

Oral History From: Lola Jackie Abrams Ungerman

Collected By: Brittany Ungerman

This interview and personal history has been collected from my mother, Lola Jackie Abrams Ungerman. She was born in Price, September twenty-first of 1953. She is the daughter of Curtis Jack Abrams and Lois Axelson Abrams. She is the youngest of three children. The oldest is Ronald Brett Abrams; he is six years older than Jackie. The second child is Donna Lynn Abrams; she is five years older than Jackie.

These are Jackie's recollections of her life, from childhood to motherhood, and the stories of her family members as passed down through the family members.

Collected by Brittany Ungerman from the year 2005-06

(Me) What is your full name?(her) Lola Jackie Ungerman. When I was born my dad was working down in Durango Colorado. My mom called him to tell him I had been born and she named me...wait that's not a true statement... let me think how the story goes...ha ha ha...awe-k...she just said I'd been born, he left Durango and drove home and by the time he got there, Mom was already home.-(me) From the hospital? Really?(her)hmmh... When Dad saw she was already home he thought she had been joking with him, and wasn't sure whether to be upset or not. He said "I thought you said you had that baby." She told him "Well I did and her name is Lola Diane" hmnhmm...and Dad said "Well you can just change it, she'll be Lola Jackie" this surprised my mom because he had never wanted any of his kids to be a Jr. or named after him or anyone else.

When I was little I had the nickname "Button", my Grandfather Percy and my Uncle Sheldon always called me that. (Me) Why? Was there a reason for that? (Her) I'm not sure why, I think because I was so small...wait maybe change that to so little...oh but my dad called me "Peaches". (Me) Why? (Her) Cuz I had big fat peachy cheeks. Hahahahaha. (Me) Grandpa always did come up with all the nicknames huh? (Her) Ha-ha Yeah, and I found that sometimes I do that here like we have two Bryans so one I call "Brian" and the other I call "B".(Me) hahaha You should call him "B-dawg" hahaha .(Her) haha Yeah... and Amanda doesn't like to be called "Mandie" so I call her "Sweet". Sometimes I call Annette "Annie", and Dave I just call "Boss". When I was about nineteen, my dad started calling me "Johnny". When they started calling your sister "Joni Cake" they spelled it J-O-N-I. One day I asked my dad why he called me Johnny,

he told me “Oh just because Jack is a nickname for John and John is a nickname for Jack, so you’re Johnny.” That’s about it for names and stuff.

(Me) Ok so where all have you lived? (Her) I grew up in Price, born and raised. (pause) I now live in Huntington and have lived there for twenty-eight and a half years. Two different homes; the first for five years, the next for twenty-three and a half years.

(Me) What was your first home like? Wasn’t it a trailer? (Her) Yeah well my first home in Huntington was but I can tell you more about my home in Price. (Me) Ok. (Her) I remember seeing a picture of me when I was two; I was standing on a little chair in the back yard holding my arm up with two fingers showing that I was so big. My mom said that was for my second birthday. I remember we had a big sandbox and a small garage. I remember Brett’s bike and I remember seeing a picture of me (pause) and I think I remember actually riding my tricycle on the front sidewalk. We had sidewalk fromwell lets see...in front of everybody’s house all the way down the block...Not like Huntington hahaha. I remember my mom fixed my hair in pigtails and my dad had brought me a little black leather type jacket with.....white fringe and a pair of little red cowboy boots. I think he brought them from Durango. (Me) Why was he in Durango?

(Her) Working..... they had a line construction job down there.

Ok this is the one about the dog. I remember one year for Brett’s birthday Dad came home from work, he had a big “P” coat on..that’s like an army “P” coat...so it had big pockets. Dad was so excited he pulled a little tiny black puppy out of his pocket and gave it to Brett for his birthday present. All three of us kids were so excited, the pup was a little black Lab and Brett named him Jimmy James Jr. (Me) Was there a reason for that?

(Her) I don’t know, we just called him Jimmy.

