Anglo men coming into the territory of New Mexico were terribly shocked. During the Victorian influenced times, these men were from prim and proper society where women did not powder or rouge their faces.

One of the most popular practices was to use a sunscreen made of a flour, talcum powder, or powdered chalk paste, that was applied from forehead to chin. This application gave the appearance of a mask and was usually used for a couple of weeks before a fiesta or a fandango. Mud packs were also used. After washing the mask off, faces were very fresh looking and smooth.

The *alegria* plant, also known as red cockscomb was used as rouge. Soot was used to darken eyebrows. Eggshells, known as *cascarilla*, were baked and ground into a fine powder, and then mixed with the boiled *alegria* tea to make a pan-



The child is Ambrosio Mondragon with his aunt Refugio Valerio Trujillo of Llano Quemado. Late 19th century hairstyles.

cake powder for the face. Although heavy make-up was used on occasions, conservative New Mexico families did protest the use of too much, and if someone in the family applied it too heavily, comments like "*a esta se le volco la olla!*" were very common, especially expressed by the father or grandfather. Usually the girl would leave to go wash her face. Today, comments are still made, the most

typical is "that make-up was applied with a trowel!" However, today's girls do not go to wash their faces, they basically do what they want, it is a valid form of self-expression.

Other cosmetic applications to the cheeks were the red *carmin* and the *albayalde mejicano*.

Bleaching faces for a week was typical. For the bleaching process, a mask made of wild raspberry juice or white "cascara" made from finely ground eggshells dried in the oven and mixed with soaked rice and the nuts of the melon seeds were used. Another type of face bleach mask was made from deer or elk horns, burned until they were white. The burned horns were then soaked for several days with corncobs in water, which was changed often. The horns were then finely ground and a little ro-mero and melon seed nuts were added to keep the wrinkles away. The whole combination was sifted through a fine swiss cloth. The sifted powder was then moistened into a paste and formed into a little cake, which was then applied as a powder or wet as a bleaching mask. *Talvina* was another face bleaching mask made of bran and the crushed red spikes of the *alegria* plant or wild raspberries. With their hair piled high, and a few flat ringlets pasted on the forehead with sugar water, the *doñas* and *señoritas* were ready to be escorted or chaperoned to the *baile* by the equally stylish *don* or *caballero*.

Sources:

- *Coronado's Land: Essays on Daily Life in Colonial New Mexico* by Marc Simmons
- *Shadow From the Past* by Cleofas M. Jaramillo
- *New Mexico Village Arts* by Roland Dickey



STORY OF THE KIDNAPPING OF MANUEL DE ATOCHA MARTINEZ

As Told by Mr. Esquipula Martínez at a Meeting of the Taos County Historical Society, March 18, 1960 From a Tape Recording of this Meeting



"Esquipula Martínez, grandson of Juan Julian Martínez and Maria Josefa García. Mr. Martínez was an attorney and narrated this story at a meeting of the Taos County Historical Society in March of 1960. Photo by permission and courtesy of the Arsenio Cordova Family.

This is the story of a boy, Manuel de Atocha Martínez, the son of Juan Julián Martínez of Rincones (now Peñasco) and Maria Josefa Garcia, of the hacienda at Arroyo Seco. The couple had moved to Mora, where the boy was kidnapped on August 17, 1867 by Mescalero Apaches. This story was passed down through the family, and recorded for posterity by Maria Elena and Arsenio Córdova, great grandchildren as told to them by their grandmother, Maria de

(Continued on page 6)

las Nieves. The following is the story as told by Mr. Esquípulla Martínez.

My sister, Mrs. (Josephine) Córdova asked if I would come here and read some of the stories they had written down. This story has some reference to Kit Carson, that, on acquaintance and friendship with Joaquín Garcia, who was the great-grandfather of the family. It also makes a brief reference to the Civil War. All right, the real story follows, and that is a sad, very sad story, but is of interest because it gives in detail so many different and strange things that happened during the tragedy that occurred within the Martínez-Garcia family, so you will hear that story, as I said, being a sad story. Now this story is not a fiction story. It's a real story, telling actions that really happened. This story was written by the information that Mrs. Córdova's mother, grandmother of the children, recited to them. As I said, they wrote what were really the true facts.

In the year of 1864, Kit Carson, the southwestern hero, was placed in command of five companies of New Mexico Volunteers. These soldiers had orders to round up the Navajos and the Apaches. These Indians were cruel and ruthless. When the Navajo felt the strength of the soldiers they came to make peace. By the end of 1864 more than 7000 Indians were gathered on the reservation. Most of the tribes were tired of war, but there were many between the years of 1864-1868 who revolted and preyed on the Spanish settlements, killing and injuring many of the settlers.

