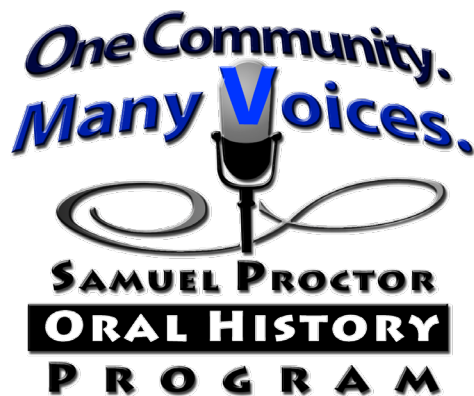


Eloie Bradshaw

Poarch Creek Project
CRK-021

Interview by:

Dr. J. Anthony Paredes
August 12, 1972



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CRK 021 Eloie Bradshaw
Southeastern Indian Oral History Project
Interviewed by J. Anthony Paredes on August 12, 1972
1 hour, 43 minutes | 42 pages

Abstract: Eloie Bradshaw describes how she came to Poarch with the Episcopal Church to do a summer bible school. She expected to just teach the children, but adults wanted to attend as well. She describes how there the church equipment was in poor condition when she arrived, and how they slowly improved things. She recalls how Dr. Deloria, an archdeacon, came to visit Poarch on several occasions. She speaks about the establishment of the church in Poarch and how it was supported by the diocese. She then discusses the legal dispute over the taxation and sale of a portion of grant land which Calvin McGhee was involved in fighting. She discusses educational slide programs that she would present to different audiences, and reflects on improved educational opportunities for youth.

Keywords: [Poarch Band of Creek Indians; Alabama--Poarch; Religion; Education]

ORAL HISTORY

P R O G R A M
University of Florida

CRK-021

Interviewee: Eloie Bradshaw

Interviewer: Dr. J. Anthony Paredes

Date: August 12, 1972

B: Testing, testing.

P: Go ahead and identify yourself.

B: [Laughter] Well, I'm Eloie Bradshaw. I became interested in the work with the Creek Indians when Estelle Warren, who was the **Dauer** System's Director of Sunday Schools asked me if I would go down with her to have a vacation bible school. Buford's sister, **Leola Manac**, had asked Bishop Murray why the Episcopal Church didn't have vacation bible school, that all the other churches had but the Episcopal Church didn't do anything about. So, he came back to Birmingham and asked Estelle to get somebody to go with him. And we had worked together in camp, so Estelle asked if I would go and I was free to go. One of my sisters-in-law said the reason they asked me in the first place—I guess I shouldn't put on the tape—was because I was a loose woman. [Laughter] My husband had died, my son and his family were living in Texas, I lived alone, I had no pets, I had no houseplants. I was free to go anytime, so I was a loose woman, and I recommend this for all loose women. I was beginning to have aches and pains and feeling very sorry for myself, and I assure you, that after I started with St. Anna's, I had no time to think of myself. I had no pain, and never felt sorry for myself. We went down—the only week that Estelle was free that summer was in August. We hadn't been able to find out one single thing about these Indians. The bishops were out of town on vacation. Most of the priests were out of town. We went to the secretary in the Church of the Advent, and she said, I'm not sure, but I think they're Cherokee.

P: Now, the Church of the Advent here in Birmingham?

B: Yes, yes. And, of course, they weren't Cherokee. So, we went down feeling very green. We didn't know whether we were going to be greeted with grunts, or . . . [laughter] whether we would find nice, friendly people, which we did find. We arrived on a Sunday morning to look over the situation and were going to start the next day. And Buford's mother and father and all of his nieces and nephews, I think, greeted us there on the grounds of St. Anna's with these beautiful smiles from ear to ear, every one of them. Such cordiality we had never seen. And they said, we'll have to have the school at night, because we're all picking cotton in the daytime. And we said, but the children. It hadn't occurred to us that anybody would come to Bible school except the children, and we didn't think the children would be picking cotton, but we found we were wrong on both counts. She said, the children are picking cotton, too, and anyway, the grown people want to come. We said, well, that's—

P: Excuse me just a moment.

B: Mm-hmm.

P: Do you think it was worth it?

B: Oh, that doesn't sound like me, does it? [Laughter]

P: No, it doesn't.

B: Well, it was agreed then that we would have the Bible school at night. And they showed us through the church before the service began. That was when we

found that Buford at age fourteen, was teaching the little children, and Ernestine—McGhee, she was then—Ernestine Daughtry, was teaching those a little older, and Mrs. Rolin, Buford's mother, was the Sunday school superintendent. There was no equipment whatsoever for Bible school. There were no tables, there were no chairs, there was nothing in the way of Sunday school materials that we could use. There were one or two scrapbooks that a Sunday school, I think in Mobile, had sent for the children. It was with those scrapbooks that Buford was building his lessons. So, with practically nothing to start on, and all ages coming, and meeting at night, Estelle and I had to do some planning. We called—after we drove off from the church, we looked at each other in consternation and said, what are we going to do? There's two of us, and everybody wants to come. So, we called Mr. Merkel, minister, and he said he would come out and teach the adults out under the trees, and we could have the children and young people on the inside. Then, we tried to borrow some tables, card tables, any kind of tables, and some chairs. And Mr. Merkel had shown us, with great pride the lovely parish house they had just built and the beautiful little tables of all sizes and chairs to go with them. But they were too nice to lend, so we couldn't get them. We went out and Estelle taught all of those from infancy to seven years of age, and I taught them from seven years to sixteen. This is quite a stunt. We used the floor. We made some scrapbooks, I remember; we used the floor. Somebody, Ms. Hill from Trinity, did get one card table that she had and she borrowed one from a neighbor who was not an Episcopalian, and one or two chairs, and that was our equipment for that first summer. But, it was a wonderful

experience, a wonderful summer. Everybody came, from the great-grandparents down to the babes in our arms. And the one week gave us a chance to know the people to a certain extent and to plan, then, for the next summer. When we left, they said, come back next summer, but don't come in August when they're picking cotton, and don't come in June when they're picking cucumbers, but come in July, and we hope you'll stay for two weeks. So, we went back to the Birmingham and told Bishop Murray all that had happened, and we said, we went into that little house off in the woods that the **Pickerall** family lived in; they were missionaries there some years ago. It was out of sight of the caretaker's house. All the windows were out, there were holes in the floors, the porch was so bad that no one let you hardly dared walk across it. In Mr. Merkel's account of the mission, he had said, we have this little building that's now used as a recreation center. We have parties there, we have a stage where plays are given. We have a kitchen with a refrigerator and stove, and we have a library. We found that, while that might have been true at one time, it was no longer true.

P: Was this the building that had been used as a schoolhouse for many years?

