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DE NUEVO MÉXICO

NEW MEXICO HAS LOST A TREASURE

Dr. Myra Ellen Jenkins (Dr. "J") September 26, 1916 — June 22, 1993

Well, she's gone.

It's hard to realize that so vital, knowledgeable and dependable a friend and colleague won't be around to answer our questions, to discuss our problems, to bring us up sharply when we stray into inaccuracy. Just knowing she was there kept many of us on the paths of scholarly righteousness.

But she meant much more than that. She was loyal and loving to family, friends, church and almost any critter that she came across. She was forthright and honest and devoted to all she loved. She was also a doughty foe to anyone she considered untrustworthy. A lot of pompous people have found they underestimated this frail little old lady at their peril.

Fighters like Myra Ellen have always helped make our world a better place to live in, whether or not we knew it at the time. Ask any of her Indian friends whose land problems she helped them with. Ask anyone who worked for her or with her all those years at the State Records Center and Archives. Talk to anyone concerned with the leaky old building that

houses the center or has been involved in the building of a new one. Ask people interested in historic preservation. Myriads of people and causes have benefited because of Myra Ellen Jenkins.

People like her often add a needed light touch to long and dull meetings — and she served on countless boards and committees. Because she was there the after-hours colloquia in the nearest bar were often more productive and certainly more fun than the formal meeting had been.

And didn't she revel in that tour of Spain! She reveled in a lot of things, bless her: family, friends, former students, learning — any kind of learning, and cats. Then there were lots of things she did NOT revel in, too: Overuse of commas, for example. (*I swear you just shake them on the page with a salt shaker!*) Billy the Kid, mispronunciation of Rio Grande — and more especially "Rio Grand River", careless treatment of historical fact, being called Mary Ellen or Myrna Ellen, and *getting up at the crack of screech!*

Oh, Myra Ellen, you will be missed.

— Fern Lyon

As did so many would-be researchers, I first met Dr. Jenkins in the basement of the archives building. I had only a vague idea of what I would find there but Myra Ellen soon brought to my attention an unexpected wealth of material pertinent to my interests. Needless to say, I returned.

Over the years I spent many rewarding hours in that basement and later in the more comodious quarters on the first floor. It was not just the documents that drew me back but an atmosphere created by Myra Ellen that was conducive to study. She had a great interest in research and the ability to encourage it in others. Her knowledge of New Mexican materials was exceptional. Most of all, she was always ready to share her knowledge and to assist those who came to her. Later, of course, our acquaintance expanded from the scholarly to the social. Being with Myra Ellen was a pleasure, for she had a fine sense of humor and her repartee was delightful. She was a scholar, a most helpful guide, and, I like to think, a good friend. I shall miss her.

— Robert W. Frazer

Myra Ellen was a friend and mentor to many young historians. Well, I wasn't so young when we first met, but she certainly helped me along the way.

We met for the first time when I was working on my dissertation. Later, she wrote a recommendation for my promotion at New Mexico State University. She taught my New Mexico and Southwest history courses at state when I went on sabbatical, a memorable year since she rented an apartment across the street from my house and we sometimes attended lectures and social gatherings together.

Although busy with her own projects, she graciously agreed to read some of my work prior to publication, thus eliminating embarrassing errors. (With typical Myra Ellen wit, she pointed out an error in an article that I had not asked her to read prior to its publication.)

We have shared rooms at conferences and enjoyed convivial drinks together. She has been and continues to be a good role model. I miss her greatly.

— Darlis A. Miller



The "Famous Amos", a 1986 photograph by Joanne Rijmes

I Remember Myra

— Robert W. Delaney

For more than four decades, I knew Myra. When I first met her early in 1951, she was a tall slender woman with no hint of the crippling Osteoporosis that would plague her later years. She had come to UNM to work on her Ph.D. in Latin American History after having earned her B.A. and M.A. with distinction at the University of Colorado and after several years of successful teaching in that state's public schools.

Since we were both in the same program we worked and studied closely together: taking the same classes and helping each other prepare for the inevitable comprehensive oral and written exams. Also, we both became Graduate Assistants to "La Suprema", Dr. Dorothy Woodward. I got to know her parents to whom she was deeply devoted and for whom she provided a home for their

later years in both Albuquerque and Santa Fe.

Especially do I remember fondly her sense of humor. She could categorize people and issues in a descriptive word or two. One person at UNM was always a "fat-faced, old fool" in her eyes. Phrases like "the Rio Grande River" or "down the La Bajada hill" were apt to evoke groans while holding her shaking head in her hands and uttering "Oh, my! Oh, my!" or "Oh croak."

Very proud of her English ancestry and heritage, she was always good for a laugh if I teasingly prefaced some remark with "God is an Irishman and He told me . . ." or, as I often asked, "Well, Myra, how are things with the schismatics?" Such impertinence brought both a torrent of words beginning with "God is not an Irishman," and a dissertation that ended with "I am not the schismatic, **you** are the schismatic."

One time we were talking about someone and Myra said, "He's fine but he 'snabbles.'" He 'snabbles'?" I said. "Yes, he 'snabbles.'" "Myra, just exactly what does he do when he 'snabbles'?" "He can't get a complete sentence out correctly, he just 'snabbles.'" I never did get the complete etymology of the verb "to snabble" but I was convinced that "snabbling" was something to be avoided at all costs in Myra's presence. As a cattleman's daughter, she was quick to remind me of the enmity between cattlemen and sheepmen if I ordered or jokingly said something nice about lamp chops or leg of lamb.

In recent years, we met mostly at historical conventions but it was always as if we had seen each other the day before. She became New Mexico's pre-eminent historian but never lost that feeling for her roots nor her sense of humor.

New Mexico has lost a treasure but I lost a close and dear friend of many years.

Requiescat in Pace

Editors Note: Bob Delaney was a close friend of Myra Ellen's, for some forty years. Perhaps, or as a result of that long and close friendship, he could address her as "Myra." To all the rest of us it was "Myra Ellen" or "Dr. J"; to all the rest of us "Myra" was definitely a no-no. On the back page of this Myra Ellen Jenkins memorial issue of *La Crónica* is a selected account and publication list of "Dr. J"'s contributions to New Mexico and the nation prepared by Robert Delaney.

—JPC

Albert H. Schroeder Joined Myra Ellen on July 19, 1993

Myra Ellen Jenkins — A Teacher

—Rita Cormpost Melody

It was a historical research course at the College of Santa Fe in the mid-1960s where I first met Myra Ellen Jenkins. Her picture had been in the newspaper often and it was common knowledge that she was in charge of the State Archives; actually, she was synonymous with the archives and always will be for me.

To "assume" is an error, it is said. But, I did anyway. I assumed that this class was going to be 'cut and dry,' 'boring.' I took the class because I wanted to research my geneology. My family has been here in New Mexico for hundreds of years and I wanted to know more about my ancestry. How to access the information was unknown to me.

My memory dims what Myra Ellen Jenkins may have said during the beginning days of class, but her presence is vivid; she will always be vividly present for me. Her slightly stooped, slender stature, silver hair pulled back in a severe upsweep roll, eyes sparkling over her spectacles slipping down her nose like pince-nez, left me unprepared for the focused, soft yet forceful, voice which shot words out with the rapidity of a machine gun.

Frankly, she looked "old" to me, as some people do when one is "young." As she talked it all changed. She changed; I changed; or did she just change our reality? She had a way of doing that. One could lose the normal perception of time, space, dimension in her presence. That was the magic about her, I think.

I remember straining to read the words of the first musty documents in the archives after she had taught us the technique of finding what we were looking for in those myriads of papers. Myra Ellen Jenkins (I have to use her entire name each time because that's who she is to me) had taken a parchment, frayed at the edges, yellowed with age, and as she unfolded that document she said, matter-of-factly, "I think you'll be interested in this." I could not discern the letters, much less the words, unaccustomed as I was to the calligraphy-like penmanship. Like a teacher in kindergarten with a student who is yet unable to read, Myra Ellen Jenkins began to skim her finger across each word as though she was underlining, and began to translate the page like the "pro" that she was. That the document was written in Spanish, that the 'f's' looked like 's's', that the terms were archaic, none of that tripped her for a second.

Okay, so she was good, I mean, really proficient. She should be, after all, she'd been reading those documents for years. That she could read Spanish was an added point. What I was really unprepared for, above all, was that she could take out document after document, revealing another piece of the story for you with each one. She would divulge the contents of each paper without unfolding it, presenting it to me for verification and inspection of the original source of the information which slid off her tongue like the history of the ages. SHE was the archive where the knowledge contained in the documents became alive with personality. In HER recounting of an historical event, those ancestors were given a spirit again, and became real people to me.

It wasn't enough that Myra Ellen Jenkins could show me my great-great-great-great grandmother's will, and that I should feel some indescribable reverence to be able to hold it. Rather, it was Myra Ellen Jenkins who would heighten the experience with little known facts about how surveying was done at that time, how my great-great-great-great grandmother's sons later tried to take the land away from their own mother before she was dead. Myra Ellen

Jenkins talked about these people as though she knew them, each time pulling out a document to substantiate the proof of the story.

That class was like a time-travel, a journey into the time of Father Martinez and his printing press, of the intermarriages of families thereby introducing me to cousins previously unknown, and of the hundreds of head of sheep and cattle grazing on my ancestors' land grant. Myra Ellen Jenkins took me there. I saw it as real as the storyteller herself, just as she is and will always be for me. □

—Michael Olsen

Recently an Albuquerque TV station, in reporting about the damage to the portal of the Palace of the Governors in Santa Fe, erroneously stated that the entire building had been destroyed. That news stunned me when I heard it and I immediately felt that the loss was truly irreplaceable, as it would be. I had much the same reaction when I heard of the death of Myra Ellen Jenkins.

Dr. Jenkins was, in many ways, at the



Myra Ellen receives New Mexico Historical Society Board of Directors Award at Montezuma, NM in June 1986. (See *La Cronica* — December 1986)

Homenaje A Una Buena Señora

Escuchen todos ustedes mis amigos, lo que les quiero decir.

Lo de una buena senora, que entre nosotros vino há vivir.

Nació en nuestro vecino estado, que está para el norte localizado.

Nació en un pueblito llamado Elizabeth,

que está en los medios de Colorado.

Con buena educacion vino há Nuevo México,

antes de aquel año de 1960. Tomó su posicion como historiadora, qual fue con la que iso su cuenta.

Desde ese día que su trabajo comenzó,

hasta que su frajil cuerpo ya no pudo, fue maestra, mentor, y amiga, a los que isimos Nuevo Méjico nuestro estudio.

El martes, 22 de Junio, 1993 murio, despues de sufrir una grave enfermedad.

Que Nuestro Padre Eterno, en su gloria la tenga por eternidad.

Todos venimos há esta iglesia noble, para darte nuestra despedida.

Reza por nosotros que te acompaniamos,

ahora que has pasado há mejor vida.

Adios, nuestra "Doctor J." Esperamos que en la gloria de Dios estas,

dando cuenta con grandes figuras de la historia,

y sufriendo esta vida mortal no mas.

Ya con esta me despido, estos humilde versos vengo ofreser,

para que no olviden el nombre, de Myra Ellen Jenkins, una buena mujer.

—por su humilde servidor
Robert J. Torrez

center of the resurgence of interest in New Mexico history in the last few decades. Unlike the eye of a hurricane, however, all was not usually calm at the center! In my own work, I know, I was always aware of Dr. Jenkin's "shadow" — what would Myra Ellen think of this statement or that assertion? With her contributions to the state's history she set standards to which the rest of us often could only strive to aspire.

More than this, though, I think I admired Dr. Jenkin's because she was a historian who, from my point of view, saw history "from the inside out." She did not accept standard interpretations or approaches, whatever the source — ethnic, academic, political, etc. Through her constant questioning, and with her vast knowledge of the resources of the state's history, she always raised the possibility of other viewpoints, viewpoints which had credibility and legitimacy. We will all miss the opportunities we had to converse with her, and, in some ways even, the anticipation that a chat with her provided. □

—Thomas E. Chavez

She came to the museum and used the collections. From the books and the artifacts she studied. She became a member of the Friends of the Palace of the Governors, rarely missing a meeting and, when there, she never hesitated to make a conviction, based on knowledge and honesty, that everyone admired.

Dr. J nominated me for the Board of the Historical Society of New Mexico over fifteen years ago. She was one of the people instrumental in supporting a revamping of the annual meeting into a conference. She also pushed and assisted with the society's successful publication program.

Dr. J loved history, it was her life. She loved talking about it, teaching it and she never tired learning more of it. The highlight of my relationship with her came when her friends paid for her to tour Spain on a Friends of the Palace tour that I led. We took a pilgrimage to the National Archives and Library in Madrid and she did not want to leave. Her reaction to the tremendous libraries at the Universidad de Salamanca and the Escorial cannot be expressed in words.