Kit Carson had done the job. Tired of fighting and satisfied that he had made the southwest a better place to live in, he had come back to his beloved town. Finally he would be able to enjoy peaceful home life, but this did not last very long. In the spring of 1868, both he and his faithful wife crossed the bar to the land of *más allá*, meaning the great beyond. Joaquín Garcia (this is who I told you was the great grandfather of this family) stated that "*Con la muerte de este gran conquistador, nuestras poblaciones quedaron en mucho peligro, porque aunque nuestras colonias tenían servidores, necesitaron guías para avanzar adelante. Los indios fueron salvajes y peligrosos.*" With the death of our conqueror, our villagers were facing great danger, but needed leaders to continue ad-

vancing ahead. The Indians were savage and dangerous. With the death of Kit Carson, naturally, there was considerable suffering because he was very useful as a guide, in battle especially.

During the time when Kit Carson had settled down with his family a terrible tragedy occurred that was in the year 1867, and this is where our story starts. Our great-grandmother Josefa was born in 1836. She was the daughter of Joaquín Garcia who during his early life had been Kit Carson's friend. The Garcia family was tutored by a Mexican governess, Doña Maria del Rosario, employed and brought from Chihuahua, México.

In the year 1856 Juan Julián Martínez, a young, courageous and handsome young man from Rincones, now Peñasco, came to buy wheat from Don Joaquín and to eat dinner. When he arrived, he saw Josefa riding her *macho sabanero* that was a mule considered a treasure in the Garcia family. Josefa was dressed modestly and attractively. Juan Julián vowed he would not only take grain from the granery, but would also take the attractive brunette for his wife. Josefa would eventually become his wife in 1857. Julian would leave his home in Rincones to live in Arroyo Seco where Josefa had always resided. In 1859 their first baby boy was born, and his name was Manuel de Atocha.

During this period there was turmoil and trouble, for it was then that people were being aroused by the Civil War, when the Confederate army made up of Texans occupied New Mexico in 1861. Men from Taos County were taken to fight in the battle of Valverde. Here Juan Julián's brother Francisco became a very competent man of arms. The battles of Glorieta Pass and Pigeon Ranch gave New Mexico back to the Union, however New Mexico was far from being peaceful. The hostile tribes of Mescalero, Utes, and Apaches raided the villages repeatedly.

While at the Arroyo Seco hacienda, Juan Julián had become a good farmer but decided to move to Mora where relatives by the name of Gandert lived. He expected to make a better living. There he would provide for his family and also continue his share in the cause of the war. In Mora, Maria Josefa de Jesus was born in 1863, and Maria de las Nieves, Mrs. Córdova's mother was born in 1867. Since writing this story two years ago, Mrs.

Martínez has since died, and was then 92 years old.

Josefa and Julián were very happy. Didn't they see their little Manuel de Atocha growing up, well mannered and healthy? He some day would become a lawyer, a famous scout, or perhaps a Christian missionary. Hadn't all of the members of the Garcia family hope that a priest would some day join their flock?

"Girls are all right," Juan Julián said, "but they should only be taught the art of good housekeeping. It is the man who should rule the home and should be prepared for it." That's what the old man Julián said. Then these dotting parents were devoting their time to bringing up an educated man.

Manuel de Atocha had just reached his eighth birthday when the Mescalero Apaches came raiding the Spanish villages. People were scared. They hid behind their plazuela's adobe walls and barred their doors and windows. No one was allowed outside. Josefa, the mother kept herself busy with her little girls. This is the unfortunate day (August 17, 1867). One day, when our grandmother was only 4 months old, the Indians raided the villages of Mora, and kidnapped two children. One was Manuel de Atocha, and the other was a half-breed, Bernardino, from Mora. An Indian picked up Manuel de Atocha on his horse. Bernardino was driven by an Indian carrying a whip. Every effort was made by the villagers to get their little ones, but all was in vain.

Josefa almost went insane. Josefa was never happy, and how could Juan Julián ever forget. He was blamed for abandoning his lovely Arroyo Seco home to move to the hacienda at Mora. In 1868, the afflicted family returned to Arroyo Seco, but the place had lost its beauty. No longer were the beautiful words heard which a man whispered to his bride when a couple is sleeping, happy and content.

Eventually, as Josefa was waiting and suffering for the loss of her son, she decided to take very drastic steps, as will be shown here. She decided to take a Christian mission, (that's the mother), and she took the beautiful statue of *El Santo Niño de Atocha*, and hid it in a crevice in the Salto de Agua. Perhaps some of you peo-

ple have been there. It is a very beautiful place in the mountains. A mountain that is almost solid rock, and on that mountain there is a very big cave in the rock, and inside that cave there are hundreds of caves and crevices and on top there is a spring of water. This water goes down the mountain almost in front of the big cave.