B: It was used, after the Pickerels moved away. Up to that time, the two little churches had been used for school. And then they moved it over the Pickerels' house, and then the Pickerels left, and it was used then for a recreation center. And I believe **Lavanne** lived in it for a while, didn't he? When he was in high school, I think they said that he stayed over in that house. Anyway, everything was in dilapidation and there were no books. There were some magazines scattered on the floor, old magazines. There were some streamers of orange and

black crepe paper that had been left from a Halloween party. Now, we were there in August. A Halloween party. I don't think it could even have been the Halloween just before. The refrigerator and the stove were not working at all, and there was no sign of anything having been used quite a while. Well, we told Bishop Murray this and we said, Mr. Merkel mentioned rolling that house through the woods and attaching it to the back of the church, and we think that would be a very fine thing to do. It would be nice for Bible school, and it would be so good for Sunday school rooms. And church dinners can be given there, all the things that you use an education building for. When we went back the second summer, this had been done. The windows were all replaced, everything looked mended, and that building has been invaluable. It was attached to the back of the church, and, as you know, a little pathway was built between the church and the parish house. Opening onto that little pathway, when I went to stay, they'd built two little restrooms. Up to that time, these out-of-door privies had been used [A privy is an outdoor toilet separate from the main house]. And why they ever put those in the front yard of the church, I don't know, but they were awful-looking things, you remember? But Dr. Deloria was so shocked, and horrified over them—

[Break in Recording]

P: What year was that—

B: 1954 was the first and we went every summer. And I've forgotten the year that they had the last one. I believe it was [19]65 was the last Bible school, or maybe [19]66.

Unidentified man: I believe it was [19]63.

B: I was there for the last time the summer of [19]63.

Unidentified man: Well, I was there in [19]64 and they had two that . . .

B: Yeah. And then they decided that since Louis Robinson was there full-time, that they no longer felt the need of the Bible school, and so it was disbanded. By that time, the Bible school had deteriorated, too. It was no longer the wonderful thing that Estelle had built up. Well, after the first summer, we had Bible school in morning and night. One thing we had noticed in the little church when we first went down was the fact that they had almost nothing in the way of altar equipment and the only hangings for the altar and the pulpit and the lectern was some that was badly faded and badly worn. Must have been given by some other mission or church. The hangings on the lectern were white cotton, and on the pulpit were purple felt. I don't believe there was a frontal on the altar. And they had no linens and they had no communion service. They had no candlesticks. There was a little wooden cross on the altar that had one little piece broken off. There were no vases. And so, the little church was very bare. But I have never, in my life, been in any church where there was more reverence than in St. Anna. The pews were hand-made, the Indians had made them years before, with a flat back. I think one or two of them are still in the parish house, up against the wall. But those, they were so tall that none of the children could touch their feet to the floor. And when they knelt—and everybody knelt—and they had no kneelers to kneel on. They knelt on the bare floor, but everybody knelt. And the little children

couldn't see the tops of the benches. [Laughter] Estelle and I both were so impressed with this. We said, we have never seen greater reverence in any church and we have never seen more beautifully conducted services than Mrs. Rolin conducted. And she was the leader in everything. There were two little organs in there, little pump organs. Neither of them would play. They said that the field mice had chewed the tips. So, we got in touch with an organ man, he examined, and he said neither of them could be fixed. So, we suggested, Mr. Dan McGhee, the caretaker, that he take those out of the church. They were just taking up room. And we would try to get a piano for the church. Well, the second summer when we went back, both of the little organs were still in the—one of them, well, I guess both of them, were back in the parish house taking up space. They still wouldn't play, and a piano had been gotten by **Mr. May Kaiser** from Memphis who was a chairman of Indians Works for the women of the church. And that was in the church. We used that for a summer or two, and then, one summer on our staff, there were two or three young high school students. And two of them, Johnny **Zanis** and Mary-Joe Smith from Utah—Johnny Zanis was from Ensley. They were both so full of energy, and they said, let us take one of those organs and see if we can fix it. Well, Mr. Dan had not destroyed them or given them away because he loved those organs, he just couldn't bear to part with them. Well, Estelle and I both said, they can't possibly do any harm. Let's let them try. They went out and spent the afternoon, and that night, when we went for the night session, one of the organs was in the church and it played. All except one key, and they mended that key with chewing gum. Until the organ

was electrified a year or so ago, that same piece of chewing gum was still functioning. [Laughter] And Mrs. Rolin played the organ by ear and led the singing and everybody sang lustily. They knew a good many hymns. Not having anybody to read notes, and not having an opportunity to hear music in other churches very often, sometimes the tunes were not exactly according to Hoyle. But they were near enough, for everybody to recognize them and to sing. That second summer, I had wanted very much—but, now, I could keep growing people. I had thought, if we could just do something about the church colors for the hangings. Here, a white lectern, a purple pulpit, in the Trinity, then the colors were green. And it so happened—and whenever I say happened, in connection with any of this work, I am very conscious of the fact that they didn't just happen—I was invited to come at the Grace Church in Birmingham and give a program on the Indians. And as I talked, one of the women said, what about altar linens? I said, oh, I meant to tell you. I thank you for reminding me and I told them that we had none, and about the colors. Well, the Grace Church had just bought a new altar, very much larger than the one they had used. They gave us all of their linen. Their secretary, Mrs. Hinkle, took me back in the parish house to show me a table with a green cover on it with crosses stenciled on in gold paint. And she said, we often use this in the Sunday school. This material used was Indianhead. [Laughter] Which was entirely unplanned, but Indianhead comes in such pretty colors. And so, I went to town. The Bishop said, get whatever we needed. And we got the four colors, Church season, and made stencils—I am no artist, I had no look for patterns that would do for me just to trace and that we

could just cut out and stencil—and when we had our morning classes that summer, for the women, we made, with the help of **Mrs. Dyer-Swift**, who came out and brought her electric sewing machine. And Mrs. Swift is just as particular was I am. We measured very carefully and accurately for all of these. And the women hemmed and made these paintings and stenciled the symbols on. Then we had, at the close of Bible school, we had exercises. Do you remember Buford? Every woman in that class had a duty to perform. I found the account of this among with the papers on the night. Aunt Alice and Lena McGhee, Dan's wife, held one of the hangings and two of the other women explained the symbols. **Macy** Rolin, the blind woman, had wanted very much to have a part in this, and so she had hemmed cup towels for the altar silver and they had made extra cup towels and sent them as a gift to Camp McDowell. They were so pleased to able to make that present to them. Macy was so interested in the symbols and the colors and the meaning of the colors, and so we wrote out the directions while explaining one of the altar hangings, and her daughter, Daisy, would read it to us, so Macy memorized it. And Macy gave the explanation of this telling about the color, and about the symbols, which she couldn't see physically, but I know that Macy pictured it all and it really meant something to her. So, when we told Bishop Carpenter and Bishop Murray that there was no communion silver, Bishop Murray looked puzzled for a minute and then he said, well, I'm sure that's right. Mr. Merkel has been bringing the silver out from Trinity when he would have communion, but St. Anna's ought to have its own silver service. And so, Bishop Carpenter gave us some of the silver that had been turned over to