Dr. J will always be with us. She was an inspiration and she cleared the way for many others to succeed. But, above all, she genially was a good person and a friend. □

Recordando A La Doctora Myra Ellen Jenkins

—Nasario García

Las palabras de amistad abundan entre amigos, pero al retirarse uno de ellos de este mundo dichas palabras dejan de resaltar. El fallecimiento de nuestra querida y estimada amiga, la Dra. Myra Ellen Jenkins, ha dejado hasta a los más elocuentes en discurso sin palabras que puedan expresar la gran pérdida para todo nuevomexicano aficionado de nuestra historia. Extrañaremos ambos el humanismo y el cariño que arropaban su alma y su corazón. Ella representaba la amistad por excelencia. Su despedida inesperada ha atraído un silencio, pero su buena obra retumbará para siempre en todo rincón de nuestra Tierra del Encanto. No basta decir que la echaremos de menos, sino que añoraremos su ausencia.

Remembering Dr. Myra Ellen Jenkins

—Nasario García

Words of friendship abound among friends, but when one of them departs this earth those words become less obvious. The passing of our beloved and esteemed friend, Dr. Myra Ellen Jenkins, has left even the most eloquent speakers without words that can express the great loss for every New Mexican who is a fan of our history. We shall miss both the humanism and affection that enveloped her heart and soul. She truly epitomized friendship par excellence. Her sudden departure has left us a silence, but her good deeds will resound forever in every corner of our Land of Enchantment. It does not suffice to say that we shall miss her, rather, we shall miss her presence dearly. □

A Note From Norman Cleaveland

As Myra Ellen was ever the ardent opponent of selective, or cafeteria-style, use of available documents for historical research, it is particularly sad that she will not be present when the 1878 reports of Frank Warner Angel are indexed and published. No doubt she would have led the way in cleansing the recorded history of New Mexico's turbulent Santa Fe Ring.

Editors Note: As you read the English translation of this poem, please remember that it was composed by Robert Torrez in Spanish in honor of a scholar, who became as proficient in Spanish as she was in English. JPC

"A Whole Box of Pandoras"

—John L. Kessell

I think what I enjoyed most and remember best about Dr. J. was the imp in her. Feisty, spelled and misspelled, may be the adjective of choice, but I prefer impish.

More than once, I was privileged to hear her tell a favorite story about her fine friend Gov. Bruce King. A question about some difficult issue had been asked at a news conference. The good-natured governor, it was obvious, didn't want to answer. Pressed, he appealed for understanding. "Why, boys, that'd be like opening a whole box of Pandoras."

My image of Myra Ellen Jenkins on the other side has her, in that animated and intimidating manner — a courtroom style that brought more than one fresh, young Department of Justice lawyer to the brink of tears — interrogating a list of those Santa Fe Ring fat cats, so many of whom were members of her Church of the Holy Faith Episcopal parish in Santa Fe. "Did you and Tom Catron really...?" Talk about a box of Pandoras. □

—Don Van Soelen

The Historic Santa Fe Foundation lost a dear friend and mentor with the death of Dr. Myra Ellen Jenkins on June 22, 1993. She was first nominated to the Foundation board by John Gaw Meem and served from 1969-1973. She served again from 1980-1986 and was chairman that last year. I had previously served as chairman and when I asked her one time, tongue-in-cheek, if she wanted to be listed as "chairwoman" or "chairperson" rather than "chairman", she responded, "Ha — that's pure poppycock."

It was only natural that Myra Ellen serve on the Historic Research Committee and then become chairman. She and others on that committee did a tremendous amount of work in researching and documenting, and then presenting to the board for its approval, buildings to be recognized by the Foundation's now familiar plaques. One of her favorite buildings was the Episcopal Church of the Holy Faith, which her grandfather had helped build as a stonemason in 1881.

She also gave generously of her time to help review and add plaqued buildings in the second edition of the Foundation's publication, *Old Santa Fe Today*. But when somebody made a suggestion or statement with which she didn't agree, she could become real "feisty". I recall one of our board meetings when someone mentioned Billy the Kid. She nearly had apoplexy, referring to him as that two-bit punk who didn't deserve all the attention given him by historians and the public.

This frail-looking lady was a bundle of energy and liked to say, "I might wear out but damned if I'm going to rust out!" Myra Ellen, former New Mexico State Historian, kept a busy schedule. One week she might be testifying before the State Engineer as an expert on Indian land and water rights, then preparing for a class at the Community College or University of New Mexico. She was a member of the Board of Directors of the Historical Society of New Mexico and a member of the New Mexico Commission of Public Records.

I knew and worked with her not only on the Historic Santa Fe Foundation board, but also on the board of El Rancho de las Golondrinas, of which she served as chairman for three years. She was instrumental in saving site LA 20,000 just south of the village of La Cienega. She interested Dr. Marianne L. Stoller of Colorado State College in the site, which is believed to be one of the few, if not the only, pre-Revolt Hispanic Colonial "sites". The college has been doing a "dig" for the past five years and Myra Ellen's slight frame and keen interest was a familiar sight to the students each summer.

We'll all miss her very much. □



ALBERT H. SCHROEDER

March 23, 1914 — July 19, 1993

A Memory — by Dan Murphy

Al Schroeder was steady. In a dozen conversations since the news of his death began spreading through the community, words like "steady," "solid," and "dependable" have come up.

Al was steady in his work, and in his friendships, too. As an archeologist he worked much in Park Service areas in Arizona, in that palimpsest of confused cultural relations from Wupatki down to Phoenix. None of his sites turned out to be the Southwest's Rosetta Stone — and no one has found it since, either — but that suited Al. He was a filler-in of details. I don't know when he found the time but he seemed to have read every site report from every tiny "dig" in the region, and to remember what it said, too. It made him a great synthesizer. On long car trips it was uncanny, the details he'd remember, such as where a particular pottery type had been found, and what that implied. Archeology has enough skyrockets, but they must all launch from the solid work of folks like Al.

Later, when the bureaucracy turned him into the chief of Interpretation (read "educational services") for the southwest region of the National Park Service, Al began working out another of his convictions, that nothing was done until it was published. As interested as he was in generating new knowledge about our past, he was even more concerned that the knowledge had to get out to the public. It wasn't enough that it be the private hobby of the archeologist or historian. Every laymans group interested in our region's story knew that it had a staunch supporter in Al Schroeder.

Al edited some things I wrote, and made them better, too, as he did for dozens of others. Volumes of papers honoring individuals, conference notes, those little *La Gacetas* I still pull out to re-read — all show his production and checking-of-facts. Al liked to say that every site he'd worked on had its publication. If he'd had his way, everyone else's would have, too, and we'd all be better off for it!

I felt Al as a steadying force, the previous generation looking over the shoulder of the new archeologist at his computer, a voice from a simpler time telling us to keep our feet on the ground. I see him in his home, comfortable with Victorian bric-a-brac, working with his stamp collection, or getting ready for another Westerner's meeting. I'll miss Al. Will I ever know anyone else who could sport a pencil-thin moustache, wear pink suits and drive an ancient Corvair, and still seem steady and conservative? As a friend he lasted well, and does yet.



Al and Ella — a recent photograph.

Ode To Myra Ellen

—Mary D. Taylor

I'm trying to write about Myra Ellen
About some memorable experience
that I remember.
But every time I encountered her
It was memorable.
There was nothing I could ever forget.
How could there be with Myra Ellen?
Each memory was unique I thought.
Each time I saw her or heard her
speak
It seemed unique.
But "unique" is only one of a kind
And it can't be modified by any
degree or adjective.
I'd like to challenge that rule
In Myra Ellen's case because I
never saw
Or heard her in a passive state
Each time the flash of wit
The glasses (always slipped a trifle)
Behind them the electric eyes
Which never missed a thing.
A voice raised in elation and triumph
Success in translation: a document
found
A link searched for, the final proof.
Her objections were never timid
either
There was never a doubt in anyone's
mind
As to whose voice was protesting.
Whose but Myra Ellen's?
My memories consist of flashbacks
A series of colorful stills:
Doctor J at the Quivira conference
At Salinas Monument
The stooped figure climbing faster
than any of us
Listening intently to the young
archaeologist's
Words, and he, knowing she was
there,
A little nervous
I would be, too.
Memories of Myra Ellen?
Well, we all loved her
And were a little afraid before
her great knowledge.
At this request to call to mind
a memory of her
My mind floods with memories
Which span the years
We did love her,
We always will.

—Richard N. Ellis

We sometimes forget that Myra Ellen Jenkins was a Coloradan before she became a New Mexican. She grew up in the Black Forest region outside of Colorado Springs and was a public school teacher in Pueblo. She demonstrated a feisty streak in Pueblo which many of her former students still remember. She literally chased students down the halls if they did something wrong, and former students fondly remembered her for such activities. Several years ago she spoke at the Sangre de Cristo Art Center in Pueblo and at least a half a dozen former students turned out to welcome her.

Myra Ellen held strong opinions and was willing to speak her mind. She believed in integrity and expected integrity of others. She had little tolerance of phonies and had little patience with those who spent much of their time tooting their own horns. As some would say, Myra Ellen Jenkins was a pistol. Certainly, she was one of New Mexico's loveable characters.

She gave a strong direction to New Mexico history and to the New Mexico State Archives. She was tireless in assisting and encouraging students in research projects, and she left an important legacy as an expert witness, particularly in the cases involving New Mexico's Indians. Myra Ellen Jenkins impact on New Mexico's historians, both professional and amateur, is such that the new state archives building should bear her name. □

I Remember Aunt Myra Ellen

—Charles W. Werner

Those of us who knew and loved Myra Ellen Jenkins realize full well that she was a unique and complex person. Recently, some of her many friends have recorded various aspects of her personality and distinctive characteristics. I certainly cannot improve upon those anecdotal tributes, but as her nephew, I have my own repertory of family recollections which may serve to shed additional light on this very unforgettable individual.

I have always felt that the four great driving forces in Myra Ellen's life were her family, her friends, her work and her cats. I'm not always sure of the exact order of those interests — she might well have ranked her cats higher. I am confident, however, that she always placed her family first. This may come as a surprise to some in view of the fact that she never married and had no natural family of her own. Nonetheless, my memories of her, which go back to the late 1930s, are quite clear on that point.

Myra Ellen always expressed pride in the fact that she, along with her sister (my Mother) and three brothers, had been born and raised on a ranch between Elizabeth and Kiowa, Colorado. During the Great Depression, at one time or another, her siblings, along with their growing families spent time at the ranch for economic reasons. I remember that Myra Ellen, who apparently had steady employment during that time, constantly "dropped by" to provide assistance and support to all who needed it. She routinely drove different family members in her own car to Denver and other communities on various errands. To me, as a very young boy, the Jenkins Family seemed to be quite close.

World War Two touched Myra Ellen and the Jenkins Family quickly and deeply. Her brother Myron, a career Navy man and whom I strongly suspect was Myra Ellen's family favorite, was captured in the Philippines and soon died in a Japanese prison camp. I don't believe that Myra Ellen or my Grandmother ever recovered fully from that tragedy. The burial flag and other small mementos of "Uncle Jig" were still carefully preserved in her house at the time of her death, and it became my sad duty to dispose of them.

After my Grandparents sold the ranch in Colorado, they later moved to New Mexico and lived with Myra Ellen for the rest of their lives. Myra Ellen was devoted to them and did everything possible to make their declining years both comfortable and enjoyable. In this capacity she did receive some financial assistance from the rest of the family, but the emotional and physical rigors of this responsibility she bore alone and without complaint.

In 1963, she immediately dropped everything and drove to Douglas, Arizona to be with her sister, my Mother, during the last few days of my Father's sudden illness and the bereavement period thereafter. She returned to Douglas 20 years later to help lay her sister to rest; and to Tucson on a similar mission when my own wife died in 1991. As a matter of course, Myra Ellen always made herself available to her family in time of need.

Myra Ellen's amazing versatility is another characteristic I shall always remember. I saw this on many occasions, but one example stands out clearly in my memory. In 1943, my Father worked for the Phelps Dodge Corporation at Nacozari, Sonora, a mining town 80 miles south of Douglas. Myra Ellen spent a week visiting there. At a social gathering one evening, Myra Ellen and Marina, the wife of a company doctor, became involved in a long conversation. They struggled, as Myra Ellen's Spanish at that time was not particularly good, and Marina's English not much better. They did not let this hinder them and, much to my surprise, soon



Myra Ellen relaxing with a friend at her home in Santa Fe; riding the open box car on the Cumbres and Toltec Scenic Railroad — and looking a bit horror-stricken as friend Al Schroeder samples a New Mexico wine during the Historical Society Annual Meeting Banquet in Santa Fe, April, 1990.

