kindex®
< Scan QR to view this original record online, or visit https://ezratclark.kindex.org/s/191811

plants in the spring. We like to stand in that back yard and look towards the canyon about three or four miles distant. Occasionally we would see Uncle John's folks coming down the bench from his saw mill in the canyon.

That benchland was a fairy land to me. I had walked up there on my way to the canyon with Linda and Lizzie. We would linger near the mouth of the canyon to gather flowers. In the spring, especially, it was a treat. The yellow buttercups and daffodils and the odor of the oakbrush more than rewarded us for the long tiresome walk. As I stood in Grandmother's back door I could picture that fairy land so vivdly that it became a part of that little back yard.

LIFE AT MATERNAL GRANDPARENTS

The Carpet Bag

We children slept upstairs at Grandmother's. In the room where we slept there was a carpet bag hanging from the rafters. It was such a one as the Northerners had carried to the South after the Civil War. I was always curious about that bag and would lie awake some nights wondering what it might contain. One night I asked Mother about it and was told that it contained the "Commission" Father had held in the Indian War.

Indians were frightening enough to me. I had seen them ride to our house on their ponies and ask... almost demand sugar, tea, or died fruit. I would cling to Mother and the Indians