She took the statue of El Santo Niño de Atocha and hid it in a crevice in the south of the lava, almost on the _____ place. She cried in despair "Mary my mother". Now she was addressing the Virgin Mary. "Your child will also be a captive until you bring my darling son home again". To this day, the statue remains a prisoner in the cliffs of Arroyo Seco falls. These people are very strong believers in the Catholic faith. They were bearing this heavy cross that God had sent them, and in her prayers, her neighbors heard.

So Mrs. Córdova and children have decided to include these lamentations as a poem. They were written in Spanish. Afterward they were translated into English and I read them to you. In the translation, none of the meaning or substance of what is in Spanish is lost. I think the words rhyme very well.

*Un rosario te prometo
Ante tu divina altar,
Si me traes a mi chiquito,
Yo no te he de faltar.
Hoy viernes santo te digo,
Si me traes a tu tocayo,
Te llevaré muchas flores,
Durante el mes de mayo.
Si tu me traes a mi hijo
Algún dia te he de dar
A uno de mi familia,
Que te sirva en tu altar.*

Now the translation

Many overtures I offer,
Before that lovely shrine.
If you restore my little one,
Precious infant, so divine.
On Good Friday, hear me mourn,
Asking you to bring my boy.
I shall bring you many flowers,

During May, the month of joy,
If you restore my baby,
I bow before the holy rock,
To serve on thy lovely altar,
You may have one of my flock.

And that is the end of the poem.

While these lamentations were going on, Manuel de Atocha's dog "golilla" was also waiting for his lost master. The years went by and Juan Julián lost his eyesight, he lived very unhappily, but Josefa was healthier. Every stranger who came to their door was confronted with the question "Have you seen my little boy? Do you know anything about him?" Even the gypsies were questioned. "Please tell me my fortune. Tell me what happened to my lost son? Is he alive?" Many a gypsy got away by telling Josefa that her boy was alive. Juan Luis Chavez said that he had met him in the Navajo reservation, that he was leading the tribe, and he was an efficient interpreter.

In the years 1869 and 1871 two boys joined the Martínez family, Jose Francisco and Antonio. They of course brought consolation to the bereaved parents, but how could they ever forget their first born. Josefa died when she was 91 years old and Juan Julián passed away at 83. At the time this story was written down (1959) three of Manuel de Atocha's brothers and sisters were still alive, Maria de las Nieves, 91, Jose Francisco, 89, and Antonio, 87. Little did Josefa dream that in May 1958, "the month of joy", her great grandchild, Francis B. Martínez would be ordained to the Catholic priesthood.

Now, I just have a few comments here about the story. Probably, if you are not too tired, you would like to hear them. You remember what the story said about Josefa, the mother of the captive boy, going on a mission to the south of the lava rock. She related to her family what she had done when she got to the place she was going to bury the statue. She knelt there before the rock and prayed, and in the midst of her prayers, she admonished the Virgin Mary, telling her "I have prayed and prayed, begging, asking for your divine clemency for the restoration of my son, but my prayers have not been heard. So now I am going to bury your blessed

child, the *Santo Niño de Atocha*. I am making him my prisoner, with the admonition that it will never see the light of day".

Her son never came back to her, so according to her warning, the statue remains a prisoner in darkness, that never again will it see the light of day. She told her family all that she had done on her mission, except one thing, the location of the hidden statue of the blessed child. She never told anyone. She never told her secret. She died and was buried and she took her secret to the grave.

Some people will think this is a religious superstition, but it ain't. When you consider, you know and everybody knows that mother's love cannot be measured in words. The love of the motherly mother has no bounds. What this poor mother did, the drastic steps that she took, the anguish almost staggers the imagination. When you consider that she made an attempt to force divine clemency that was to calm her agony and despair. By this you will know the desperate plight she was in. So that's the sad story that I told you about at the beginning. She died broken hearted and probably with only the consolation that she had captured the statue of the blessed child.

Now this boy was named Manuel de Atocha. I don't know what Atocha means, but of course you will recognize that many names were given to the holy child. The name Manuel, according to scripture means *dios con nosotros*. One thing you will remember from the poem, *Si me traes a mi tocayo, te llevaré muchos flores, durante el mes de mayo*. *Tocayo* means "the same name".



THE MYSTERY OF THE APPLE TREE



Josephine Córdova, grand-daughter of Juan Julian Martínez and María Josefa García. A teacher for forty years, Mrs. Córdova encouraged her children to write down the stories told by her mother, María de las Nieves. Photo Courtesy of the Arsenio Córdova family.

