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Title: **Biography-16.pdf** Category: **Volume** 

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The days in Paris are the were the most interesting. I learned that my grandparents were the finest folks I had met. My Grandfather was artistic. He painted with water colors and oils and had been director of the little opera choir for 30 years. His garden, and especially his flowers were the talk of the county. In his Conservatory where hundreds of plants bloomed under the glass roof, I learned to love flowers. Many of my chores were directly or indirectly concerned with his flowers. Grandmother always kept the "boarders" who for years were the lady high school teachers.

I graduated from H.S. in 1927 and could see no prospect of further schooling. although I passed the state teachers' exams that same spring and could have taught had I gone to Pocatello for summer school. I did not think seriously about teaching so I worked on the farm that summer and the next fall winter. Went into Nevada with Papa selling woolen goods. The next October I started