him when another mission in this diocese had closed. There was a little bread box, little ciborium, that was plated. It was not sterling. It needed to be re-silvered, so Bishop Murray said, take it down and have it re-silvered and we did. We had the complete communion service when we went back there. We had all of the linen. The first day of Bible school, which was Sunday—we arrived there on Saturday—and we were there for Sunday school, and that was the first session. And I remember that men were present, and they all came up to the front pews, and on the table, in the aisles, right at the foot of the chapel steps, I had all of this arranged and told them the meaning of everything and even the special ways that the linen is folded, in the three parts, and all. And **Mr. Buckol**, the Mennonite missionary, was present. And after the Sunday school, he came to me and he said, Ms. Bradshaw, that was a very fine lesson. I hope some of my children will be in your classes. Which I thought was a very nice compliment, and I felt that, if he felt this, if he got the meaning of all of that—and I'm sure it was as new to him as it was to the Indians—that it was a success. Well, we had lessons in our morning class in altar care. And oh, back in one of the closets, Ms. Rolin had found two candlesticks. Brass candlesticks that had been packed away so long, they were perfectly black. You could never have guessed that they were brass, but I knew that they were, they had to be. And Uncle Clayt[on] McGhee, Aunt Alice's husband, and Mr. Tracy, polished those candlesticks every day for two weeks. [Laughter] And they finally had them so beautifully shiny, and they're still being used, aren't they? Then we bought two glass vases that served very nicely. All of this became very valuable teaching material. Among other things I

remember, that when we went back the following summer, one of the vases couldn't be found. Those new vases, there was only one glass vase. We asked Dan's wife, Lena, if she knew where they were, where it was, and she didn't know. She just didn't have any idea. And I said, has the vase been taken off and sent with the flowers to anybody? Well, sometimes, but she didn't know where it was sent last. Well, after much hunting, they did find it in somebody's house, in Viola's house. Viola had been sick, and Lena had sent her the flowers from the altar, and she just had carried the vase, too. But this was valuable, because it gave us a chance to say, we never take from the altar any of the furnishings and use them for anything else. Now, of course, to send them to a sick person was a very kind thing, and maybe she didn't have a vase, but a jar would do. But, anyway, we never take these out of the church. We had bought, or somebody here had given us, an ironing board and an electric iron. We washed—we had bought plastic dish pans, special ones to be kept only for the altar linen. This, too, was valuable. The next summer, we found that our iron was out of fix. It just wouldn't work and it burned out some weeks ago. Then we discovered that Lena had been taking it home and doing the family ironing with it and so it had burned out. It was secondhand to begin with. So, all of this they learned. And they learned it so beautifully and so thoroughly that when Dr. Deloria was down there, he came back to Birmingham and told Bishop Murray. He said that sacristy, the little room where all of this was kept, would serve as a model for any church. That there were many that he knew of who could profit by copying St. Anna's.

P: Would you tell me how Dr. Deloria came to come to St. Anna's?

B: Oh, yes. Let me tell you. He was on the national council of the Episcopal Church. He was a priest, an archdeacon, in fact. His father, I believe, we not a priest, but his father was a chief, and so was his grandfather. Dr. Deloria was supposed to be looking after Indian works all over the United States and Bishop Murray had written him that he would like for him to come to St. Anna's. And Dr. Deloria wrote back, I can't come to Alabama, you have no Indians. [Laughter] Did you know that? And for three years, Bishop Murray had been trying to get him and he insisted we had no Indians. So, after we were working there, we asked again if he would try. He wrote Dr. Deloria and he came down during Bible school . . . no . . . yes, came during Bible school. And he had flown to Birmingham and then drove down with Estelle and Estelle called me and said, Dr. Deloria is coming and I'm going down with him. And we'll be glad to have you go with us, but we can't offer to pay your motel bill. And I said, that's all right, I'll pay it myself. So I went, too. And it was a wonderful experience. He is such a grand person, and all the way to Atmore from Birmingham—and you didn't go as fast then as you do today—we were profiting by the companionship with Dr. Deloria. And interestingly enough, he kept saying something about Father **Joinam**, who had been a missionary to his reservation when he was a child. And all of the sudden, the light struck me, and I said, Dr. Deloria, was Father Joinam's first name Neville? He said, yes. I said, he is my brother's godfather. He was a classmate of my father's at the seminary. Wasn't this something, now? But, one of his had been dead for years. I never saw him, I never met him. But one of his Indians that he had worked with in South Dakota to come to Alabama, and for us to

meet, it just seemed wonderful. Well, when Dr. Deloria came back through Birmingham after his visit down there, Bishop Murray said, well, doctor, do we have Indians? He said, do you? They're all over the place. [Laughter] And Tracy and Dan had taken him visiting. Now, the first day that he went visiting, Mr. Merkel took him. But he came back disappointed. He said—and don't you ever play this tape for Mr. Merkel, because it would hurt his feelings—he meant to be helpful and kind, but he had entertained Dr. Deloria all the way with accounts of what his rotary club and his Kiwanis club and his Red Cross and all of this had been doing. Not one single thing about the Indians. So, Dr. Deloria came back, and he said, Ms. Warren, couldn't you get one or two of the Indian men to take me visiting? I just gave up after the first few minutes, I really didn't learn much. But I want to meet these people, and I want to see their homes. So Tracy and Dan took him out and they went day after day to—Dr. Deloria, I think, was there for five days and Dr. Deloria was so pleased to find that our Indians are so much cleaner than Sioux. Now, he is a Sioux. He said, they're so much cleaner than Sioux. I went into practically sixty homes. I did not find more than one or two that were the least bit out of order. Now, this is remarkable, particularly when you consider that some of those houses were one-room houses, and with a lot of people living in them. But, this is true. They are clean people. He was very much pleased with them. He said, they are so courteous and they're so warm and they are so respectful of each other. It is certainly a fact that there is no generation gap among the Indians. I feel assured you've noticed it. Their respect is, the children's respect for the older Indians, is very beautiful, and the older ones are

considerate of the children. We say, at that first summer, they're so many babies and so many children, but you have the feeling that there is not one unwanted child. By the time we had been, the second or third summer, we had learned that there were a good many children born out of wedlock. But those people were made just as welcome in that church, and in the community, as anybody. We said, now, here is real Christianity. Well, after I had been down there for several years, I decided that you could carry this too far. That they needed to know that, although you took back the people that had erred, that it was wrong just the same. And, of course, you wanted to do everything you could to help the mother and to help the children. The whole community does and I've read since that this is characteristic of the Indians. That any child born out of wedlock is considered to belong to the community, did you ever hear that?

