

Getting the Groceries and the Library Books

H. Tracy Hall, 4-9-2004

Once every two weeks one of my parents and I would take turns pulling a little red wagon eastward from the town of Marriott, where we lived, to Ogden along the north edge of the Southern Pacific railroad tracks. We had to walk along a gravel road for about one half a mile before reaching the tracks.

The tracks curved to the south away from the tracks where we could exit onto Wall Avenue. From there, Eugene and I could exit the area and go to the Carnegie Free Library while my parents went to get groceries and other needed items. My father would tell me not to have bad feelings about rich men, because there are rich men who do good things. Carnegie had built our library. Eugene was interested primarily in storybooks. I was more interested in technical books.

We picked out our books and the other items and put them in the wagon. We could keep the books for two weeks. The amount of walking round trip was two miles. In the winter we used a sleigh.

The school district in Marriott was going to give all the school children a test. If you passed the first test, you could take a harder one, and so on. I passed the hardest one and got the highest score in the whole district. I was in the third grade. See, I was smarter because I'd been to the library so much. They got hold of the school teachers and asked my mother to come to the school and told her that I had gotten the highest score of anyone in the whole county.