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Title: **Whitely, LaRae Mann DR0000_0022(1)**
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Audio only recording for KFH Museum Oral History Project.

RP: You are now going to tell us about your older brothers.

LMW: My older brother was standing out - he and Lamont. That's the family that came up every year to do their fruit. They were out building teepees out by their big barn. The barn sits right where Girard's home is. And across the hollow, clear over on that road that goes up that street where they built all those homes, there was two young men over across the hollow and they could hear them playing and they could see they were building teepees. They started shooting at them. Lamont and my brother Paul they ran into the barn to get away from the bullets. They could hear the bullets go right past their heads. And so, they ran in the barn and stayed in there, and they kept shooting at them. You know when barns get old, the wood curls up on the corners and so they were in there and one of the bullets went in there and ricocheted back and went right in my brother's temple, right next to it, it was less than a fourth of an inch away from his temple. So, it didn't kill him. I think they were just 22s that they were shooting, but my mom kept that little flat shell in her drawer, and we gave it to Paul afterwards. I don't know, they probably have thrown it away, but he come running down... I was probably about 8 then. We were still living in the farmhouse. He come running down from the barn and was saying, "Mom! Mom!" She said, "What's the matter, what's the matter?" And he said, "I just got shot! I've just been shot!" "You have? Let me see!" He took his hand off his head and every time his heart would beat, it would punch out like this because every time his heart would beat. It scared her to death and it scared me to death and my brother was only about 14...some-

thing like that. 15 maybe...he was 7 years older than me. She didn't have a car then because they only had one vehicle so my dad was at work and somehow she got somebody to take them to the hospital and took him to the hospital, her and him. They had to wait until they could find a doctor who could operate on his head so close to the temple. They needed to have an expert to do it or they if they made any kind of mistake, it could kill him. So, they waited until the next morning and the doctor came and was able to surgically remove that shell from his head and he lived. He lived until he was 83 or 4. He died about 7 years ago or something like that.

My other brother, he was working over there on Crestwood Road with my dad and where that big white barn is and they used to have ... horses out there and stuff. My dad was working, doing some work for Mr. Ashton who owned it then. He had my brother working over there with him. He had to back the pickup down just a little hill but between a chicken coop and there was more room on that side but there was a gate down there to go into another gully where they kept their horses and stuff. So, Reed got out of the passenger's side and my dad got out the driver's side and he forgot to put the brake on or something and the door was still open on the passenger's side and he got caught between the door and the roof of the chicken coop that was slanted like this and it just slit his whole head down. It had nails that were large-head nails. It cut his neck and it cut his head. He had over 100 stitches in his head. We had moved down here to the house on 7th East. Mom was waiting for dinner and she just kept saying, "I wonder why Dad and Reed's not home yet. Let's go sit out on the..."

There's no cell phones or anything like that so we couldn't get in touch with anyone. We waited and waited and waited. She was just fit to be tied. All of a sudden here comes their car up the street. Dad was driving and we looked in there and there was Reed sitting in the passenger side and his whole head was wrapped in gauze and his face was out and his neck was wrapped. He almost cut his head off. The doctor was able to save... and sewed his neck up and didn't break any bones. We could not figure out what was going on. Instead of him driving in in the car...he just set it out in the sun and then they walked up the driveway and we just... My mom said, "What on earth has happened?" They took us in the house and told us everything that happened and he lived. He just died two years ago. He was only about, probably 18, 19 because he hadn't gone on his mission yet. And he later went on a mission. Both of the boys went on missions. He still had some scars but you couldn't hardly see them anymore. We each had one accident in our lives that could have taken our lives.

When my dad was overseas...they were on a mission in Samoa, they would always have lots of parties and stuff on the beach. One day my dad was out snorkeling or doing something like that. There were others around and he all of a sudden got in a big tide that was coming in. Every time he would get in the tide he would swim to the shore and the tide would get him and take him all the way back out again. He did that until he was almost exhausted. The missionaries jumped in and got him out and revived him. He stayed on his mission. Once he came to he was kind of unconscious but they did the right thing and got all the water out and he lived. They finished their missions. That was a scary thing.

10:42 Luckily, my mom didn't ever have anything that earthshaking.

(The rest of the recording is them chatting about sending emails and phone calls)