P: I have heard that, I've forgotten where.

B: Well, now, they seem to have felt that. Everybody had a responsibility towards those children and I know it was very confusing to us at first. I was trying to get names from the very beginning, and I would say, as I would in any class, you know—what is your father's name? What is your mother's name? And many times, they couldn't tell me the father's name, I was so naïve that it took me a while to understand why. I remember one girl that said her mother was Thelma Lyman, but she was living with Clara Rolin. So, one time she would write her name with Lyman—yeah, Jerry—Jerry Lyman, and the next time, she'd write it Jerry Rolin, and I couldn't understand. But Clara had no children, and Ms. Lyman evidently had just let her take Jerry as her child, and Jerry lived with her for

years. We would go to one house, and we would see certain children there. We'd go a little further to another house, and by George, there would be those same children. [Laughter] It took us a while to find out just who lived where. To whom they belonged. Well, I got—

[Break in Recording]

B: Dr. Deloria came several times to visit us at St. Anna's and once when he was coming, he wrote Bishop Murray that, if it was all right with the diocese, he would not fly. He would drive down and bring his wife, that she had never been South and he would like for her to meet all of us and all of St. Anna's people. She is a Quaker and a very lovely woman, very. As we talked on that visit, I got the feeling that Dr. Deloria wanted to come and take charge of St. Anna's and that he wanted his wife to see the situation so she could decide whether she wanted to come. Well, she did want to come. And we were just hoping so much that he would be put there, and I think he would have, but the National Council wasn't willing to give him up. He was an Archdeacon then and was put in charge of a section that I believe is called the St. Louis province, maybe. It's more than a province. I don't know what it is. But he traveled to Missouri and all those Midwestern states. South Dakota, too. But knowing him has been very valuable to our Indians. For one thing, when we were wanting to send one of our girls, Charlotte McGhee, to St. Mary's Episcopal School for Indian Girls in South Dakota, I wrote to Dr. Deloria, knowing that he was on the board, and told him that she was a senior in high school—and they don't like to take them that far advanced—but that, due to some circumstances at home, that she needed to get

away and we would like to send her. So, he got her in, and Charlotte says today, she's written it to me two or three times, the greatest thing that has ever happened to me in my life was that one year at St. Mary's school. She was president of the council, that school council, when she graduated, and she was captain of her basketball team. She excelled in a number of things, and I think she's developed into a fine woman. I met her when I was there for that one day in February.

P: Was this **Bernestine's** daughter?

B: Younger daughter. If you could have known Charlotte as a little girl, you remember? The first summer we were there, when I was teaching those from seven up, Charlotte was less than seven. I think maybe she was not in school. I guess she wasn't. We made a little Palestinian house with the stairs going up on the side [Palestinian-style houses normally had stairwells on the outside of the house that led up to the roof]. I remember Buford and I struggled over those stairs, and I learned right then that the boys out there needed to be taught some manual training. This is one of the things that you have to be there to learn, to find out. But Buford didn't know how to make the measurements for this. Fourteen years old—of course, no fourteen-year-old knows too much about such as that, but they would know a little. Well, anyway, the little house was cute. That stairway up the side. Charlotte was so fascinated by it. All of them called Estelle and me teacher. We had no names that summer, we were just teacher. She came to me and she said, Teacher—

[Break in Recording]

B: She adored her grandmother, Lena. And when Lena died two or three years after that, I guess it was, Charlotte took her grief out in some right strange ways. Now, this I think is nothing to Charlotte's discredit, and I want to tell it to you. I laid my bag down all over the place. I'd just lay it down and forget where I put it. Some child would come to me—Miss Bradshaw, here's your bag. Or, here are your glasses, or something. I was always laying something down. Well, one day, I didn't notice it—I hadn't discovered it at all, but Charlotte evidently opened my bag and took two dollars out. And she went home and told her mother that I had paid her to help me with something. Well, I think Ernestine thought that that was unusual. We didn't make a practice of doing that. Anyway, she found out that Charlotte had taken it, and that night, she called me and said, she and Charlotte wanted to come over to see me. And they came all the way in to the motor court and told me about it. And Charlotte wept and said she was sorry and she didn't know why she'd done it, and so we tried to make it all right. That's the only time that I ever knew Charlotte to take anything that was not hers and it may have been a good time for her to learn. So, I think it worked out all right. Then, I remember one Christmas, when we had the Christmas tree, and I had asked the mothers of the little girls in that class to suggest something for their Christmas present. And Bernestine had said, I think a little bag for each of them. They love bags and they're in school now and they need little bags. I think that would be good. But, if I'm not mistaken, Bernestine went with me to do the shopping. I think she and Leola—

P: She and Leola? This was after you had moved down to Atmore proper?

B: Yes, yes. We had had selected these little bags for those girls, and one of them was for Charlotte. It was all wrapped and put on the tree. After they got their gifts, there were always so many—everybody came to the Christmas tree. And we had hit upon the idea of putting all the gifts for each Sunday school class in a separate box, and the box was carried to their room. This was the only way we could make a distinction between those that came to Sunday school and those that just came on Christmas. And of course, we have them here, too, like that. Miss Girlie [Rolin] was Charlotte's teacher that year, and Miss Girlie told that, after the gifts had been given out, that when Charlotte opened hers, she was disappointed. And she threw the bag across the room. She didn't want it. I don't know what she wanted. But she threw it across the room, and so Miss Girlie had given her a little talk about the way to treat gifts and so on. But this was Charlotte. But Charlotte has developed into a fine woman and she graduated from St. Mary's, which goes only through twelfth grade, and then her mother had paid her expenses at the junior college in Brewton. And she married a boy that was in her class at junior college, white boy from Atmore. But it's so interesting to me to see children develop and the things that go into that development and I think that these two things that we might have criticized her for at the time were valuable experiences after all.

P: In strengthening her later on?

B: Yes, yes.

P: Could you repeat what you—maybe I could . . . could you repeat what you said earlier about how it was that you came to move, well, for several years, to Atmore?

B: Yes. Well, did I say anything about going for six months?

P: Not at all.

B: Oh.

