

ON THE HISTORY OF THE CIBOLA RANCH AND SOME OF ITS PEOPLE

[A series of emails between Fabi Romero and Daphne Harwood with one or two other related emails, scanned and organized by Steve Knapp from printed copies sent by Daphne to Lynne Harwood around December, 2008. Edited 07Feb2010 and 02Oct2010 to remove personal exchanges and email addresses.]

From: "Fabi Romero"

To: "Daphne Harwood"

Sent: Monday, February 16, 2004 9:53 PM

Subject: Some History

Here is a rather long, maybe tedious history , but I want to cover the story of Cibola, EOrr's family and their connection to my family.

Back in the early 1930's, Jenny Wells, a wealthy woman (heiress to the Smith-Corona money) came to San Cristobal with her psychiatrist husband, Dan Wells. Don't know why. They were bored? Looking for a third world experience without having to get a pass port? Who knows? They bought the property at the top of the valley and opened a boarding school which they called The San Cristobal School. In 1936, EOrr's brother, John N. Wilson (called Buddy or Bud) came as a student. He and my brother, Eliu, became close friends. Buddy's mother visited here several times. This was all before I was born so I never met her. The school lasted a few years, then Dan Wells fell in love with one of the teachers. He left Jenny, a baby son and the valley. However, before he left, he took my brother to the University ofNM in Albuquerque and told them they had to make concessions for him because he was a brilliant student. Clearly there was no way my family could send anyone to college so the university provided my brother with free tuition and a job for room and board. The San Cristobal School closed when Dan Wells left but Buddy kept coming out every summer from Illinois. He used to bring an old green tent to sleep in. My mother fed him. He became part of our family. As a child I remember that summer meant this extra brother would show up.

Jenny Wells, besides being an heiress, was a small time folk singer. She was in and out of the valley all the time. Her son, Larry , was left behind and was sort of raised by the whole valley. He spoke Spanish before he spoke English. He has lived in Venezuela most of his adult life.

Sometime in the mid-40's, Jenny Wells came back to the valley with a new husband--Craig Vincent. Craig was a lawyer from NYC, a mover and shaker in the left movement, and a wanna-be communist. He and a man named Harold Johnson (who also ended up living in the valley), were major players in the organizing of the Maritime Union. Under Craig's influence, Jenny turned the property into the San Cristobal Valley Ranch, a gathering place for genuine Communists, wanna bes, fellow travelers and other leftists.

The writer, Vivian Gornick, wrote a book about American Communism in the 40's. She wrote about her parents and other NYC Jews, ordinary people during the day, holding ordinary jobs, gathering in each other's apartments in the evenings, to drink dark tea and talk politics. In Gornick's eyes, those ordinary people became other, extraordinary people, talking about world events and IDEAS.

The San Cristobal Valley Ranch was like that. As a little girl my best friends were Vicky Wilder (daughter of Billy Wilder the movie producer), and Linda Jencks (daughter of Bill Jencks who led the strike at the Silver City mines and shot it out with the FBI and sheriff deputies when they tried to break the strike). Have you seen the movie 'Salt of the Earth'? It's about that time in Silver City. Linda would write us letters about her father's doings which were mostly being in and out of jail because of his union activities. Three of us bawled buckets and wrote each other letters about the executions of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

It was an exciting time. The ranch had dances with live musicians for the community. There were people there who were professional dancers. I first learned about ballet and modern dance there.

Vicky, Linda and I learned 'This Land is my Land', 'There Once was a Union Maid' and other such songs from Pete Seeger and Woody Guthrie. Paul Robeson came to the ranch as did Henry Wallace, presidential candidate on the Socialist Party ticket. Joe Matheuso, who was a declared Communist and later turned witness for the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) was there. Alan Arkin, who was somewhat older than we were but had dark wavy hair and played the guitar, was there. All three of us lusted after Alan or whatever passed for lusting when we were 10-11 year olds. Many years later when I was working in a real estate office in Greenwich Village and Alan Arkin was a big time movie star, he and his agent came into our office. I asked him if he was the same Alan Arkin that had been at the San Cristobal Valley Ranch. Both he and his agent actually turned pale and stared at me. Finally, the agent asked who I was and how did I know about the ranch. They both relaxed when I told them how I knew. But I digress.