A Remembrance From Another Former Student

—Ruleen Lazzell

In 1984 I was a graduate assistant in the New Mexico State University history department. It was at this time that I had the opportunity to get to know Myra Ellen Jenkins. She was a visiting professor at NMSU one semester and I was assigned as her graduate assistant. I had met her before, through the meetings of the Historical Society of New Mexico, but now I had the chance to talk with her on a regular basis. It was quite a semester listening to her lecture during class and then, when we met to work or grade, not only to discuss topics about which she had lectured but, also, to talk about diverse topics including her cats and how she was hiding them from her Las Cruces landlord.

were happily carrying on their conversation in French. I never heard Myra Ellen speak French again, but it served her well that night.

Yes, it is a foregone conclusion that those who knew her will not soon forget. □

One of the most vivid memories I have was of the days when the graduate seminar met. She would drink a glass of milk before the evening class, then lecture and lead discussions. It was fascinating listening to her talk of tribal policies and water law and New Mexico politics. Everyone quickly learned not to ask questions about Billy the Kid or suffer a sharp retort. Afterwards we would go to the Village Inn on El Paseo Street and have a late snack and catch up on grading, go over responsibilities I had, and visit in general. For years after that when we had a chance to visit at HSNM meetings, or if our paths crossed elsewhere, we would remind each other of those moments. I valued her friendship, honesty, and support not only then but throughout the remainder of her life. I can honestly say that she had a profound affect on my life and my career and I will certainly miss her. □

"I always said that I might wear out, but dammed if I was gonna rust out", so said Myra Ellen Jenkins.

Documents Saved for New Mexico

—John P. Wilson

Many New Mexicans know that part of our Spanish-colonial heritage — the documents listed in Volume II of Twitchell's *Spanish Archives of New Mexico* — was transferred to the Library of Congress in 1903. Fortunately these were returned in 1924. Yet in 1971, we almost faced a similar loss. Had it not been for Myra Ellen Jenkins' prompt action, the Spanish and Mexican archives that the Surveyor General separated out in 1855 plus the land grant case files would be in Denver or Washington, D.C. now instead of in Santa Fe.

Until 1973, I worked at the Laboratory of Anthropology in Santa Fe and occasionally went down to the Bureau of Land Management's state office, in the post office building on Federal oval. There, Mrs. Consuela Richardson carefully watched over the contents of their big vault. No one knew what all was in the vault; certainly it held boxes of land grant papers and the archives listed in Twitchell's Volume I, but also maps, ledgers, reservation surveys, notebooks from township surveys and subdivisions, copies of the Surveyor General's correspondence and much else. There was no inventory other than the guide for the microfilming done by the University of New Mexico in 1955. The vault was fascinating; almost anything might have turned up in it.

At the Lab, Stew Peckham and I usually ate lunch in the big front room, after which Stew would drive downtown to check his post office box. This gave him an opportunity to look over the bulletin board postings in the post office and see if any new construction projects were scheduled for bidding. Normally we knew about these projects well in advance, but occasionally one could go to bid without the archaeological surveys that were a principal source of employment at the Lab.

One day in 1971, Stew came back from his post office trip and said that those old documents that Mrs. Richardson and I liked to prowl through were going to be shipped off to the National Archives. This was a complete and total surprise. I drove down to the post office and found posted a thirty-day notice that asked for public comment on the Bureau of Land Management's plan to transfer their Spanish documents and land grant records to the National Archives. Only a day or two remained in the comment period. I ran upstairs and asked Mrs. Richardson about this; she confirmed that the powers that be in the BLM were proposing to ship the records off, for reasons I do not now recall.

With time running out, I took the notice from the board, photocopied it and gave the copy to the person who could stop this loss if anyone could — Myra Ellen Jenkins. It came as a surprise to her as well, but she immediately started the wheels rolling to halt the transfer. Dr. Ward Allen Minge was Chairman of the Commission on Public Records at the time; he protested, just how I do not know, but the next trip to the BLM revealed some bewildered looks on administrators' faces. Apparently they simply hadn't realized the importance that New Mexicans attach to these ancient documents; that their Spanish archives were much more than old agency records. Fortunately, they were disabused. Plans changed, and by the spring of 1972¹ the archives, land grant records and many other surveyor General's documents had come to the New Mexico State Records Center and Archives on indefinite loan, after 117 years under jurisdiction of the General Land Office and the Bureau of Land Management.

1. *The New Mexican* (Santa Fe), April 10, 1972, p. A4; *Albuquerque Journal*, April 10, 1972, p. A1. □

—Spencer Wilson

On a serious note, of course, we miss Myra Ellen. Her integrity and professionalism were above reproach, and she stamped the history profession, the state Archives, and our own organization, the Historical Society of New Mexico, with a dedication and knowledge that we may not see again for a long time. She was a dear friend. We also know that Myra Ellen could be very firm with those whose opinions or knowledge of New Mexico history did not match her own. She could express herself in very firm tones. She did not suffer fools gladly — as I found out!

The case in point occurred years ago during lunch on Amtrak enroute to a meeting in Gallup. Our party consisted of most of the members of the Cultural Properties Review Committee. We took up the best part of two tables. While we were enjoying a libation, maybe two, Myra Ellen was holding forth on some topic in her dulcet tones. At some point I made an irreverent remark and from the table behind me came the stentorian statement to the entire dining car — DR. WILSON, YOU ASS! She was correct, of course. I repeat, Myra Ellen did not suffer fools gladly.

I had first known Myra Ellen when I was a lackluster undergraduate at UNM about 1951. I finally did graduate and went on to a short and seasick Naval tour of duty during the Korean War. Returning home, it was time to get serious so I began graduate studies in history at UNM. By then Myra Ellen had completed her doctorate.

I did not see Myra Ellen again for a number of years. I was back east in graduate school and teaching. By 1966, however, I saw the light and returned to New Mexico to teach at New Mexico Tech.

After my return I know it was the intercession of Myra Ellen that saw me appointed to the Cultural Properties Review Committee — where Myra Ellen sat in her position as State Historian and also as renowned historian in her own right. Those were fascinating times.

Matters of historic preservation came before the Committee which were often controversial — the fate of the Ilfeld Warehouse in Albuquerque, for example. That dispute attracted the press and Myra Ellen was often quoted with very pointed observations on her part.

Another time she and some help from the Archives rushed down to Socorro to rescue the territorial court papers from the basement of the Court House. They were in danger of being thrown out. A truck load went back to Santa Fe.

One winter day she dropped by our place in Socorro en route to Carrizozo on a similar mission. She was determined to continue on despite the gathering storm clouds but she did not make it. The pounding on our door heralded her return — the snow was too deep so she spun around — literally — and returned to Socorro. She plopped down on our sofa and removed her shoes to dry her multi-colored socks.

I learned a lot of New Mexico history and lore from Myra Ellen and had a lot of fun. We will miss her. □



Myra Ellen "plopped" down onto the Wilson's couch, with her "multi-colored socks" — stripes of red, blue and green on a field of white. Sitting with her is a young James Wilson; older now, just like the rest of us.

Dr. J and the Battle for Blue Lake

—R.C. Gordon-McCutchan

When I began writing my book on Taos Pueblo's quest to reclaim Blue Lake, one of the projects I most looked forward to was interviewing Dr. J. During the latter part of the protracted conflict, she was State Historian at the Archives and Records Center, and played a key role in the Blue Lake struggle. Her testimony before the Indian Claims Commission was one of the central factors in the Pueblo's legal victory, a victory which prepared the way for the Pueblo's battle in Congress.

Soon after the I.C.C. victory, New Mexico's Senator Clinton P. Anderson, one of the most powerful men in Washington, made known his bitter opposition to the return of Blue Lake. Dr. J worried about being involved in the legislative battle, fearing that Anderson would see to it that she was fired. However, when Juan de Jesus Romero, the old Cacique of Taos Pueblo appealed directed to her for help, she joined the lists of the Pueblo. As she told me later, "Who could say no to that saint."

One of Dr. J's finest hours came in 1970 as the Blue Lake battle reached its peak.

Testifying in Washington before the Senate Subcommittee on Indian Affairs, Dr. J faced the rancorous opposition of Senator Anderson and Senator Lee Metcalf. Her exchanges with the Senators on exclusive Indian use were especially important. Dr. J helped the Senate Subcommittee understand, perhaps for the first time, that the sacred area had originally been included in the forest reserves to protect it for exclusive Indian use. She also lucidly explained that money could not be considered an adequate compensation for sacred ground. In her highly effective testimony, she stood up impressively to the Senators' hostile badgering, and made a matter of record important facts which contributed significantly to the Blue Lake victory.

When Dr. J died, Taos Pueblo lost one of its most dedicated and effective supporters. As their historian and friend, she helped them fight many battles. But the battle which mattered most, the battle for Blue Lake, is the one for which I shall always remember her. Dr. J, beleaguered by the hostile questioning of some of the most powerful Senators in Washington, standing her ground with fiery wit, historical facts, and ready *repartee*. Those to me will always be the essence of the venerable Dr. J. □



Recollections of "Dr. J."

—John O. Baxter

I first met Dr. Jenkins at the beginning of 1975. Through an announcement in the *New Mexican*, I had learned that she would teach a course in archival management during the coming spring under auspices of the University of New Mexico. At that time, I had lived in Santa Fe for several years and learned a little New Mexico history, but wanted to know more. As the incumbent State Historian, Dr. Jenkins' encyclopedic knowledge of all things concerning the Southwest had been well publicized by the local press. Although I "didn't know an archive from an endive," to quote one of Myra Ellen's favorite expressions, I had majored in history as an undergraduate, and hoped to benefit from her expertise. During a preliminary interview with this rather formidable lady, we quickly discovered that we shared a ranching background, a coincidence which gave us an immediate bond. As I signed up for her course, I had no inkling that we had begun an association that would last almost twenty years.

Once underway, the class gathered in Santa Fe at the State Records Center on Montezuma Street at nine o'clock on Saturday mornings. Most of the other participants were graduate students working towards masters or doctoral degrees in history. At the beginning of each session, "Dr. J." expounded on the care and organization of archival materials, citing examples from the National Archives at Washington and similar institutions in England, France, and Spain. Enthusiasm increased remarkably when we descended to the vault in the Records Center basement where we beheld New Mexico's own archives dating back to the Spanish colonial era. We soon learned that our mentor had recently supervised microfilming all the official documents from Spanish, Mexican, and Territorial administrations, a monumental task. To supplement the lectures and provide the class with hands-on experience, each student was required to organize a collection of unprocessed papers according to procedures we had learned from Dr. J. Various alternatives included records of several counties from the Territorial period, legal files produced by some prominent attorneys, and the complete papers of a well-known Las Cruces Bank.

More or less by chance, I chose the records of Colfax County in northeastern New Mexico as my project. Down in the vault where the collection was stored, I found a huge pile of canvas-covered ledgers, tax assessment rolls, poll books from various voting precincts, and files bulging with correspondence, all jumbled together. Appalled at first, I soon discovered that Dr. J.'s precepts made it possible to bring order out of chaos.

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BEAUTIFUL BLUE LAKE

All people must have a home;
my people have theirs.

Hidden deep in Mother Earth's
bosom lies a lake called 'Beautiful Blue Lake.'

This lake welcomed my ancestors
many rivers ago.

It has wet the mouths of thirsty children,
given strength to the bear and deer cousins,
and watered the cornfield for our soups
at night.

A rocky trail leads to the heart of the
turquoise water,
and painted flowers surround her majesty.

Eagle sentinels fly over daily keeping
a watchful eye.

Outsiders have tried to claim it;
some have tried to buy it.

Enemies have tried to steal it!
But Divine power has granted title to
its rightful owners.

One today does not know all the secrets
that are hidden in rocks and aging trees
enshrining the lake.

But grandfather's songs and humble prayers
still linger.

I did not understand all that he knew,
but his love for 'Beautiful Blue Lake' in August
reminds me that his life and those
before him
Cherished our lake as home, a refuge,
a place of joy,
a symbol of a tribe, a people, a generation,
a beautiful heritage.

Taos Pueblo Return of Blue Lake
Commemoration Committee

Howard Rainer
Taos Pueblo-Creek
1978

—Carl Sheppard

It was only about ten years that I had the privilege of knowing Myra Ellen Jenkins. Our relationship was developed primarily by serving on the same Boards, usually historical.