P: [inaudible]

B: Yes, I did. Well, after we had been at Bible school a few summers, we were worrying about what happened between Bible school. And the bishops were trying very hard to get full-time workers to put down there, but they tried the Church Army people, they tried deaconesses, they tried everybody they could think of. Couples and single people. And everybody turned them down for one reason or another. I remember one couple of Church Army people turned them down because the wife didn't like hot weather. Didn't want to live in the South. I didn't know that ministers' families ever took such a stand, but that happened. So, when Bishop Murray called me one day to tell me that somebody else had turned him down, I asked if he felt—oh, do you want me to tell it the other way? [Laughter] That the diocese would feel that it was worthwhile to let me go. Without pay, of course, because I was not trained. But I would have to have my expenses, and he said, are you serious? I said, well, I think so. So, six months later he called and asked if I wanted to go, and I did. I went in November of [19]59 with the intention of staying six months. He said three months would not

be enough. And I stayed five years. The bishops were so wonderful to me and I still marvel at it. I said I wasn't trained for it and yet it seemed to me that as I look back, everything I had ever done in my life had been leading up to this. I had taught first grade for a number of years before I married. I did supply teaching after that among all ages. I had taught night school in Birmingham during the Depression to adults. I had worked at the juvenile court in Birmingham and this, of course, brought me in contact with boys and girls who had gotten in trouble, many of them from some of the so-called best families of Birmingham. And all of this had been valuable. I had taught during the Depression, I taught for the NYA and taught things that I would have said I knew nothing at all about, but as the friend who asked me if I wanted to take her job at juvenile court, and I said, I don't know anything about that work [The National Youth Administration, or NYA, was a government agency active between 1935 and 1939 focused on providing work and education to people between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five]. And she said, well, you have average intelligence, and they're books. [Laughter] So, that's the way I taught a good many of these things. But actually, I had had training through experience with all ages, from babies through illiterate grandparents. And all of this came in to the work at the mission. I had taught some rug weaving, and I had taught some sewing, and I still know very little about sewing, but I would keep one lesson ahead. [Laughter] The bishops were just wonderful. I came back, I guess, at the end of six months, but I must have let it be known that I might want to go back, and Bishop Murray said, any time you will go, it's open. I remember the first day I went to stay he gave me this check

for a thousand dollars. And it startled me so. All my life, I had known the churches had no money. [Laughter] And for me to have in my hands a thousand dollars of church money, completely responsible for the spending of it, and I was going into work that I wasn't at all sure of it, and Bishop Murray had said, don't worry about the money. There is money here set aside for St. Anna's Mission that has not been used in years. And I found out that the women of the church had been putting aside, every year, quite a nice sum for the Indian work. And they had a chair, and she was doing some things—it was a she, Ms. May Kaiser, and Mr. Merkel—who sent **Lavanne Martin** to Patterson School in North Carolina and sent Bernestine McGhee to St. Mary's School in Suwannee, Tennessee. She had gotten the piano for us. But aside from those things, there wasn't very much that money had been spent for. The board, the women's organization—Women's Auxiliary, it was then—had suggested, a year or two before at a board meeting, that they put that money into something else. That it was not being used, and so, why let it just sit there when there were other needs? But fortunately, one or two women insisted that it be held for the Indians. So, this was why there was money to start with . . .

P: Excuse me. Are there any funds for Indian work at the diocesan level, or was this all from Trinity?

B: Oh, none from Trinity.

P: Oh, I see.

B: No, this is all diocese. Trinity has never, to my knowledge, done anything. Not since Mr. Edwards, the first little minister down there. There was some volunteers from Trinity who went out and taught Sunday school with him, but Trinity did absolutely nothing the whole time I was there.

P: How was the notion of Indian work introduced into the women's group at the diocesan level? How did they know about—

B: Now, that goes back to how the church began its work at all among them. And I'd forgotten I hadn't told you that. Mr. Edwards, Mr. Dan-something Edwards, was the minister in charge at Trinity, and he had oh so many missions under him. I don't know how he ever got around in a year to all of them. And soon after he became the vicar of Trinity, Bishop McDowell, who was living there, went down on a visit [Vicar is a term commonly used to refer to a Bishop]. Mr. Edwards said to him, Bishop, there are a good many Indians in this area and I think they're unchurched. And Bishop McDowell said, get them together, and we'll start a mission. So, Mr. Edwards went out and made house-to-house calls. In the meantime, the Indians had built four little one-room schoolhouses because the Board of Education would not do. And Mr. Edwards went to the homes and told the people that there would be a service at one little schoolhouse right down the hill. We observed the twenty-fifth anniversary of St. Anna's building, and we found out the exact spot where all these things happened and we put up signs one summer. Oh, we had a lovely time, didn't we? In 1957. Well, Mister Edwards said that they would have the service at seven o'clock on Sunday night. Sunday night came, and Mr. Edwards came, but nobody else came. So, the next day, he

started again, making house-to-house calls, and again told them that there would be a service on Sunday night at seven o'clock and again, Mr. Edwards was the only one there. This happened three times. So, he began inquiring then, why? They said, you'll have to ask the chief. So, he went to Chief Walker and Chief Walker said—

Unidentified man: What Walker?

B: Huh?

Unidentified man: What Walker was he?

B: Your Chief, **Lonnie**. No, what was his name?

Unidentified man: It wasn't Richard, was it?

P: Was it Fred Walker?

B: Fred Walker, Fred Walker.

Unidentified man: I just wanted you to mention—

B: Yes, yes. Chief Fred Walker. The Chief said, anybody can preach to my people except the Catholics. And you know, when I heard that, I was so amazed. The Roman Catholics are not strong in that section at all. They're not in Atmore, are they? And I thought, well, what in the world could have prejudiced the chief against the Roman Catholics? But I think I found the answer. Until Mr. Edwards started his work among them, the only Christian services they had had were by an itinerant, primitive Baptist preacher, who would come in once or twice a year,

baptize some of them in the creek—he must have been good, I don't know how he persuaded them to be baptized with that little attention—and then he would go his way. And of course, the Baptists are so prejudiced against the Roman Catholics, that I feel sure he implanted that in them. Well, Mr. Edwards explained to him that we were Catholic, but not Roman Catholic. And he said, well, that would be all right then. Mr. Edwards went around again, told everybody. At that time, the little school was overflowing with people. They were standing on the outside listening through the windows, and volunteers joined Mr. Edwards. I have those names, but not at the tip of my tongue. But, if you're interested, we can get that.

P: You were in Birmingham yourself during this time, or . . . ?

B: Oh, yes. In fact, that was in the [19]30s.

Unidentified man: [19]32 . . .

B: Oh, it was before that. It was in the [19]20s, because the church had its first service in that little school in December 1929.

Unidentified man: [19]29, it really was [19]29.

