

AYER Y HOY en TAOS

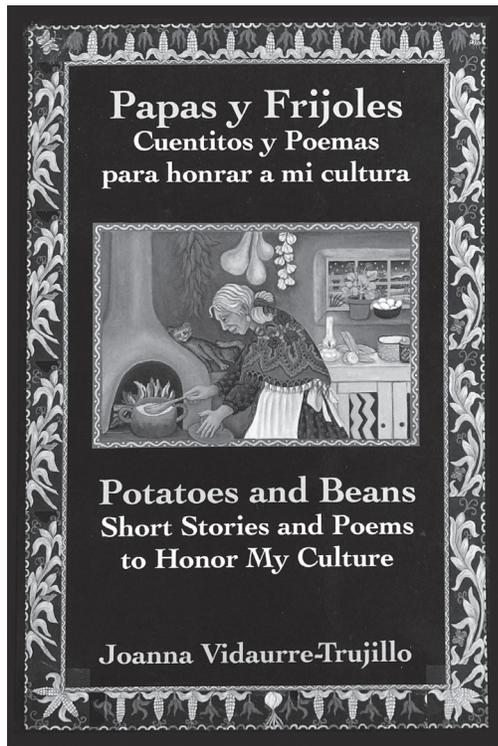
Yesterday and Today in Taos County and Northern New Mexico

Summer 2021

Issue #50

El Dialecto De Mi Pueblo (The Spanish Dialect Of My Village)

by Joanna Vidaurre-Trujillo



Time To Get Back To Our "Normal" Lives

by Dave Cordova



El Borreguero

by Juan Andres Vargas



The Adobe Churches of NM Dust to Dust, or Revival

by John L. Kessell

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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 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 distributed to all members of the Taos County Historical Society as a benefit of membership.

Editor

Dave Cordova

The Taos County Historical Society is a New Mexico non-profit 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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A Message from the TCHS President Ernestina Cordova

Dear Friends and Members,

Half the year is behind us, and the rest of 2021 brings us the hope of seeing the end of the pandemic and a resumption of normal activities. It has been a challenging year and we have experienced a lot of changes. Some good and some bad. The worst, the loss of some of our local businesses that could not weather the pandemic, closed. We all know how difficult it is for them.

I, personally, want to thank you, our members, for all the support that you have given us through the years, especially through the trying times of the pandemic. We depend on your membership dues to stay afloat. And I want to thank my board of directors for their continued hard work of the Society and for staying the course.

Through the first six-months of 2021, still under the pandemic, we were able to continue our lecture series with zoom meetings. We never gave up, so our members could enjoy our presentations. We had our annual meeting this past February, and the same officers and board members were retained. Our Speaker, Jacquelyn Chase, spoke on her memories of “Growing up in Taos.” In March, we marked the beginning of our lectures with the presentation of “Over the Santa Fe Trail to Mexico,” by Joy L. Poole. In April, “Reflection on Three Trails,” by Rick Hendricks. And in June, “Star of David on the Santa Fe Trail” by Naomi Sandweiss.

For July, we are glad that we are finally Honoring and Commemorating the 50th Anniversary of the Return of Blue Lake to Taos Pueblo, which was originally planned for our Honoree Luncheon in 2020. Our featured speakers at the Luncheon will be Vernon Brown, grandson of Paul Bernal and Rick Romancito, retired Taos News Tempo Editor.

We will resume lectures in person starting August 07, 2021 at Kit Carson Board Room at 2:00 pm. "Shedding Light on the Santa Fe Mysterious Female Traveler of 1835 Marie-Felicik St. Vrain" by Christine St. Vrain Fischahs.

Remember our mission is dedicated to the recording and preserving of the irreplaceable in Taos County. We preserve the culture and traditions of Taos; without our culture or traditions, we have no soul. “Culture and Traditions.” Passed from generation to generation within a society, observed in the present and preserved for the future.

*Ernestina Cordova, President
Taos County Historical Society*



EL DIALECTO DE MI PUEBLO (The Spanish Dialect of my Village)

by Joanna Vidaurre-Trujillo

Me creé en el Llano de San Juan Nepomuceno en lo alto de las montañas Sangre de Cristo del norte de Nuevo México.

En este hermoso valle, asentado al sur de Taos, pasé los mejores años de mi vida escuchando y aprendiendo la lengua materna de mis seres queridos que me rodeaban en aquella época de mi niñez. Esta riqueza lingüística única la he logrado captar, para compartirla con todo el mundo, en un conjunto de poemas y cuentos cortos publicados en mi libro, “Papas y Frijoles (Potatoes and Beans), cuentitos y poemas para honrar a mi cultura.”

La lengua española llegó a lo que hoy es el norte de Nuevo México con los pobladores que vinieron con don Juan de Oñate y Salazar en el 1598. A través de los años, la lengua fue desarrollándose en una región aislada del resto del mundo hispanohablante.

Los descendientes de los pobladores hemos vivido en esas tierras por generaciones conversando en el dialecto regional. Sin embargo, hoy día el inglés predomina en las generaciones más jóvenes, y temo que nuestra lengua corre el riesgo de desaparecer por completo. El historiador nuevo mexicano, Marc Simmons, lo dijo mejor en un artículo que se publicó en el Nuevo Mexicano de Santa Fe en el 2013:

I was raised in Llano de San Juan Nepomuceno high in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains of northern New Mexico.

In this beautiful valley, situated south of Taos, I spent the best years of my life listening and learning the mother tongue of my family and loved ones who surrounded me during my childhood. I have captured this unique linguistic richness, to share with the entire world, in a collection of poems and short narratives published in my book, “Potatoes and Beans (Papas y Frijoles), Short Stories and Poems to Honor my Culture.”

The Spanish language arrived in what is today northern New Mexico with the colonists who came with Juan de Oñate y Salazar in 1598. Through the years, the language developed in a region isolated from the rest of the Spanish-speaking world.

The descendants of the colonists have lived in those lands for generations conversing in the regional dialect. However, today the English language prevails in the younger generations and I am afraid that our language is at risk of dying out. The New Mexican historian, Marc Simmons, said it best in an article published in the Santa Fe New Mexican in 2013:

I've always considered the variant of the Spanish language spoken in northern New Mexico to be one of our country's great cultural treasures. The local speech is rich in pronunciations and vocabulary that are unique, having evolved in place over more than 400 years. I find especially fascinating those regional words whose meanings are closely connected to our history. Sadly, our New Mexican Spanish is slipping away. Many young people do not speak it at all. Once lost, this treasure will be impossible to recover.

Simmons, Marc. “Trail Dust: Old New Mexico Spanish Words Fading Away.” Santa Fe New Mexican (May 17, 2013).