(Dedicated to Frank and Barbara Waters
and Josephine Cordova)

*The following story is excerpted from **Faces I Have Known**, Copyright 1993, by Kathryn M. Cordova, reprinted here by permission of the author. This excerpt is interesting because it updates several aspects of the Manuel de Atocha story as told by Mr. Esquipula Martínez in the preceding feature story of this issue of **Ayer y Hoy en Taos**. This is also a true account of events presented in the story involving the Córdova family, and Frank and Barbara Waters.*

Josephine basks in the rays of the sun that stream through the window of the car. Even though her posture is relaxed, her facial expressions reveal an air of puzzled thoughtfulness. "I wonder what Frank and Barbara want to talk about?" she questions her daughter-in-law.

"We'll find out soon enough," grins Kathryn. Josephine seldom desires to leave the comfort of her home now that she has given up driving. The eighty-three year old woman survived a teaching career of forty years, buried her husband several years ago, and enjoys phone calls and visits from friends and relatives. Her family often visits her, but only on a rare occasion does she venture from her home. It is even less common to hear her ask for a ride anywhere, even though the family promised her that someone would drive her whenever she wished. Today, on an extremely rare occasion, Kathryn answers Josephine's call to visit with the famous writer who, years ago, purchased Josephine's childhood home.

As the women ride along the narrow dirt road, they discuss the future of the area, especially regarding disputed land use between the Indian tribe and local residents. "What will they use for entrances and exits?"

"Some of the people have access to land on the other side of the community, but others don't," Kathryn answers.

"Well, I hope it gets resolved soon. If we would have held on to the house instead of selling it, we'd be in the same fix now. I feel sorry for these poor people. Maybe that's why Barbara called. I bet she and Frank want to talk about the situation."

Both women agree that Frank and Barbara would probably want to discuss the local road problem. They continue their journey up the road in silence for a short time. Then Kathryn's curiosity surfaces. "You know, as much as we've talked about the house in Arroyo Seco, I've never seen it. And to think that a famous author and his wife live there now, and we're going to see them. WOW! What was the house like?"

"When we owned it, the house was a three-room adobe dwelling, but Frank added to it. Even though he's had it for a long time, it still has char-

(Continued on page 10)

acter and strength, like my mother, its former owner. I know that when you see it, you'll love it. When we get there, the first thing I'm going to show you is the apple tree. We'll see that even before we get to the house."

"Was that the same apple tree you used to sit under when you were hiding from your mother so you wouldn't have to do any work?"

Josephine laughs animatedly. "Oh, you remember that story! Well, I'd hide, not so I'd get out of work, but to read. That's the thing I loved to do most. And my mother always found me....probably because I'd always be in the same place....reading, what else?"

After laughing, Kathryn asks, "Why did you keep picking the same hiding place?"

"Because I thought she'd figure I wouldn't be so dumb as to pick the same place over and over again, and therefore she wouldn't look there."

"And so that's the first place she looked?"

"Yes!" They laugh wholeheartedly, and enjoy the story so much that Josephine had to quickly blurt out, "There, turn left at this driveway."

"Sorry, but I didn't know where to turn. I've never been here before, remember?" Again more laughter.

As the pair enter the driveway entrance, Josephine becomes silent. Then, quietly says, "There are so many trees here now, I can't find the apple tree. Oh well, when we're leaving, I'll show you."

"Look, there's Frank," Kathryn tells her mother-in-law. "He's out sunning himself in that chair in the front yard, probably waiting for us. Let's park next to their car."

As Kathryn maneuvers her mid-size gray sedan to the parking area, Barbara comes out from a door at the side of the house. It was soon obvious to Josephine and Kathryn that both of them are very welcome guests.

As Barbara ushers them into the comfortable adobe home, she also offers to call Frank in from outside. As she does so, Kathryn observes the furnishings in the living room. The wood floor displays the natural, popular materials typical in old adobe homes. Large area rugs cover the floor, thus lending warmth to the room. Large windows on two sides of the room expose an outstanding view of the trees and mountains for which the El Salto area is well known. In a corner, the adobe, horno-style fireplace graces the room, adding to its simple elegance. Old, multi-patterned pieces of pottery top a table near the fireplace. Books line the shelves, covering nearly an entire wall. One shelf exhibits items important to Frank and Barbara, kachinas obtained from the Hopi land, and a bronze bust of the famous author. Paintings of landscapes complete the Southwestern decor of the wall area. Even though the living room is large, the couple furnishes it with comfortable upholstered chairs and a large couch situated closely to one another in a three-quarter circular arrangement. At the center of these furnishings, the hosts display a coffee table which might have been like most of the ones a person could purchase at a furniture store, except for its unique surface. A deep rectangular-shaped frame atop the table houses a collection of various pieces of Hopi pottery. A glass top protects the artifacts from damage. In this area of the large room, Frank and Barbara enjoy private conversations with their visitors, and in this very spot, Frank greets Josephine and Kathryn as his guests. The group exchanges pleasantries, and then Barbara relates a mysterious tale to her guests.