B: Mm-hmm, 1929, in December. And after a few Sundays with these volunteers teaching Sunday school, the people over in one of the other schools—it must have been over at Poarch Switch—sent word that they had heard what was happening over here, and they would like to have services, too. So, the same volunteers then would go on Sunday afternoon, first to one school and then the

other, and teach. And three years later—now, this went on for three years, the only church was the little school, the two little schools. Three years later, in 1932, one of those schools burned to the ground and the other one blew down in a storm. When I heard it, I thought, well, it looks like God was saying, you Episcopalians, stay out. [Laughter] But I think what he was saying was, do more and this we did. The Indians felt that they couldn't replace those schools, and the county Board of Education would not. So, the church said, why don't we build two church buildings and offer them to the Board of Education to use as schools during the week? And this was done. And from 1932, until either 1949 or 1950, do you remember?

Unidentified man: Well, it was in 1950, I believe.

B: I thought it was. The first school was built for the Indians by the county board. It was during Folsom's turn [Jim Folsom (October 9, 1908 – November 21, 1987) was governor of Alabama twice, from 1947 to 1951 and from 1955 to 1959 and was one of the first southern governors to embrace integration and civil rights]. You not being an Alabamian, don't know Folsom, but when I heard it, I was almost ready to vote for him. I'd been very much opposed to him. Then I found that it wasn't out of the kindness of his heart that he had done it, but because Chief McGhee had threatened to sue every member of the Board of Education. And so they built this little Poarch school with three classrooms and an auditorium. Now, of course, it's been changed, they've added the lunchroom and turned that auditorium into the dining room. But each classroom had one teacher with two grades, so it went through sixth grade.

P: Excuse me. Even before you started teaching Bible school there, now you were familiar with the Indian work, I take it, then?

B: Not at all.

P: You weren't?

B: No. This was my first experience with Indians.

P: But you had known about the work of the church with the Indians at all, before that, at all?

B: No. No, no.

P: How did you learn about Preacher Edwards had to do, and all of that?

B: He wrote out some of this and after I became so interested, I remember Mr. **Mell** said one day—said it to Dr. Deloria—said, Miss Bradshaw wants to know everything. [Laughter] And I did, too. I went to Bishop Carpenter's office and asked Miss Riddle, his lovely secretary, if there was any material there on the Indian work that had been done. She told Bishop Carpenter that I wanted this, and he said, let her take anything she wants. There was a filing cabinet there in the room, and she said, all the material that we took when Miss Macy left here is in there. Just help yourself. And it was not in any order at all. Now, you haven't heard about Miss Macy, and I must tell about her. Mr. Edwards, of course, with so many missions under his charge, couldn't possibly do all that needed to be done for the Indians. And so, Dr. and Mrs. Macy, from Fairhope, were brought up there to work with the Indians. Mrs. Macy had been a deaconess before she

married, and then, when she married, she ceased to be a deaconess. And her husband was a priest. He died—I've forgotten his name—and then, she went back into the mission work herself, and was supported by the Thank Offering, United Thank Offering, that is raised by the women of the church [The United Thank Offering is a ministry of the Episcopal Church focused on supporting missionary work]. She served in the Philippines, in Mexico, all around, and strange to say, when I was in high school, in South Carolina—Aiken, South Carolina—there was a little town five miles from there –Graniteville, with a cotton mill. Miss Macy, who—I wish I could remember her name, and I will look it up for you—Miss Macy came there as a missionary to those cotton mill people. And I went over with a few other young people one night to a little party that they gave at the parish house, at the mill, and I met Miss Macy at that time. Never dreaming that—

P: Was her name Anna Macy?

B: Anna? Yes, but of course, the Macy was not her name then. She had not married Dr. Macy then. Deaconess—well, I'll think of it. Anyway, after she left Graniteville, she met Dr. Macy, I believe in Mexico. And he was a doctor, but he seemed to be in the mission field, and they married. And they had retired and were just doing light work in Baldwin County when the need for them St. Anna's came. And so, the bishop asked them to come there. And there was a man in Atmore who owned a little field, and he had business in New York or somewhere that he would fly to every now and then. So, he wanted a flying field in Atmore that he could—and he wanted somebody to live at the airport and, particularly, wanted a

doctor. So, a little house was built for the Macys and they moved in. And Mrs. Macy, in her letters to the women of the church, and to the bishop, that I found in that steel file, tells how they attracted the Indians. Do you remember when we gave the play? We told some of this. She had a little gramophone—Victrola. No radios, no TV's, but she had a little Victrola. And she would set it out on the front porch of her little house and play records, and she said you would see little Indians out behind the trees. And they'd come a little closer and a little closer, but always getting behind another tree. Getting closer and closer to the house, until they finally screwed up courage enough to come to the porch. So, she began serving lemonade and cookies and playing those records until they got in the habit of coming. And then, she began teaching the Lord's Prayer and the Creed and the Ten Commandments, I believe, were the first things that she taught. All of it was done right there at her house. Now, Dr. Macy was not employed by the church, but he put out his shingle as a physician. Of course, the Indians had a lot of need for a doctor. At first, they were afraid, but he won their confidence. He did as marvelous a job as she did. But most of hers was on the religious side and his on the medical side, but eighteen months after they began their work there, Dr. Macy died. And so, Miss Macy then was alone, and she was about sixty-years-old. It was decided that she couldn't live in that little house by herself, and she was moved nearer town. She asked a young woman who had been helping with the Sunday school, a Ms. **Hixon**, to come and live with her. She did. Then, I don't know why that didn't work too well—the next we heard of her, she was living in the hotel. Atmore had a hotel right on the railroad, a two-story building. Miss

Macy lived there for a while, and then she had to retire because of her health, and was put in this nursing home at Fair Hope and lived to be ninety-two or—three years old.

P: So she just died recently?

B: Since I have known them. Estelle and I drove over there one day to see her, and I wrote a letter, and I have it here. Any of these letters that you want, any of this material that the bishop let me have, I will Xerox for you [Xerox refers to either copying or faxing a copy of a document, commonly done with a machine produced by the Xerox Corporation]. I think maybe that'd be better than—

[Break in Recording]

B: Have we told anything at all about their grant land and the sale?

P: No, no.