This colloquial language which allows me to express myself in my own voice, without mincing words, is composed of the following (*Este lenguaje coloquial que me permite escribir a mi manera, sin pelos en la lengua, se compone de lo siguiente*):

Arcaisms, vocabulary from Colonial-era Spanish. (*Arcaísmos, vocabulario del español de la época Colonial*):

peas = alberjón
I saw = vide
dress (n.) = túnico
blouse = cuerpo
bed = camalta
gypsies = turcas

Words with Arabic roots. (*Palabras con raíces árabes*):

sheriff = alguacil
pillow = almohada
mayor = alcalde
ditch = acequia
mud brick = adobe

Words derived from Indigenous languages. (*Palabras derivadas de lenguas indígenas*):

tub = cajete
grasshopper = chapulin
coffee grounds = cunques
string = mecate
straw grass = popote

corn cob = jololote
wild spinach = quelites
rattlesnake weed = coyaye

Mexicanisms, words from the language of México. (*Mexicanismos, palabras del español de México*):

child, kid = chamaco
bowl = charola
friend = cuate
blond = güero
lip = jeta
tea kettle = pato
dishes = trastes

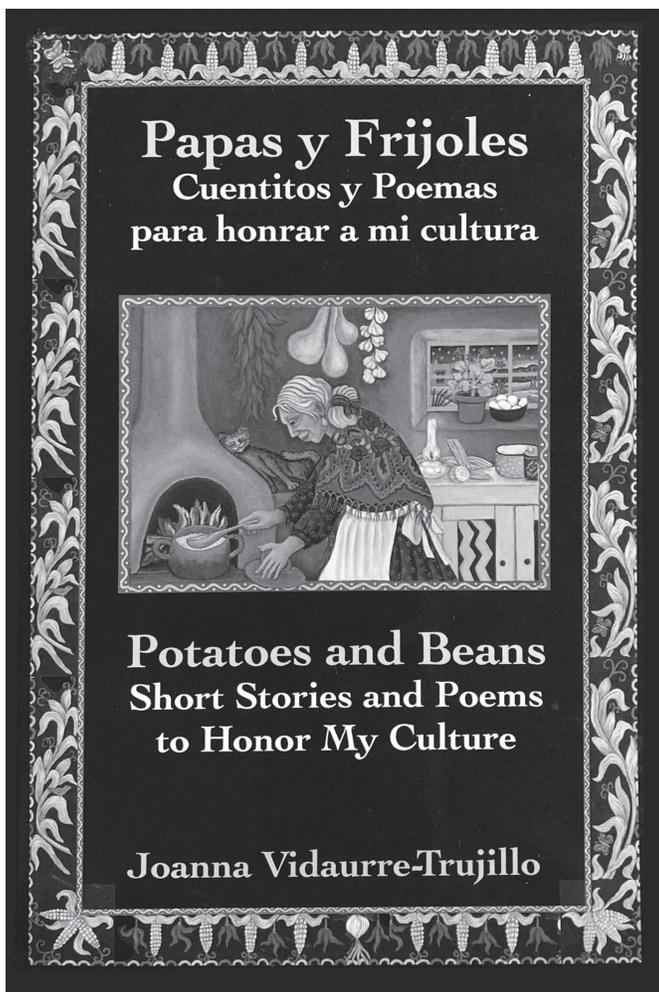
word to express surprise = ¡hijole!

Pachuquismos, the language of the Chicano zoot-suiter. (*Pachuquismos, el lenguaje de los Pachucos*):

a pistol shot = cuetazo
thief = jambo
my old man = mi jefito
mi ruca = my wife
jail = el bote

Words and expressions that are very familiar in northern New Mexico. (*Palabras y expresiones muy familiares en el norte de Nuevo México*):

a sty on the eyelid = chile de perro
gum = chíquete



About the book

This collection of poems and short stories is presented to the reader in the traditional northern New Mexico Spanish of my youth. The language, which is in fact a dying dialect, is simple, comprehensible and unadorned. Each poem and short story is a depiction of a particular moment, either real or imagined, of a distant past. The subject matters are diverse. They cover family, friendship, challenges, faith, wisdom of experience, strong work ethic, women with gumption, self-sufficiency and survival, birth, marriage, death and the deep-rooted belief, *brujería*, witchcraft.

About the author

Joanna Vidaurre-Trujillo was born in Embudo, New Mexico, and raised in the Cuchilla Pelada in the upper end of Llano de San Juan Nepomuceno, a small agricultural village situated thirty miles south of Taos, New Mexico. As the daughter of a native northern New Mexican mother and a Mexican father, she proudly embraces her mixed racial heritage. Joanna is a graduate of Peñasco High School. Years later, as a non-traditional student, she graduated magna cum laude with a Bachelor of Arts in Education and a Master's degree in Guidance and Counseling from New Mexico Highlands University. After years of service in the public schools, she is happily retired and concurrently working on another collection of stories based on her late mother's memories of times gone by. Joanna is committed to writing to preserve the dying dialect of her beloved Llano de San Juan Nepomuceno. You can contact her with questions, comments, constructive criticism, suggestions or *mitote* at:

lacuchillapelada54@gmail.com.

www.papasyfrijoles.com

sarcastic remarks = chifletas
 baking soda = salarata
 baking power = espanda
 wobbly = pinga
 rosehips = champes
 horsefly = tábano
 brat = morronga
 stomach = estógamo

Hispanicized words from the English language.
 (*Espanglish, palabras contaminadas con el inglés*):

the dump = el dompe
 shampoo = champú
 peanuts = pinates
 magazine = magasin
 Velvet tobacco = vélvete
 chalk or shock = choque
 high school = jaiscul
 flunk = flonquear

The following words from standard Spanish have a completely different meaning in the dialect spoken in my community. (*Las siguientes palabras del español formal tienen un significado completamente distinto en el dialecto hablado en mi comunidad.*)

Averiguar (to find out)

I'm going to find the origin of the Spanish language.
Voy a averiguar el origen de la lengua española.

Dialecto: Averiguar (to argue)

My neighbor argued with me that my dog buried a bone in her yard.
Mi vecina averiguó que mi perro enterró un güeso en su jardín.

bolillo (bread roll)

She ate a bread roll with butter.

Ella se comió un bolillo con mantequilla.

Dialecto: Bolillo (rolling pin)

The rolling pin rolled to the floor.

Se cayó el bolillo en el suelo.

Broma (to joke)

Chendito can't take a joke.

El Chendito no sabe aguantar una broma.

Dialecto: Broma (a difficulty)

What a bad situation! My car broke down last night.

¡Qué broma! Se me quebró el carro anoche.

Común (common)

You and I have nothing in common.

Tú y yo no tenemos nada en común.

Dialecto: Común (outhouse)

Those bad kids locked the outhouse door.

Esos malvados nos atrancaron la puerta del común.

Relajar (to relax)

Sit back and relax.

Siéntate y relájate.

Dialecto: Relajar (to embarrass)

¡Qué relaje! La mestra me relajó en l'escuela.

How embarrassing! The teacher embarrassed me at school.

EL BORREGUERO

by Juan Andres Vargas

The following is a tribute to my father, Juan Andres Vargas, Sr. who, like many men from Northern New Mexico, and Taos in particular, earned his living as a migrant sheepherder. As a young man, I spent two summers with him and two thousand sheep, five horses and two dogs in the Caribou National Forest in Idaho. This is what he taught me about herding sheep and tending camp.

