

killin' like near everything. But according to the Scriptures, they say, Jesus (not clear) that no man could cure.

Mrs. Shoals: They tell me they can't hardly cure a carbuncle.

No, no, they can't hardly cure that. 'Cause my father. . . my brother. . . my cousin had that carbuncle. And that, I don't know how he got it but maybe it killed him.

Mrs. Shoals: The white man up here at Bennington died with a carbuncle.

Uh-huh. But still if you get that old outfit you see out in the fields you know. It was. . . it grows about that big around. What do they call that stuff there? Tell me 'cause I pass by there.

Mrs. Shoals: Prickly pear.

Yeah, prickly pear. I don't believe that there carbuncle can be cured.

Mrs. Shoals: Well, Mrs. Gowen said she told Charlie Fever a carbuncle dose of prickly pear but how she fixed it I don't know, she didn't say.

She might of thought it was.

(Did they, were they usually on the back of their necks?)

Yes, ma'am. That's where it is.

Mrs. Shoals: On the back. On the back.

Sure.

(Or sometimes at the base of the spine?)

Mrs. Shoals: Yes.

(Down where they sit? Right on the tailbone like?)

Now that boy's. It was out on his shoulder. Right back, here. Shoulder blade his was.

(On the shoulder blade?)

Yes, back in here. Right there was where it was and it killed him too. It sure killed him.

(I don't hear much about it anymore. Do you?)