



My great-grandmother was Marie Anaya
from Paguate village north of Old Laguna.
She had married my great-grandfather, Robert G. Marmon,
after her sister, who had been married to him,
died. There were two small children then,
and she married him so the children would have a mother.
She had been sent East
to the Indian school at Carlisle
and she later made a trip
with the children to Ohio
where my great-grandpa's relatives, the Marmons, lived.
My great-grandpa didn't go with them and
he never seemed much interested in returning to Ohio.
He had learned to speak Laguna
and Grandpa Hank said when great-grandpa went away from Laguna
white people who knew
sometimes called him "Squaw Man."

Grandpa Hank and his brother Kenneth
were just little boys
when my great-grandfather took them
on one of his trips to Albuquerque.

The boys got hungry
so great-grandpa started to take them
through the lobby of the only hotel in Albuquerque
at that time.

Grandpa Hank said that when the hotel manager
spotted him and Kenneth
the manager stopped them.

He told Grandpa Marmon that he was always welcome
when he was alone
but when he had Indians with him
he should use the back entrance to reach the café.

My great-grandfather said,

“These are my sons.”

He walked out of the hotel
and never would set foot in that hotel again
not even years later
when they began to allow Indians inside.