My father, one of many Taos area men, was recruited by large sheep ranches in Rock Springs, Kemmerer, and Cokeville, Wyoming. Ranches in Utah, Idaho and California recruited a large number of Basques from northern Spain, and in more recent times, from South America. This historical phenomenon remains of interest to storytellers and historians. Many still wonder why Taos came to provide so many herders to these ranches. The answer may be found in the historical need for Taos area men to earn their livelihoods as migrant workers. Sheepherding, picking potatoes, or picking fruit. These resourceful men learned the intricacies of herding sheep, which are not indigenous to the Americas, then to ply the craft for gainful employment.

It is well known that sheep were brought to the Americas after 1492 by colonizing Spaniards. I theorize that the ancient Basques from the Pyrenees, of northern Spain, domesticated mountain sheep centuries before, and when, in the 1600s, the Spanish Crown authorized exploration and colonization of lands north of the seat of government in Mexico City, it was those settlers who brought the first sheep, oxen, mules (machos), horses & burros to the New World.

Years after settlements were established along the Rio Grande, from El Paso to San Luis, Colorado, the Spanish Crown gave grants of land to individuals for their own or their community's use. Larger parcels of common lands, usually in mountains, were granted to the citizens of these land-based communities for their sustenance, and to ensure their existence, as well as a continuation of paying into the coffers of the Spanish Crown. Common lands were used by the community to pasture their livestock and obtain their firewood and lumber to construct their homes and corrals. For sustenance, settlers had deer, elk, bear, turkey and grouse, which at the time were plentiful.

Sheep will separate into small herds and need to be tended, protected from predators and overseen by a person knowledgeable in the ways of sheep. Sheep's wool and skins were used to make clothing, and their meat provided ample protein for the settlers, many of whom became skilled at sheepherding. After the 1846 US war against Mexico and fulfillment of its hegemonic Manifest Destiny, US legal machinations and individual fraudulent acquisition resulted in the dispossession of many of the land grants and subsequent impoverishment of many of these land-based communities. The lands fell under the ownership and administration of Spanish Land Grants by the Bureau of Land Management or the United States Forest Service. By gradually imposing ever more burdensome regulations and fees, administrative policies resulted in the death knell to the sheep industry and the loss of a labor force of herders.

Raising sheep in New Mexico was still the largest industry during the first part of the twentieth century. Some families

in Taos were able to maintain large herds until the 1960s, paying nominal fees to the US Forest Service for summer pastures for their thousands of head of sheep.

Many Taos families raised sheep commercially and maintained large herds until ever more stringent regulations rendered sheep ranching commercially unfeasible. The families of Teodoro Martinez, Hipolito and Tito Montoya and Blas and Eli Chavez from Los Cordovas, were all big producers of wool and meat. A wonderful documentary, "And Now Miguel," filmed in the early 1950s by the US Information Agency, shown all over the world, tells the story of the Chavez family and the coming of age of Miguel Chavez and his first trip to the Sangre de Cristo Mountains (La Serna Land Grant) with the herd. After Blas, the patriarch of the family, sold his

herd, Miguel didn't follow his family's sheep herding tradition. Instead, he became a successful Spanish Colonial furniture maker. His uncle Eli was the last of the Chavez family to maintain a small herd. He grazed it daily in the sagebrush on the outskirts of Los Cordovas, where I would join him to talk and enjoy a smoke of *punche*.

VAMOS A LA BORREGA

Herding sheep is a lonely, and sometimes dangerous, occupation, but despite these factors, it was common for men from Northern New Mexico to travel to Wyoming to work as sheepherders and camp tenders to support their families. My father made an almost yearly sojourn, especially during lambing season, working in the large sheep ranches in Cokeville, Kemmerer or Rock Springs, Wyoming. He would have my sister call John Dayton, the co-owner of Covey and Dayton, to inquire whether they needed a herder or camp tender; other times, he would be contacted by a jobber/headhunter named Leo Gonzalez, hired by the ranches to recruit sheepherders. The bus fare to Denver and train fares were pre-paid by the ranch owners. Almost every spring during the lambing season, my father, unable to find work as a laborer, would hire out as a sheepherder or camp tender.

We always recognized the signs. We would come home from school and find a large canvas tarp spread out on the porch and my father preparing his *cama* (bed), his clothing, shoes, toiletries and bedding, and tying it expertly with rope. We didn't know about sleeping bags then, or if my father did, he could not have afforded the cost of such a convenient luxury.

My father did not herd sheep during winters after he was lost in a blizzard and suffered frostbite in his fingers. He related his story to me. After an argument in camp, and to avoid further confrontation, my father dressed up and left to go check on the sheep. A blinding blizzard struck, and he could not tell in which direction the wagon was located. The only thing he could do was to keep walking so he walked all night. At one point he found a culvert and cut sagebrush and made a fire to warm himself. He was about to fall asleep, but knew that he would freeze, so he put out the fire and started walking again. He walked until morning, when, simply by luck, he came to a highway and was picked up by two ranchers and taken to Rock Springs. They couldn't believe he had survived the blizzard. They told him it was the coldest night in years. After that harrowing experience, he only worked winters feeding cattle in the Kansas feed lots.

"No hay tonto que coma lumbre."
There is no fool that will eat fire.
Juan Andres, Sr.

LAMBING

After my first semester at the University of New Mexico, I made arrangements for my father to ask his boss, John Dayton, if I could be his camp tender for the summer, and they hired me on. I took the train from Albuquerque. Upon my arrival in Cokeville, I called the ranch, and the foreman picked me up and drove me to the ranch. My father was lambing, the foreman told me, and I was to select a horse and tack. Not knowing much about horses, I selected the most beautiful one from a large herd. The foreman offered me a rifle, and I selected a 30-30 Winchester with a broken front sight, and a box of shells. We loaded my tack and the horse and drove to where my father was lambing.

I had never seen such a great number of sheep, nor heard the bleating of thousands of lambs and their mothers each calling for each other. After the foreman unloaded the horse, my two boxes of books, my suitcase, tack and rifle and scabbard, I saw my father walking towards the sheep wagon. He carried two lambs by their hind legs, one in each hand. When I got to the trailer, he had placed the lambs in a bin lined with sheepskin near the wood burning stove to keep them warm, and was bottle feeding them with the colostrum he had milked from various ewes. My father's eyes teared when he saw me, and we embraced. I don't know what he thought at that moment, maybe that his son was following in his footsteps, just like he had in his father's.

He asked whether I had selected a horse. "Let's go see it," he said. I showed him the beautiful horse, but he said, "No, mi hijo! You can't take this horse into the mountains, it will kill you. It doesn't know how to step in the mountains, it's just green broke. Come over here, I'll show you a horse that knows all about the mountains and can be used as a pack horse or saddle. I first met this horse ten years ago, the first time I came here, so I call him 'El Viejo.' He knows how to step in the woods and on rocky trails and he won't spook and throw you off. The only thing you can't ever do," my father cautioned, "is let the reins loose. He will take off! He knows how to drag the reins on the side so that he doesn't step on them and hurt his mouth. I know this because when I found him, he had left the herder on foot, and had travelled miles, saddle and all, trailing the reins."