In the back room of our garage Dad had boxes; huge trunk-like boxes full of trains, the O-gage... the big trains. Every year at Christmas and this was a family tradition we had a "train session". Dad and Brett put up the trains and we kept them up all through the holidays. We had a huge front room. The tracks went all the way around the front room, down the front hall, up the middle hall, all around mom and dad's bedroom, back down that hall into Brett's room, all around his room, under his bed and back into the front room. Dad had accessories like a fuelling station where the little man came out of the shack and fueled the train he had an oil derrick that looked like it was actually pumping oil he had a siding... umm track in where the... where... let's see... where he (pause) pulled the milk car up there and the little man in the car came out of the car and threw the milk cans onto... umm uh... a platform. On one siding it looked like they were loading coal into the coal cars. And he had this one car where the "cop" chased the "bum" all around the top of a car. It was so fun and, it was so awesome. Dad would always dare us to put our finger under the track while the train crossed. It was so scary, just when I'd think I was brave enough to do it I'd put my finger under the track, but when the train got close I'd chicken out and pull my finger back. (Me) – Yeah he still does that with us, - only when we get brave enough he yells and scares us right when the train is coming so we always pull back. (Her) It was really cool, at night, when the train was turned on and the light from the engine would show. And the train would go around behind the Christmas tree and the lights from the tree would shine on the train, it was awesome. Dad had steam powered engines like the old puffer bellies and you'd put tablets in the stack of the engine and it would puff smoke. He had the diesel powered engines and he had an awesome California Zephyr... (Me) which was ___?... (Her)

I remember going down the Alley way to Gary's house, my Cousin Gary's house. When we'd play outside there was a little boy across the fence and he told us he was a Deigo and a Wop...those are slang words for Italian and they weren't the nicest of names. The girl who lived at the top of Gary's driveway, her dad worked for the Chevrolet car dealership, his name was Sheldon Hansen, her dad brought home a little gas powered car just her size. (Me) So ...like a little car for a little kid? (Her) mmhm Like your kids' little Barbie car, only this one was gas powered not like battery powered. I remember going across the street to the corner grocery store with my brother and sister. Sometimes we'd go down the other corner to the other grocery store. On the west side of our block was a big gutter, my mom wouldn't let us wade in the gutter because she said "The old Greeks spit in that ditch and you'll get Polio." haha I remember around one corner there was a little skinny scrawny boy named Mackey and around the other corner was a short pudgy boy, pudgy freckled faced boy, named James Jensen. I remember Lynny and I going to the other side of the block and stealing Holly Hawks to make dolls. (Me) What are Holly Hawks? (Her) They're flowers; we'd steal the flowers out of this woman's garden. We only lived a block from the school so Brett and Lynny could walk to school. I was sad when we moved. I was only five and I liked our new house. A really old couple that lived right next to us ... a really white haired old couple...I remember them being really nice and talking to us like we were important. I remember a really nice house...you know how older people's houses are just really extra nice and neat.

When I was five years old and we had just moved to our new house and I had to go get my tonsils out. I remember my mom wrapped me up in my favorite quilt and my

mom carried me like a football under one arm and she carried me into the hospital and I don't remember anything else about, it just in and out.

When she'd take me to Pennies on first east there was a big ditch like that(she shows me a large hand motion to show just how deep) my mom would tuck me under her arm like that (under her arm like a football) and jump over the ditch with me.

I remember Lynny and I were...well I was in the first grade. Lynny would play the wicked step-mother and I was the poor picked on step-child my name was "Jaunque", and I remember when Lynny would pretend to be mad at me and she would chase me and if I got to the truck then I was safe, but I never made it in the back of the truck. I stepped on the sand and slid under the truck. And on my way down, I hit my eye on the bumper of the truck and cut it open in the eyebrow. And Lynny came, I was bleeding really bad and Lynny does not do well with blood at all, and she picked me up in both arms and held me out like that (she holds her arms up to show just how Lynn carried her) and carried me back to the house. And as she's carrying me out to the house she's yelling "She's die'n she's die'n, Momma ...Daddy she's die'n "and they came run'n out of the house. Pretty sure Dad took me out of her arms and took me in the house and cleaned me up a bit, and momma called the doctor. Momma must of called the doctor cuz they took me up to Helper (that was back in the olden days when they still made house calls) and he didn't do stitches but he did this new thing, he put the sutchers, the butterfly bandages, then he put this huge patch over that. I knew it was to keep it clean, and I had to go to school like that the next day. And none of the kids really said anything to me about it, so my mean old first grade teacher had pointed it out to everybody that afternoon. She was talking about different things, schoolwork and so on, and then in front of everybody she

asked what happened to my eye? I tried to explain but I was so embarrassed and humiliated cuz everyone was lookin' at me. And then the next day she pointed it out all over again, with the same question it was so embarrassing. She was such a mean old woman; even her own kids didn't like her. Her youngest son told me at least you only had to have her for first grade for only one year. He said she didn't have a babysitter for him so he had to go to school with her for one year, and then have her as a teacher for the next year. They hated to bring their friends home cuz she was so mean ha ha.