My semi-official contacts with Myra Ellen always left me with a satisfied sense of the right thing done. She knew what she was about; backed her opinions with an in-depth knowledge of her subject (she could always defeat an opponent by the deluge of her information). Sharp, kind, humorous, Myra Ellen was a friend and a colleague of top quality. Never did I hear a complaint nor a negative personal cry. She was valiant about herself and her disabilities. No nonsense there! □

JOHN BAXTER (continued)

While sorting brand books and deed records from miners' location notices and probate court journals, I found these primary documents more and more intriguing. Not long before the course began, I had read Jim Berry Pearson's history of the Maxwell Land Grant which described a mining boom in the Moreno Valley, a region that became part of Colfax County. As I set to work, the first volumes I opened happened to be the organizational records of the Cimarron and Willow Creek mining districts, two of the more important "diggings" in the Moreno area. While glancing through the books, I saw that every noteworthy speculator and prospector from the two camps was mentioned, including Lucien B. Maxwell himself. I couldn't believe my good fortune! When advised of this major archival discovery, Dr. J. managed to take it in stride, but was obviously pleased by my excitement.

Once the projects had been completed, the class struggled through a rigorous final examination that wrapped up the course. Fortunately for me, it proved to be a beginning rather than an ending. Thanks to Dr. J., my interest in history had been rekindled, leading me to seek a career in the field. During the next year, we continued to meet occasionally and our friendship strengthened. Eventually, at Dr. J.'s invitation, I joined the staff at the Archives, documenting sites throughout New Mexico for the state's historic preservation program. Without doubt, Myra Ellen influenced many people in much the same way. As a result of her encouragement, several other members of the class established themselves as professional historians in New Mexico and other southwestern states. Everyone who knew Myra Ellen recognized her many talents: as scholar, author, administrator, and public servant. For me, however, she'll always be remembered as a teacher, the best I've ever known! □

—Rev. Phillip Wainwright

As a specialist in Church History my arrival at the Church of the Holy Faith in Santa Fe in 1986 was the occasion for a wonderful discovery: Myra Ellen Jenkins was one of my parishioners. Our periods did not overlap (mine being the first four centuries A.D.) but we both had the historian's mind, and she soon aroused in me an interest in the history of the Church in the Southwest.

My great discovery in Myra Ellen, however, was not her historian's mind but her historian's heart. Myra Ellen did not just know the facts about the people of the early days of the Anglican church in the Southwest, she knew them as people. She would talk about them as though she had known them personally, and indeed I believe that she was able to penetrate through the pomposities of people long gone as easily as she was able to penetrate the pomposities of those still living. "Poor Bishop Kendrick," she would say, shaking her head sadly, "he was never the same after the business at Holy Faith in 1910. I'm convinced it hastened his death." She would frown disapprovingly at the mention of the name of an early Chancellor of the Diocese whose behaviour was sometimes less than gentlemanly, or chuckle at the way two of the great ladies of 19th century Santa Fe had fought over the Women's Guild. "Oh my, she was a tyrant," she would mutter, sounding quite relieved that someone a little more easygoing was in charge now.

Myra Ellen was a historian because she cared about people. The papers she gave to Holy Faith's archives in 1989 were hard for her to part with, not because they were historical documents but because they were mementoes of people who had been a real part of her life. To have known Myra Ellen was not just to have known a historian, but to have had a personal link with people who made history. It was a real privilege. □

Memories of Myra Ellen

—Cordelia Thomas Snow

To those who knew and worked with Myra Ellen, she will always be an unforgettable presence. That is particularly so in my case, for an incident that occurred in April of 1974 when we were in the midst of excavating Room 7 in the Palace of the Governors. According to the plans, as John Conron investigated the fabric of the Palace from the attic to the floors, archaeologists would have several weeks to conduct test excavations beneath the floors in the west end of the building. As it happened, of course, our discoveries were so unexpected we spent more than six months in Room 7 alone.

As soon as word of our discoveries got out, and it didn't take very long at all, E. Boyd and Myra Ellen arrived on site. As the excavation progressed, E. Boyd and Myra Ellen, occasionally accompanied by Fray Angélico Chávez, began to visit the site as often as several times a week. One day, aware that I had not yet had a chance to get down to the Archives, Myra Ellen arrived at the excavation with a copy of SANM II:253, a report prepared by the Cabildo on the condition of the Palace in 1716, and snapped in her customary way, "I hope you're not using that awful Twitchell translation. Always go back to the original." I've never forgotten.

Shortly thereafter, our working conditions began to deteriorate. Each storage pit excavated — several were two meters deep — added to the hazards on site. Although the excavated storage pits were covered with whatever we could find, "for safety's sake," some of those boards were pretty flimsy. In addition, two large seventeenth century cobble foundations in the north half of the room uncovered below the level of the storage pits, further impeded movement. We

worked in fear and trembling of a visit from the Fire Marshall because the extension cords for our numerous spot-lights covered the site like so many snakes.

Because of dangerous site conditions, we closed the excavation to all visitors. Visitors could look over a barricade, but could not enter. It never crossed our minds to include Myra Ellen and E. Boyd in the "no visitors" category. Moreover, they would have been outraged had they not been allowed to poke around and comment on everything they saw. They were our project advisors and historians, and we all looked forward to seeing them.

One morning sometime in April, at a time when the excavation was an accident-waiting-to-happen, I was sitting in a former doorway turned exhibit case by Nusbaum, by then our only access to the site, trying to catch up on field notes, when I saw Myra Ellen, E. Boyd and Fray Angélico behind the barricade. They asked if they could bring a visitor through. Of course they could.

I was the last one to file through the former exhibit case /doorway into the excavation, when I saw Myra Ellen lose her balance for a second, and someone put out a hand to steady her. I glanced down to see what caused her unsteadiness, and was absolutely aghast at what I saw. Myra Ellen was wearing spindly, bright-red, high heels!

My worst nightmare was about to come true. I could just see the headlines: "State Historian Falls into Palace Storage Pit." The crew was equally horrified, and the visit seemed to last forever. Nothing happened, of course, and Myra Ellen never let on as she nonchalantly, after that first mis-step, walked around the site, that her choice of shoes for the occasion had been anything but a good idea.

Myra Ellen was an unforgettable presence, a friend, and mentor, may she rest in peace. □



Taken in December, 1991 at a small dinner party at La Posada in Santa Fe, honoring Cristóbal Colón XX de Carbajal, Duke of Veraqua (standing to the left in the photograph above.) The Duke, the twentieth decendent of Christopher Columbus, was touring El Paso, Albuquerque, Santa Fe and Taos as part of the Quincentennial celebration. Myra Ellen is on the right, looked upon by Mark Simmons, with Pedro Mesones of Washington, D.C. standing between Mark and Cristóbal. (Photograph taken by Mary Jean Cook)

Myra and Billy

—Robert M. Utley

Myra Ellen's nearly pathological contempt for Billy the Kid, loudly verbalized at every opportunity, ranks as probably the best known of the many legends of Dr. J. Because she reacted with colorful vituperation to his mere mention, her associates delighted in seizing on the slightest pretext to drop such a mention into the conversation.

When Myra Ellen learned that I was writing a biography of Billy the Kid, she treated me to repeated lectures, dripping with ridicule, on the folly of wasting one's time and talent on a character so overblown yet so entirely trivial as to be beyond the notice of a reputable historian. Only once did I emerge the victor.

At a meeting of the Santa Fe corral of the Westerners about 1986, she backed me into the corner of La Posada's dining room and launched once again into

this tirade. I interrupted. Myra Ellen, I said, name me one figure in all New Mexico's history who is better known throughout the world than Billy the Kid. Coronado? Oñate? Pope? DeVargas? Kearny? Kit Carson? Manuelito? Mangas Coloradas? Albert Bacon Fall? J. Robert Oppenheimer? Not one comes close to the Kid if impact on the human imagination is a measure of historical significance.

Myra Ellen glared at me, emitted a growl, and turned and stalked away. She never answered my question, never acknowledged to me the publication of my biography in 1989, and never relented in her assaults on the memory of Billy the Kid.

I knew and respected Myra Ellen Jenkins for thirty years. I regarded her as the most constructive force in New Mexico history during my generation. She will be greatly missed by the state, the historical profession, and her legion of friends. She was an original. □

Memoriam — Dr. Myra Ellen Jenkins

—Carleen Lazzell

I fondly remember the first time I ever saw Myra Ellen Jenkins. Members of the Historical Society of New Mexico were converging at the Holy Cross Monastery a few miles south of Mesilla Park in anticipation of a great conference. The setting was special — rural New Mexico in the midst of pecan orchards. The monastery has a large grassy quadrangle — and a view of the area from the dormitory windows. While settling into my quarters, I looked out the window and what did I see? A gray haired woman in a purple wool suit rolling around on the grass playing with the Franciscans' St. Bernard. My first thought was, "who is that woman?"

Within the hour, I knew who she was — the legendary "Dr. J." That important day when I first met her was in April, 1978. (That was the day I met another very special person, Al Schroeder.)

Since our first meeting, I have other fond memories of Myra Ellen. When she retired from the New Mexico State Records Center and Archives, members of the Historical Society of New Mexico presented her with a matching set of luggage at the conference in El Paso. Everyone seemed to think she would then have plenty of time to travel. That was in 1981. And, I also treasure the time I spent with Myra Ellen in Billings, Montana, when we were roommates at the Western History Association conference in 1986. The memories of Myra Ellen will live on in my mind and heart and I will miss her greatly. □

—Marta Weigle

I first encountered Dr. Jenkins, whom I never then dared address as "Dr. J.," when in the late 1960s I ventured down the steep steps of the archives to begin in earnest my doctoral research on the Penitente Brotherhood. Much daunted, deplorably inept and ignorant, I could not have hoped for a more fortuitous meeting. In the acknowledgments to my dissertation I wrote: "Dr. Myra Ellen Jenkins, historian and Deputy for Archives, has generously given me innumerable insights into New Mexican and Colorado history, as well as taught me about the use of difficult official documents. She has been kind enough to permit me to examine various private papers on the Brotherhood. Somehow, she found time to read and criticize the manuscript. Without her generosity and familiarity with the region and its history, this study, whatever its present faults, would have been very much the poorer, and I should never have learned as much." I should have written: Without her, nuthin'.

When the dissertation became a book in 1976, I singled out "two women [who] have shown me much about academic and human excellence": the late E. Boyd and "Dr. J.," who "permitted me access to the Dorothy Woodward Penitente Papers, taught me to appreciate the complexities of New Mexico and its historical resources, and herself exemplifies the highest standards in scholarship and humanity." What that does not say is at least twofold: I who had no women professors in my 1st three years of college and throughout graduate school came to know women scholars' mentorship both directly and indirectly through her stories about Dorothy Woodward. I who had no notion of scholars outside the academy came to see clearly that this endeavor mattered and that historical research affected people's lives in very important ways.

Since that time, Myra Ellen continued to teach me about collegiality, guardianship and commitment. Would that I had enjoyed more time in her company, for she was excellent company indeed for all of us in this challenging part of the world. □

A Different Kind of Document — Saved!

—Marianne L. Stoller

It would be around ten o'clock on a bright and sunny morning when the BMW rounded the hill in a splatter of gravel and came to an abrupt stop in front of the site. Out would pop Myra Ellen (even when infirmities slowed her, she still seemed to pop out of the car); striding over to the nearest testpit, she would invariably announce herself by saying, "Well, kids, what have you found now?" — even if the "kid" happened to be David Snow or myself.

Justly celebrated for her dedication to written documents, it may come as a surprise that in the last few years Myra Ellen Jenkins was transforming herself into an archaeologist! Of course she had long worked with anthropologists and archaeologists on Indian land claims cases, and considered a number of us among her dearest friends and esteemed colleagues (especially Al Schroeder), but the stories she told about us, and the tone of voice she used, led one to believe that her opinion of the discipline was not of the highest.

For many years, in many contexts, she introduced me with a mixture of pleasure and affection as, "My friend, Dr. Marianne Stoller from Colorado College." Then would come the punch line, delivered with a characteristic wave of the hand: "She's one of those anthropology-archaeology types" — as if that explain-

ervation and preservation when ownership of the land changed. She found plans for homesite development in the surrounding area in the County plat books, and despite the new owners' interest and concern with the site, she felt it should be otherwise secured.

Myra Ellen had been involved since its inception with El Rancho de Las Golondrinas, the living history museum of Spanish Colonial life, in La Cienega. A member of its Board of Advisors, she felt strongly that LA 20,000 should belong to that Museum. The site extends knowledge of settlement of the Cienega area and the Museum's coverage of colonial history back another one hundred years and is representative of the earliest Spanish ranching and domestic household activities yet discovered in New Mexico. She worked tirelessly with El Rancho de Las Golondrinas Charitable Trust to persuade the Board to take title to the land, and with me in negotiating the purchase and raising the money to buy it — contributing an appreciable amount of the price herself. It was a natural extension of her longstanding interest in historical preservation and her devotion to Las Golondrinas' mission to present and interpret the Hispanic history of the Southwest.

After title to it was successfully transferred, Myra Ellen called it "our" site. She participated in the dog and pony show presentations, as she called them, on our research at Gran Quivira Conference meetings. She permitted her historical

ordered me to get the documents. John Grassham and I got her copies but when delivered to her in June, alas, she was too ill to translate them.