By the end of the 40's, Craig and the San Cristobal Valley Ranch were in trouble. Joe McCarthy had Craig before HUAC about 7 times. They closed the ranch and all the exciting people were gone.

My brother and Buddy tried a summer camp which they set up on my brother's property above what is now my property but below the San Cristobal Ranch. They had gotten some tents and an old jeep from army surplus. They had both come back from WWII with grand ideas of integrating upper middle class kids to this part of the world. It was supposed to create understanding or something like that. It wasn't much fun since there were only boys. The only girl that ever came there was Molly Moore, sister of Lisa Moore. The Moores and the Wilsons were close and Buddy brought Molly out one summer. That lasted about 3 summers but both my brother and Buddy had gotten married and they were preoccupied with post graduate schedules. Buddy went to medical school. Eliu went to law school.

Shortly after Buddy and Eliu gave up their boys' summer camp, the Vincents put up their ranch for sale. Buddy told EOrri and Sandy about it. Eliu handled the sale and Cibola was born.

The brother you met was Francis, otherwise known as Frannie or Fran. He was the youngest. Buddy is the oldest. EOrri is in the middle. Fran was a test pilot in some military branch. He lived dangerously, drank a lot and died some years ago.

Buddy is a heart surgeon and has always practiced in this area--Denver, then Albuquerque and finally Taos. He did spend three years in India sometime in the mid-60's where he taught medicine. He told my father that he had earned \$300,000 in one year and felt that was too much money for one person so he went to India and worked without pay.

Buddy's life has been tragic. He married a really nice woman, Barbara Means, from, I believe Boston or near there. I heard somewhere that her father was a famous doctor in Boston--Dr. Means. Barb was an artist. She and Buddy had Christopher, Benjamin, Eleanor and Nathaniel. Eleanor (Lennie) committed suicide about 10 years ago. She went to Buddy's favorite place in the whole world, a cabin up in Lama, tied a plastic bag around her head, stuck a gas tank nozzle inside the bag, and turned it on. About five or so years ago, Barb was thrown from a horse, hit her head and has been totally paralyzed since.

When I was about 10 years old, my mother had promised that if I finished my chores she would take me to the Saturday night dance at the ranch. I rushed through the chores. My mother backed out because she was exhausted. I fully understand now why she would have been exhausted. At that time I felt betrayed, outraged and hurt, so I did the only sensible thing--sat down on the front porch and cried. Buddy had been putting in fences all day. He showed up for dinner, covered with dirt and also very tired. He ate and then drove me in his old army jeep to the dance. During the whole evening he slept leaning against one of the windows--remember the large windows in the large upstairs hall?--while I danced. When it was over, he woke up, drove me home and staggered off into his tent to sleep. It was an incredible act of kindness by a young man towards a girl when he was so

tired and didn't even like to dance. Still doesn't. He lives in Arroyo Seco and has a full time care taker for Barb.

Unlike Fran and EOrr, Buddy doesn't drink, doesn't socialize. He still practices medicine. That and working his land seem to be his only passions.

Interesting family, those Wilsons. Do you remember Tex Wilson? I believe he was their cousin.

After the Orrs bought the ranch, Craig and Jenny moved to the lower end of the valley. They had an incredible library which I was free to use. Craig became my mentor. Once I asked Craig what living in NYC was like. "Why don't you go there and find out?" he asked. Something like those cartoon light bulbs went on inside my head. For the first time I accepted that it was possible for me to do just that.

The seeds for much of what shaped my life were sown at that ranch. I moved away from the implications of what that meant for a while in NYC while I scrambled to make a living. One day I saw on tv that unforgettable scene of the little Vietnamese girl running down a road with her back in flames and it all came back. I joined the anti-Vietnam War protests, got gassed, got arrested, etc. From there the logical move was into the feminist movement.

EOrr told me one time that the Vincents had expected them to carry on the leftist tradition at the ranch but that wasn't what she and Sandy intended. Eventually, the Orrs couldn't pay the mortgage and the Vincents got the ranch back. It passed through several incarnations--a girl scout ranch, gathering place for the Brown Berets, an orphanage. Now it's back to what it first started out being--a school.

