

After leaving Ogden to live in our old house in Marriott it was time to enroll in the third grade. There was a little discussion by the school authorities about my age eligibility because my birthday was October the twentieth. After a short time however I was allowed to attend. I was very grateful for that blessing because it would have set me back one year in my schooling.

I may have previously described the seating arrangements for the third, fourth, and fifth grade. These classes were all taught in the same room. Altogether these three classes comprised the largest number of students ever enrolled in this room.

The seats were all alike. There was a seat that folded up towards the back rest so that one could more easily exit the region between the seat and the desk. The desk slanted back a little and had the usual inkwell up in the right hand corner. An open shelf below the desk top was available for paper, pens and other items.

I loved my teacher. Her name was Miss Buelah Stallings.

She taught all of the students in every subject. The first two rows of seats were adjacent to the north windows and were all in the third grade. The next two rows of seats comprised the fourth grade students and the last two rows of students sat in seats that were close to the south wall.

My teacher would teach the subject matter for the third grade, then on to the fourth, and lastly to the fifth graders. Then she would rotate through everything around and around. I liked the system. One could eavesdrop on every subject that was being taught. I was an excellent student and loved learning.

I may have already related how me and my brother Eugene were obtaining outside learning at the Carnegie Free Library. Bless that man for his generosity in establishing such things.

I may have already told how we obtained the library books. The library was five miles to town from our Marriott home. In the spring and summer months my mother and I or my father and I and sometimes Eugene would pull a little red wagon along the southerly curve of the Southern Pacific railroad tracks to Wall Avenue where we continued to Twenty Sixth Street where we would turn East to the corner of these two streets. While Eugene and I were browsing and procuring books to take home my parents were getting needed groceries. Our library cards would allow us to keep the chosen books for two weeks before returning them. Then we would repeat this course over and over.

It was in the library where I met my heroes: Thomas Edison, Henry Ford. Harvy Firestone, Marconi, and others

I may have already told how we obtained the library books. The library was five miles to town from our Marriott home. In the spring and summer months my mother and I or my father and I and sometimes Eugene would pull a little red wagon along the southerly curve of the Southern Pacific railroad tracks to Wall Avenue where we continued to Twenty Sixth Street where we would turn East to the corner of these two streets. While Eugene and I were browsing and procuring books to take home my parents were getting needed groceries. Our library cards would allow us to keep the chosen books for two weeks before returning them. Then we would repeat this course over and over.