

Letters from Grace Mott Johnson to Alfred Dasburg, 1914-1919

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the ground) to see what I was doing.

I cant catch him. He is as quick a lightening and his disappeared in the alfalfa.

While I was waiting from the dance at the Pueblo I saw an Indian woman baking bread in one of the adobe ovens. The fire was all cleaned out & she covered the bottom of the oven with small flat loaves, putting them in with a long-handled wooden shovel. Then she closed up the hole in the oven with a piece of sack-cloth and a board and in about half an hour they were done. They smelt so good & I was so hungry that I bought two loaves and ate them for my supper.

It was about the nicest bread I ever have eaten. They make it with raisins sometimes too.

All the rooms in the Pueblo have hard earth floors, but the adobe walls are all whitewashed with terra blanka and everything is as clean as a whistle.

With love from Mother.

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