All together, the Wilsons, the Vincents and the Orrs had a great impact on our lives.

This started out as information on how Cibola came to be. It shifted into my life story. Sorry. I hope I haven't tired you out, or bored you, and that this makes sense.

Fabi

From: Daphne

To: Fabi

Sent: February 19, 2004

Subject: Re: Some History

Dear Fabi, I had some questions as I reread your spectacular letter again today. Do you know what became of Liza Moore? I'd love to have contact with her, if it's possible. My current beau was a test pilot-- this is really his question! I was amused, so amused at your hots for Alan Arkin. I would see ANY movie he made. He was one of my two real movie stars-- along with Dustin Hoffman and John Hurt. I thought it might be fun to tell you my story of how I came to go to Cibola. Another web! soon to become Jane Ickes. Jane was a frequent visitor at my mother's house in West Newton, Mass, and my mother befriended her too. In 1954 Jane alerted my mother to Eleanor's trip to Boston to recruit campers from the Boston area. That trip yielded Betsy Dane, Tony Bryan, Peter Toop, Michael as counselor and me. the debutante track!!! and the other New Dealers played at. And shot pool at "their" table too. were there etc etc. I also credit the Orrs with much. And it is amazing to me how much impact the camp had-- on so many--over a good span of years. That's it for now. Much love, Daphne

From: "Fabi Romero"
To: "Daphne Harwood"
Sent: Friday, February 20, 2004 5:29 AM
Subject: Re: Another history

I don't know what became of Lisa Moore but I'll ask Buddy. I'm sure he knows.

When Adlai Stevenson was running for prez, he came to Taos. My brother was the Taos County Democratic Chair so he got to escort him around. Stevenson made a speech in the Plaza. The whole Taos High School came out to hear him. Someone acted as interpreter. I remember Stevenson cracking a joke that he felt like he was in a foreign country. My brother brought him to our house. We fed him chili and beans. Fabi

From: "Fabi Romero"
To: "Daphne Harwood"
Sent: Monday, February 23, 2004 7:28 PM
Subject: The photos

Ye gods, were we ever that young? Thank you for your glowing description of me. I do see and accept that I was attractive. Funny. I've spent all my life believing I was ugly. I could have been a ditty girl if I thought myself attractive. Maybe it worked out for the best that I didn't.

I talked with Buddy on Sunday. He had just gotten back from the hospital where he had a triple by-pass so he wasn't in any condition to talk much. He did say that the last he heard of Liza was that she lived somewhere in Oklahoma. He said when he feels better he'll look up some correspondence regarding her.

Buddy reminded me that they also have a sister named Margo who lives somewhere in Georgia. He couldn't remember where exactly. Their brother Fran was a test pilot in the Marine Air Corp in El Centro,

CA. He died several years ago but, again, Buddy couldn't remember when. I'll give him some time to recoup his energy then I'll call him again. He said he was quite sore.

Was thinking about more recent owners of the ranch. The Vincents, of course, kept getting it back. The last solid owner/occupant was the San Felipe Orphanage which was there through the mid 80's. The CEO was a very charismatic man, Bob Conte. Five years ago he was murdered on a street in Seattle.

After the orphanage an heir of the Wurlitzer Piano family owned it. He was a pathological liar, extremely racist and lost ownership through foreclosure also.

Then came Peter Alexander, a bit actor from Los Angeles. He was in Stephen King's *The Stand*. He was also suspected of starting the fire that burned in Topanga Canyon to collect insurance on his house. He also lost the ranch through foreclosure.

The current owner, Anthony Geraci, was a protege of Lou Pai, one of the Enron thieves. Pai bought the ranch and turned it over to Geraci in gratitude for the help Geraci provided Pai's son who was a mess. Geraci was a teacher. Now he owns the ranch but doesn't run it. He and his wife fled back to Houston. They hated not being in a city.

