

so she said, he had TB. And then she told him to bring the card back down there to her. And let her see it. He told her that the man takin' his X-rays, sent the card back and it was negative. He told him bring the card down here. And so he carried. She took it she never did give him that card back. Said so; was gonna give it back. But she never did.

(Was she a doctor?)

Mrs. Shoals: Yes, ma'am she was a doctor. She was just a what. . . what is the name of the place? It ain't a clinic.

It was up on stairs there in a building. I know where it was.

Mrs. Shoals: But anyhow, she said that there. She knowed one. And she was goin' to see about it. Said she was goin' to see about that. So I guess she did. So I guess they told her what they said. What they thought it was or what it was. And so she never did bother them no more about it. She said well for him a time or two come down and take an X-ray. Every time he'd go to take the X-ray, why he'd go back again. Well, she said, it was just like it was.

(Negative. Still negative.)

Mrs. Shoals: Yes, still negative. Just like the card said.

(But yet he didn't have TB?)

Mrs. Shoals: That's right.

Yeah. I knew I didn't have from the way I see other people that did have the TB. I knowed, myself, I didn't have the TB.

Mrs. Shoals: So she don't write him now. About comin' down.

Oh, no. She don't, that old blackie go out of business anyhow. I don't never hear of her down there now.

(Was there a lot of TB around?)

No, 'sir. No, not too.