I remember getting a bike for Christmas that year and I was havin a little trouble learnin to ride it. It was a 24 inch bike and I was a pretty small first grader. My cousin Peggy, told me to wiggle the handle bars back and forth a little bit to keep my balance...that didn't work for me ha ha...I think I wrecked...ha ha... I don't remember hearing such things as training wheels, but I learned to ride. We used to ride...we were the second house, and we used to ride up to the corner, over to the first driveway, and out in the street to turn around. When we came back off the street we'd go down through the mans' driveway on that side of the street, through a narrow walkway between his house and garage and out through his driveway on the other side of the street or the block yeah the block. Then down to the other end of the block... yeah and turn around in Mrs. Pullis' driveway she had a driveway connected to Beveridges' driveway so it was a double driveway to turn around in. Ok... Mrs. Pulli's son is Dan Pulli who lives in Huntington. Sometimes when I rode up around the corner and out in the street to turn around, some of the boys on that street would chase me on their bikes because... (pause)... lets see lets see... some of the Sanderson boys would chase me on their bikes cuz one of their brothers liked me.

Which was a luxury passenger train. When company came, they pretty much new the rules... at Christmas time we had the trains up, so be careful where you step.

Sometimes they'd accidentally leave the house keys in the house and we'd go somewhere and lock the door. When we'd get home and they'd realize the didn't have a house key, they'd check the windows and usually end up lifting me up and putting me through the furnace room window. After I'd climbed through the window I could step on the washer or dryer, jump down and go unlock the back door. I was the littlest. I was always the littlest, so that was my permanent job.

My cousin Susan was really smart, but sometimes I wondered about her. Lots of weekends my mom and dad and my aunts and uncles would get together at our house and play Canasta. Susan and I were standing by the table watching them play cards and Susan's dad took a puff of his cigarette and my mom blew smoke. And Susan's eyes got huge. She was bewildered and she said "How did you do that?" She didn't see that my mom took a puff off her cigarette the same time her dad took a puff so she thought it was a trick.

I'm not sure, but I think we must've been the only ones in my mom's family that had a TV for a while, because it seemed like all of moms family came to our house for the Friday night fights. My Aunt Clara was the funniest of all. She'd be on the edge of her seat, looking very intense. You could see her fists clenched and her body would twist and jerk like she was throwing punches. When Roller Derby got to be a big thing on TV, it was more fun to watch her than the show itself, ha ha ha. — (Me) Why's that? — (Her) Oh it was bad. Yeah they'd knock people over the rails, hit them, two players off the

other team would come up and squash some body from the other team, or trip them.

They were really mean.... Ha ha ha

You know the little plastic high heels you can buy at the store, well my mom and Aunt Rita would go into Provo shopping or to the doctors and they'd bring surprises back for me and Susan. And I remember when they'd bring us those little plastic high heels and we'd play dress up and they were so neat... we thought we were so cool. When we'd play at Susan's we'd like to play in her sandbox, it was huge, it seemed like we'd build a whole town out of sand. (pause) We'd climb one of the trees in her backyard. The first time I ever remember watching the Roy Roberts show and Wagon Train was at her house. Susan loved horses, so we'd go out in her front yard and she would break off branches from the weeping willow trees in her front yard and we would ride stick horses. Susan would peel the bark off of her horse, her stick horse, so hers would be a Palomino.

We had a really big yard, (Me) Do you remember playing games? (Her) And lots of grass. My dad paid me a penny for every two dandelions I dug. We'd play games like tag and Statue in the evenings. We got all the neighborhood kids, oldest to youngest and played kick the can and hide and seek. Sometimes we'd go next door to the house or the corner, climb on their back porch, take hold of the awning post and swing down off of the porch (that was really fun Britt) (now let me just tell ya off the record and you can decide what to put.) [To his back door there was five or six steps and we'd watch the boys come out the back door they were older and they were cool. They were cool and we were lucky to be old enough to do that stuff too oh and they were cute, they were cute boys too.]

