

Some More on Marriott, Utah

Marriott was a small farming community about five miles northwest of the center of Ogden City. My family lived seven years in this place.

I need to tell you about one of my bicycles. The Good Fellows often gave bicycles, ice skates, sleds and other items, especially at Christmastime.

The ice skates were not at all sharp and it was difficult to use them. The sled that we used was pretty good, but the bicycle was in very bad shape. The pedal on the left side of the bike was broken off so it was very difficult to operate the thing and keep it going. But you could use it if you kept it going in a lopsided way and had some practice on it.

This bicycle became mine because my brother, Eugene, took it to Eden with a boy apparently sitting on the upfront handle bar. I did not know the boy's name and why he wanted to go there.

I can't imagine how he handled this trip. There were no paved roads in those days. All of the roads were made of gravel. He must have had to push the bike most of the way.

At any rate, Eugene, who was my next younger brother, arrived home at something past midnight and my mother was frantic about where he might be. Huntsville had to be at least ten miles away from home.

The following day, my parents gave the bicycle to me alone. Before that we had been sharing the bike equally. Somehow, though, I felt sorry for my brother.