



Fray Angelico Chavez History Library Reading Room



## The Library opens! January 31, 1908



- “Stands as an enduring monument to the Women’s Board of Trade, an organization of public spirited women of this city who are responsible for its erection.”
- “Showered with congratulations for the consummation of their work, the establishment of a modern free library having been one of the primary objects for which the association was formed.”
- New building model: electric lights, steam heat

# LIBRARY BUILDING IS THROWN OPEN

## Public Reception by Woman’s Board of Trade

### MANY INSPECT NEW EDIFICE

Structure One of Hand-  
somest and Best Equipped  
in Southwest.

Santa Fe now boasts of one of the finest and best equipped public library buildings in the Southwest and feels proud of it all the more because it was built without any assistance from Andrew Carnegie. Of Spanish mission style of architecture, constructed of brick with brown stone trimmings, practically two stories in height, it is ornate, substantial and commo-

# The Library Grows

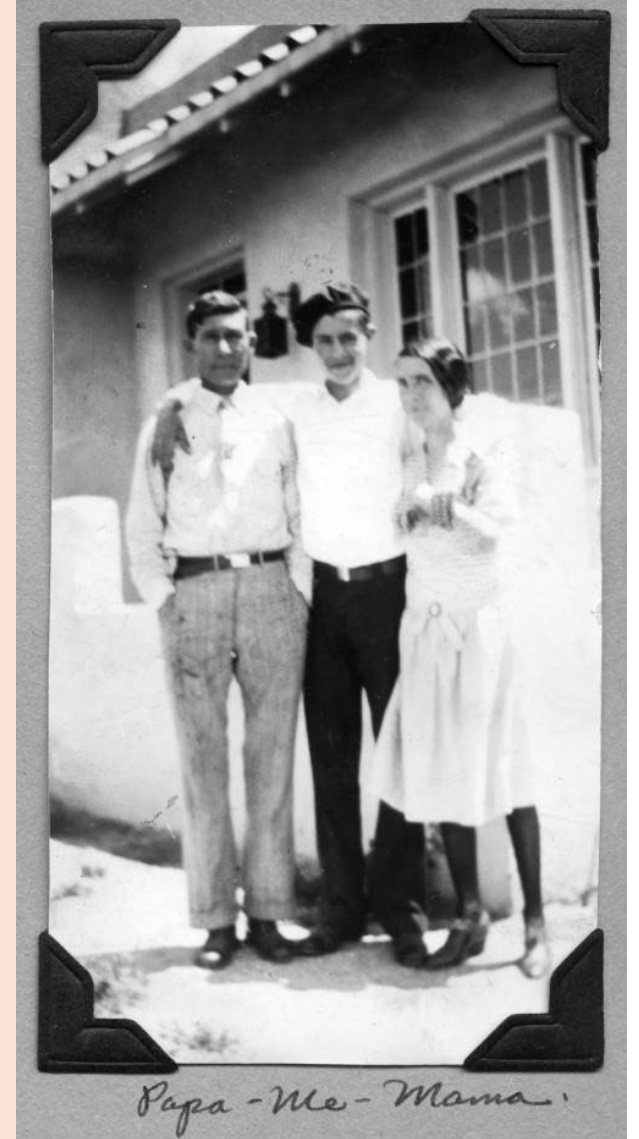
- By 1917, the library had 5,000 volumes
- 1932, remodel begins with work by John Gaw Meem in his characteristic Territorial style.
- 1933-4, Olive Rush paints a fresco in the library building as part of the Public Works of Art Project
- 1961, City of Santa Fe purchases the WB of Trade library and takes over running it as the Santa Fe Public Library
- 1996 November - Fray Angélico Chávez History Library and Photo Archives opens. In addition to state funding and funds raised by Museum supporters, Fray Angélico donates royalties from his only novel *The Lady from Toledo* to the library. Work done by Bernabe Romero, architect.





## Who is Fray Angelico Chavez?

- Manuel Ezequiel Chávez, Born 1910, Wagon Mound, NM
- Started seminary at age 14 in Cincinnati, Saint Francis Seraphic Seminary. Ordained, 1937 as a Franciscan
- He gained the name “Fray Angelico” in seminary because he painted
- Army chaplain, archivist, poet, painter, novelist, man about town
- While researching at the Archdiocese of Santa Fe, he mined the vast quantity of colonial documents to make his masterwork *Origins of New Mexico Families: A Genealogy of the Spanish Colonial Period* (1954)
- Donated the proceeds from his novel *The Lady from Toledo* to the library.





# WPA Collection (AC228)

- Typescripts from the Federal Writers Project (1936-1940)
- Oral histories gathered in Spanish and English

## New Mexican Versos

### A MI AMADA

Una tarde apacible y de verano,  
amor eterno me juraste.  
Después me distes tu bella  
y, antes de esto, suspiraste.

Nunca eché en el olvido  
Mis halagos y promesas,  
yo te cumplí lo prometido  
Así sepa sufrir mil y mil penas.

Tu has nacido para mí  
y yo para tí he nacido,  
Siempre desde que te ví  
te he amado y te he querido.

Siempre estas en mi pensar.  
Siempre estas en mi mirar.  
Estas siempre en mi soñar.  
Tu amor me viene a despertar.

Cual el sol alimenta al día,  
cual la tiniebla a la serena noche,  
así alimentas tu a la vida mía,  
y será de roca, nuestro broche.

Imposible es, que te olvide,  
No, no puedo despreciarte.  
Nada, nada me lo impide  
Para siempre, siempre amarte.

Recuerdas de aquel instante  
que me jurastes amor?  
No me seas inconstante  
que yo jamás te seré traidor.