So El Viejo became my saddle horse for the summer, and a good one he was. I arrived near the end of lambing season with herders overseeing the birth of thousands of lambs, twenty-four hours a day, and intervening in difficult births. Some ewes reject their lambs; those become orphans and have to be bottle-fed colostrum so that the natural immunities of the mother's milk protect the lamb and ensure survival. Sometimes I saw my father catch the mother who rejected her lamb and tie her down, allowing the lamb to suckle first milk and thus have a better chance of survival. At other times, the herder would catch a ewe and milk her and then bottle-feed the orphans. When a lamb died, my father would artfully skin it and carefully drape its skin on an orphan lamb, presenting it to the ewe whose lamb had died. The ewe would smell the skin of her dead lamb and think that it was her lamb. The skin of the dead lamb would eventually fall off, but by then, the lamb had a mother and bonded. This trick worked most of the time.

Before the ewes and their lambs were herded to the high sierras for their summer pastures, the male lambs were castrated and their tails cut off to prevent infection. The castration involved herders picking up the lamb by its hind legs, turning it upside down and placing it on a log. The worker doing the castration would slice off the tip of the testicle sack, then squeeze the testicles between his two forefingers with both hands, pull out the testicles with his teeth, and spit them on a huge pile of tails and testicles.

When the lambing was done, the thousands of ewes and their lambs were run through a chute and the mother and her lamb were marked with the same number. The larger herd would be divided into herds of two thousand, the number allotted into each section of the Forest Service, and each herd would then be ready to head off to their respective

allotment in Wyoming, Montana or Idaho. A few days after I arrived at my father's sheep wagon, we packed our stuff on our three packhorses. With our two thousand sheep, and our two dogs driving and keeping the herd intact, we saddled up and rode for three days to the Caribou National Forest in Idaho.

Each day, we woke before daylight, made breakfast, and then packed the horses for travel. We started out at daybreak and continued all day until we made camp, unpacking the horses, feeding the dogs, and raising the tent. Then we made dinner, hobbled the horses for them to graze all night, and tied one of the horses so that we could catch the others the next morning. We collapsed in a sleep of the dead until dawn the next morning.

After three exhausting and saddle-sore days on the dusty trail, we finally arrived at the US Forest boundary gate of the Caribou National Forest. The Forest Ranger met us to count the sheep entering the forest. I was tasked with holding the barbwire gate wide enough for the sheep to run through one or two at the time to facilitate their counting. To this day, I don't know how they managed to keep track of the count. I recall them holding two hands up, apparently counting by tens, and keeping tally with rosary-like beads. In any event, I was so saddle sore, the insides of my thighs rubbed raw, and so exhausted that I fell asleep standing up, holding the gate while two thousand sheep sped through the narrow opening. I was awakened by my father's yelling as he galloped up, "Andres, wake up, I'm already a half a mile into the canyon." I closed the barbwire gate, untied the three pack horses and in extreme pain, mounted my horse, ponying the three and galloping off to catch up to my dad and the herd.

My father had a fine sense of humor. When apropos to a situation, he would tell a joke (really a parable) like the time we were having lunch and he told me that my falling asleep holding the gate reminded him of a guy from Taos who had found a job in Wisconsin operating a conveyer belt. He started daydreaming about what his friends back in Taos would think of him operating the conveyer belt and he fell asleep and fell on the conveyer and was promptly fired. My dad asked, "Did you go to Taos, like that guy?"

Another time while I was cooking lamb he asked me, "*Te gusta quidar borregas?*" (*Do you like looking after sheep?*). I just shrugged my shoulders indicating that I didn't know and he told me that it looked like I liked looking after sheep in the skillet! He then proceeded to tell me another story of a man who stopped by a sheep ranch looking for work. The workers told him that they needed sheepherders, and the man replied that he didn't know how to herd sheep. He was advised that if the boss asked him, to simply say that if one was present then all were present. The boss didn't ask him, but simply gave him two thousand sheep and sent him off to the mountains. Fifteen days later, the boss drove up with supplies. Finding a ewe tied to a tree next to the tent, he asked about the rest of the herd. The man replied, "I don't know, I was told that if one is present, the others are also present and if you like my work, bring me another herd."

That herder was promptly fired.

My father said that, in his style of herding, the horse and dogs are what earned a good sheepherder's modest paycheck. A good herder must be willing to arise before dawn, have his *campero* build a fire in the camp stove, and, while his coffee is brewing, fetch and saddle a horse. After a cup or two of coffee, he would ride off toward where he had directed the herd to bed down the previous evening. If the herder found that a small herd or two had splintered off, he would bring them scurrying back to the herd with a loud yell or send the dogs off to bring them back to the main herd. If the herder arrived late, the herd would invariably have started grazing in all directions. He would have to ride in a wide circle around the perimeter of the herd, looking for tracks of wandering sheep, and if found, herding them back to the main herd. If he arrived while the sheep had barely started grazing, sitting

on his horse from a vantage point where he could observe the entire herd, he would count his markers to determine if the herd was complete. The markers were any number of the black-faced sheep, or those sheep that he recognized as leaders that would lead groups away from the main herd. Other sheep that tended to lead others astray were fitted with cowbells, and still others served as markers with distinguishing markings or identifiable characteristics, a long tail, or a peculiar gait. After careful observation, satisfied that all the markers were present and the size of the herd seemed correct, he would direct the herd in the direction he wanted them to graze. Only then would he return to camp for breakfast and turn his horse loose to graze with the other horses and feed the dogs.

By the time he arrived back at camp, the camp tender (*el campero*) would have his breakfast of thick slices of bacon cut from a slab, eggs, potatoes, fresh tortillas, refried beans, chile and sourdough pancakes and coffee. After breakfast, the *campero's* chores were to wash dishes, gather and chop a pile of wood. At around two or three o'clock I accompanied my father to ride out into the high mountains to check the herd and again gauge the size of the herd, count the markers, then direct them toward a high spot where they might bed down for the night.

My father did not believe in moving camp regularly. He had worked as a camp tender for an eccentric herder who was afraid of letting the sheep graze up in the mountain out of his sight, so he kept them grazing around the tent. This required the *campero* to move camp every day. It was a lot of work, daily packing and then unpacking three horses and setting up a new camp every day. My father, on the other hand, would not move camp more than one or twice during the summer. He preferred to let the herd graze undisturbed in lush green valleys and meadows high up in the Caribou.

With each passing day, the distance from our camp to where the sheep were grazing became longer and harder on both the herder and the horses and dogs, but it resulted in fat sheep for which John Dayton rewarded my father with a bonus. My father and I stayed at the first campsite for almost the entire summer, and only moved camp once toward the end of the grazing season. We moved to the highest point in the allotment where there was a large boulder and a spring and one could look down directly into Soda Springs, Georgetown, Montpelier and, far off to the left, Bear Lake.

HORSES & DOGS

Shepherders have to be equestrians and know about horses and dogs, which, my father said, are the ones that earn our paycheck. Farrier tools and horseshoes were part of our gear. Three horses served as packhorses, which carried all our food, clothing, bedding, stove, tent, shovel, axe, farrier tools, and my two boxes of books. The camp tender had to know how to saddle the horses, pack them and unpack them and tie the loads correctly so the loads would not slide off on the mountain trails. One also had to know where and how to set up camp. It was not easy work. My father was an intelligent man, with an incredible memory. If my father had been present when a lamb was born, he could identify it among the thousands of crying mothers and lambs, its mother and the lamb by its particular bleating.