Sometimes my mom would stay up late after us kids went to bed and she would make homemade candy. My favorite candy was homemade taffy. One night around midnight the oldest boy next door came home from his date and saw that my mom was still up pulling taffy, he could tell by the way our kitchen was situated; we had a big picture window so he could see and he came and helped her pull taffy that night.

One time I think my mom was watering the flowers or something and I think her and this boy Eddie Hansen started a water fight and he ended up picking her up and setting her in the ditch in front of the house.

I remember my dad had some property at the south end of Price and I remember going out to tend water with the family, only once, the property was out there by Mrs. McElprang. I think he sold it then.

My Uncle Sheldon had horses and sometimes he'd bring one of the horses up the hill to grandma's back door and he would lift me and Susan up and set us on the back of the horse and then lead the horse up and down the driveway a couple of times.

I remember in the back room of our garage my dad had some of his dad's old saddles, he had a Spanish saddle that umm had the great big horn on it... it seemed like it was hand tooled. He had and English riding saddle and he had a really nice western saddle. They had all belonged to his dad Curtis Abrams. Back behind the garage my dad had put up a big swing for us kids. He had gotten some big metal poles from Pritchard Transfer and put them together and made us a great big swing. I spent hours in that swing. Sometimes I'd swing so high I could see over the top of our garage and house clear over to the next block over.

I'd watch B. W. play basketball – he was sooo cute. Now he's a drug attic, his younger brother overdosed, and the other brother got sick and killed himself; but lots of girls had a crush on B. W., he was sooo cute. He ended up playing base guitar in a band called the Argons. His hair was like that toe-head blond.

When I was in grade school I roller skated a lot. I thought I was pretty good... nobody told me any different. I liked to skate to Mrs. Pullis' house cuz her front sidewalk had a hill and I would get up by her stairs and skate down the hill and turn onto the main sidewalk. I practiced that a lot.

My mom, my Aunt Rita and my Aunt Clairra went to my Grandma's house every morning to have coffee. When us kids weren't in school we'd go too. On days that Grandma Lola baked bread she would cut one loaf while it was still warm and spread each slice with butter and sugar and give each of us one slice of bread. I think she told us we could only have one slice cuz "warm bread wasn't good for us" or something ha ha ha... sometimes she'd give us a pinch of dough and tell us we couldn't have too much or we'd get worms. ha ha ha.

On Sunday my mom always made a big Sunday dinner ..or.. just... a big dinner. My dad's favorite desert was Lemon Merangue pie. Anyway, my mom was a really good cook. After dinner and the kitchen was all cleaned up, sometimes my mom would ask dad to take us for a drive. Sometimes on Sunday afternoons my dad would sit at the desk in Brett's bedroom and build model cars.

When my dad was a young boy, he and his Uncle Ray built a narrow gage train set. (Me) Do you know...is it still around? (Her) My dad still has it in his train room downstairs. (long pause). (Me) Anything else about Uncle Ray? (Her) Uncle Ray was a

cartoonist by trade. (Me) what does that mean? (Her) That's what he does for a living. Early in his career Grandma Simons said he worked for Walt Disney for a time. Then he worked for Walter Lancer and drew Woody the Wood Pecker and Chilly Willy cartoons. Then he worked for Hanna Barbara, we've seen his name in the credits on some of the early Flintstones, Jetsons, and Scooby Doo. Maybe that ... wait lets see..... Grandpa Curt, Ray's brother, also worked for Walter Lane....wait no...he also worked in the cartoon business. My dad said he worked as a "tweener", Dad says that meant he did the in-between actions and the movements of the characters. I'm not sure who he worked for, I think Walt Disney. Grandpa Curt didn't keep working at cartooning; he ran Polo ponies down in Hollywood. My dad, Grandpa Jack helped Grandpa Curt with the Polo ponies. He met several movie stars and when somebody didn't show up to play Polo my dad got to take their place. So he got to play Polo with movie stars. When my dad and his brother Buddy were just tiny, every morning when they'd finish their bath, Buddy would take off running so Jack would run too, and there would be Grandma chasing two little naked boys down Hollywood Boulevard ...imagine that. My dad said one of the houses they lived in, in California, had an open patio in the middle of the house. He said from where they lived he had to ride his bike down to Anaheim to go to school, he said it was up hill both ways. (long pause) (Now off the record) Back in the early 1990s...possibly late '80s there was a really bad earthquake down in California. Highways twisted, bridges collapsed, cars overturned, buildings fell. On the news one day it showed the back of an apartment...a two-story apartment collapsing, this was down in Anaheim , my dad said when he was a boy they lived in a house right on that corner, where that building collapsed.