According to the story, Frank's niece Sally was visiting, and she was sleeping in the guest room in the back. One night, she awoke to see a vision of an elderly, dark-skinned woman dressed in dark colors, her head cov-

ered with a shawl. The figure stood in the hallway, directly in front of a large, deep, small-paned window. The wood surrounding the entire blue-paned window caused it to appear as though the woman was framed and centered in a large painting. The slender, graceful spirit stood at the same spot and looked around at the house. Then she turned to Sally and looked at her with a very penetrating gaze. Sally didn't move, but she didn't feel scared, either. Rather, she felt a sense of peacefulness. *What could she want?*

After gazing at Sally for a moment, the vision stretched out her left hand, beckoned the younger woman to come to her, motioning toward the direction of the patio. The younger woman remained in bed, but again wondered, *what could she want?*

Sally later related the incident to her aunt and uncle, Frank and Barbara. Barbara recalled that another guest in the room claimed to see a vision, this one of an empty baby crib hanging from the noose of a rope suspended from the ceiling. *Could the vision possibly mean that the previous owner of the house had lost an infant to death?*

Frank and Barbara both related Sally's tale to their next-door neighbors in the big two-story, old fashioned house. The neighbors, members of Josephine's family, decided the woman in the vision was the former owner of the house, Maria de las Nieves Martinez. The dead soul lost two infant sons to death many years prior to her own demise. the reason for the outstretched hand, they say, is her search for someone to offer Masses for her soul. *Could she have chosen Sally for this task?*

Josephine listens to this tale and agrees as to the possibility of her relatives' assessment of the situation. However, she also admits that the spirit could be that of one of her grandmothers, Josefa Garcia Martinez. Josefa, a former resident of the area, never lived in Frank's house. However, it is possible that she roams the El Salto area in search of a lost item.

According to oral family history, Apaches kidnapped eight year old Manuel de Atocha from his yard in Mora in 1867 where he played with a friend. His mother, Josefa Garcia Martinez, mourned her loss heavily. When her husband Juan Julian finally accepted the fact that young Manuel would never return, he moved the family to Taos in an effort to soothe his wife's wounds. Josefa in turn, became very easy prey for the travelling gypsies who swore they could help her find her lost son...for a fee, of course.

Out of desperation, the woeful mother bargained with the Blessed Mother. "As long as my son is captive, so shall yours be." She buried a statue of the Christ Child deep in the mountains of El Salto, never revealing where she buried it. Josefa died, still leaving the Christ Child's image captive.

In recent years, Josephine's oldest son traveled to Oklahoma City for a conference. There he told this very tale to a priest who, in turn, related a similar story of a gentleman who died at the age of 58. the deceased man's son, now 93 years of age, lives in a small town in Oklahoma. Josephine's son traveled to the small town, met the surviving son, and the two developed a correspondence. At present, both men try to find ways of proving the truth of the past. The question still remains: is the deceased man who eventually grew up and died among the Kiowa in Oklahoma really the lost son of Josefa and Juan Julian?

Is the spirit of the grieving Josefa seeking out someone to help her find the statue she has so long ago? Does this ghost know that her lost son has, indeed, been located through this surviving son?

Barbara suggests a third possible theory. By profession, she is a psychotherapist. In assisting others, Barbara tries to help people get out of their own egos by tapping into other energy fields. This process sometimes delves into nature and spiritual areas, a somewhat metaphysical idea. Her clients sometimes use the room where

Sally and another previous guest spotted the visions. *Is it possible that this particular wing of the house may contain released but peaceful spiritual forces?*

Prior to concluding the visit, Barbara serves Josephine and Kathryn imported spice tea and homemade cookies. Then, Josephine and Frank chat while Barbara shows Kathryn the rest of the home with its thick adobe walls, flagstone floors and comfortable, cozy charm. Throughout the rest of the visit, the nagging thought remains: *What is the real reason for the apparition?* The tour of the house concluded, Barbara and Kathryn rejoin Frank and Josephine, and Barbara broaches the subject. "Sally is willing to pay a Mass for your mother if you think that is appropriate."

Josephine agrees that a Mass is a good idea. Before walking out the door, Josephine asks, "By the way, is the apple tree still around? Does it still bear fruit? "

"Oh yes, delicious, juicy apples," comes the reply.

"Good. You know, that tree was tiny when Mother first moved here with us from Tres Piedras. I used to sit under it on a little bench. It's been bearing fruit for over fifty years. I'm glad it's still around."