B: When I first went to stay in [19]59, the Chief came to me, and the caretaker, Dan McGhee, came, separately, and asked if I could see if I could find out whether the sale of a piece of their grant land was legal. That they had thought it could not be sold, but that eighty acres had recently been sold. They wanted to know if it was legal, and told me then, Dan did, that these two young lawyers in Atmore had gone to Mrs. Walker—Chief Walker had died not long before—and told her that she had a right to sell that land because her husband had paid taxes on it. And of course, she knew nothing about taxes, nothing about the paying, and told her not to let any of the other Indians know anything about this, which proved that

they knew they were being dishonest. Well, they offered her one thousand dollars for eighty acres of that beautiful land and a thousand dollars sounded like a fortune, so she agreed to do it. And the day before the sale was to be final, Chief McGhee heard about it, and he and Mal McGhee and one or two others of his councilmen went to Brewton to see the judge before who this would come. They asked him to postpone it, given the chance to raise the thousand dollars. They would pay it to Mrs. Walker, and then they would look into the legality of the sale. And the judge would not postpone it. No hearts are called down there. So, the land was sold. And as I said, one of those lawyers was the son of the president of the First National Bank. The other one, a Mr. Maxwell, son of a real estate man. They had access to the books over in Brewton, and they had found out that the books were covered with names of Indians who had paid taxes. Well, this was the thing that we tried to look into, but I thought, how can I ask a lawyer in Atmore if two of their lawyers would do this? So, it was a year or more afterwards before we finally got to the bottom of it and we did then because Bishop Carpenter's son, Douglas Carpenter, was the minister over in Brewton, Episcopal Minister. And with his help, he looked up all the things down there, and a lawyer in Birmingham—a woman, Charlotte Kiefer—would tell him what to look for, and together they went to the bottom of it. And this was what had happened. For many years, they were not required to pay taxes. Then, all of a sudden, the state demanded taxes. And I know that Mr. Walker, not being able to read or write, and knowing the Indians, I'm sure he shrugged his shoulders and said, well, we never have paid any, and he just let it ride. The time came when the

land was to be sold for taxes and a woman down the road—was the name Moore—bought it. And she carried a crew of men up there to put a fence around her eighty acres. And Chief Walker—this was before he died, of course—he came out and told her that she couldn't put up a fence, that that was his land, Indians' land. And she said, no, I bought it, it's my land. So, he went home and got his gun and he came back and he said, if you put up one post, I'll shoot you. So, she called off her crew of men, and when the church heard about it, the Episcopal church—the diocese, I guess, because Trinity would hardly have done it themselves—but the diocese of the church paid Ms. Moore just what she had paid, and bought the land back and gave it to the Indians. And they tried to make them understand, at the time, that they would have to pay the taxes. Well, what they didn't make them understand was that when they paid the taxes, they must be paid in the name of the heirs of Lynn McGhee. And year after year, a different Indian would go to Brewton each time to pay the taxes, and not knowing that he was to do this, it was just credited to him. Therefore, the books are filled with names of Indians who have paid some taxes and that's what these two lawyers found out. And so, they went to Mrs. Walker and offered her a thousand dollars for eighty acres and she accepted it. And that was one of the things that I had hoped to straighten out when I went to Washington and when I didn't hear from the chief, I did nothing about it. When I finally did go, that morning after his letter came, Mr. **Emmonds'** assistant said, well, there's nothing we can do. We have no control over it because it's not government land. It was a grant. And he said, make it clear to them that they must pay the taxes in the name of the heirs of

Lynn McGhee. Well, by that time, the lawyers had employed men to go out and dig out the gravel. Now, there's that big, ugly hole out there.

P: Behind the cemetery, you mean?

B: It's not that far off, is it?

Unidentified man: It's behind the cemetery.

B: I thought it was closer down in the settlement.

Unidentified man: No, it's . . .

B: I thought it was nearer the creek.

Unidentified man: Well, the whole extends down, probably to the creek.

B: Oh.

Unidentified man: But there's a big hole there behind the cemetery.

B: And no telling how much they made on that gravel. Well, and Chief McGhee, when he told me about it, said, today, we can buy back the hole in the ground for five thousand dollars. I get mighty mad about it. [Laughter]

P: And did you try to get some legal assistance to fight this or...

B: Charlotte Kiefer, that's all, here in Birmingham. She is a partner in one of the biggest firms in the city, and one of the most influential firms in rural Alabama. They were handling some land in Alabama that belonged to Mr. Lyndon Johnson

when he was president, 'cause they were invited up by the White House for a reception.

P: One thing that you've mentioned several times was about this man, Chief Walker. Do you happen to know, from your work, what it was that made him the Chief?

B: They elected him.

P: He was an elected chief?

B: They always elect their chief. I thought that they inherited it, but Chief McGhee told me that the Creeks have always elected their chief. Now, Houston was elected, he didn't just inherit it from his father. But he was elected.

P: And Fred Walker was elected?

B: Yes, he was elected. Now, the one before him was Chief Alec Rolin, who was around a hundred years old when he was baptized by Mr. Edwards, the Episcopal minister.

P: It says here on the back, this card—or, I guess, is this in your hand or his hand?

B: That's mine.

P: The last ruling chief, Chief Alec Rolin.

B: Yes. They really don't have much power, do they? [Laughter]

P: No.

B: I called Buford to ask him a lot of questions like that. About two years ago, I stood talking to a senior class at Berry High School in Birmingham. They didn't want to see slides, they wanted answers to questions, and I said, well, send me a list of questions so I'll be sure I know the answers. And I called Buford to check on some of it, I learned a lot myself. That day, they invited one ninth grade in. Somebody in that grade that had heard that they were going to talk about Indians and they wanted to come and their teacher was a lovely person. So, they were told that there were no seats for them. This was in a classroom. And they said, well, we'll sit on the floor. And they did, this ninth grade sat on the floor and listened for that whole period. And their questions were such good questions. And I was greatly pleased and impressed by the fact that, while there were a good many that we would call hippies in there—only because the boys' hair was long, but they were clean—and the little girls, I had more patience with the boys than I did with the little girls, but this is always true. [Laughter] I usually do. But I was so struck by the expression on the faces. They were full of questions about the Indians and there was real concern in their eyes. The hair just didn't detract at all. I loved them, they were just . . . and that ninth grade, then, wanted to see the slides when they heard that there was slides. So, I was invited to come back, and the teacher said, I teach five ninth grades, and I'm piggish, I want the slides for every one of them. They have to be taken separately. So I went out and spent a day and just did them, one after the other, and it was delightful.

P: Could you tell me about how you got started doing your slide programs and where your first one was and how that just grew and grew and how that just grew and grew and what it amounted to?

B: Well, let's see. I don't know whether I even remember where the first one was. I had wanted pictures all the time. I used to sell Compton's picture encyclopedia, and I have great love for pictures. So, after I bought my—I don't think I gave any program until I bought my own Kodak and projector. And I was getting requests for programs from church groups and club groups and so, I just began saying, I have slides, would you like to see them? Of course, they always do.

P: People who had known you taught Bible school and worked with the Indians?

B: Yes, yes. Papers have been awfully kind. I don't know how, don't know who gave the first write-up, but I've been interviewed by so many of the reporters of the two papers in Birmingham. Each time the report comes out, letters come from people I never heard of from all over the state, wanting material, chiefly, and I have to tell them that there is none. It's too bad. I really wish I had had time, and if I had had a tape recorder, I might, at odd times, have talked into it, you know, and been able to send them something. But there just hasn't been anything I could send them. But I hope I live long enough to do that. I hope I don't lose my faculties before I get . . . [Laughter]

P: Do you use your programs, sometimes, as a means of getting funds for the Indian workers?

