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laugh and tease. "Papoose scared," they would say. Sometimes I would run back in the house and remain hidden until the Indian had ridden away.

Now, in addition to Indians, there was that awful "Commission" locked up in that bag! It, too, had something to do with Indians and it must be something very bad to have to be locked up and hung way up there where it could not get away. What if it should get out some night while I was asleep! This thought was so frightening, I would cover up my head until I fell asleep. Foolish little girl not to have confided to an understanding mother who would have quieted her fears and fancies.

From the book Utah in the American Guide Series I read "The Black Hawk War of 1865-68" (not to be confused with the Illinois Black Hawk War 1827-31). It was waged over white pre-emption of "Indian Hunting Grounds." The trobule was intense in the southern part of the State. Many settlers had to move and their settlements were abandoned. In these raids their cattle would be driven off and many of the residents were killed. More than fifty settlers were killed, we are told, and economic losses were in excess of a million dollars; but in spite of the fact that the militia served in this war for more than two years without any pay, Congress declined to reimburse the Utah settlers.

Father enlisted in this militia. Just what rank he held I never knew or just what that "Commission" was for. I recall the expectations and disappointments of my Mother over a period of her later years when the question of a