Barbara walks the pair to the car. Following a short conversation, the guests attach the straps of their seat belts and silently head down the driveway that leads to El Salto Road. The women digest all the information discussed during the course of the afternoon.

What was the vision doing there at Frank and Barbara's house?

Just then, Josephine slips out of her reverie and speaks, "There are so many trees that I can't find my apple tree. Oh, well, just to know that it's still alive and bearing fruit makes me happy."

The women take one last glance over their shoulders to see the adobe house and the tree-lined drive in the background. As they turn right on the winding dirt road, Josephine and Kathryn wonder exactly what secrets the adobe house and the beloved apple tree really hold.



BOOK REVIEW



John Barkley Dawson: Pioneer, Cattleman, Rancher
by Delphine Dawson
Wilson,

Privately published in paperback by the Delphine Dawson Wilson Trust, 1997. Photos, Maps, 159 pages. Paper, available by mail from Dale Dawson, Trustee, Delphine Dawson Wilson Trust, 6730 Town View Court, San Diego, CA 92120. Price \$13, including postage and handling.

Here is a little gem that you won't find in the bookstores. If you are at all interested in the history of the Maxwell Grant, or the early settlers of Colfax County, or if you have ever visited the site of the town of Dawson or its cemetery containing all the burials of the big mine disasters at the big coal mine that was operated until the 1950's, you will want to get your hands on a copy of this book.

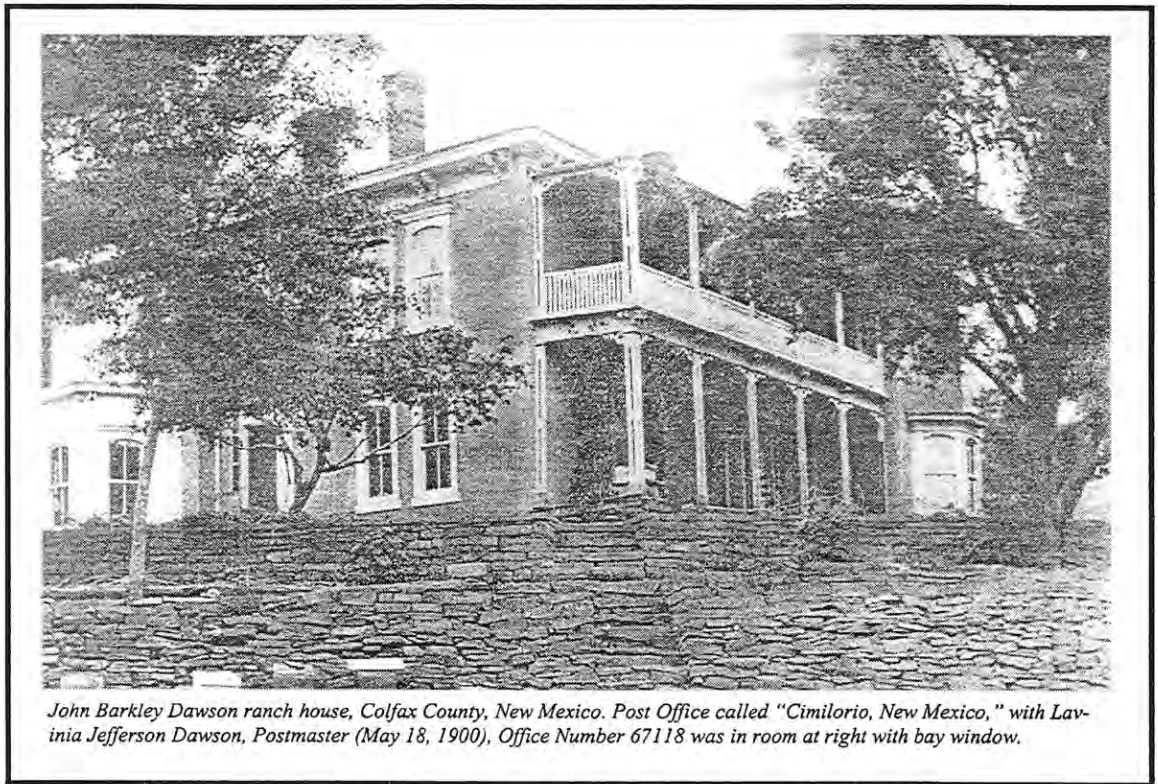
Delphine Dawson Wilson has pulled together a well researched and very polished tribute to her grandfather, who was born in Kentucky in 1830. John's parents moved the family to Missouri, then to Arkansas, and by 1853 had landed in Rough-and-Ready, an obscure town near present Grass Valley, California. They soon returned to Arkansas, and John began a career of buying cattle and driving them to locations all over the western U.S. for sale at a profit. He pioneered numerous trails in Texas, New Mexico, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Nevada, and California. Despite all these travels, Mrs. Wilson says "*John did not leave home! He took his home --his mother and father-- with him, all his long life. He lived with them, or they lived with him-- or close by. Nor were his mother and father the only family member to continue to live in the same neighborhood wherever John B. Dawson moved and lived. His sister, Henrietta and her husband, Joel Curtis; the Miller cousins; The de Graftenried cousins; and later, some of his in-laws and their families all came to live within hailing distance of each other.*"