On what proved to be her last visit to the site I saw her pick up a trowel, heft it in her hand, lean over to peer in a testpit, and unconsciously imitate the troweling motions of the student she was watching. Noticing also, the student asked, "Would you like to dig, Dr. J.?" She drew back and dropped the trowel. "No," she answered, "Historians don't dig," but added wistfully, "I wouldn't mind the fun of uncovering a potsherd just once." Without doubt, if she had been physically able she would have jumped in that pit — and the transformation of historian into historical archaeologist would have been complete.

LA 20,000 is a different kind of "document," but Myra Ellen's personal foray into archaeology resulted in one last major achievement in preserving the original records of New Mexico's history. □

—David Snow

My thoughts, during funeral services for Myra Ellen, appropriately enough, were on heavenly things. Principally, trout fishing. Like the high mountain streams where I am at peace, the silver, lilting melodies of Shubert's piano quintet (Opus 114), the Trout, danced and tumbled through my mind the entire service, revealing quick, bright flashes of Myra Ellen remembered. Each sharply-etched image is a keeper, taken, sparkling and feisty from the secret pools of my memory and returned for the sheer pleasure of another day. This luxury, I confess, is my only concession to the prevailing catch-and-release philosophy in vogue among many of today's fly-fishing elite; but never an option so long as Myra Ellen (and Amos, of course) awaited my return from the mountain on a late New Mexico or Colorado summer-into-fall evening.

"By golly," they exclaim in unison, "that's a lovely bunch of trout." Amos stretches up, incredibly long against Myra Ellen's leg, as she appraises the lot, her eyes sorting, measuring, evaluating, identifying, and cataloging, as though confronted with a mess of newly-discovered documents. Their combined chorus of "golly-m' rrrrow-that's a beauty-rrrrraumrrrrrow-u'huh-wow-m'rrrow," are the sounds of a melodic, mad-dashing brook.

Too frequently, alas, my return evokes nothing more than an ego-deflating, "Well, DUMMY. Where are the fish?" Amos stalks off with obvious disdain — Myra Ellen, disappointed, her mild blue eyes darker now with impatience at my 'bad-luck' on the streams, resembles nothing so much as her former schoolmarm-self, confronted with an incompleting class assignment, or homework neglected. Barely tolerable. And I am reminded that this teacher suffers neither fools, frauds, nor fly-fishers lightly. A ruler across the knuckles the smart of the intonation of a deftly-delivered, "Well, DUMMY," could reduce mountains to mole-hills again, politicians to people, or professionals to poor freshmen. Humbling.

An anthropologist, but one who practices historical archaeology (as proof, I naively argue to myself, that you can have your cake and eat it), I am neither a former student of Myra Ellen's, nor academically-trained in her profession — my future, she was fond of reminding me, "lies in ruins." Once, I happened to overhear a comment she made to someone — "yes, he's definitely an archaeological-type, but he sure knows those goldurn documents better than some I know." What I did with those documents seems to have been, however, a different kettle of fish in her opinion; and I recall one of my first

blunders into the (to me) sacrosanctity of the archives, over which Myra Ellen presided as acknowledged head-mistress.

An obscure Spanish Colonial 'document', painstakingly tracked down to Harvard's Weidner Library, appeared to me the perfect match for an equally little-known archeological observation pertaining to the location of a former 17th century Rio Grande pueblo. Having posted the banns, as it were (I submitted the draft of my research efforts to Myra Ellen for review), her ensuing *diligencias matrimoniales* revealed, alas, a serious impediment to the proposed union between historical and archaeological 'fact'. The result of my efforts elicited a characteristic snort which, willy-nilly, swept away my supporting document — a mere trifle, not the original, just a copy of Adolph Bandelier. Suspicious at best, unacceptable in her schoolroom. Horrors!

Although fully aware of these seemingly innocent indiscretions, I was stunned with the possibility that Bandelier had been, perhaps, only *slightly* more scrupulous than Cruzate. "Well, DUMMY," she said, "this may be archaeology, but it sure ain't history." The final blow — "and speculative, too" — was delivered in a voice that I likened to the sound of a fine bamboo fly-rod breaking. Slinking off, defiantly (much I, imagined, like Billy the Kid should have done in her presence), I cowardly submitted the piece, nevertheless, for publication in an obscure and inconspicuous collection of archeological imponderabilia, a volume into which I fervently hoped no self-respecting historian might venture. To my acute embarrassment I learned, many years later, that Myra Ellen not only owned a copy, but had had occasion to refer others to my early contribution (albeit somewhat neutrally), as it contained highlights of certain fraudulent practices involving lands claimed by one of her favorite pueblos.

And, so, I continue my efforts to seek suitable matches between the stuff of documentary history and the archeological record, stimulated and, ultimately, aided and abetted by Myra Ellen. I have failed, nevertheless, to deal with what she often considered my worst affliction. "Your writing hand suffers from acute Montezuma's revenge," she would say, apropos of nothing. Once, blue eyes achuckle, she went off in search of some Kaopectate, grousing that a tablespoon-full of *that* stuff, applied to the offending member, "before each page," ought to take care of that!

I will miss her, as I remember her best, in front of the stove, an arm and a fist cocked against her hip, the other hand clutching a waving spatula, her concentration intense as any trout-fisher, a creelfull of browns ("frauds," they were), brookies ("little fools"), and rainbows sizzling under her watchful eye — the frying-pan sounds of my redemption and salvation at the end of a weary, August-hot days' pleasure and secret triumph.

—Ellie Pratt

I didn't know Myra Ellen until my return to Santa Fe on retiring as Director of Museums on the Philmont Scout Ranch. My first encounter was at a board meeting of the Santa Fe Historical Society. I was being interviewed for the job of Executive Secretary. After pertinent questions were asked by all members except Myra Ellen the final vote was made by her when she said "you will do". I would follow at her heels at Gran Quivira conferences listening to Myra Ellen pounce on some know-it-all expounding on a point in local history.

I took her course in state history at the College of Santa Fe. Again watching with admiration her handling of obstreperous young male students. Fascinated by her tales of pioneering on the family ranch in Colorado.

Her sharp wit so added to any social function.

Dear Myra Ellen, you have left us with a space which never can be filled. □



"Well, what have you kids found now," — Myra Ellen visiting LA 20,000, June 1988.

ed everything about me (and maybe it does). I was never sure if the hand wave was a dismissal, but I knew it wasn't exactly a blessing. When, in the last couple of years, she dropped that punch line and substituted, "She and her kids (students) are excavating our site in La Cienega." I realized she recognized that her own disciplinary affiliation had taken a new turn.

Myra Ellen's involvement with LA 20,000, the 17th century Spanish Colonial *estancia* in La Cienega, began in 1987 when David Snow and I were invited by Mr. Alfonso Sanchez, the landowner, to resume archaeological explorations following some earlier work done in collaboration with the Museum of New Mexico. We asked Myra Ellen to be our historical consultant on the project. Initially she limited herself to lecturing to classes on the history of the area, derived from research she had already done on the history of El Rancho del Las Golondrinas. However, as the extent of the site grew, so did the number of documents she found. Finally the lectures had to be broken into two sessions to save the students from writing paralysis. She still began by informing them that, as archaeologists, "their future lay in ruins," but her own visits to and intrigue with those ruins increased.

By 1990 the significance and complexity of the site had become obvious and we began to worry about its future con-

imagination to envision Pueblo Indians pouring over the hill, torches in hand, during the Pueblo Revolt. She brought more and more people out to see the site when we were working. She stopped depending on David and me to explain the site and began giving her own guided tours. I couldn't believe my ears when I overheard words like "stratigraphy" and "Glaze F potsherds" and "tree-ring dating" and "faunal remains" coming out of her mouth as naturally as if they had been part of her lexicon for years.

The historian in her remained, too. Whereas David and I are caught up in questions about the architectural plan and economic relations of colonists and Native Americans, her abiding interest was in trying to identify which 17th century colonist might have built and lived at the *estancia*. She confessed to one newspaper reporter that she had "beaten her brains to a pulp" trying to figure out who it was.

"We've found him!" she announced on the telephone last November without any other preamble, "And I'm red-faced because he was in Chavez (*Origins of New Mexico Families*) all along." "Him" is Alonso Varela Jaramillo who, in a document dated 1632, declared he was living on his *estancia* in La Cienega. We had earlier dismissed the reference as meaning the Cienega of Santa Fe, but subsequent research had convinced her otherwise. Always the rigorous historian, she

Myra Ellen Jenkins at Zuni

—E. Richard Hart

Myra Ellen Jenkins' work with Zuni spanned portions of two decades and began in the late 1970s when the Zuni Tribe enlisted the assistance of Myra Ellen to pursue their land claim litigation. Zuni had been unable to file a claim against the United States before the Indian Claims Commission during the allowable period, but a determined effort by the tribe for nearly thirty subsequent years finally resulted in action by Congress in the late 1970s that allowed the tribe to file a lawsuit. Zuni claimed that the United States failed to pay for millions of acres that were taken from the tribe between 1846 and 1946. Governor Robert E. Lewis and the Zuni Tribal Council scrupulously reviewed the credentials of potential expert witnesses, listened to recommendations from tribal advisors and from other tribes that had already been through the land claim process. Zuni decided that Myra Ellen was the best historian that could be retained to testify about the critical period of Zuni history during the tribe's first years under United States sovereignty. It was no light matter for Myra Ellen to take on this commitment to provide expert testimony in what became Docket 161-79L before the United States Claims Court. Though she was imbued with incredible energy and worked with resolute perseverance, she was already committed to numerous projects, so Zuni greatly appreciated the dedication she applied in their behalf. She joined a team of witnesses that included anthropologists Fred Eggan and Triloki Nath Pandey, historians Ward Alan Minge, John Baxter, Lyman Tyler and myself, and archaeologist T. J. Ferguson, all of whom would devote the better portion of a decade to the project.

After extensive archival research and numerous meetings with the attorneys and the other witnesses, and relying on her decades of experience and knowledge, in 1980 she completed her written testimony, "The Pueblo of Zuni and United States Occupation." In April, 1981, she endured a grueling Justice Department deposition, during which she elaborated on her written testimony. She met on many occasions with Zunis' religious and political leaders, who all came to regard her with affection, and who admired her forthrightness and her strict adherence to fact. Early on in the process, she made it clear to everyone involved that her responsibility was to accuracy in history and not to any advocacy position in favor of Zuni. In other words, she said let me do my work honestly and objectively, and let the chips fall where they may. Zuni and its attorneys, Steve and John Boyden, to their great credit encouraged Myra Ellen, and all of the other experts they had retained, to take this attitude throughout the proceedings. And Myra Ellen doggedly pursued this straight course throughout, in her written testimony, during the depositions, the meetings and interviews, the written rebuttal testimony, and finally during the trial, which was held in Salt Lake City, in the Utah Supreme Court chambers during March, 1982.

Myra Ellen's fidelity to historical accuracy did lead to one humorous episode during the trial. The tension in the courtroom was not unexpected. She had borne the particularly aggressive cross-examination on the part of the Justice Department attorney with dignity and a commensurate level of restraint, all the while aware of the high stakes, and the judge's intense scrutiny. Then, as one of the historians for the opposition was being questioned, the somewhat harried witness could not answer a question that required a date. While he searched his memory, there was a painful silence as



Myra Ellen and an award presented at December 1978 Historical Society board meeting; a whiskey (bourbon) bottle in the image of Billy The Kid.

all in the courtroom — the judge, the attorneys for Zuni and the United States, the delegation of Zuni religious and political leaders, and all of the other expert witnesses — stared intently at the witness. A few seconds in such silence seems interminable and one cannot help but feel for the person in the witness box who has momentarily lost his memory. This particular silence was broken, however, as Myra Ellen calmly spoke up from the spectators' seats and in her familiar authoritative voice helpfully supplied the correct answer, much to the suppressed delight of the judge, and the muffled chuckles of the other witnesses in the gallery.

It would be five long years before a decision was finally sent down by the judge (May 27, 1987). In the findings of fact that were rendered, every substantive issue raised by Myra Ellen was determined to have been accurately addressed by her in her testimony. The historical facts that Myra Ellen outlined for the court were integral to the victory by the Zuni Tribe, which resulted in a \$25 million judgment.

This was not the extent of her involvement with the Tribe. She also participated in a unique public conference at Zuni to explain her testimony in lay terms to the Zunis, and later published the same essay, "Zuni History During the Early United States Period," in a newspaper that has been distributed widely at Zuni, and which is used in the schools there and elsewhere to explain the history behind the Zuni land claim cases. She also authored (with Robert W.

