

the doctor said, "Mr. Dupee, you've got to take your little girl somewhere. It has to be quarantined." So my dad didn't think of anybody else except some old Christian people. So he went over and he went to see one of his best friends. He was a farmer, but he was a Christian. His name was Pearson. Pearson. And he said, "Mr. Pearson," said, I guess, "Nowhere else to go, but my little girl has typhoid." And he said, "Victor," he said, "She'll die. Victor you bring her and we'll give you a robe and my wife can take care of her, and you can be quarantined in there and we'll feed you just things to eat and then we'll take care of the dishes--just set them down and scalded them and things like that and take care of them." And that's what my dad did, and he'd go on out and take care of himself, and he did and stayed in there. He wasn't much of a reader, but some way, some how, he was real smart. Ain't that funny how people can't read, but yet, they know?

(Know some people--)

Like me--I don't read, but I know more, seems like, without reading--I know more, seem like I do than when I read. And so the doctor came to see me every other day or something like that and then finally he came every two days. I got better, and I remember so well when she would strain the soup to give me. But anyway it went on and finally the doctor came about. I believe the doctor's name was Holbroke. Dr. Holbroke--No--now let's see now--Was it Dr. Holbroke or was it--it just seem like Dr. Holbroke had a uncle and that was him. I believe it was Doctor Holbroke's uncle not his father. I think that's it. Dr. Holbroke, he was a doctor, but it was his uncle that was the doctor at that time. That's it. My sister used to say Dr. Holbroke's uncle raised him and he was the doctor at the time my father--I was a little girl. She used to say that, then Dr. Holbroke--when the old man went away--well, then