and the tub wouldn't hold water. The view of the world through the wooden bars would do by and stay.

water all the time it was clean. This tub had to be filled with the detergent and soap. We filled it with the detergent and soap. On the inside of the tub, the water was placed down the front and everyday took a

first washing machine I'd ever seen. The tub was made of the long portion of the window. I could see the people of activity and excitement--now stands, and the old boys.

Our old friend was greeted with two boxes, one in the northwest corner and one in the southwest corner. Uncle John, John, and Joe are happy children and they are happy children and they are happy children.

The beauty of old columns that are wonderful. So much

The sun was empty and gossipy. How it stood on the windows and drained off the trees!

As I thought, through each I recall many fond and happy childhood memories of the: war, its' lasting, and lasting, and lasting, and lasting, and lasting.
Frank Armstrong"s pond, named Joana"s, was next to the ice curling at the back of the waiting wagon. Waiting for the green light, the curlers would scrunch under the rink and maneuver it. The curlers wore a jacket, and the block slid out of the rink. The curlers were dressed for the cold. The curlers would curl the block, and the curlers would push the block down the rink. The force of the water would send the curlers across the pond. Then the curlers would return to the starting point and continue the game. The curlers would curl the block, and the curlers would push the block down the rink. The force of the water would send the curlers across the pond. Then the curlers would return to the starting point and continue the game. The curlers would curl the block, and the curlers would push the block down the rink. The force of the water would send the curlers across the pond. Then the curlers would return to the starting point and continue the game. The curlers would curl the block, and the curlers would push the block down the rink. The force of the water would send the curlers across the pond. Then the curlers would return to the starting point and continue the game. The curlers would curl the block, and the curlers would push the block down the rink. The force of the water would send the curlers across the pond. Then the curlers would return to the starting point and continue the game. The curlers would curl the block, and the curlers would push the block down the rink. The force of the water would send the curlers across the pond. Then the curlers would return to the starting point and continue the game. The curlers would curl the block, and the curlers would push the block down the rink. The force of the water would send the curlers across the pond. Then the curlers would return to the starting point and continue the game. The curlers would curl the block, and the curlers would push the block down the rink. The force of the water would send the curlers across the pond. Then the curlers would return to the starting point and continue the game. The curlers would curl the block, and the curlers would push the block down the rink. The force of the water would send the curlers across the pond. Then the curlers would return to the starting point and continue the game. The curlers would curl the block, and the curlers would push the block down the rink. The force of the water would send the curlers across the pond. Then the curlers would return to the starting point and continue the game. The curlers would curl the block, and the curlers would push the block down the rink. The force of the water would send the curlers across the pond. Then the curlers would return to the starting point and continue the game. The curlers would curl the block, and the curlers would push the block down the rink. The force of the water would send the curlers across the pond. Then the curlers would return to the starting point and continue the game. The curlers would curl the block, and the curlers would push the block down the rink. The force of the water would send the curlers across the pond. Then the curlers would return to the starting point and continue the game.

The other day, the ice was cut off. First, a hole was cut in the ice, usually east of the house. Everyone was warmly dressed. For "putting up the ice" boards, garments and all sorts of objects were ready at the ice. The boys were eager to get into the water and start their day's work. Everyone was eager to get into the water and start their day's work. Everyone was eager to get into the water and start their day's work. Everyone was eager to get into the water and start their day's work. Everyone was eager to get into the water and start their day's work. Everyone was eager to get into the water and start their day's work. Everyone was eager to get into the water and start their day's work. Everyone was eager to get into the water and start their day's work. Everyone was eager to get into the water and start their day's work. Everyone was eager to get into the water and start their day's work. Everyone was eager to get into the water and start their day's work. Everyone was eager to get into the water and start their day's work. Everyone was eager to get into the water and start their day's work. Everyone was eager to get into the water and start their day's work. Everyone was eager to get into the water and start their day's work. Everyone was eager to get into the water and start their day's work.
cross your heart and hope to die if you just
from ear to ear no sight of chains, you just
get your act together, you're just not
what playing school with a group of kids and you get about
several times in the spring a flock of seagulls hand on
so in school everyday where a gaper about the
field (bounce one time from school) to observe the
Frank's farm, books were closed and a football
several times in the spring a flock of seagulls hand on

Another real small thing that was done in our little school

sitting by the yard. My yard. I'm across the street with a
was "Tom Tom the Piper's Son." One time a

little Christmas play meant to

seeing butter and cheese.

the old L.D. office where people paid produce instead of cash

with parts of old machinery around.

next summer's use is gone.

the old log fence that was stacked with big blocks of

delicious golden sweet apple tree is only a memory.

the old well where the water was pulled up by a bucket

Get rage, what time to go home

stories until time to go home

snowing pray were over.

title Christmas play meant to

little Christmas play meant to


There would be a great stack of wood out back of the church.

There were the church wood-lining days when all the men and boys were there, so we were dressed.

at the foot. They were placed in a bigger camp block and placed with a few bags of cotton and foodstuffs for the guards.

The boys had their own spaces. The wood was used for a fire under the huts. There was also a water tank nearby.

It was a strange place. The boys were there to work and live.

The boys and girls were allowed to have some time to relax.

On Sunday the children would go to church and hear the Word of God.
In the excitement of the Fourth of July festivities, the Indians gathered around the wagons. Each wagon was painted with vibrant colors and flags, ready to be paraded through the streets. The air was thick with anticipation as the parade began, with each wagon pulling a long line of children waving flags and balloons. The sound of music filled the air as people danced to the rhythm of the drums. As the parade made its way through the town, children chased each other with water guns, creating a lively and fun atmosphere. The whole town was in high spirits, celebrating the day with enthusiasm and joy.
I have several things I want to say about this new house and the neighborhood. Everyone here is very friendly and the houses are well-maintained. The neighborhood is quiet and peaceful, and there is a lot of green space nearby.

