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Title: **Biography-04.pdf**

Provenance:

Category: **Volume**

Person:

Date:

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When Hazel was born, My mother being such an important part of my life, I was unaware of the part she would play in my life.

My mother, being such an integral part of my life at that time, seemed to be the always present thing that is hard to describe. Of course she was my companion court of appeals and my home of safety. Hazel, however, was soon my constant companion and guide, even at the age of two years she "took care" of her older brother.

Playing together at "House" or gathering bits of bright glass was our pastime. There is still a memory of glass, iridescent and fascinating, which now seems to have been the most beautiful jewel in the world. I am sure if I look well enough in the "Old House" that I will find that triangular bauble that shone with a golden and yet rainbow brightness.

My early childhood was crowded with