It was hard work. The camp tender had to get up every morning before the herder and have a roaring fire and his coffee ready. He was also required to fetch and saddle the herder's horse. However, that part was mere power play. Most herders didn't have to ride anywhere, since the sheep were within walking distance of the tent. My father, on the other hand, had learned from his father and had become knowledgeable about the habits of sheep. He was not afraid to let them graze miles away from the camp. That was why we only moved camp twice that summer.

THE LONELINESS OF THE SHEEPHERDER

During the entire three months in the mountains, I rarely saw other people. Once in a while we would visit other herders from Taos in adjoining allotments, and every ten days I rode down to where we had entered the Caribou and waited for a rancher passing by. I would ask them to take our grocery list and letters to our loved ones and request that Mr. Dayton send money to my Mom. The grocery list always included a slab of bacon, ten pounds of potatoes, onions, carrots, flour, lard, peanut butter, black strap molasses, four dozen eggs, canned milk, corn flakes, cans of Prince Albert or Velvet tobacco or bags of Bull Durham for our nasty smoking addictions. Only when I returned on a set date to pick up our groceries would I see someone from the ranch, and have the chance to visit for a few minutes.

My Dad, of course, didn't see anyone, and we were both eager to see other people, especially if they were from Taos. Since my father was not afraid to let the sheep graze untended for extended periods during the day, one memorable day, my Dad and I planned to visit another herder named Belarmino Archuleta, who, along with his *campero* Rugelio Martinez, was in an adjoining allotment. Both men were from Ranchos. My Dad had also worked in that allotment in the Caribou, and he knew their approximate location at that particular time of the season.

As agreed, we arose earlier than usual the next day. After a hearty breakfast we rode up the mountain, checked and found the herd intact, then, with the help of the dogs, headed the herd in a direction that would allow us to intercept the herd on the way back from our visit that evening. We rode for many miles, and, as we approached the sheep camp, my father observed that Belarmino was the kind of herder who kept the sheep grazing near the tent and moved camp daily.

We were all happy to meet; my Dad introduced me to Belarmino and his camp tender Rugelio Martinez. We talked about many interesting things and made a wonderful noonday meal of tortillas, beans, red chili and lamb ribs, after which we took a short nap under a *ponderosa*. During lunch, Rugelio Martinez said that he had an older and very eccentric brother who was also working as a herder for Mr. John Dayton in another allotment. The brother insisted on being alone without a *campero* as he couldn't stand to be around anyone. The following weekend Belarmino and Rugelio visited us and again we enjoyed each other's company.

A week or so later, when we next visited Belarmino, we found out that lightning had killed Rugelio's eccentric brother. Rugelio had returned to Taos with the remains of his brother, and Jesus Gutierrez from Ranchos de Taos was his replacement. During a wonderful lunch of *costillitas*, tortillas and beans, Belarmino filled us in on the details. When Rugelio's brother failed to arrive at the designated place on the remote mountain road for his food, the range rider and another cowboy were sent out the next day to determine why he did not pick up his supplies. Scavengers—crows, vultures and magpies—circling the remains signaled where the body was. By the time they found him, the coyotes, vultures and crows and ravens and magpies had gnawed a lot of his body, as well as the remains of the horse and dogs. The sheep had to be gathered, too, as they were scattered all over. After they found the body, the next day the foreman brought Rugelio's replacement, Jesus Gutierrez from Ranchos de Taos, and took Rugelio back to Cokeville to accompany his brother's remains to Ranchos. Years later, I asked my father about Rugelio. He said he heard that he had been shot and killed in a bar fight in Rock Springs, Wyoming; Rugelio was a short stocky guy who liked to drink and fight.

DUTIES OF THE CAMPERO

I was acting camp tender, and relied on my father to patiently teach me all about the job. My Dad was also a cook and had worked in his brother Martin's restaurants in Taos, and I was most grateful that he

taught me how to cook our favorite dishes. I learned how to make tortillas, sopapillas, sourdough bread; I made leg of lamb and lamb stew in a Dutch Oven buried in a hole covered with wet gunny sack and dirt. Brown gravy, red chili, sourdough starter from the fermented milk I had brought from the ranch, and the sourdough pancakes we savored every morning were all dishes I learned to cook during those summers in the Caribou. (Years later, my brother told me that, when my father came home that winter, he told my mom that I made better tortillas than she did. She promptly threw the tortillas she was making in his face and told him to make his own. My wonderful mom took no “business” from anyone.)

Not only did I learn about herding sheep and camp cooking, my dad also taught me about riding in the forest mountain trails, the inherent dangers of riding and being among horses and dogs, and the dangers of being isolated in the mountains, where you might not see another soul for weeks.

Gradually, my father also taught me the other duties of the camp tender. First, at the break of dawn, the *campero* would start a fire and brew my father his coffee. While the coffee was brewing, the *campero* had to find the horses. If he had tied one up for the night, he would release him and saddle up the fresh one that had been grazing all night.

I got a taste of the work involved in moving camp during the three days we were on the trail to the Caribou. To move camp, first we caught the three packhorses, tied them up, broke down the stove, dumped the ashes, stuffed the stove pipes into the innards of the camp stove, took down the tent and folded it correctly along with the tent poles, loaded the cupboards on the panniers, secured all the stakes, folded the cots, wrapped both our bedding and our clothing. Then we put the packsaddles on each of the three horses. First to be packed were the cupboards and stove in the panniers that contained all of our food and utensils. On top in the middle went the tent, poles on each side, our cots and bedding. Everything had to be evenly balanced so that the load wouldn't tilt to one side and cause the horses to spook and buck off the entire load.

Packing my books was a problem; my father thought their weight might cause saddle sores. In Spanish, when a horse is rubbed raw because of an uneven or unbalanced load on a dirty saddle blanket, it is called “*una matada*” (a death) because you can't use the horse until it heals. Although there were duties I should have performed, my dad was soft on me and let me sleep late every day. He would brew his own coffee and catch and saddle his horse.

My father was an intelligent and compassionate man. A week or two after we set up our camp, my father told me to saddle up and help him bring down the herd from high up in the mountain so that they could drink from the creek. Sheep would normally get sufficient moisture from the vegetation and dew that collected on the plants. However, as it had not rained in the weeks since we had arrived, he was bringing the herd down for watering, to give them salt and to slaughter a yearling he had his eye on. It was a beauty, big and fat. My father caught it with the staff and then dragged it by its hind legs to a log where we placed its head and cut its exposed throat and then plunged the knife down to puncture its spinal cord so that it would not suffer unduly. As the lamb was kicking in rigor mortis, I grabbed and held its hind feet tightly.

“No, No! Mi hijo, no la detengas,” my father promptly told me, “dejala que le tire los ultimos pedos al mundo. Mi Dios nos da estos pobres animales para que nosotros vivamos y siempre es duro matarlos, pero tenemos que vivir.” (“No son! Let it kick its last farts at the world. God gives us these animals so that we can live and it is always hard to kill them, but we have to live.”)