There seems to be a pretty good bunch running the ranch for Geraci now. They take the messed up children of well-to-do parents and try to fix them. We have met a few. They are really nice boys but, oh man, they seem so desperate and so lost. We rescued one, Jonah, the son of a very prestigious gallery owner in NYC. He was running away to kill himself. David, my significant other, took the boy fishing a couple of times and talked with him a lot as did my daughter-in-law, Suzanne, who worked up there for almost a year. Jonah had been on serious tranquilizers most of his life. When he went off the drugs, his mother came unglued. She seemed

to have some stake in keeping him drugged. Jonah seems to be doing ok now, having made it through that terrible age when parents are perceived, whether it's reality or not, to be more of a liability than an asset.

Once Suzanne left there, we haven't had much contact with the ranch but they seem to be doing well. Hopefully, the 'curse' is broken.

The ranch does seem to attract an inordinate number of wealthy people and people who are either famous/infamous or about to become famous/infamous.

We were so sure that Pai, being the last infamous owner, would lose the ranch. It appears that he didn't even lose his wealth. The bad guys seem to have gotten away with ripping off all those pension plans without any consequences.

When you said you live in Vancouver, I assumed Vancouver, WA. I have wanted to go to BC since I read 'I Heard the Owl Call my Name'. Maybe someday.....

Fabi

From: "hugh tyson"

To:

Cc: "Daphne Harwood"

Sent: Wednesday, February 25, 2004 3:20 PM

Subject: Life and Cibola

Fabi, what a great pleasure to hear the story of your connection with "the ranch" and all the powerful relationships and ideas that it engendered in your life. I remember you well and was somewhat intimidated by you in my 1st year at Cibola. I believe this was the 2nd year of the camp led by Sandy and Eor and the last of the really memorable years of its short existence. I came for shorter times in 2 subsequent years, but it was clear that the camp was in decline, had lost its edge and was heading for obliteration. I remember you as a "no bullshit" gal who had an eye that could see through me and, since I knew that my inner workings were quite shaky, it unnerved me to have that penetrating a gaze from someone I didn't understand and couldn't bamboozle. I don't

remember you coming to the camp in my last 2 parttime summers. Whether you had withdrawn from the action or were elsewhere while I was there is unknown to me. In any case, the Cibola experience contributed to my return to New Mexico for about 14 years from 1974 to 1988. These years forged my life. I met my wife, Ingrid, at Santa Fe Indian Hospital in 1982, and she has been a wonderful life companion since then. My first child, Nicco, was born at the same hospital in 1986. My daughter, Anya, was conceived in Santa Fe, but was born in Tucson after we moved there in 1988. So Northern New Mexico blessed me with a family that I never thought I would be encompassed in. These intimate relationships have enriched my life and forced my cautious, often uncourageous and wounded being to grow in ways that I could not have imagined.

How did I get to Cibola? My father remarried 5 years after the death of my mother when I was 4 3/4 years of age. The year was 1945. My sister and I had been living with our maternal aunt in Princeton, NJ since 1940. It was a very rigid environment with constantly changing caretakers since my aunt and uncle were not gifted parents. They delegated most of the childcare to young women who would leave as soon as they could find a better job in the defense industry. My father was told by some of these caretakers that if he didn't spring us soon from that Princeton environment that we would be ruined. That figured in his marriage to my stepmother, Josephine Jenks, an artist and a NYC village dweller who knew a lot of the dynamic people in that era in Greenwich Village. Jo had gotten to know a Japanese family, Takashi and Virginia Ohta in an artist colony in Woodstock, NY. Their daughter, Toshi, later met and married Pete Seeger, and I went for one glorious summer to a camp that Pete had helped to found in the Catskills when I was about 7 or 8. I learned to call square dances and absolutely loved it. When I wanted to go back later, I was told that the House Un-American Activities Committee had shut it down through pressure on the directors. A similar fate to the Vincent Ranch at about the same time. My stepmother and father divorced in 1950, and my sister and I went to live with an Aunt in Greenwich Village in a tiny apartment at Patchin Place on 6th Ave and 10th street next to the clock tower. A location that you probably are familiar with Fabi from your time in the city. We were always sent to boarding school and summer camp shortly after arriving since the apartment was too small for 2 active and discomfited kids who weren't sure what next cataclysmic event might occur in their lives. In high school, when my Aunt and Father were searching for the next summer option, they heard from Tony Bryan's mother that he had been going to Cibola and that it was some kind of archeological camp in the desert of New Mexico. Maybe they just said this to give me, but that was their story. They had known the Bryan's from their village circle of counter culture seekers of the 40's. They may also have had leads on Cibola through Pete Seeger and other leftist friends who knew of northern New Mexico through the Vincent ranch. Anyway that's how I got there.