Delaney), in 1988, a "Guide to the 'Lost' Records of the Mission of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe de Zuni, 1775-1858," translating and analyzing priests' difficult handwriting and providing important information that will be used in the adjudication of Zuni's water rights. During her final months, she had begun work on an essay explaining some of the historical issues that were resolved in the Zuni litigation.

Her commitment and work in behalf of Zuni can best be summarized in the statement of Governor Lewis, who watched her work for the tribe over more than fifteen years.

Myra Ellen Jenkins has the Zuni people's enduring gratitude for all that she did to help us document our history accurately, and in so doing assist our efforts to achieve victory in our land claims litigation. As a result of that victory the Zuni people will have improved education, improved management of our cultural and natural resources, and greater employment. When we honored Dr. Jenkins with a certification of appreciation in 1991, we told her how highly we regarded her efforts and how greatly her work has served to improve the lives of Zunis today and in the future. Our children's children will join us to say the Zuni word for "thank you" to the memory of Myra Ellen Jenkins. Élaqua. □

Making tea for Dr. J . . . properly

Bring cold water in a tea kettle to a boil; take out two teacups, (not mugs) and tea - Earl Grey is a good choice but not in teabags.

When water boils, pour some into each cup; return the teakettle to the burner; Empty the water in the cups. Now the cups are warm and ready for the tea.

Put the tea in a tea strainer; slowly pour the boiling water through the tea; fill one cup halfway, fill the other cup halfway, then fill both cups completely. Serve with sugar - no cream or gasty lemon.

—Directions submitted by Sandra Haug



A frequent working posture: on the floor in the library at the State Record Center and Archives.

A Tribute to Dr. Myra Ellen Jenkins

—Mrs. Tibo J. (Betty) Chavez

Myra Ellen Jenkins was the principal speaker on February 7, 1993 at the annual meeting of the Valencia County Historical Society held at the Historic Harvey House in Belen, New Mexico. The occasion honored the late Tibo J. Chavez, Lt. Governor, State Senator and District Judge whose home was Belen and who passed away November 25, 1991. There were three hundred people in attendance.

Myra Ellen had been the principal speaker at the first meeting of the Valencia County Historical Society held in 1969. Tibo Chavez was a founder of the organization and had prevailed upon his good friend of many years to do the honors. And so, it was appropriate that she remember her "special" friend, as she called him, at the opening of an exhibit entitled: "The Life of the Honorable Tibo J. Chavez."

She spoke of her initial meeting with the then Senator Chavez when she and Al Schroeder and others were attempting to establish a State Records Center and Archives. He, having been in the legislature for ten years, was a valuable and influential supporter of the 1959 Public Records Act. She recalled that the first two years of the agency was rough and not all legislators were convinced that the agency should be staffed professionally and free from partisan politics. But, she said, "through it all, including some pot shots from the University of New Mexico Library, The Historical Society of New Mexico and even The Museum of New Mexico, the good Senator was an unflagging supporter."

Later, through their joint efforts, they were able to secure the Ilfeld Warehouse as the depository for the new agency and funds to renovate it. Myra Ellen lamented the fact that Senator Chavez was not in the legislature in 1993, as they sorely needed a new building and that, he, undoubtedly could inspire the necessary appropriation from the legislature. Her great concern and work on this project certainly merits the new building being named in her honor.

She often said that Spanish and Mexican Archives were her first love as a historian. They were also the first love of Tibo Chavez, thus, there was a mutual bond between them. Myra Ellen was the State Archivist and Tibo Chavez was the Chief Sponsor of all legislation relating to historic preservation in New Mexico.

To quote from her speech on February 7, 1993, she said the following:

"As you are well aware, the issue of protecting our historic patrimony of structures, sites and other physical evidences of who we are and have been in this great state has become a policy generally accepted almost as a matter of course, but it was not always so. Tibo Chavez was the pioneer of Historic Preservation as a state and a national issue. In 1966, Congress passed the National Historic Preservation Act providing for a comprehensive program, but, with the emphasis on state legislation to carry out its mandate with some Federal funds. Professional leaders who, in New Mexico, had long been involved in local programs to protect sites immediately descended on Senator Chavez to sponsor state legislation which would bring the state into compliance with the national program. Among them were architect, John P. Conron, National Park Service archeologist, Albert H. Schroeder, and this historian. He did not fail us and drafted and sponsored the 1969 Cultural Properties Act which was hailed by the feds and used by other states as a model for their own legislation. One provision was that the Deputy for Archives at the State Records Center would be designated as the official State Historian, and that the Curator of Archeology of the Museum of New Mexico as the official State Archeologist. Both were statutory

(continued on page 9, column 1)

members of the Cultural Properties Review Committee created to establish and administer the historic Preservation program. There were objections to the bill, but, due to Senator Chavez' skill and perseverance, it passed. New Mexico now had a great historic preservation automobile, but, it had no engine, since no appropriation was made and federal funds were insufficient, although they were all we had that first year. Both John Conron and Al Schroeder, who was Chief of Interpretation of the Southwest Region of the National Park Service, were appointed to the Cultural Properties Review Committee by then governor, David F. Cargo. The members immediately elected Al Schroeder as chairman.

"Senator Chavez relied on Al Schroeder and me to appear before the proper legislative hearings on historic preservation bills, and in 1970, he sponsored a measure for severance bonds for the development of 5 specific sites. Before the hearing he told us that we would have to convince powerful Senator Aubry Dunn not to oppose the bill. He then set up a meeting with Dunn for 7:30 a.m. the morning the bill was before committee. That was a real hardship for me. Dunn, while not overly enthusiastic, promised that he would not oppose the bill. He did not, and funding was consistent from that session forward.

"Other amendments to the bill followed with succeeding legislative hearings. Our colleagues on the committee said that Tibo always asked Al Schroeder, who in his methodical fashion, would thoroughly explain the measure, and that he asked me because I would 'ham up' the argument."

In 1974 at the annual meeting of the Cultural Properties Review Committee, Myra Ellen presented the main award to Tibo Chavez for his many contributions in all fields of historic preservation in New Mexico. She recounted in her precise manner, some of the contributions of the Chavez family from the 1600s to the present. At the conclusion, she added, in her own words, an "on the spur of the moment dicho: 'In New Mexico, all roads lead to Chavez'."

In 1976, Myra Ellen and Tibo served on the Bicentennial Commemorative Medallion Committee. It was appointed

by the Governor and represented a cross-section of cultural entities in the state. An unfortunate misunderstanding came about during deliberations of the committee. Governor King appointed Senator Chavez to mediate the dispute. He had a powerful ally in Myra Ellen and other members of the committee such as Al Schroeder and the Director of the Museum of New Mexico. After much wrangling, the matter was resolved and the medallion featured a depiction of the 1610 Palace of the Governors with the inscription: "A Mosaic of Cultures."

Tibo Chavez said of Myra Ellen Jenkins: "In historical matters, she is a walking encyclopedia and a *purist*. This makes for a very rare individual!" She often said: "I can't stand for history to be distorted. When she had heard enough on a given subject, she often would say to Tibo Chavez: "Ya Bastante!"

We cannot say enough in praise and tribute to Myra Ellen Jenkins who made it her life's endeavor to work and study and labor so that history might be preserved and valued in our society. □

A Memoir of Myra Ellen Jenkins

—John Porter and Jo Tice Bloom

We are among the many whose lives have been enriched by and who will always be grateful for the friendship of Myra Ellen Jenkins. We know that, in fact, few New Mexicans have not benefited from her historical knowledge and her love for the state. 'Tis a large void that her passing has created.

Some particular memories and experiences come to our minds. There was the Sunday afternoon after the ashes of John's mother, Maude McFie Bloom, were placed to rest in Fairview Cemetery . . . Myra Ellen took us and Maude's late sister, Mary McFie Lackey, into her home. Aunt Mary played the piano for several hours while we others talked McFies, Blooms, and New Mexicana. The relaxing, refreshing hours were comforting to us all.

Jo remembers especially an afternoon and evening at Rancho del Las Golondrinas that proved fascinating and also showed the deep respect and affection with which Myra Ellen was regarded by so many. John thinks of lunches similarly, in recent years, at the Palace, Maria's, Pink Adobe, wherever.

Myra Ellen, Amos and the Flag

In the summer of 1992, as part of a Bryn Mawr alumni scholarship, I went to Malaysia to help teach a high school course on multiculturalism. My assignment was to give an American perspective, and my opening lecture was on the American Dream — what it meant, what it means, whether it still exists.

I interviewed a variety of people: educators, children, college students, a Jewish mother raising an adopted African American; a retired social worker who had been interred in one of the Japanese camps in California during World War II, and of course, Dr. J.

Dr. J's discussion of the American Dream was one of the clearest of those I taped and I used portions of it throughout the slide show presentation in Malaysia. She talked about the ways in which the Dream had not, in the past been a truly inclusive vision, (particularly for Native-

Americans) and how the most dramatic change, in American's perception of the dream, has been in expanding the definition of what it means. It was one of the few times, other than in our numerous political discussions, that I heard Dr. J. talk philosophically.

Each interviewee was captured on audio tape and was photographed with the American flag. In Dr. J's case, the photograph included Amos, as was most appropriate. My intent was to show the students that although Americans shared the symbols of the American Dream and the flag, each interpreted the symbols individually.

Dr. J. complied with this goal with her typical independence. Most of my interviewees were photographed with the flag. In this case, I photographed the flag with Dr. J.

—Flannery Haug □

John came to know Myra Ellen in stages, having moved away from New Mexico in 1947. Employed by the National Park Service and the National Archives in the 1960s, his attention was focused elsewhere, primarily, until he and Myra Ellen became very much involved in the lawsuit whereby the United States attempted by replevin to regain title to certain so-called Spanish and Mexican Archives of New Mexico (unsuccessfully, sad to say). And then, when the Western History Association met in Santa Fé in 1971, John chaired the program committee and Myra Ellen was on the local arrangements committee, with which he worked closely. It was the beginning of the latter's important participation in the WHA, on whose board she served recently. Here is another circle of associates where she will be missed very much.

Over the years our lives have been enriched by her insights and special knowledge of history, of course, and not only of New Mexico history. Her acerbic and dry wit has enlivened our professional interchanges and evoked chuckles and knowing nods very many times. Her wisdom has aided us in some particular decisions. Amos and his friends in Myra Ellen's household have also been our special companions.

Friend, mentor, succorer, colleague, fellow historian, fellow sojourner in the search for truth — we salute you, Myra Ellen Jenkins, and thank you for being part of our lives. □

** The court battle may have been lost, but the war was not. The "Sender Collection," of documents, referred to above, was eventually purchased by the State of New Mexico. They came, thereby, into the safety of the New Mexico Record Center and Archives. Myra Ellen did win out — and, therefore, so also did John Porter Bloom.*

Myra Ellen, Victorian Peak and Legend

—Agnesa Reeve

To drive through New Mexico and Arizona with the memory of Myra Ellen Jenkins is to see the landscape through another dimension. Starting south, to begin with it is necessary to remember



Myra Ellen receiving her Board of Directors Award in 1986.

that "La Bajada" is modern (and unacceptable) slang for La Mesita de Juana López. The history of Señora López is one of the elusive areas that Myra Ellen had not yet had time to investigate, but on the tortuous trail up the escarpment (considerably west of present-day I-25) you can see images of groaning carretas and dusty flocks of the López family.

Passing by the Sandfas near Albuquerque provokes the irritating figure of the incompetent, inept, lazy, and probably dishonest, government surveyor, not out on the hillside measuring as he should be but, instead, lounging in some cool adobe cantina. After all, as Myra Ellen points out, the survey was reportedly done in a day, or two at the most, a physical impossibility if the man had actually walked the boundary.

We cannot pass by San Antonio without having the best hamburger in New Mexico at the Owl Cafe, a meal which has sustained historians and other travelers on that route for a generation.

At the base of a mesa we see not just sand and chamisa, but a picture of herders sending their animals through a narrow pass in order to count them — hence the mesa's designation, Contadera.

The situation of Ft. Craig is not easily accessible, but it is over there east of the highway and, of course, Myra Ellen had driven and hiked and climbed to the site. However devoted to documents and archives, she would never pass up a chance to be on the ground where it happened.

Then the Jornada, not of "Death", but of "the Dead Man." And the mountain in whose profile one can or cannot discern the profile of Fray Cristóbal, a friar in Coronado's expedition, keeping in mind there was no Fray Cristóbal traveling with that expedition.

Truth or Consequences brings to mind a small motel into which Myra Ellen once thankfully retreated, escaping from the hostility of fortune-hunters on one of the "Victorio Peak" expeditions. She expresses severe annoyance at the entire legend. Whether or not any fortune is or has been there, "Peak" is obviously an exaggeration, and the Apache Victorio seems unlikely to have more than passed by.

Wandering west, the road goes by another small hill, the Cerro Colorado, a boundary marker for Laguna, although the light never seems just right for it to show its color. Farther on, El Morro must be viewed, even if the temperature is about 103°.