My father skinned the hind legs and placed a stout stick across them. Then we hoisted it up between two ponderosa pines and finished skinning it. It was during the skinning that my father brought out a

meat sack. He cautioned me that I had to get up each morning at dawn, before the flies were able to move, and place the sack over the lamb. Otherwise, the flies would lay their eggs and ruin the meat; it would be devoured by maggots and spoil. Each evening, I removed the meat sack and let the meat air out. We ate the entire ewe and none of it spoiled or grew mold, and it tasted better the longer it aged.

My father also told me that he got to know the entire allotment by exploring and memorizing all the trails and the terrain. He understood the mountain so well in order to know where to let the sheep graze. Occasionally he rode off by himself to visit other herders and learn the parameters of other allotments. On one of our trips, he showed me where we would make our last camp before heading down in the fall. It was the highest point in the mountain and there was a spring with ice cold water. From that high vantage point you could look down on Soda Springs, and to the south, gigantic Bear Lake and to the north, Montpelier. My father had a phenomenal memory and he showed me an aspen where he had carved his initials “JA VARGAS” ten years before, his first time in that allotment. He imprinted everything of significance in his mind and could remember details that others didn't. He said he just paid very careful attention every step of the way. It was also on one of these explorations that he showed me a blueberry patch, hidden in a meadow, lush with fruit. He said women had come looking for these delectable treats, but he couldn't show them as the berries were too far away from camp. We gorged on them and took some back and had them with our sourdough pancakes the next morning.

It was on the way back from one of our visits with Belarmino in late evening that I poached a mule deer and we spent the night jerking the meat, salting it and hanging it out to cure deep in the woods. Since it was illegal, it was my job to hang out the meat every evening and take it down in the morning before the flies and any ranger might come by. We also slaughtered a big ewe and jerked that also.

At the end of the summer I took home a meat sack full of lamb and deer jerky that my mother utilized all winter long. She made brown gravy with potatoes and jerky, warmed in the oven then smashed on a flat rock. She also included it in red chili. We stuffed our pockets with jerky and snacked whenever we got a hankering. I spent the summer exploring the forests, cleaning out springs and bear wallows. During these explorations I found a whole ridge of giant ammonites!

As the end of the summer approached, the sheep seemed to sense that it was time to head down the mountain. The grasses were getting dry and it was starting to turn colder. Of course, they didn't know the fate that awaited them once they were brought down from the high sierras. Most ewes—those not kept for breeding—would be separated from their lambs, loaded on multilevel eighteen wheelers and driven to the slaughter.

I, too, was ready to return to my studies, and like those ewes, I didn't know the fate that awaited me. After paying my tuition, purchasing all my course books and renting a hovel, I tried to find a job to pay for groceries through the semester. After four long weeks of fruitless search, I got tired of being hungry and withdrew from school. I was promptly drafted into the Army, and it would be two more years before I could return to university. But that is another story.

At the end of that summer tending sheep with my father, I packed my belongings, books and a meat sack full of lamb and deer jerky. As my father and I embraced and bid each other *Adios*, tears welling up in our eyes, I remembered the first metaphor of Spanish Literature. El Cid is sitting astride his horse Babieca as he prepares to depart to fight the Moors who had occupied Spain for over 800 years. “*Asi como la una de la carne, asi apartandose van.*” “Like the slow tearing of a fingernail from the flesh, that is how painful their parting is.”

Andres Vargas practiced law in Taos and was elected Probate Judge for Taos County

THE ADOBE CHURCHES OF NEW MEXICO: DUST TO DUST, OR REVIVAL

by John L. Kessell (Reprinted from Summer 1985)

For nearly four hundred years, for fear and love of God, Hispanic Roman Catholics have built churches in remote New Mexico. In the Tewa Pueblo he called San Juan Bautista, on the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, September 8, 1598, don Juan de Onate and the first colonists - Montoya, Lujan, Baca, Ortega, and Martinez - joined in the solemn and festive dedication of a Christian church.

But Onate, the miner, could not make his colony pay. So, he resigned. Some said, "abandon the place." Not the Franciscans, who did not scruple to exaggerate, in order, to catch the conscience of the king. How, they implored, can we turn our backs on seven thousand new Christians? And so, Onate's proprietary colony in 1609 became a royal colony, a government-subsidized Franciscan ministry to the Pueblo Indians.

Between 1609 and 1680, the missionary's era, the bill for maintaining the kingdom and provinces of New Mexico rose to nearly 2,000,000 pesos. In return, Spain ex-tracted no earthly treasure. During this span, some 250 friars saw service here. The churches they and the Pueblo Indians raised up, of field stone and mud or of adobe blocks, reflected the sixteenth-century fortress churches of New Spain, but here they were simpler, less monumental, more earthy.

At the height of their apostolate, about 1660, the friars preached from forty-five or fifty pulpits. New Mexico was a Franciscan monopoly. But because the colony boasted no outstanding exploitable resource, jealous royal governors and jealous friars fell to fighting an obscene, on-again-off-again civil war over the allegiance, labor, and land of the Pueblo Indians. The Pueblo Revolt of 1680 put a stunning end to that. The churches stood gutted.

When other Spaniards came back in the 1690s, led by Diego de Vargas, they founded a different, more secular colony. The friars resumed their preaching, but a greater share of government subsidies now went to maintain the military. Steadily rising, the Hispanic population for the first time surpassed that of the Pueblo Indians and kept on moving up, especially after the Comanche peace of 1786. Churches proliferated, less skillfully constructed than in the 17th century, but all of them, in pueblo, Spanish town, or mountain village, on essentially the same simple plan.

Outsiders derided and despised these frontier churches. Orthodox churchmen with gaze set on soaring cathedrals - prelates like Fray Francisco Atanasio Dominguez and Bishop Jean Baptiste Lamy - found them lowly and likened them to dungeons, warehouses, wine cellars, and even - seemingly without reflection to the stable of Bethlehem.

The brief, neglectful time of Mexican rule, 1821 to 1846, saw the colony economically reoriented, from Mexico to Missouri. The Franciscans were dying, and not enough young New Mexicans like Antonio Jose Martinez chose the priesthood. So, the people turned for worship and for Catholic social services to their own community brotherhoods. They continued, with sacrifice and humor and devotion, repairing and building churches. Some among them painted or carved images of saints, grotesque, and primitive by urban standards. White Anglo-Saxon Protestants were offended. "I should remark, perhaps," offered trader Josiah Gregg, that though all Southern Mexico is celebrated for the magnificence and wealth of its churches, New Mexico deserves equal fame for poverty-stricken and shabby-looking houses of worship.

The advent of the U.S. Army and new markets, combined with the lessening of Indian-non-Indian conflict, produced in the 1860s the greatest territorial expan-sion yet of Hispanic settlers: north into the

San Luis Valley and San Juan Basin, east onto the Llano Estacado, and west into the drainage of the Little Colorado. Now, of course, there were competing sects and ideals. Moreover, immigrant technology, unfamiliar building materials, and a cadre of French priests imported by the progressive Bishop Lamy threatened to remodel beyond recall the architectural tradition implanted by Onate in 1598. Pitched roofs of corrugated iron, pretty, louvered steeples, saccharine plaster saints: proper artifacts for proper worship, the newcomers said.

