

about (referring to a letter or paper in his file.)

(What happened after he got out?)

Bob: He had to go to Granite. He just got back and got him dried out over there--he hadn't had a drink in all that time--and he wasn't in town thirty minutes till they had him in jail again--drunkenness. And the boy got a job down in Dallas, and I found out now he's back home. Gave his good job up and came back home. He'll be in trouble again. Here's one that would cause you to be depressed when you read something like that.

(Annie Burns--)

Bob: --she's in pretty good shape but up there she was destitute and too weak to get up off the bed. She had only one lung and she was in pretty bad shape.

(More irrelevant conversation on his papers)

Bob: Here's another case--I had to go in to court and get that boy--a twelve year old boy eating out of garbage cans and sleeping in the alleys, and I had to do something with that one. Now the mother is complaining witness and every time she gets on a drunk I have to go all through it with her again--it's the best thing for the boy, and the boy's doing a real good job now, and so on.

(Is he in another home now?)

Bob: He's in a foster home in Weatherford, and doing real well. Leave him along.

(With white people or Indians?)

Bob: White people. And this girl here--she's about--I don't know--she's just a young girl taking up with the Negro boys. And the mother sent for me. I didn't know the girl. She said she wanted me to come by. And I went down there and she started to tell me all she had done--she wouldn't come home. She'd go to this Negro honky-tonk, and she'd try to get her out, and she'd just make fun of her. And she just lived with the Negro boys, and finally I said, "Have you had enough?" She said, "Yes." I said, "Get in my car, then." We went uptown and signed a complaint on this girl and when it came time for