Then there is Zuni, and the never-to-be-resolved question of the exact location of Hawikuh. How could it be there, where there is no hill or canyon, when it was definitely described as being at the foot of a hill near the opening of a canyon?

Myra Ellen tells a favorite story, told to her by the Zuni's. An outlaw group of Forty-niners, after pillaging a village when its able-bodied men were away, were courteously led onto the trail by Zuni elders. The trail ended in quicksand. "We only took back what was ours," she quotes the elders with satisfaction.

The remote site of Ft. Bowie, blue corn porridge at Second Mesa, an April snow storm in the Grand Canyon, a hundred other places — the presence of Myra Ellen will always be with us when we are there. □



A Letter From An Old Friend And Cousin

—Eva O. Robertson

Dear Miss Haug,

I was so glad to receive your letter, about Myra Ellen. I'm so glad she had such a good friend who helped her when she was so sick. It isn't any fun being sick and alone. I'm alone and I have a cat and I talk to her as if she was a person. I imagine Myra Ellen did the same.

Her parents were pioneers here at Kiowa and had a 1,600 acre ranch. In later years when Uncle Lewis and Aunt Minnie were unable to handle the ranch, they had a small house built on the main road for them. Myra Ellen and Aunt Minnie's mother. Myra Ellen's brother took over the main ranch house, but Myra Ellen still helped with the ranch chores morning and night.

I used to spend a week every summer with them. I can still see Myra Ellen start out on a high lope to the home ranch house. She had long hair below her waist. It was in long finger curls like Shirley Temple and when Myra Ellen took off every step she took her curls would fly up. I can see that like just yesterday it happened. I suppose she still went at a high lope; I know she did the last time I saw her. It used to be everytime she came up to Denver for a conference or on business she would come over for a few hours' visit. She would fly up and rent a car. The folks would go down to her place in New Mexico real often in the summer.

When she was in college in Boulder she used to stop here on her way to Kiowa to her folks on weekends and she used to say she sure made good time; she would make it here, 40 miles from Boulder, in 15 to 20 minutes. She was always in a hurry in everything she did.

She will sure be missed by everyone who knew her.

I have written to both newspapers to see if they can and will send me copies of the articles about her. I was hoping they would have articles, as I know she lived and worked for the help she could give to the Indians and the Spanish people with their land grants.

Again, I want to thank you for your letter and the information you gave. If it hadn't been for you folks we would have never known of her death.

Sincerely,

Eva O. Robertson

There was just a year difference in our ages.

Ms. Robertson is a first cousin to Myra Ellen's father. (editor)

In an Albuquerque Journal North interview in 1989, Myra Ellen stated: "You can't pick and choose the documentation you'll use in your research, or you are no scholar. There have been times when attorneys I was preparing reports for couldn't understand that I'm not a hired gun."



Myra Ellen at the New Mexico Historical Society Annual Meeting Banquet in Santa Fe in April, 1990.

Myra Ellen Jenkins: Six Volumes of History 1916 - 1993

—John and Carol Grassham

The six volume, *History of England*, brought by Myra Ellen Jenkins' grandparents when they immigrated from England to Colorado, are heavily illustrated and contain a comprehensive history. It was, as she commented from time to time, the books which sparked her lifelong interest in history. Turning the pages of the tattered and worn volumes one can imagine a youthful Myra Ellen pouring over them with great enthusiasm. Dr. J., as many people called her, pursued history in college and as we all know, later as a professional historian. However, Dr. J was, by no means, consumed by history — she did "have a life."

Dr. J enjoyed baseball and football, sometimes she even allowed herself the time to watch a game or two on television. She read fiction, and other non history publications. She loved all animals, especially cats. Dr. J also formed a close network of friends and, what she referred to as "my family." Cheerfully, Carol and I were part of that "family."

Dr. J had a tenderness for children or "kidlets", as she called them. Anytime we

would visit, in person or on the telephone, she would always inquire about the kidlets. Josh and Kristin were, of course, equally fond of her. As a doting grandmother type, Dr. J frequently brought books and stuffed animals to them. And yes, candy, too!! On one occasion, when Josh was about four she brought him a Nerf football. In no time they were in the backyard playing catch and try as she might, Dr. J attempted to kick the ball to Josh. Realizing the historic nature of the event, I quickly grabbed my camera and attempted to capture the moment on film. Dr. J did not like having her picture taken, so I had to move fast! When bedtime rolled around, Joshua and Kristin would snuggle close to Dr. J for bedtime stories (Carol and I were not to far off — we liked to listen, as well).

At bedtime, the day of Dr. J's death, the "kidlets" prayed for her. They really knew her — read their comments carefully. Josh, age 11, prayed, "God, please help Dr. J adjust to being with you now." And Kristin, age 7, also prayed for her, but added, "Who will inherit her mail?" (Dr. J received a large stack of mail every day). She would have had a good laugh over that comment!!

Dr. J was a brilliant scholar, author, lecturer, mentor, friend and family member. She will be missed by all who knew her. □



Dr. J. Josh and a football

"My Memories of Dr. Myra Ellen Jenkins"

—J. Richard Salazar

I first became acquainted with Myra Ellen Jenkins in 1966 when I was finishing my last year of school at the College of Santa Fe. My field of concentration was history and Dr. Jenkins was teaching a course in research problems both semesters. During the first semester she got me involved in reading the 18th and 19th century Spanish documents which she had at the State Archives, and ultimately I wrote a somewhat comprehensive history of the Santa Fe

Presidio Company. In the second semester, I took the second part of the research course from Dr. Jenkins and once again worked extensively with the Spanish records of New Mexico. All of the time that I was doing my research she continued to push me to see what potential I had in reading the old script. To her surprise I did quite well and upon finishing school in May of 1967, she offered me a job with the State Records Center & Archives as an Archivist. My research in that second semester had focused on the military career of Donaciano Vigil, and anyone who has had experience in deciphering the writing of



In response to an un-fact: "Oh Croke" so says Dr. J.

that great personality can truly say that his writing is among the toughest to read.

In reality Dr. Jenkins had been testing me on my paleographical skills throughout the school year without my ever realizing it, and evidently satisfied with my work offered me a job effective July, 1967.

In June, 1967, the Reyes Lopez Tijerina courthouse raid of Tierra Amarilla filled the front page of every local newspaper and the astonishing news of the activity reached as far as Los Angeles, where I was at the time. This incident would touch and be a part of Myra Ellen's memory the rest of her life. Unfortunately, I was not around during the time of the raid, so cannot relate specifically to her reactions.

Over the next few months after the courthouse occurrence, she was quite active in investigating some of the land grant issues which fueled the raid and due to her open-minded attacks on Tijerina was sued by his organization, something which never got anywhere.

The incident at Tierra Amarilla not only brought out-of-the-closet many of the land grant questions that went back to the late 1800s, but also brought out something in Dr. Jenkins which would remain with her the rest of her life: the investigation of land grants, particularly those relating to the Pueblo Indians.

During the time that I worked with "Dr. J.", as those who knew her well would call her, from 1967 until 1980, except for a couple of years that I was gone from the State Records Center, I acquired an enormous amount of knowledge from her relating to the history of New Mexico: the preservation of documents, the translation of documents and research methodology. Often we would sit for hours working on translations of 18th and 19th century documents or working on lengthy research projects or simply on trying to organize collections.

Between 1971 and 1980 we finished microfilming the Mexican Archives of New Mexico and also filmed the Territorial Archives of New Mexico. Both of these projects were monstrous jobs which required many months of work. On these two projects we spent many hours making sure that everything was properly identified and targeted.

In addition to the hard work that we experienced, we also enjoyed going to historical conferences together. I still remember quite vividly some of those that we attended. Most of the time we traveled by car to many parts of the state or in some cases to the surrounding states to attend these meetings. As I drove, she would point out the land marks of the country and relate short stories about the area. At the conferences she would always very politely introduce me to her colleagues.

When she attended conferences by herself, she would always bring back something for her staff; usually some sort of hard candies.

Many of us who knew "Dr. J." earlier in her career will, of course, remember her old Studebaker. For years she had that car, until she got tired of paying for repairs. One day she decided to take time off from work and the next morning showed up in a brand spanking new car, the BMW that she had for the rest of her life.

A story which still makes me nervous when I think of it, is when we one day drove in her new BMW to San Felipe to investigate a historical question. Everything went well on the way to the pueblo, but on the way back we almost got into a serious accident. Pulling out of the pueblo onto what is now I-25, she misjudged the distance and speed of an eighteen wheeler which was doing about 70 miles-per-hour downhill; and the poor driver had to do everything within his power to avoid a fatal accident. God was certainly with us on that day. Anyone who ever rode with

Dr. Jenkins will probably agree with me that her driving left something to be desired. As she always remarked, "I learned to drive in the dirt roads of the Black Forest," in Colorado.

Over the years that we worked together, as I mentioned earlier, I learned immensely from the lady. However, everything was not always rosy. On numerous occasions while working on projects, we would be working smoothly until something would make us disagree. Sometimes it would be over a historical fact which we would have to double check, or sometimes it would be over a translation or some word or phrase. However, after a brief pause we would again return to the research question and iron things out the way we both felt comfortable.

From the time she retired from the Archives in 1980 until the day she died, we remained friends. She continued to stop by the Archives to follow-up on her research and as a member of the Commission of Public Records would attend regular meetings. At conferences she always spoke to me and sometimes we would have lunch together.

My memories of Dr. Jenkins will remain with me for the rest of my life. Not only will I remember the many hours we worked together, but I will always also remember the difficulties we went through. Never, will I forget that she was the person who started me on my lifelong career. Thanks "Dr. J.". May you rest in peace.



Watching a chipmunk — July 1992.

Photograph by Sue Brodkey

From The Editor

This special issue of *La Crónica de Nuevo México* remembers two close friends who died within a month of each other. The concept and purpose for this issue began in my mind the day after Myra Ellen Jenkins died at her home in Santa Fe on June 22, 1993. With the aid of two of Myra Ellen's close friends, Sandra Haug and Agnesa Reeve, a list of potential contributors was made and divided amongst the three of us. We began the series of telephone calls that resulted in the responses you see throughout this issue of *La Crónica*.

Al Schroeder was, of course, on that list. But to sorrow us further Al joined Myra Ellen in death before he could reply to our request.

A rancher's daughter; Myra Ellen was born and raised in the rolling foothills that lead westward towards the soaring Rocky Mountain chain; the ranch was near the town of Elizabeth several miles east of the promitory known as Castle Rock in eastern Colorado. She never forgot her cattle ranch beginnings.

In 1950 she moved to Albuquerque and entered a doctoral program at the University of New Mexico from which she earned her Ph.D. three years later. Two other doctoral candidates at UNM at the same time became lifelong friends and contributed to this issue: Spencer Wilson and Robert Delaney. In 1960 she joined the newly established State Record Center and Archives where she served devotedly and gallantly until her retirement. As Brandt Morgan, writing in the January 6, 1991 issue of *Sage Magazine*, said: "over a period of 20 years Jenkins not only put her personal stamp on the records center, but gained a reputation as a fiesty guardian of history".

Al Schroeder's long and distinguished career as an archaeologist began with the Museum of Northern Arizona at Flagstaff in 1938. He was the archaeological foreman on a WPA Project sponsored by the University of Arizona and later worked with the U.S. National Museum Field Expedition in Coahuila, Mexico. Following service with the U.S. Army during World War II Al began his 30 year long career with the National Park Service.

MYRA ELLEN JENKINS HISTORIAN AND ARCHIVIST OF THE SOUTHWEST

On May 14, 1990 Myra Ellen Jenkins was presented with an Honorary Degree as Doctor of Humane Letters, honoris causa, by the Colorado College, in Colorado Springs. The citation reads as follows:

Often called the most distinguished scholar of New Mexico history, Myra Ellen Jenkins is really a native Coloradan. She was born on a cattle ranch near Elizabeth, where she attended public schools, and received Bachelor of Arts and Master's degrees, both in history, from the University of Colorado.

Myra Ellen Jenkins began her professional career as a high school teacher in Climax, and then Pueblo, Colorado. In 1950 she physically and mentally crossed the Arkansas River and began to immerse herself in Southwestern, Mexican, and New Mexican history. While attending the University of New Mexico, she was the student of illustrious historians France Scholes, Dorothy Woodward, and Manuel Horin; for the latter she wrote a doctoral dissertation on Richardo Flores Magon, the Mexican anarchist who organized the Mexican Liberal Party. In 1953 she received her Doctor of Philosophy degree.

For the next six years Myra Ellen Jenkins worked as an historical research consultant and expert witness for the U.S. Indian Claims Commission on cases that returned to Native Americans, or compensated them for, the loss of land and water rights. Her skill as a translator of Spanish and Mexican documents, her knowledge of legal and bureaucratic procedures, and her meticulous scholarship soon earned her a reputation as a formidable courtroom presence and as the preeminent historian of the Pueblo Indians.