Then, about 1880, something happened. Some of the immigrants, romantics, cultural enthusiasts, and artists, began to see New Mexico's alleged liabilities - her vast and jagged scenery, her isolation, and her colorful native peoples as assets. Inn keepers caught on. And the railroad. Easterners, escaping the droning and hissing of the industrial revolution, would pay good money to visit a strange corner of our country. Here was a reason to keep it strange. Charles Fletcher Lummis supplied the formula: "sun, silence, and adobe," and historic preservation was born.

Since then, publicized threats to adobe churches have fueled the preservation engine, which as a result has run, from the 1880s to the 1980s, by fits and starts. In 1883, the Christian Brothers threatened to level dilapidated San Miguel. No, challenged the Santa Fe New Mexican Review, proclaiming the run-down structure "An Historical Feature Which Santa Fe Cannot Afford to Lose." It worked. Donations came in and San Miguel was saved. Other churches, however, were doing what unat-tended adobe structures always do - falling-down: at Jemez, Tesuque, San Ildefonso, Nambe, Santa Clara, Pojoaque. Deploring "the rapid destruction of these monuments to missionary zeal," L. Bradford Prince in 1913 chartered the Society for the Preservation of Spanish Antiquities in New Mexico. But World War I intervened.

In the twenties it was the Committee for the Preservation and Restoration of the New Mexican Mission Churches, with philanthropists in Denver and the indefatigable John Gaw Meem in the field. But for their work, we might also have lost the churches of Laguna, Zia, Acoma, Santa Ana, the Santuario at El Potrero, and Las Trampas. Again, in the sixties the classic structure at Las Trampas was threatened. This time it took the intervention of the Secretary of the Interior and a brandishing of federal highway funds to avert the near collision of New Mexico 76 and the church.

Paralleling the preservation effort, and all too often recording its lapses, painters and photographers have given us their images of these churches. Captain John Gregory Bourke, antiquarian and ethnologist, in 1881 made watercolor sketches of the pueblo churches which compare neatly with photographs taken the same year by William Henry Jackson, Ben Wittick, and others. To Carlos Vierra in the 1920s, aesthetic value was the thing. In his paintings he sought to capture "a free-hand architecture" in which he saw "the lively quality of a sculptor's work."

Draftsmen, too, and scholars did their part. Meem and the Historic American Buildings Survey in 1934 made the first measured architectural drawings of New Mexico's traditional mission and village churches. George Kubler further dignified these mud structures by putting them solidly in the greater context of Western Civilization with his book, *The Religious Architecture of New Mexico*.

Still, of the thirty-two colonial churches and chapels inventoried by the scrupulous Father Dominguez in 1776, only twelve survive in 1985.

This year (1985), if help does not come, the adobe church of San Miguel at El Valle, in the mountains near Trampas, will probably collapse. If so, we will all lose another reminder of that cultural heritage transplanted at San Juan Bautista by the Montoya, Lujan, Baca, Ortega, and Martinez, nurtured in remote New Mexico for nearly four hundred years.

NOTES

1. Josiah Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies* (1844), ed. Max L. Moorhead (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1954), p. 144.
2. Charles F. Lummis, *The Land of Poco Tiempo* [1893] (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1966), p. 3.
3. Quoted in John L. Kessell, *The Missions of New Mexico since 1776* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1980), p. 23.
4. Prince quoted in Kessell, *Missions*, p. 24
5. Vierra quoted in Kessell, *Missions*, p. 22
6. George Kubler, *The Religious Architecture of New Mexico in the Colonial Period and Since the American Occupation*, 4th ed. (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1972).

This informal survey of collected notes on Taos County churches includes churches for which old and interesting structures remain. While, not included here, some churches whose buildings are of recent origin certainly have been important institutions historically. -ed.

Capilla de La Santa Cruz – Ojo Caliente

Still standing is the church described by Zebulon Pike in 1807, said to have been completed in 1811. A new church has been built, and the old church has been abandoned. A 1957 attempt to raise funds for restoration failed, so the building has been allowed to stand until such time as it may be claimed by natural deterioration. (Bullock, *Mountain Villages*, 1973)

Christian Brothers Chapel - Taos

The Christian Brothers came to Taos in the 1860s and operated a school for a time. The school's chapel provided one of Taos' early places of worship. The property later was sold to Taos artist Joseph Sharp and served as his home and studio. (Valdes, "A History of Our Lady of Guadalupe Parish," 1962)

First Presbyterian Church - Taos

The work of the Presbyterian Church in Taos dates from 1874. Remaining on property now owned by the Taos Municipal Schools is an early Presbyterian Church building. It is believed to have been built soon after the land on La Loma was acquired in 1882. (Martinez, *Transition*, 1974)

Spanish Methodist Church – Taos

Another early Protestant church to enter the area was the Methodist Church. Pioneer preacher Thomas Harwood organized a Spanish speaking Methodist Church in Taos in 1889. The church operated until 1924. Its building can still be seen from Quesnel Street. (Church files, United Methodist Church of Taos)

Sisters Of Loretto School and Convent

The Sisters of Loretto came to Taos in 1863. A convent was completed in 1884, and the school was opened soon after. The convent has been remodeled at least twice and remains in use for other purposes. (Sr. Mary Melissa, "History of the Sisters of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross," 1962)

Capilla de San Antonio – La Loma

Built in the 1850s or 1860s, the chapel retains much of its early form. A pitched roof was added in 1958 for protection from the elements. (Valdes, 1962)

San Geronimo Mission – Taos Pueblo

Soldiers laid siege to the old church while putting down the Taos Revolt in 1847. Ruins of the old church remain. The present San Geronimo Church was built soon after the revolt. (Prince, *Spanish Mission Churches of New Mexico*, 1915)

Church of St. Francis – Ranchos de Taos

Dates of construction remain a mystery. Estimates range from 1710 (Valdes, 1962) to 1772 (Prince, 1915) to 1810, 1813, or 1818 (mentioned in Pogzeba, *Ranchos de Taos*, 1981). In 1979 hard plaster was removed, damaged walls and buttresses were rebuilt, and the church was re-finished with natural mud plaster. The effort is one of the great success stories in historic preservation.



San Francisco de Asis, constructed anywhere from 1710 to 1818, is still a singularly unique edifice, with its 8' to 16' thick walls and classic nave.

Church of San Jose – Las Trampas

The church is believed to have been built between 1760 (when church permission for construction was granted) and 1776 (when Fray Dominguez reported it nearly completed). The church was of special interest to preservationist and architect John Gaw Meem, who helped secure recognition of the church as a National Historic Landmark, thus saving the structure from encroachment by planned highway construction. (Bullock, 1973)

Church of San Lorenzo – Picuris Pueblo

The present church is believed to date from the 1770s. Excavations directed by Dr. Herbert Dick in the 1960s revealed the presence of two earlier churches at Picuris. In 1985 an interior wall fell due to water damage, and the people of Picuris began efforts to repair the church.