Besides running Polo Ponies my grandfather worked as a “Maison”, that’s a brick layer. When they weren’t living in California, they lived in Price, Utah. My Grandfather and his parents had a farm on the east-side of Critchlow’s farm, down towards Wellington. My dad said when he went to tend water with his dad, he said the mosquitoes nearly ate him up, but they never landed on his dad. I asked him once, why the mosquitoes never bothered Grandpa? He said thought it was because Grandpa contracted malaria during World War One. My dad still has a piece of fabric from an enemy airplane that was shot down, during World War One. I don’t remember where Grandpa was; I don’t think I ever knew where he was stationed... or where he fought.

Overtime, my dad climbed on (pause) something...I can’t remember what, and jumped off and broke his arm, his little brother, Buddy, limped all the way home for him. He said overtime Buddy was going to try to fly; he jumped off the roof of the barn and broke both arms.

When Dad was a teenager he worked at the bowling alley setting up pins for something like 10 cents an hour, possibly 10cents a rack. I don’t remember. Back then the bowling alley was in the building where Decker’s Bikes is now. When Dad was in high school he had a motorcycle, for some unknown reason, I guess to be funny or to be noticed, he parted his hair down the middle; he used food coloring and colored half of his hair red and half of his hair green. Then, he drove his motorcycle past the high school and the college; I think to get girls’ attention.

After high school, he went in the Navy and my mom had such a crush on him.

While Dad was gone my mom worked in the telephone office as a switchboard operator.

She had an uncanny knack of always knowing when his ship would be in port, which port

he'd be in, and even arrival time. I don't think she ever missed finding him when he was in port. She would place a call shore-to-ship and always get a hold of him. With thousands of young men in service at that time, during World War Two, it was very rare to be able to find who you were looking for, whenever you tried. Mom just had a knack. One time during World War Two, my mom went to California with her parents and sister-in-law, to see her brother.... (pause).... Let me think how the story goes ... just a sec... while she was down there I think she got to see my dad then he had to get back to his ship and Mom had to get to the next town. At that time the service men had priority over the civilians to ride the buses. Mom was waiting and waiting to get on the bus to go to the next town and it just kept filling up with service men. I guess she was looking lost and forlorn, because all the young men on the bus yelled "Stop the bus! Let that blonde on." She said she was grateful but kinda scared being the only girl on that bus load of service men. When he got home from the service, his mother kept trying to set him up with other girls to date, but my mom won out. They got married and had their family. My dad worked construction all of my growing up years. Lots of his friends cheated on their wives when they worked out of town, including one of his best friends. I asked him about that onetimeif he had ever cheated on Mom. He said he never had, he never even thought about it. He said when he decided she was the woman he loved, he never wanted anyone else.

(Me) What about the Wilberg mining accident? What do you remember about that? (Her) When I was about twenty-five or so, I was working for Emery Mining here in Huntington. When the Wilberg fire disaster happened, one of the bosses who was caught in that fire worked down in our offices part of the time, Alex Poulos, I went to school

with his sister Georgene. Several men were killed in that fire, for several days afterwards, maybe weeks afterwards, they tried to contain the fire and look for bodies. There was a huge investigation and most all the widows sued Emery Mining for some kind of neglect in that disaster.