In 1861, while in San Antonio, Texas he was walking down the street with his friend Tom Stockton,

"...when they heard someone playing a piano accompanied by a lovely voice, singing. "That was the prettiest music I ever heard" John would tell his grandchildren later." Taking his knife from his boot, with the direct impulse of a frontiersman, John pried a corner of the shuttered balcony window to see to whom the voice belonged. A beautiful young girl! And Tom Stockton's half-sister!"...

Edwena Stockton was 20 years old when she married John Barkley Dawson on September 1, 1861." A baby was born in December 1862, but unfortunately, a year later, Edwena died.

By 1860, Congress had affirmed Lucien Maxwell's title to the Beaubien and Miranda land grant, and Maxwell was busy entering contracts with various entities to develop and settle the enormous grant. In 1868, John Dawson, his brother-in-law Joel Curtis, and Taylor Maulding, married to a first cousin of Dawson, were able to contract for the upper watershed of the Vermejo River, approximately 100,000 acres. Dawson was able to put up cash for the entire tract, a welcome surprise to Maxwell who loved to strew gold pieces wherever he went. Dawson was given first choice, and selected five canyons on the lower part of the river. Immediately afterwards he traveled to Denver to search for a new wife, and not finding a suitable one there went back to Texas where he was married to Laura Stout, and they immediately traveled to the Vermejo, where they began to develop their homestead. After bearing two children, Laura was also taken by a fever, and *"....buried on a knoll in a*