Descanso – Peñas Negras Cemetery

The descanso is not a chapel for worship, but a shelter for coffin and mourners in a cemetery that has no chapel nearby. Such structures are not common in New Mexico. An ornate frieze decorating the front of the shelter was replaced about 1955. (Bunting, *Of Earth and Timbers Made*, 1974)

Church of N.S. de San Juan – Talpa

The chapel was built in 1828, at the expense of a wealthy citizen, Bernardo Duran. (Wroth, *The Chapel of Our Lady of Talpa*, 1979)

Capilla de La Asuncion – Placitas & de Santa Barbara - Rodarte

These two small, rural churches share interesting features. Both have rounded apses, rather than the more conventional polygonal shape, and both have bells that appear quite old. Buttresses protruding from the front of the Placitas church appear to brace the building against a possible slide_ downslope. (Bunting, 1974)

Iglesia de N.S. de Los Dolores – Arroyo Hondo

The church is believed to date from approximately 1833. It was remodeled extensively in 1915 or 1916, when massive buttresses and an espadana were removed, and a pitched roof, belfry, and school bell were added. (Shalkop, *Arroyo Hondo*, 1969)

TIME TO GET BACK TO OUR “NORMAL” LIVES!

by Dave Cordova

After many months of just getting by, we are finally on the road to recovery. People are, once again, free to move about, resuming life as it was before the pandemic. Visitors are coming in droves, and the rest of 2021 looks very hopeful for Taos businesses and, by extension, the Taoseños who depend on those businesses for their livelihood.

The wonderful news of recovery is many times magnified as announcements of events and neighborly gatherings are posted around town on the many social media pages. We have something to look forward to, and we will plan accordingly.

With this in mind, Taos County Historical Society will resume “in-person” lectures on the first Saturdays of the coming months at the Kit Carson Electric Board Room. Lectures begin at 2:00 PM.

August 7th, 2021

Shedding Light On The Santa Fe Mysterious Female Traveler of 1835:

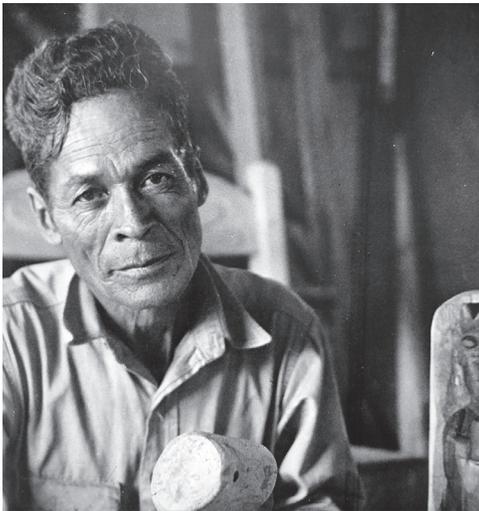
Marie-Felicik St. Vrain

by Christine St. Vrain Fischahs

We have begun to venture out into the world. Maybe venture is too tame a word for the near-explosive exodus into the forests, wild rivers, hiking trails and communal events. We witnessed 4th of July crowds, hungry for entertainment and good times, with the concert at the Kit Carson Park and the gigantic fireworks display, all courtesy of the Town of Taos. We look forward to more gatherings in the coming months. Unfortunately, the Taos Fiestas are not currently on the calendar, but there may be alternatives offered from other citizens of Taos.

Look for announcements in the Taos News and social media sites and, of course, the local radio stations.

And, since I already brought up social media pages a couple of times, I want to write a bit more about the interests being generated through two very key Facebook pages: “Historic Taos – Pictures and Stories,” and “Taos Memories & Photos.”



Famed Santero Patrocinio Barela

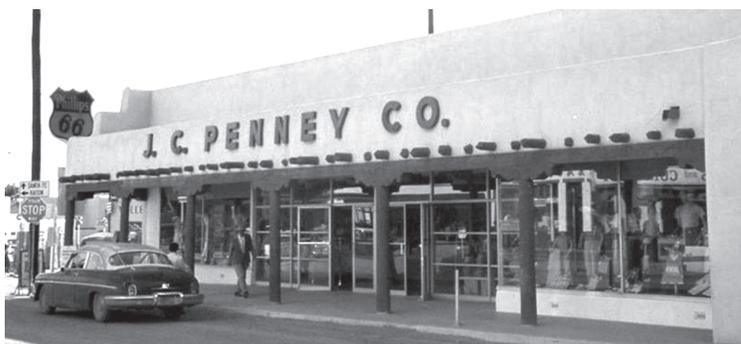
Margo Beutler Gins is the administrator for “Historic Taos – Pictures & Stories.”

As with most similar pages, the rules are simple. No politics, religion or hawking products. This page is for Taoseños to share “Pictures and Stories” with other Taos Folk. This page offers several dedicated contributors. The offerings include historical photos, questions that open topics of discussion, and of course, the stories. Most prolific are Jeff Boyer, Lawrence Cisneros, Larry Martinez, Edward Vigil and Rudy Garcia, but we also get many contributions from Ruthann McCarthy, Bear Albrecht, Jerome Vigil, Carole Hale, Barton Bond, Roger Beimer, Donna Farrell, and Margo Beutler Gins.



David Oakley is the administrator for “Taos Memories & Photos.” Same simple rules, this page also offers historic photos and stories, but also features more up to date photos by outstanding photographers like Elijah Rael, Geraint Smith and many others.

If you have not yet visited these pages, I would heartily encourage you to log on and read the contributions and feel free to contribute something for the enlightenment of everyone.



<https://www.facebook.com/groups/historictaos>

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/Taos.Old.School>

<https://www.facebook.com/TaosCountyHistoricalSociety>

Lectures, Field Trips & Special Events (Tentative Schedule)

August 7, 2021 - Lecture
Shedding Light on the Santa Fe Mysterious
Female Traveler of 1835: Marie-Felicik St. Vrain
Christine St. Vrain Fischahs

September 4, 2021 - Lecture
Pop Chalee: The World of Flower Blue
Jack Hopkins

October 2, 2021 - Lecture
Tracking The Chile Line Railroad
Michael Butler (TCHS)

November 6, 2021 - Lecture
History of New Mexico District Courts
Denise Tessier (HSNM)

December 5, 2021 - Holiday Luncheon
"Crossing the Camino Real: Folktales"
Dr. Larry Torres

First Saturday of the month at 2:00 PM
Kit Carson Coop Meeting Room
118 Cruz Alta Road - Taos

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The Taos County Historical Society was formed in 1952 for the purpose of "...preserving the history of the Taos area." This part of New Mexico has a fascinating history, full of people, events, stories and places.

If you are interested, we invite your participation in our field trips or lecture programs, or by supporting the Society by becoming a member.

BECOME A MEMBER

We invite your participation and support through an annual membership, which includes subscriptions to "Ayer Y Hoy" and our periodic newsletters. Other activities include recordings of oral histories, maintaining archive materials and participating in community events.

Membership categories:

Individual	\$30
Family	\$50
Sustaining	\$100
Business	\$60

To become a member sign up on our website:
<http://taoscountyhistoricalsociety.org/members.html>
or send a check, along with your name and address, to:

TAOS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
P.O. BOX 2447 - TAOS, NM 87571

For more information call (575) 770-0681
or e-mail: cordova@taosnet.com



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