(Me) So tell me about your Elvis concert. (Her) I was probably twenty and Lynny wanted to go so bad, so Lynny and I drove up there and we met Marie Tibbits (Lynny's friend) and I thinkLynny had gotten the tickets....but Marie had a better seat than me and Lynny. I think me and Lynny were in the nosebleed section. (Me) Ya know I hear that all the time but I don't know what it means. (Her) You were so... You know how you're in a stadium and you're down close to the game then the higher you get the further away you are. That's why they call it the nosebleed section, cuz of the altitude. I'm pretty sure the concert was at the Delta Centerhaha that's when it was still fairly new..Haha..Still in good shape anyway haha. Elvis was along ways away and where our seats were, was the back of the stage so pretty much all we saw was his back. (Me) And what's wrong with that? Haha.(her) haha I know, but Elvis the Pelvis was much better to look at from the front... Sometimes he did turn around so we go to see him. Lynny and Marie were awe struckbut I guess I was so far away that it just wasn't a big deal to me. I always liked to listen to Elvis songs though. He was the "King". I remember going to a Bo Donaldson and the Haywoods... I think I was about twenty and Kelli was about five and we just loved the Haywoods...or... Bo Donaldson and the Haywoods. So when they came to concert in Utah, Kelli and I wanted to go so bad and I couldn't drive in Salt Lake by myself then, so Lynny got us tickets and took us in. They were awesome, no nosebleed section that time. Many years later Kelli and I got to meet Bo Donaldson and

the Haywoods ...minus the Blonde one, which was the one Kelli liked the most. They were great...hahaha...still great.

(Me) Oh tell me about Lee and Joe break dancing. (Her) I never got to see them dancing I just knew that they took lessons and had a lot of fun. Ummm.. When I was six I was in a dance recital...oh well I guess they called them dance reviews then, for tap and ballet. When I was seven I taught the fourteen year old neighbor boy how to dance so he could ask my cousin to the school dance. I watched a lot of American Bandstand... I was a pretty good dancer... way back then! When I was about twenty, my friends and I did a Latin dance for the floor show, for the church Gold and Green Ball. I took a class in ballroom dancing when I was in college. I remember, when I was little my sister taught me how to Polka.

I remember how excited I was when I found out I was pregnant...this is silly hahaha...but haha I remember how fascinated I was to see my belly get bigger. Hahahaha. I remember a little morning sickness for a few weeks. I remember getting sick on hotdogs and couldn't eat them for years. I remember I read to you kids a lot and I sang Rock-A-Bye Baby at least a million times between the three of you kids. One of my most favorite things was to rock my babies to sleep. I loved holding you, being close with you, and bonding with you. My kids are my world.

When Alicia was really tiny, it was around Christmas time, she was just learning about Christmas. She would gather all her little toys and stack them in a pile as high as she could stack them, and tell me she made a Christmas tree. I remember umm Alicia broke Brent's toe with her "Big Bird boots". She had stepped on his toe and twisted a little, he said it broke his toe. She was only about two. When she was maybe three years

old she loved Strawberry Shortcake cartoons. She had a cute little dress with Strawberry Shortcake on it. That spring all of my Brother Bret's kids got Chicken Pox. Alicia must have heard us talking about all the kids having Chicken Pox. So one morning we were playing together and she told me "Momma come here, I fixed you breakfast." And I said "Oh good, what are we having for breakfast this morning?" She held out some play dishes to me and told me "Strawberry Shortcake and Chicken Pox." Oh P.S. she loved fresh strawberries out of Grandpa's garden...that seemed to carry over to you and Alaina also....there were no strawberries as good as Grandpa's, and Grandma Lois taught you the best way to eat strawberries are dipped in sugar.

When Alicia was still getting around in her walker, I think she turfed it down the steps about three different times...hahaha...clear to the bottom. Alicia liked to hide and when she knew her daddy was coming home, she thought it was fun to hide. And he'd have to come look for us when he'd come home. A few times we hid under her crib and she thought he wouldn't find us there. I was ok being under the crib with her, until she made me get in first. That was the first time I realized how terribly claustrophobic I was.