Fabi, I will look forward to talking with you in whatever fashion in the future. I believe I tried once or twice to find you in my years in N.M. but it didn't happen. We always go back there every 3 to 5 years and next time I will hope for a meeting. I went back to the SW in 1970 as a doctor in the Public Health Service (PHS). I had been active in the antiwar movement since 1963 and knew that I would never be able to tolerate the military with my feelings at the time. I found the PHS offered an honorable alternative and would offer me a 2nd year residency in pediatrics at the Phoenix Indian Medical Center. In 2 years of the Indian Health Service, I would complete my

military requirement. I met a young woman from Santa Fe in 1970 at the Phoenix Indian Hospital. We ended up being together for 3 years, and she took me back to see her home. I loved the reconnection with Northern New Mexico. After we left the IHS, I went to New Mexico and worked for 4 years in Las Vegas NM in a pediatric practice with 2 partners. These were difficult years after breaking up with Joanne. I moved to Santa Fe in 1980 and when I called the Indian Hospital for a friend in that year an old medical school classmate got on the phone and told me that their pediatrician had just been killed in an avalanche and urged me to come aboard. I would stay often with Tony Bryant at the Taos ski valley in the late 70's. He was raising his 2 sons as a single parent. Their mother has some severe mental illness that incapacitated her and put her out of the parenting picture. I admired how well he did with his boys who were both great skiers having grown up in that environment. He moved to Vail in the early 1980's and I have lost track of him. I was at Santa Fe Indian Hospital from 1980 to 1988 and would sometimes go to Taos Pueblo to man their clinic for a day or two. I saw the Orr's once in the 1980's when they were in Santa Fe. It was a good visit, but they were in their perpetual rushed state--more an internal state of mind than an actual necessity in my opinion, but still it was a pleasure to see them.

Fabi, we left the IHS in 1992 and joined the Coast Guard. It is staffed by PHS physicians. We went for the calmer lifestyle that is not possible given the clinical hours in IHS. We also went because we were assigned to Governors Island in New York Harbor and that place looked fabulous in our visit. We had the right intuition. Ingrid took care of pointing me in the right direction because her father had been a Colonel in the Army. I came over to the CG as a Captain from all my years in PHS. I had to figure out the protocols and salutes that were nonexistent in the Indian Health Service but once I got over that angst, we had most miraculous time on this island and with the city. A city I hated as a child because of the circumstances of having to go there i.e. divorce. But now we had a beautiful island and house supplied by the Coast Guard and a great population of about 4000 people to take care of. Many, many adventures and Ingrid was amazing in exploring New York and leading us to all of the most amazing places. Will stop now, Fabi thanks again for sharing about San Cristobal and the ranch. Daphne, we will be in touch soon about our trip north. Hugo

From: "Fabi Romero"
To: Hugh Tyson
Cc: "Daphne Harwood"
Sent: Wednesday, February 25, 2004 7:42 PM
Subject: Amazing connections

Hugh,

I became more and more amazed as I read your letter. That I intimidated you was funny. I remember you as a tall, light and serious boy who pretty much stayed out of trouble--much more mature than the rest of us. But what is really amazing is the criss-crossing of our paths. I think of the hoops used in the Indian Hoop Dance, the circles never aligned but always meeting at some point, moving on and meeting again. The Pete Seeger connection is wonderful. As is the Patchin Place connection. I knew the place well from working in real estate in the village. Also, James Beard lived right around the corner from Patchin Place. He was a close friend of my boss, William Alfred White, and I think Beard took some kind of amused pleasure in working at making me sophisticated. He would take me to lunch at Manero's and other expensive places. A couple of times Beard and White took me to lunch at the Sal Magundi Club where all those waspy men looked displeased at my being there. Not only a woman, but a brown one at that! White came from one of those old families whose names were in the blue book and he was a handsome, dignified old gentleman. I knew he and Beard were merely shaking up the old establishment but I wasn't offended that they used me to do that. And I did get some great meals, plus some free cooking lessons from Beard. I have great memories of Greenwich Village. I get back to NYC at least once a year. It has changed tremendously but I still feel the same excitement that I have always felt there. NYC has so many possibilities, so many promises. I know what you mean about the amazing places Ingrid found. One of my favorite places is the Cloisters Museum. I practically raised my son there.