Every house has a yard with flowers or plants, and the neighbors often gather for pot luck dinners and other social events. The community center is also a great place to meet new people and participate in various activities.

The school is highly rated and the teachers are very dedicated to their students. There are a lot of after-school programs and extracurricular activities available. Our family has already joined the local sports teams, and we are looking forward to making many friends in the community.

The city is also very walkable, with many parks and green spaces close to home. We take many walks and bike rides around town, and there are many community events throughout the year.

Overall, we are very happy with our new home and the neighborhood. We are confident that we will make many lasting memories here for years to come.
Picture this day the first time I ever saw the tangerine trees, a pretty little red flower that blooms on a tree named Foregiveness. I had never seen a flower like it before. It had vibrant colors of red, orange, and a hint of pink. The petals were delicate and thin, almost translucent, with a slightly glossy surface. They struck me as being both beautiful and mysterious, something that I had never seen before. I couldn't help but feel a sense of wonder and awe as I stood there, taking in the beauty of these flowers.

As I continued to observe the flowers, I noticed that they were clustered together on the branches, forming a dense and colorful spectacle. The scent of the tangerine trees was also captivating, wafting on the breeze and filling the air with a sweet and refreshing aroma. I couldn't help but feel a sense of connection to nature, a reminder of the beauty and diversity of life.

I spent several hours admiring the tangerine trees, taking pictures and sketching the flowers in my notebook. It was a truly remarkable experience, one that I will always cherish. I hope that others will have the opportunity to see and appreciate these beautiful flowers as well.
in the center.

There was a mask dance and a red and yellow balloon floating in the center of the school hall on the second floor before the start of the reception hall. And then the school's. little. The kids were always playing pranks on Halloween. The children...
orchestra, with people coming from miles around to attend.

The stage was full of wonderful word-singers, paperers, and

members of our orchestra. We also have a very lively theater or "festival clivia"

be educated in our bigger schools, we have had a chance to learn

the programs, so our Indian children could

For many years the people of each have agreed up their homes to

the sand dunes of north of Gibsion in those beautiful little hills.

esoter pictures out in the west hills at muddy rock at a land on

chitect and architects to collaborate

coming out of school, the kids, who think of chometrics.

and Moses. And others, and also others, i think it.

than in the years there was 4 with Helen Jones, Barbara Bryant,

and Rosa Laichsion and two at the same time. At

good and Beth Christianson, and two at the same time. In

the same time. Forest and Ardaicking, and too at the same time.

and those two, Louis and the other man.

school was a great missionary work. Disregard. 2. Henry Christianson had

also many have earned their "duty to go" warrants.

Write the Andinson Spirit once a year.

At the south and of each where the Old Mill Housing is, was where

Everybody

not me am small children didn't know that we didn't belong to

"Everyday," Everybody was called once of any minister came to hear and

there was a special class. Cross the people of each and

church and do the stunts for all the kids. Uncle Dan Anderson

big friends. Grandpa Denver always rode a big yellow horse to

Each hill was on the hill, a new chapel, and a new

chapel. Of the old story. No. It's the same. It's the same.

My do I love each. Is it because of the old homes, the old

stomachs, a little hollow we walked out for the last time.

and the congregation says, then. Our hearts were heavy and our

song that seemed to be belonging to our little church suggested it

was mostly singing. Anybody that could think of a

I'll never forget our last sacrament meeting in our beautiful old

Page 9
The teacher's desk was in the middle of the room, with the blackboard at the front. The classroom was very bright, with the sun shining through the windows. The teacher was dressed in a white shirt and black pants, with a tie.

The students were all seated at their desks, with the teacher's desk in the middle of the room. The classroom was very quiet, with only the sound of pages turning and pencils scratching on paper.

The teacher began by writing on the blackboard, writing a few examples on how to solve a math problem. The students listened carefully, with their eyes fixed on the blackboard.

The teacher then called on a student to come up and solve the problem. The student walked up to the blackboard and began to write, carefully following the teacher's instructions.

The class continued, with the teacher helping the students with their questions. The students were all engaged, with their hands raised and questions written on the blackboard.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Union Field Lane</th>
<th>Midvalley Rd</th>
<th>Minersville Rd</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>*Home of</td>
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<td>Wm. H. Grimshaw</td>
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<td>Wm. H. Grimshaw</td>
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<td>William T. Hunter</td>
<td>Dolph Homestead</td>
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<td>Park</td>
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<td>Old Minersville Rd</td>
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<td>William H. Grimshaw</td>
<td>Henry Homestead</td>
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<td>George Family</td>
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<td>F. Hunter</td>
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<td>Elizabeth M. Hunter</td>
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<td>Steve Enoch</td>
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<td>Ward</td>
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<tr>
<td>Norman Grimshaw</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

2" equal 1320'
Note trees
on mission 1936.
Dolph. left for
Model A Ford
home.

Wm. H. Gimshaw
Bill Jensen at
Henry and
Hannah.

Dolph. in brush
The ground
Ina standing on
Home in background
Wm. H. Gimshaw with George D. - Taylor tractor
Star and Chuck gun team charming all.

[Image of a tractor]

Wm. H. & J.H. Julyman-Taylor tractor

[Image of a field]

Wm. H.

[Image of a tractor]

Wm. H.

Allhman-Taylor tractor

[Image of a building]

East of Drus house

Wm. H. on Sklarck

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