

boy would run away, and then she'd go to find him and be half-drunk and she'd just maul the tar out of him. Just beat him with her fists. And the boy would run away again. I went down and talked with him. And I said, "Merrick, I don't blame you for running away. If I were you and they were doing me the same as you're doing and putting up with it, I'd run harder and run faster. And I'd run a longer distance than you're running. I don't blame you at all. You've got problems." And I got him worked in down there at Concho and doing real well. But they just keep running down there wanting Merrick out. Wanting Merrick up here. And this Negro don't want him there in that home. And the boy knows he's not wanted in that home. Red and Agnes can't take care of him because the mother won't leave him alone. I've had to take him and put him over there with Red and Agnes and they won't leave him alone. They go back over there and bring him back over to this place. Here, he's confused. I don't see how they don't have more losing their minds than there are.

USE OF CANTON CITY PARK BY INDIANS FOR DRINKING, ETC.

(Going back to this park--Minnie-Ha-Ha--what did you call it?)

Bob: That's the Canton City Park, but the creek is Minnie-ha-ha Creek. I call it "Indian Territory." That's where the Indians go out and have their social gatherings down there. And most any day you can see groups--from four to eight or ten--sitting there. And on many occasions I see them in circles and they have a bottle of wine and he'll drink a gurgle here and then they'll pass another one. And you can see them go from the liquor store with something under their arm down to the park, and they use that to drink down there.

(Do white people ever go down there?)

Bob: White people? Do they ever go down there? Well, I go down there.

(But you have business down there--)

Bob: Yeah. Now I've seen white men with Indian women parked down there.