I got back to San Cristobal in July 1979 after 22 years in NYC. I came back because I felt my son should know where we came from, who his family

is. Ironically, my son hates it here. It didn't help that a year after we moved back his father and I got divorced. It also didn't help that he used to go to a really small private school--Manhattan Country School--in Manhattan. Moving to Taos schools was a traumatic event. The racial thing here turned his world upside down. He dropped out in the 10th grade, never graduated, bummed around for 6 years. One day he called and asked if I would help him financially if he could get into college. I agreed. He went to UNM as a non-degree student, scored well enough that he was accepted as a degree student. He graduated, went to law school in Madison, Wisconsin for one year, transferred back to UNM. Now he lives in Virginia where his wife is a professor and he is a stay-at-home dad. I visit there often. During my visit there last month my son expressed amazement that I would have named him Kim if I intended to bring him back to NM. "What were you thinking?", he wanted to know. I had named him Kim after the pacifist Korean poet who got out of prison for the upteenth time on the day my son was born. It did not occur to me at that time that the name would be a burden in Northern NM. I had forgotten much. Kim and Suzanne are trying to get back to Albuquerque so he's looking for a job. I'm meeting them in Savannah, GA this coming Saturday for a week's vacation. They have two amazing little girls: Camille just turned 3 last week and Erika will turn 2 in May. Grandchildren are magical.

Hugh, you left Santa Fe the year I moved there--1988. My partner and I had started a moving business in Taos in 1983. In 1985 we opened a branch in Santa Fe. The agency limped along with a manager we had there. In 1988 I knew it would never get anywhere if we didn't pay attention to it so I fired the manager and took it over myself. I lived there from 1988 through 1992. Didn't much like Santa Fe but I came home every weekend. In 1992 I sold the agency to a man from Upstate NY and I moved back to San Cristobal to manage the Taos agency. In 1995 we sold the moving part of the business to three of our employees but kept the buildings. I manage the properties. My partner and his wife want out of the business so David, my significant other, will be buying them out in the next few days. David and I will use the warehouse to start an affordable housing construction business.

David's an architect who has been thinking of affordable housing since 1975. I think we're going to have a great time with this venture.

Now, as to Governor's Island--I actually worked there sometime when I first went to NYC. It was an Army base then. I took a civil service exam, passed and was offered a job working for the Adjutant General on Governor's Island. I loved the ferry ride to the island every morning and the ride out after work. I met my husband there, the father of my son. I also met my oldest, and longest lasting friend there. She is black and we were both dreadfully poor. She worked her way up into a great position with the UN. Because she spoke French (being originally from St. Croix) she got to spend a lot of time in the Ivory Coast. Twice I almost visited her there but I never made it. I did make it to St. Croix two years ago for the wedding of her youngest daughter. She came out here for my son's wedding four years ago.

Do you recall how close Tony Bryant and Harold Ickes were? Do you know if they kept up the connection? I spoke with Harold about 4 years ago. He was deep in the Clinton circle. From what I read about him, I think he has changed a lot from Cibola days. But maybe not. The media can twist a lot around.

I'm sorry we didn't meet up in Santa Fe. Given how we have crossed over each other's paths, I'm surprised the IHS never hired my agency to move you. We moved a lot of GSA employees including some IHS doctors. Where do you live now?

Thank you Daphne, for dropping by and making the connections again. Fabi

From: Daphne
To: Fabi
Sent: April 16, 2004

Fabi, In all this flurry of communication since my visit to Taos I have talked with Liz, written to Amanda Meyer, found Peter Toop, hosted Hugh Tyson at my house.

...

