

*Israelsen, Alice Ann Decker*

**Nora Israelsen's Family Stories**

**Nora Israelsen  
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**English: 1st Period**

Israelsen, Alice Ann Decker. 17th August 1944. Chicago, Illinois. Personal Interview. Castle Dale, Utah. 18th April 1995.

Little Alice with her thick dark hair, so thick that if she grew it to long it would give her headaches, and big brown eyes lived in a apartment building with her mother, father, and sister. She was a very imaginative girl, and would pretend she was what ever it was that she wanted to be. Sometimes her imagination got her in trouble though, and this is one of those times.

Alice, as you know, lived in a apartment building in Chicago as a child. Her father was the head of a meat factory and they all lived quite well. In these apartments Alice met a lot of different people. There was this one couple that lived right next to them and they were the Trost's

Alice's mother nicknamed these people Bumble Bee and Honey Bee mostly because the women was always in such a big hurry to get things done; that she was truly like a Bee when it came to working.

Well these where very nice people and Alice loved them dearly. The only thing that was wrong with the picture was that Bumble Bee had a drinking problem and it seemed no one could stop him, and oh did Honey Bee try. She was just little petite women with dark hair and eyes but boy did she

know how to talk back to her tall and thin husband, who also had dark hair and eyes. Oh what a match, Bumble Bee was always thinking of ways he could sneak a drink. One of his plans though turned out for the worst.

One day he called out to his wife, "I'm goin out to take Alice for a walk."

Honey Bee looked up with approving eyes thinking this would be good for him and keep him away from the bar. "O k have a wonderful time," she'd say, and off he'd go.

The only problem was that he was going to the bar and taking Alice with him.

They would go daily and each time they went Bumble Bee would get Alice a ginger ale and tell her that it was beer. These so much looked the same that the little 5-year-old believed that she was really getting beer, and she loved it. She loved<sup>it</sup> so much that when Bumble Bee was sick this one time she decided she was going to get her a beer.

Oh it was a hot day and how thirsty I was. How good a nice big glass of beer would taste. Bumble Bee was sick this time and there was no way he could take me, so I decided I'd fix my trike and get myself a beer.

There was nothing wrong with my trike but I knew that from the TV programs everybody had to gas their "cars" before they went anywhere. So I got me some water and filled my trike up with H<sub>2</sub>O gasoline. I checked my pedals and just started on my tires when I heard a voice say, "Hi

Annie what are you doing." It was just my dad who had  
come home from work. Annie was his pet name for me.

"I'm fixin' my bike," I said.

With a smile on his face he said, "What are you fixing  
it for."

I looked up at him adult to adult and said strongly  
"I'm fixin' my bike so I can go across the border, and get  
me some beer."

Slowly his smile disappeared and he said, "You're going  
where."

"To go over the border and get me some beer."

Realization hit him and very quickly he was at the  
Troost's scolding Bumble Bee for taking his daughter to a  
bar. After that Honey Bee let into him and never again did  
Alice see the inside of a bar. She did, however, always love  
the taste of ginger ale.