When we had Alaina, Brent bought Alicia a baby doll to help her understand about having a new baby, someone for her to take care of. When I brought Alaina home one morning, I laid her in the middle of my water bed, so she'd be safe and not roll off anywhere while I went into the other room. When I came back Alicia was in the middle of the bed with her, and there were bright red lipstick kisses all over Alaina's face and head. Alicia loved her so much. Sometimes I'd find Alicia sleeping in the crib with her...with Alaina. Alicia was so tiny for the longest time that she would hide in diaper boxes. Her whole body would fit inside. That was a trait that all my girls had, that they played

more with the boxes than with the toys that came in them. Brent was a big exercise fanatic. Alicia picked up on that before she was three years old. She had her own little exercise routine she did regularly. When Alaina was old enough to crawl, it seemed she had a bit of a mean streak hahahaha. (Me) This is a bit of an understatement hahaha. (Her) Alicia was extremely kind and mild mannered, very loving and caring. Alaina was not. Deanna VanZyverdon used to say "Yeah if you had her first you would've quit then, huh?" Anyway it seemed Alaina could crawl faster than Alicia could run. She would crawl after Alicia, reach up and grab her long red hair, and pull her down; one time she even bit her on the back till she almost bled. Hahaha... One time we were over at Grandma Lois' house, I was helping grandma clean house. I was vacuuming the kitchen for her. Alicia got tired, climbed up on the cupboard and fell fast asleep. Hahaha One time Alicia crawled into Lynny's dog cage and fell asleep. Hahahahahaha.... One time Alaina went in to aunt Lynny and said "Aunt Lynny your dog bited me, so I bited him back." hahahaha I remember she did hahaha she bit Lynn's dog hahahaha. One summer afternoon Alicia and Alaina were playing in the backyard. I looked out my bedroom window to see what they were up to. They had filled their little red wagon with water, put some of their dad's old baseballs in the water, and went "Bobbing for Baseballs" hahahaha. When they were little their Dad got them each a pup from Earl Gordon. Somewhere we got two little kittens also. Our cats and dogs played together, cuddled up and napped together, and sometimes the girls laid down with them also.

Early...well lets see...Britany was due July 10th and for some reason I had a feeling that we should have Alicia's birthday party early that year, as her birthday was the 8th. I guess my feeling was right because at five a clock that morning of the 8th, we took

Alicia and Alaina over to Rose and Dale's and explained to them that Daddy was taking me to the hospital to have a new baby. Alicia was upset and hurt that we wouldn't be there for her birthday. I think my mom and Lynn came over to Rose's and brought her a birthday present; and then the next day Alicia and Alaina went to stay at my mom's. Any way Alicia told Brittany she was the worst birthday present she ever had. hahahaha....

When Brittany was little Alicia and Alaina painted her with blue magic marker, all over her face.... I think your arms were pretty well covered too. When I would go in one of the back rooms and shut the door; Brittany would kneel in front of the door, cover herself with a little blanket and call to me through the door "Special delivery for Jackie Ungerman." I'd open the door and there she was my little package.

Brittany and Melissa Nielson were best friends from Pre-school till...forever.

One time when they were little.....Did I go pick you up from Melissa's house?... Yeah...I went to pick you up from Melissa's house. Apparently, they weren't through playing yet, because Brittany snuck Melissa into the back of the van and hid her out until we got home. Brent was looking out the kitchen window and saw Brittany and Melissa playing behind the water fountain in the backyard. We had to call Maryellen and tell her where Melissa was. And I thought it was funny and we drove her back home, and that's the first time I ever saw Maryellen Nielson angry....I'm sure it was cuz she was more scared. Melissa got grounded, but I thought it was a funny thing and they did a good job....hahaha. It seemed harmless enough. (Me) I thought it was funny cuz I was the brains of the operation and I didn't get grounded.

I remember when you got your first swing set and Brent got it all set up in the backyard and all the neighborhood kids came over to play on it. Then later Brent got you

a trampoline and I think you each took your turns getting hurt on it ... if not falling off it. They were all playing a game of crack the egg. When it was Alicia's turn she was bounced so high that she ended up doing a back flip off the tramp and hit her head on the ground ... or pole... or something.

One time Brent got fireworks for the kids. He gave them all sparklers, and Brittany would watch the sparkler flying behind her, instead of watching where she was going. She ran right into the brick flower bed and cut her knee open. And one time she saw me shaving my legs. I put the razor down and she picked it up and dragged it across her knee till there was no skin left. She bled like crazy and cried for her momma. One time, when Brent and I were coming home from Price, we were just starting up the Horseshoe Bend Dugway and saw Rose coming down the Dugway with Alicia in her car. This was during the day when Alicia should have been at school. So we stopped Rose...or got Rose to stop, and found out what happened. Alicia had slipped in some water in the school bathroom and fell and hit her chin on the sink and cut it really bad. It bled a lot. Rose couldn't get it to stop bleeding, so she took her to the hospital for stitches. I think we stopped Rose and took her the rest of the way to the emergency room. Brent went back in the emergency room with Alicia to get stitches. They would only let one parent go back with her. That was really hard for me to have to sit out in the waiting room when I thought my baby needed me. But, since Brent handles emergency situations better, I thought it was probably best for him to be the one to go back with her. Another time the girls were playing out in my mom and dad's backyard. As they were running...huh...wait this is about Alaina not Alicia. Alicia cut her chin open again, but this is about Alaina...hahahahahaha. Are you writing that all down? hahaha (me) Yeah