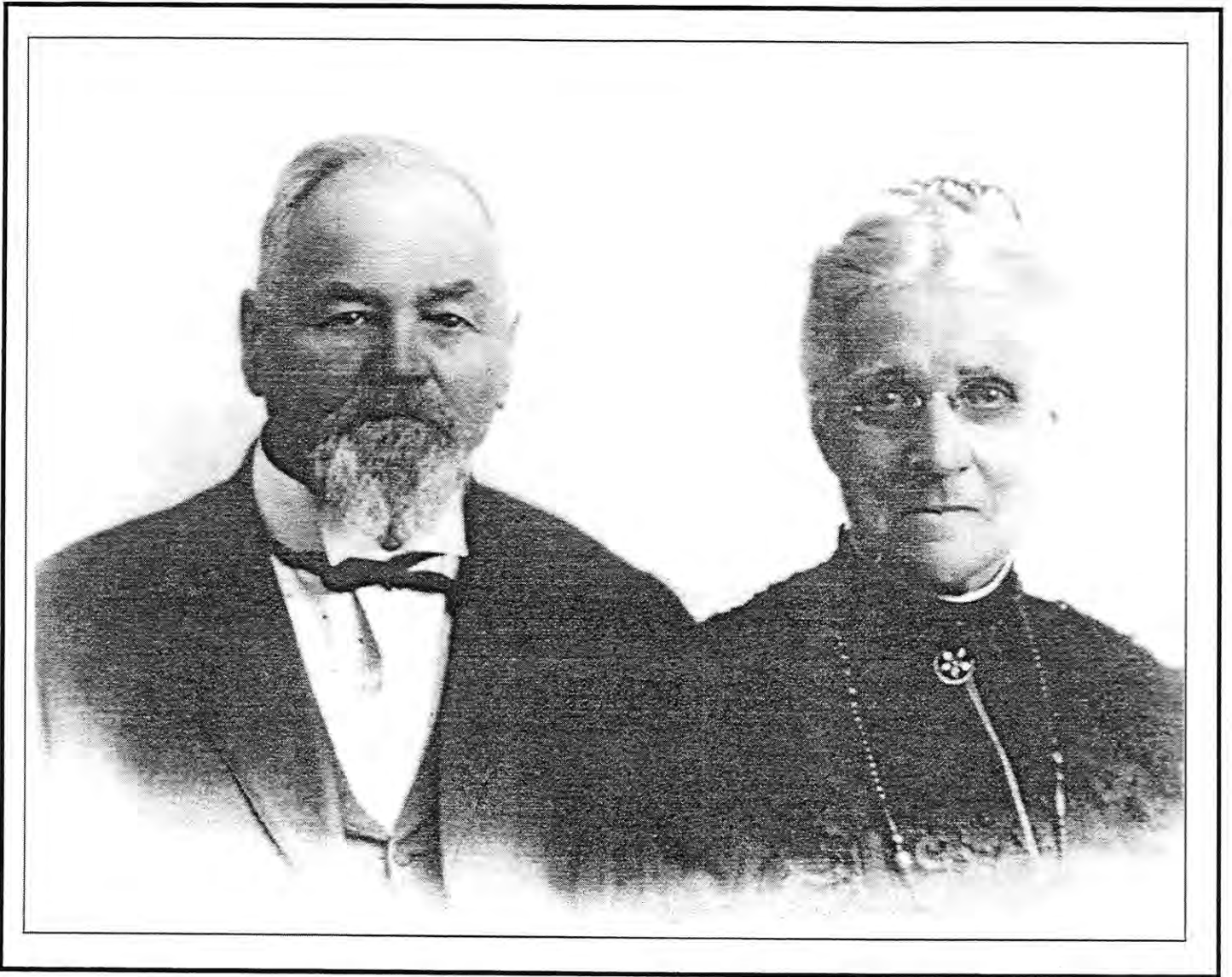


John Barkley Dawson ranch house, Colfax County, New Mexico. Post Office called "Cimilorio, New Mexico," with Lavinia Jefferson Dawson, Postmaster (May 18, 1900), Office Number 67118 was in room at right with bay window.

beautiful grove of piñon pine" in 1872.

Once again, seeking someone to marry in order for the children to have a mother, Dawson set out toward Trinidad, Colorado to talk to "a widdawumman" who had been recommended. On the stagecoach, he happened to find a Baptist magazine which contained an article written by a school-teacher in Iowa. So taken by her words, he got off the stage at the next stop and

immediately returned home to write to her. *"He wrote to Miss Lavinia Jefferson via the Baptist paper. He complimented the lady on her article, saying it fitted his sentiments perfectly. He described himself forthrightly, giving his age and his health. He told her of his substantial position, and of his "motherless children. "He said he was an honorable man and would like to meet her.....Lavinia answered the letter carefully. Convention prescribed a year of waiting after one's wife died. If he would wait a year, yes, he could come to meet her."*



John Barkley and Lavinia Dawson

John Dawson waited eleven months. "Perhaps he received permission to travel to Iowa, for he left the Vermejo in May of 1873 -- school was out..... They were married in Middletown, Iowa on May 28th, 1873..... Within a few years, the Dawsons and their extended family would be well known and highly thought of throughout the (New Mexico) territory and beyond."

The extended families continued to grow and prosper. " Living on or near the Vermejo were some 24 cousins, in-laws and their families, two sets of parents, John's sister Henrietta and her husband Joel Curtis. John Dawson's business enterprises provided the main financial support for

all these families. Beyond the immediate kinfolk, John's industry contributed to the economies of several other families, including the Chases and the Taylor Mauldings." Lavinia and John had 5 children. A beautiful two story ranch house was built, orchards were planted, a dairy was started, and the cattle business boomed.

Meanwhile, a situation continued to develop based on Maxwell's sale of the entire Maxwell (Beaubien and Miranda) land grant to the Maxwell Grant and Railway Company. In the sale, Maxwell failed to adequately describe the tracts of land that he had sold, given away, or allowed to be occupied by "settlers" and miners. Controversies immediately

arose, vigilante groups were formed, violence began, and lawsuits were filed." *Maxwell himself was heart-broken when he began to experience the results of what he had done. He could have cleared up all the controversies by verbal testimony in court. Instead, he withdrew in sorrow, and died in 1875.*" In 1891 a suit was filed by the Company to eject Dawson and his family from their ranches. The two trials, and events following this are described in detail by Mrs. Wilson. Eventually, based primarily on the completely unassailable testimony of Dawson and his family, title to the disputed land was confirmed. About this time, interest in rich coal deposits in the area began to increase, and in 1896 the Dawsons agreed to sell their mineral interest. Soon a townsite was being developed and coal mining began in earnest on the Dawson ranch.

In June of 1891 the Dawson family traveled to NW Colorado for a leisurely vacation and to look over land in that area. They liked what they saw, and the remainder of the book is about their happy life in the Yampa Valley. In their final years, they moved to Los Angeles, where John B. Dawson died in 1918, and Lavinia in 1923.

—R. Danby Fillmore



El Camino Real de Taos, Continued From Winter 2000 Issue

For reasons of space in our Winter 2000 issue, we were unable to include the bibliographic references and acknowledgments in Peter Mackaness's carefully researched paper on the Camino Real de Taos. The paper is incomplete without these references, so they are hereby appended.

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