I think you were going to try to find out about her Cibola is having a reunion next Oct in DC. Google Hawthorne School and you will see what's happening. I'm not going, as the focus is very clearly on people AFTER our time. I hope you are well. I am thinking that the next time I get back to Taos I will FIND YOU!!! SEE you! much love, Daphne

From: "Fabi Romero"
To: "Daphne Harwood"
Sent: Monday, April 19, 2004 7:00 AM
Subject: Re: Liza Moore

Good Morning, Daphne,

Up date. My sister in law, Vera, tells me that Liza's sister Molly Romero lives in Omaha. They last talked about a year ago. Molly is a retired lawyer who travels a lot. According to Vera, Molly has talked about one sister who lives in France and one who stayed in IL and has cancer. Vera didn't know the names of either of the sisters. Molly's phone # is 402-553-6276. Vera suggested that we call and if she isn't there, leave e-mail address for her to get in touch with either of us. So, I'll call tonight when things calm down here. If you want to also call her, one of us might hook up with her.

Fabi
From: Daphne

To: Fabi

Sent: April 20, 2004

Did I send you the correspondence I had with Amanda? I will, if not.

...

Take care, Fabi, it's spring here, I hope there too.

Love, Daphne

From: "Fabi Romero" <>

To: "Daphne Harwood"

Sent: Wednesday, April 21, 2004 6:29 PM

Subject: Re: Liza Moore

Good Evening Daphne,

No, you didn't send me Amanda's correspondence. I would love to read it.

I've called and left a message on Molly Moore Romero's answering machine. She hasn't answered. Vera did warn me that Molly travels a lot so she might take a while to answer .

...

Unfortunately, the crock from all those men, oozing testosterone, running around feeling important and powerful, are making a horrible mess of the world. Some more than others, of course, but in the end, all the cocks of the walk, small and big ones, good or bad intentioned, they all add their bit to shape the world we live in. And, it ain't a good world. The news gets more and more dismal every day.

...

Harold was friends of some people who lived in our co-op building in the Upper West Side in NYC--Paul and Rachel Cowan. Paul was an heir to the Spiegel money. His sister was Liza Cowan, lover of a somewhat famous lesbian singer, Alix Dobkin. I knew them through the woman's movement and

our bookstore. It was Paul Cowan who told Harold about our bookstore and why he went to visit. Paul died some years ago. His wife, Rachel, comes to a retreat in Vallecitos, NM, which is owned by friends here. It really is a small world. Or maybe it's only that we travel in the same political circles so we keep running into each other. Another woman in our NYC co-op had been at the Buffalo Commune in Arroyo Rondo in the mid-60's. Her eyes used to glaze over when she talked about getting up before dawn to gather wood to make breakfast. Apparently it was one of those profound moments for her. I refrained from telling her that my whole childhood and youth were about getting up before dawn to gather wood for breakfast. It's all in one's perspective, no?

Well, I ramble.

Love, Fabi

From: "Amanda Stinchecum"

To: "Daphne Harwood"

Sent: Thursday, March 04, 2004 6:13 PM

Subject: Re: I think that's the lot

Dear Daphne,

Too much to digest in one evening! Actually, although my father was an active socialist/Socialist and pacifist, since my parents were divorced when I was 3 I was not particularly aware of that aspect of his life until much later. Political connections had nothing to do with my going to Cibola (as far as I know). The fact is, I'm afraid, I have no idea how I got there. That is, I remember Eleanor appearing at our front door, coming upstairs into the living room, and overwhelming us with her enthusiasm for Cibola; I was sold on the idea immediately. Clearly she had come through an introduction by some friend of my mother's, but I have no idea who.

I remember Hugh very well, but knew nothing about his childhood. We saw each other in Greenwich Village when I was on my way to Europe, but lost touch. And Eddie Trickett--unforgettable as the Snake. Do you remember?

I'm curious about Liz, but can't say I was ever particularly close to her, although we were cabin mates my second summer at Cibola. I expect to be in Okinawa in October, so I won't have to think about whether or not I would go to the Hawthorne reunion (I think the answer is no, in any case).

Have you been in touch with Betsy over the years? And what prompted you to start digging? It's enough to make me want to give up working and just travel around and see you all.

Amanda