hahaha, there is no time outs. (Her) Tell me when it's my turn. Alaina was running and fell against a sandstone rock and cut her forehead open, it bled like crazy. It happened to be the same spot she had cut open years before when she hit her head on the babysitter's tooth. Hahahaha...she did she hit on Kendra's tooth. That must've been a hard hit. I don't remember how exactly Alicia cut her chin open again, in the exact same spot. But, I think she was playing some game with Michael Robert, down at Aunt Rita's house.

When Brittany was in the fourth grade she and Melissa and Misty Nielson, and Alaina, were playing...k...help me on the details. (Me) It was at dinner time. (Her) oh yeah and I told you guys to come wash up for dinner. They went to the bathroom to wash their hands, and Misty and Alaina were goofing off and splashing water. One of them knocked the curling iron into the sink of running water. What they failed to realize was that it was still plugged in. Brittany told them she'd get it, and when she grabbed it she held on for a while.... hahahaha.... She felt a tingle in her arm and then a sharp pain and she let it drop right back into the sink. Where Misty then tried to pick it up and immediately dropped it and then Alaina did the exact same thing. Brent heard them yelling "ouch" or something, and went running into the bathroom. He immediately saw the cord plugged into the wall, and got a dry wash clothe and pulled it out. Alaina and Misty were fine, but Brittany got really sick. Brent called the Paramedics. Leonard Norton, Jeremy Jorgensen, and I think Janet Taylor were the ones who responded to the call. Alicia saw the ambulance from across the street at Ortega's house, and came running. Leonard didn't think she needed to go in the ambulance but, that we did need to take her to the hospital to get checked out. Alicia teased her for months afterwards because she still had a slight twitch.

I remember that Grandpa Jack helped teach each of you kids to ride a bike, and Brittany ran into a parked car hahahahahaha.

Oh we didn't get to talk about grandma Simons and the snakes. Well we'll get to it in a minute. When my Grandma Lola was a little girl in Huntington, her Grandpa Johnson traded with the Indians when they'd come off the reservation. When her Uncle Ed saw the Indians coming, he threatened her and her cousin Rex that if they weren't good he would trade them to the Indians. So they would run and hide under their beds until the Indians were gone. That would've been in the early 1900s.

My dad's mother, my Grandma Simons, would go downstairs to do her laundry and sometimes there would be water snakes coiled up by her washer and dryer. Dad and Grandpa couldn't figure out how they got down there. But, when Grandma would see them, she would yell, gather up her skirts, and run to the top of those stairs as fast as she could go. It would've been years before that there was an old carpet rolled up in the garage and Grandma wanted it aired out and cleaned. So she had my dad and his brother Bud, take it down and unroll it. It was full of baby mice. Grandma saw those mice, screamed, gathered up her skirts, and took off at a dead run for the house. My dad said "Step on 'em Bud! Step on 'em!" and Buddy would say "Oh I can't Jack, I just can't." hahahahahaha.

Ok I got one for ya about Grandma Lois, speaking of mice. When I was in grade school we had a mouse in our house. Some mornings my mom actually saw the mouse, but we never could catch it. It was around Christmas time, and my mom's boss came to the house to visit. My mom's boss and my mom and dad were sitting in the front room visiting, when the mouse came scurrying through.....scurrying along the front room wall.

It ran behind the radio, my dad saw it and he and my mom trapped it behind the radio.

Then, it ran towards my mom...hahaha... and she reacted by stepping on it, bare footed...grosse huh?... Then Brett picked it up and was going to tease me and well was teasing me, dangling it in front of my face and in front of the boss too, before he would take it out to the garbage. So that was our Christmas mouse story.