In 1959 Myra Ellen Jenkins became an archivist for the Museum of New Mexico; with the creation of the State of New Mexico Records Center and Archives in 1960, she was appointed Senior Archivist and, later, Deputy for the Archives and Chief of the Historical Services Division, the position from which she retired in 1980.

In 1970 the Historical Society of New Mexico gave Myra Ellen Jenkins its Honor Award "For Outstanding Achievement in Preserving the Early Archives of this State." The Western History Association gave her an Award of Merit in 1977 "For Distinguished Contributions to the Cause of Western History." In 1974 the National Trust for Historic Preservation cited her "For Significant Achievement in Historic Preservation in the United States," and in 1980 the American Institute of Architects presented her an "Award of Distinction." In 1988 she received the Governor's Award and was inducted into the New Mexico Women's Hall of Fame. In 189 the New Mexico Commission on Higher Education appointed her to its Eminent Scholars Program and the New Mexico Endowment for the Humanities presented her with its Humanities Service Award.

Myra Ellen Jenkins' scholarly work has appeared in many professional journals and books. *A Brief History of New Mexico*, which she co-authored with Albert H. Schroeder, has informed scholars, students, and tourists. She wrote volume one and was editor of volume two of *The Historic Preservation Program for New Mexico*. She was also the director and editor of a major project funded by the National Historical Publications Commission to microfilm, prepare, and publish guides and calendars on the Spanish, Mexican, and Territorial Archives of New Mexico.

Amidst her many activities, Myra Ellen Jenkins has continued teaching. She has trained college students in New Mexico, Southwest, and Mexican history and historiography, a number of whom have become staff members at the New Mexican Records Center and Archives. Since retirement in 1980, she has taught at the Latin American Institute, University of New Mexico, New Mexico State University, and Santa Fe Community College. For many years she has also lectured to Colorado College students and, more recently, has been an historical consultant for Colorado College's research project on a 17th century Spanish site near Santa Fe, New Mexico.

For students and faculty who study the history of southwestern culture, Myra Ellen Jenkins is a model of scholarship in public service. □

As Myra Ellen liked to remind him, and other archaeologists as well: "your future lies in ruins".

I had the good fortune to have had a close friendship with both Myra Ellen and Al for some twenty five years. The friendship nurtured and grew when Governor David Cargo appointed us as members of a newly established historical and cultural properties review committee within the State Planning Office in April, 1968. (This committee was formalized as the Cultural Properties Review Committee following the passage of the Cultural Properties Act in April, 1969.)

Even though Myra Ellen's body was thin, and bent with crippling osteoporosis, she was not frail. None of us want to forget, none of us shall ever be able to forget that Myra Ellen visited upon us a wisdom and a ready wit that sharpened our sense of history. She honed our appetite for the facts that shaped events; she hammered into our heads the need to know of what we write.

Never did Myra Ellen or Al, even though serious illness began to crowd into their lives, cease to work, to do research, to write. Their minds did not stop, not even slow down. Can any of us ask for better?

I had the pleasure and the sorrow of so many remembrances as I read through all of the contributions which make up this issue of *La Crónica*. Reading each of them brought to my face a smile, but to my eyes an occasional tear. Putting this *La Crónica* together was a rewarding task, yet a sorrowful chore. The void they have left in our hearts and beings is unfillable. Yet we happily and gratefully remember that Myra Ellen and Al nurtured our minds, and broadened our vision.

It is hard to write about these two friends when the ink and pages are obscured by misty eyes.

We remember, we honor, we toast Myra Ellen Jenkins and Albert H. Schroeder. We cannot, we will not, indeed New Mexico will not forget. Their lives have touched us all, and we thank them both for that.

Robert Frazer summed up all our difficulties in putting something on paper under such circumstances:

I am slow in getting these few words to you but I have difficulty in writing this sort of thing. The loss of Myra Ellen and Al Schroeder in such short order is hard to take. Just the other day I read something which, although in a different context, keeps coming to mind. "It had never occurred to me before that the living are a minority."

I want to express my sincere gratitude to all who have contributed to this issue of *La Crónica de Nuevo México*. I know that it was not an easy thing to do!!!

—John P. Conron, Editor

The many (over 30) contributors to this issue represent a broad spectrum of professionals and backgrounds, with, as would be expected, a preponderance of highly respected professional historians and archeologists. The majority of these historians and archeologists have already attained the advanced academic goal and scholarly degrees of a Ph.D., two or three contributors are on their way to achieving that level of scholastic achievement. One contributor is a retired banker and former historic foundation president; one is a lawyer with whom Myra Ellen joined in battle against the Federal Government on behalf of the Pueblo of Zuni. Two are former students of Myra Ellen and two are relatives: a nephew and a cousin.

One contributor, a records management specialist, who first met Myra Ellen

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FROM THE EDITOR

(continued from page 11)

when employed at The State Archives and Record Center, recalls for us how to make tea, "properly". Her parish priest remembers for us her many years of service to her chosen church and her God.

And lastly, an architect, who just happens to be the editor of the newspaper. This architect has delved deeply, and quite carefully, into the field of architecture preservation, and who, while in the presence of Dr. Jenkins, only whispered that he has become an architectural historian.

While our professions and backgrounds may differ, our ages may vary from senior citizen to university student, we all have one thing in common: Myra Ellen Jenkins was our friend.

—JPC

P.S. Several persons have allowed us to remember Myra Ellen Jenkins and Al Schroeder through the lenses of their cameras; we sincerely thank them for these frozen moments.



Chairman Al Schroeder reviewing his note prior to a Cultural Properties Committee meeting at the State Records Center and Archives. Late 1970s.

A Selected Account and Publication List of Myra Ellen's Contributions as a Historian, Researcher, Writer and as an Expert Historical witness

—prepared by Robert W. Delaney

Note: Dr. Myra Ellen Jenkin's career will be detailed in other places but she will be remembered for her works and writing in *New Mexico History*. A selected account of them will indicate the scope of her impeccable scholarship:

Expert historical witness before U.S. Indian Claim Commission for Pueblos of Laguna-Acoma, 1957-1960; Pueblo of

Taos, 1962; Pueblo of Nambe, 1962; Ysleta del Sur, 1970 and for the Pueblo of Zuni, U.S. Court of Claims, 1982.

Prepared land title histories of Pueblos of Taos, San Ildefonso, Nambe, Pojoaque, Tesuque and Santa Clara under contract with BIA, 1981, and similar history for the Pueblo of Laguna, 1979. Currently, under contract with Taos Pueblo legal counsel.

As State Historian served as historical consultant and witness for the State Engineer in determination of water rights and acequia priorities. Served as expert witness in "State of New Mexico, ex rel. S. E. Reynolds, State Engineer v. Aamodt, et al. and United States of America, et al., No. 6639, Civil," U.S. District Court; expert witness for the New Mexico Attorney General in "Paul Livingston and Sara Livingston, doing business as Livingston Homecrafts v. George Ewing as Director of Museum of New Mexico, et al.," U.S. District Court, No. 77-192-B (involving right of the state to restrict sales in front of Palace of Governors to Indians only), 1978; "Mescalero Apache Tribe vs. Fred L. O'Chesky, Jr. et al., U. S. District Court, No. Civil 76-171B," 1977.

Wrote history of the Rio Grande Interstate Compact for use by State Engineer's counsel in 1982-83 litigation, "The City of El Paso et al., vs. S. E. Reynolds, Jeff Bingaman and Lalo Garze et al.," U. S. District Court, Civil No. 80-730-HB.

Selected Publications:

Guide and Calendar, Spanish Archives of New Mexico. Santa Fe: State Records Center and Archives, 1968.

Guide and Calendar, Mexican Archives of New Mexico. Santa Fe: State Records Center and Archives, 1970.

Guide and Calendar, Territorial Archives of New Mexico. Santa Fe: State Records Center and Archives, 1974.

A Brief History of New Mexico (with Albert H. Schroeder). Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press, 1974.

"The Baltasar Baca 'Grant'. History of an Encroachment," *El Palacio*, 68, Nos. 1-2 (Spring, Summer), 1961; reprinted by Museum of New Mexico as separate publication; reprinted in Richard N. Ellis, ed. *A New Mexico Reader*, Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press, 1971.

"Taos Pueblo and its Neighbors," *New Mexico Historical Review*, 41, No. 2 (April), 1966.

"Spanish Land Grants in the Tewa Area," *New Mexico Historical Review*, 47, No. 2 (April), 1972.

"The Pueblo of Nambe and its Lands," in *Changing Ways of Southwestern Indians*, Albert H.

Schroeder, ed. *Glorieta: The Rio Grande Press*, 1973.

History of the Laguna Pueblo Land-Claims in R. L. Rand's report to Indian Claims Commission. New York: Garland Publishing, Inc., 1974.

Navajo Activities Affecting the Acoma-Laguna Area, 1746-1910 with Ward Alan Minge. Report to the Indian Claims Commission. New York: Garland Publishing, Inc., 1974.

Aboriginal Use and Occupancy by Tigua, Manso and Suma Indians in her "Tigua Indians of Ysleta del Sur during the Spanish Colonial Period." New York: Garland Publishing, Inc., 1974.

"Spanish Records in the West," in *Western American History in the Seventies*, Daniel S. Tyler, ed. Fort Collins: Educational Media and Information Systems, 1973.

"Land Tenure History in New Mexico," *El Cauderno*, 1976.

"Arthur Rockford Manby," *The Denver Westerners Brand Book*, 1967.

"The American Colonies, English and Spanish 1765-1783," *The Journal of the New Mexico Council for the Social Studies*, November, 1976.

"Early Education in New Mexico", *The New Mexico School Review*, 53, No. 1 (Winter), 1977.

Tracing Spanish-American Pedigrees in the Southwestern United States. Salt Lake City: The Genealogical Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, 1969.

The Historic Preservation Program for New Mexico, 2 vols. editor, and author of Vol I. Santa Fe: State Planning Office, 1973.

Old Santa Fe Today, The Historic Santa Fe Foundation, editor, and author of various sections. Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press, second edition, 1972; third edition, 1982.

Foreword to Ray John de Aragón, *Memorias sobre la Vida del Presbítero Don Antonio José Martínez*. Santa Fe: The Lightning Tree Press, 1978.

"John Gaw Meem, FAIA, Citizen of Santa Fe," *New Mexico Architecture*, 22, No. 2 (March-April), 1980.

Sections of *New Mexico History* for the New Mexico Secretary of State *Bluebook*, 1965-1974.

"Some 18th Century New Mexico Women of Property," in Marta Weigle, Ed., *Hispanic Arts and Ethnohistory in the Southwest*, Papers Inspired by the Work of E. Boyd, 1983.

"Zuni History during the early United States Period," in E. Richard Hart, ed., *Zuni History*, Institute of the American West, 1983.

Guide to the "Lost" Records of the Mission of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe de Zuni, 1775-1858. With Robert Delaney. Santa Fe: New Mexico State Records Center and Archives, 1988.

On video recording: KNME-TV, 1985. *3 Territorial Governors*: Edmond G. Ross, L. Bradford Prince, and Miguel Antonio Otero.

Other articles and reviews in *Encyclopedia Britannica*, *Americana Yearbook*, *El Palacio*, *Arizona and the West*, *La Cronica*, *Historical Magazine of the Protestant Episcopal Church*, *The Southwest Churchman*, *New Mexico Quarterly Review*, *Utah Historical Review*, *Journal of Military History*. □

— Call for Papers — Historical Society of NM Annual Conference Taos, April 21-23

The Taos Civic Plaza and Convention Center has been chosen as the site for the 1994 Historical Society of New Mexico Annual Conference to be held April 21-23.

Persons interested in presenting a paper at the conference are invited to submit proposals to Robert J. Torrez, HSNM Conference Program, 404 Montezuma, Santa Fe, NM 87503. Proposals should be submitted by February 1, 1994.

Proposals for individual papers should include the title of the paper, a synopsis of the topic (50 words or less), and brief biographical information on the presenter. Papers should be limited to 20 minutes (12-14 double-spaced pages.)

Proposals for complete sessions are also encouraged. Sessions should consist of two or three presentors, plus moderator, and should be of sufficient length to fill a 75-minute time slot, including discussion. Papers and sessions may be on any aspect of the history of New Mexico, the greater southwest, or borderlands area. Topics can include, but are not limited to Native Americans, historical archaeology, architecture, biography, art, education, travel, exploration, historic preservation, genealogy, the military, mining, ranching, banking, and historiography. Papers and sessions related to Taos and its environs are especially welcome.

Anyone having questions regarding a proposal or the conference can contact Robert at 827-7332 (days) or 345-5147 (evenings.)

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