

Gram Says

Today as I sit listening to the high winds I can see the mountains covered with snow, but the surrounding country is dry and dusty.

Here in Santa Fe, N. M., we found a different city with its narrow streets lined with brown adobe houses. These houses are protected from dust by walls which also saves the lawns and flowers from these high winds.

These barren lands are covered with pinon pines, tall cottonwoods, the tumble weeds scurrying before the winds and the cacti which I hope to see in bloom before we leave.

Santa Fe is a very old town with its many churches, museums, and sounds of the beautiful language. Here in the plaza are the Indians with their gaudy blankets and long black braides, selling their bracelets and silver trinkets.

The Governor's palace, once the center of social life, has been converted into offices and little shops.

Yesterday we drove to Taos, one of the oldest and most colorful towns in New Mexico. This was the gathering place for the mountain men during the fur trading days. This was the home of Kit Carson, the famous Indian Scout; also the Kit Carson cemetery.

Just a few miles from Taos is one of the picturesque settlements where the Indian homes are from one-story adobe dwellings to the four and five-story apartment type structure, with outside entrances reached by a series of ladders.

The Pueblo Indians work in their fields, bake bread at outdoor adobe ovens and make pottery.

There are no modern conveniences. The water is carried from the creek, which flows through the village.

The Governor told us each family had his own quarters which consisted of one or two rooms and they do have large families. These Pueblos have their school and church and their village is clean. In front of the quarters sat Indians wrapped in blankets.

The Rio Grande valley is all irrigated land. The apricot trees are in full bloom and the wheat and alfalfa looks very pretty with so much semi-desert country around here.

Granddad has taken me to so many places I begged to remain home today. I just had a birthday, so maybe I'm getting old.

Gram S. E. B.