

Lets go back to 1956. Have to tell you this funny store about our backyard swing set.

Dad had filled a potato bag with corn husks, that he hung from the top bar. It was for Steve to practice shooting his bow an arrow.

But he was given strict rules by Dad about when he could not use it. And NOT to use it if I was on the swing set.

Well, you guessed it!! I was on the swing and Steve was shooting that arrow at the bag. Back then I wore skirts with hoop underslips. The wind had shifted just a touch and my skirt blew up on my face, so all I could see was the underslip. Next thing I knew a arrow was poking thru the slip. So I reached down to pull it out.

SCREAM.....it was in my leg. Had gone clear to the bone.

Big trouble !!!! I was bleeding all over the place. Mom got me into the house and washed up so she could see what was going on and how bad it was. Off to the Dr. for medicine and a shot.

For those of you that knew my Dad, you can only imagine the horror of knowing what he was going to say. Let alone the punishment for either one of us.

My argument has always been.....he was told not to shoot that thing if I was swinging. And I was there.

It's the only time I remember Steve ever playing with me. And we played cards, had tea parties and colored. He waited on me as often as I wanted something.