### TO MY BELOVED

One peaceful afternoon during the summer  
eternal love you swore to me.  
Then you gave me your beautiful hand  
but before doing so, you sighed.

Never discard my flatteries and promises.  
I shall keep all of mine  
though in order to do so  
it cost me a thousand feets.

You were destined to be mine,  
I to be yours was destined.  
And from the moment that I saw you  
your love slave I became.

You are always in my thoughts,  
always in my visions,  
always in my dreams, love for you  
being what awakens me.

Just as the sun warms the day,  
just as the mists cool the nights,  
just so do you fill my life  
and our clasp will be eternal.

It is impossible that I should forget you.  
No, no I could never despise you,  
there is nothing to keep me  
from loving you always.

Do you recall that moment  
when to me you swore eternal love?  
Do not be inconstant for I  
never shall a traitor be.

## FOLKLORE AND FOLKWAYS

### A HORSE'S LOVE FOR HIS HOME

One often reads or hears stories of dogs who have traveled for  
months to return to homes which they have loved, but it is seldom that a  
horse is credited with the same intelligence and homing instinct as a  
dog. But all horse lovers know that a horse will grieve for his old  
home, and try to return to it if he has a chance.

Hank, a pet saddle horse on the /TH Ranch, showed his mixed ancestry  
of thorough-bred and cold-blooded stock by his tall slender body, and dainty  
little feet; his unusually thick black mane and tail and his speed and  
endurance.

Matt was about seventeen years old the first time he saw Hank, and  
he immediately wanted him to add to his string of good saddle horses. His  
father was reluctant in giving his consent to the trade, but Matt was not  
to be denied.

"Daddy, if you could only see him! Why, he can go like the wind,  
and stop and turn on a dime".

The father finally gave Matt permission to trade a cow and give  
ten dollars to boot for the much prized horse.

Hank was all Matt had said and more. He could run, stop and "turn  
on a dime" as Matt had said; had a good saddle gait, and would frequently  
"break in to" and do a good job of pitching, much to the delight of the boy  
and his friends. But he soon became one of the best cow horses on the  
ranch.

A few years later Matt was married. His wife, a town girl who knew

## VERSES

Tú traspasaste mi amor,  
con las flechas de cupido  
por eso te he prometido  
la vida y el corazón.

Dicen que se han de matar  
por un amor verdadero  
y por el corazón han de entrar.  
siete puñales de acero  
y en la agonía he de estar  
y he de decir que te quiero.

No tengo cadena de oro.  
Ni perla del fino oriente,  
pero tengo un corazón  
que del tuyo esta pendiente.

Orillas de una Laguna  
me estuve Marzo y Abril  
escondido en una columna  
vide pasar más que mil;  
pero otra como tú ninguna -  
perla fina de Marfil.

Adiós porque ya me voy.  
Yo de esta tierra me ausento.  
Me voy porque tengo gusto,  
no por ningún sentimiento.

## VERSES

You trespassed on my love  
With arrows of cupid.  
That is why I have promised you  
My life and my heart.

It is said that I will perish  
on account of this love so real.  
And that my heart will be pierced with  
seven spears  
But that even in agony? I will be saying  
that I love you.

I have not a chain of gold  
Nor a fine pearl from the Orient  
But I do have a heart  
Which is dependent on yours.

On the edge of a lake  
I stayed during March and April.  
There, hidden behind bushes  
I saw more than a thousand pass by  
But not another like you,  
Precious pearl, did I see.

Farewell, for I am taking my departure  
From this land.  
I am absenting myself.  
I leave so that others may be happy  
not through sentiment.

Gathered by  
Manuel Berg

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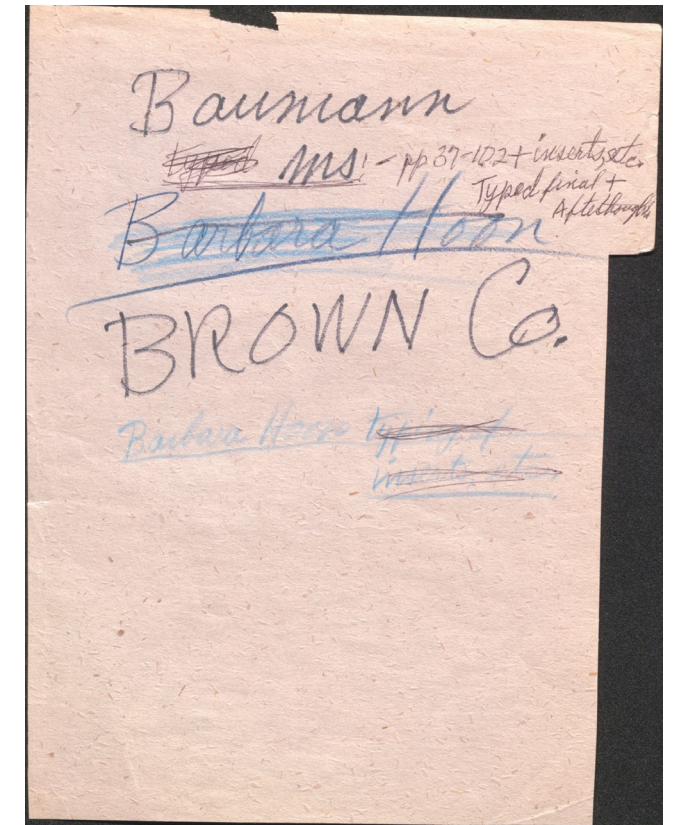
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# Chavez Library in the 21<sup>st</sup> century