

I think the year was 1947 in mid-summer on a Saturday, Ollie and Harry DuBray invited our family over for dinner and conversation, we arrived at about noon, mom dad Larry and Harvey went into the house, I stayed outside because there was 2 cute little Indian girls playing in the yard they were about my age, they were the daughters of the husband and wife that were employed by Ollie and Harry. So I thought to get their attention I would climb up in the rafters of the garage, as I preceded to climb into the rafters I took hold of a loose board with a nail protruding from one side, I crashed to the floor and the board with the nail landed on top of me with the nail cutting my head, I rushed into the house with blood running down my back and leaving a trail of blood on my clean white t shirt. Mom was shocked to see the blood, dad and Harry took me to Presho and I had 7 stitches to close the wound. Later that fall on October 9 my sister was born in the car at Jordan corner, when the Dr examined her at the Winner hospital, he discovered a raised dark pink birth mark about the size of a nickel on her head and very small pink birth marks down her neck and upper back, all of the birth marks were exactly where the nail wound and blood splattering were when I cut my head. Sister Barbara's birth marks eventually disappeared after a couple of years. WK

