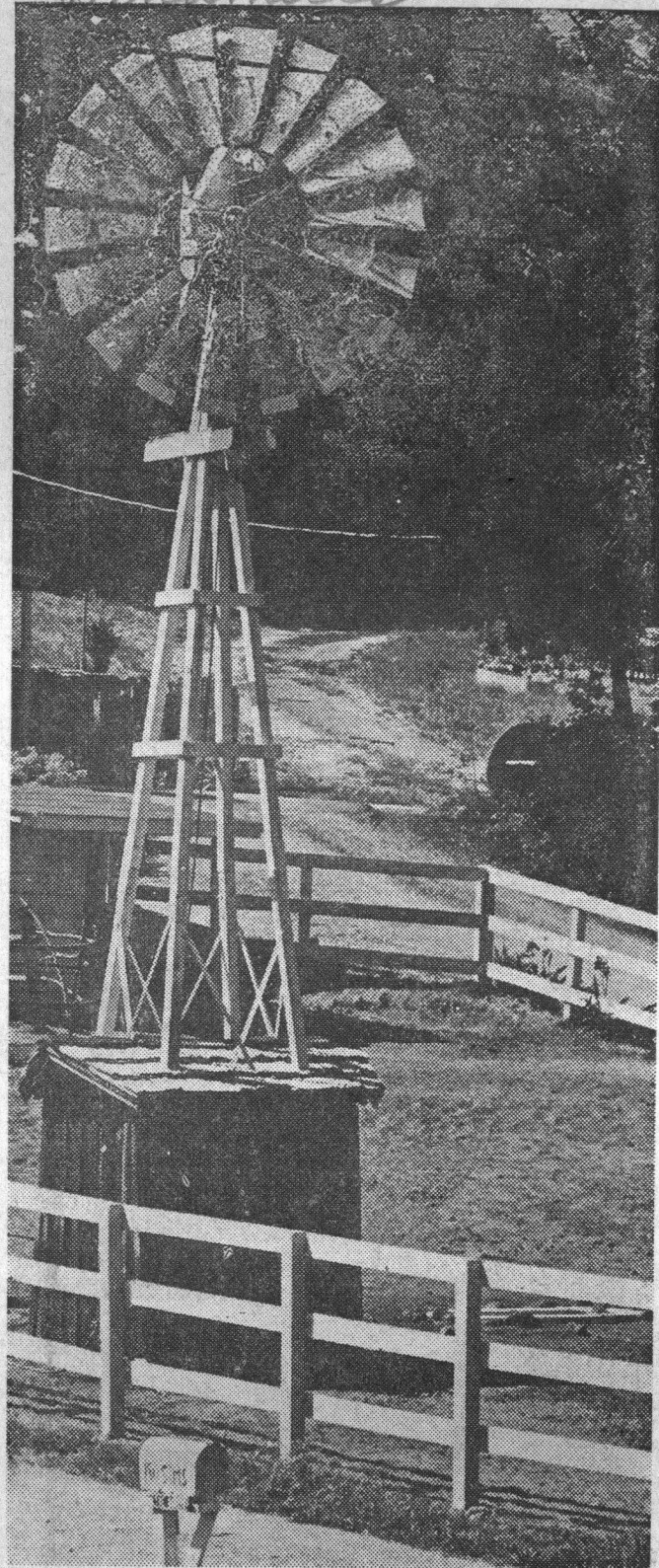
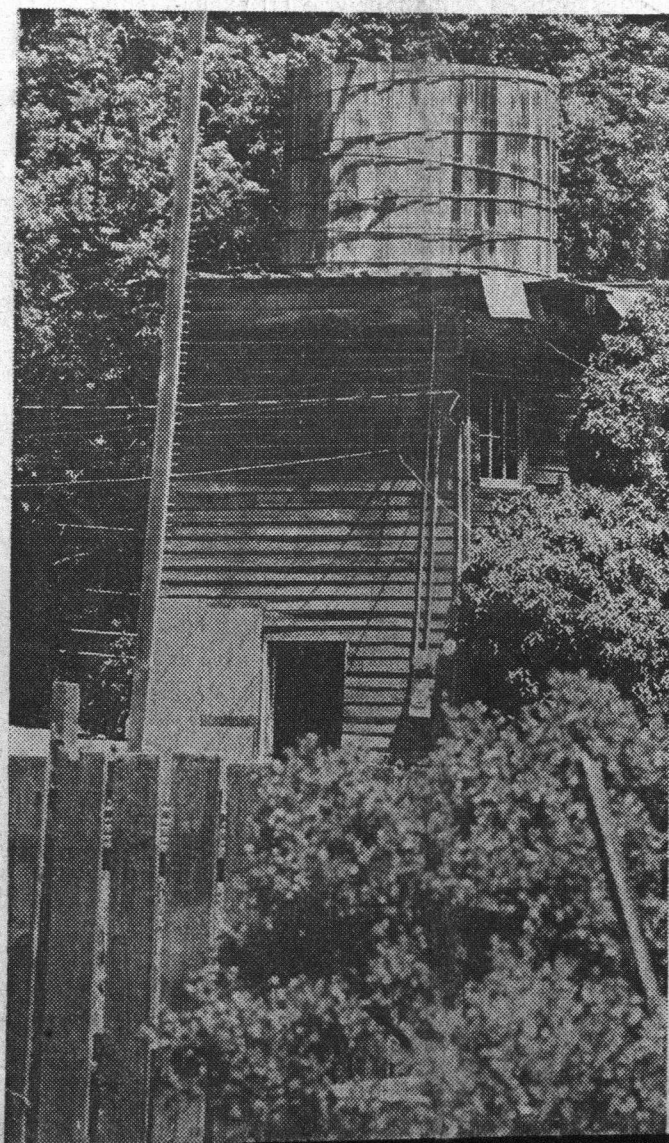


Windmills



Do You Remember?



Pigeons clutching to the roof of an old tank house . . .

Wood gingerbread work melting with the weight of years and weather.

A windmill creaking out a tune as the breezes play it.

Metal hoops eaten with rust, slipping askew. They used to hold a fat-belly tank full of water. Now they can't even hold themselves up, in place.

A newer tank perches high on metal frameworks like spider legs.

These scenes are all in and around Santa Cruz, all reminiscent of days gone by.

Who is there today who remembers that Santa Cruz' first public water supply came from a reservoir on the bluff above the junction of Mission and Water Streets?

Or that the first "pipes" were redwood logs, hollowed out and fitted into place? They were.

Margaret Koch

Photos

By

Bill Lovejoy

**Tree'n'Sea
Living**

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