B: Well, I always say that I love to do this. I like to make them known to people. And always, in hopes that the interest will prompt assistance in the education. People, you know, are so quick to offer to send a box of rummage. And when they've done that, they think they've done something. Some of those boxes that came to us were a disgrace. I talked about it so much, all over the state, in telling them what a disgrace those boxes were, that they did improve. I don't know whether you're getting any now, or whether you're getting nice ones or not.

Unidentified man: One has been coming in . . .

B: They told me, when I first went, that they preferred to buy the clothes rather than having them given to them. And so, whenever boxes came, we had a sale, a rummage sale.

P: Who told you that they—

B: The Indians, yes. And their dignity, to me, means an awful lot. I think it should be preserved. I think it should be encouraged. And to—

[Break in Recording]

B: You ready?

P: We're . . . not.

B: All right. [Laughter] Well, as I told you, we did begin our work in 1954. I was supposed to be retiring in 1964, but I am still giving programs, raising money for education for them, so I'm still working for them, but as a distance, which is not near as much fun. What words do I mean?

P: You were talking earlier about the economic situation and why their old clothes, and that—

B: Oh, yes. And you know, there were so many, at that time, who were living in very small houses. A number of them just one room, maybe one room and a lean-to. And I think of one house in particular that had just one room that was not too big a room, and a little front porch, and a lean-to. And that first summer, when we went, there were nine people living in that little house. We puzzled often as to where everybody slept. We couldn't see how they could possibly have enough beds for everybody to sleep on. But now, I do see improvements, and I was down there for just one day in February, the first time I'd been there in four years. So, things had happened that I would notice that the people who had been there all the time might not have been conscious of. But I saw much nicer homes. I saw homes in much better condition. Several brick houses and I really can't think of many houses that still have just one room. Can you? The thing that pleased me most was that the people seemed to have caught the vision of education. I had a telephone call from one girl who now has four children. She dropped out, I believe, in tenth grade, Juliana. She has—is it four children? Or five? Five children. Her husband has deserted her, and she runs the lunchroom at the little Poarch School, which is now used for Head Start and adult education [The Head Start program, launched in 1965, is a government-run program to give extra educational opportunities to low-income students, mainly through free summer and pre-school classes.]. This is the way she's supporting her family, and she called me at the caretaker's house before we left and said, I thought you would

like to know that I'm going to night school at the high school in Atmore two or three nights a week. I'm going to get my high school diploma and I just want you to know that I'm going to make something of myself. I thought this was wonderful. Others that I had thought might drop out before they finished high school have gone on and gotten their diplomas. I think many more will get a diploma from high school than used to. It used to be just almost a thing to do, to drop out after you finished the sixth grade at Poarch School and went into town. So many dropped out, even in seventh grade. We were so shocked to find that there is no truant officer in the whole of Escambia County.

P: Really?

B: Not even for the white children, no. So if a child doesn't choose to go to school and his parents have only a third or fifth grade education, they'll say, well, he has a pretty good education and so they let him stay out. And I think one of the tragedies, where the boys are concerned, is the fact that those little boys are allowed to drop out and go to work so early. There were little boys, ten years old, driving tractors and trucks when I was there. And nobody in Atmore seemed to think it was at all strange. But I think this is one reason that boys are getting so little education. Mr. Powell said the other night when I asked about Gordon—I thought maybe he had decided now to go on to school, and he said, no, I can't get anything out of any of the boys. Well, this sort of attitude doesn't encourage them much, either, to do things. But I think that this is one of the great needs, to keep the boys in school. What boy wouldn't rather stop school and drive a truck

or a tractor than go to school? I'm sure mine would rather have. [Laughter] But now they're very glad they didn't, of course.

P: I'll turn that off, unless you have something else you want to say.

[Break in Recording]

B: When I went to stay with the Indians in 1959, there was no phone in the settlement. There had been and this happened all the time. Because so few of the adults could read and write, it was so much easier to call over long distance and talk to people, you know. And one person, maybe, would have a telephone, and everybody else would come and use it for long distance and promise to pay it before the bill came in and then they didn't, and the phone would be taken out. I called down there to find out about the *pow-wow* that was to be at Redwood Caverns, and I couldn't call the chief because his telephone had been taken out for this reason. But Mal McGhee had a phone at that time, and I called him. When I was going down to stay, I said, Bishop Murray, I'm going to have to have some way to reach Dan McGhee on the telephone. And they had no telephone. And he said, we'll see about putting one in the caretaker's house. So I asked Dan about it, and he said, well, mine was taken out because I got a bill for over thirty dollars and most of it was for other people's calls and I just couldn't pay it. So we went by the telephone office and the one I was talking to had no authority, so she got the top man. And he said, well, Mrs. Bradshaw, would it be all right for us to put your name down? And if the bill isn't paid, we will come to you. And I said, no, sir. [Laughter] I can't be responsible. Bishop Murray had said, now, from the

very beginning, let it be understood that you do not have money to pay for things. And this manager looked so troubled, he didn't know exactly what to do, and he said, well, I don't know whether Mr. Merkel would want us to charge him. I don't remember, he may have called Mr. Merkel. Mr. Merkel said, no. So, I said, well, we must have a telephone, and I know Mr. Dan is honest. I know he'll pay the bill, if possible. But, of course, I can see the difficulty that this may happen. But I said, in that case, send the bill to Bishop Murray. [Laughter] And I knew that nobody would want to do that. So they put Bishop Murray down, but he never got a letter. Oh, we were so glad to get that phone out there. Right away, eight people were put on that line, so it was something to reach them. You would call and call and call. Oh.

P: One thing that—I don't remember whether you said it on tape or not, and that was the years of the several visits of Dr. Deloria. I don't know whether that got—

B: I'll have to look that up. I don't remember.

P: He was there three times? Or twice?

B: At least three, yes.

P: He must have really been interested in the community.

B: Oh, he was. I remember, once when he came, and it was just before the bishop was coming to confirm a class and it was the first class that I had trained. And I hadn't meant it to take the place of a minister's training. In fact, I didn't think it would be acceptable, I thought, but I was just teaching them Sunday school. And

they were so interested, that was a wonderful bunch of young people. You were in there. At least, you were in my classes.

Unidentified man: I was in your class, but I already-

B: But you already confirmed. Dr. Deloria went out at morning and I didn't know, I was busy with other things and I didn't notice what he was doing. Finally, he came back into the church where I was and he said, Mrs. Bradshaw, they're well-trained. I've just tested them. [Laughter] Would have scared me if I'd known he was doing it. But, for one thing, I'd had them memorize the Catechisms, and I think that all of the young people ought to be required to memorize Catechism. He does, too. He wrote me a letter after he went home, and he said, he was so glad to find that they had memorized the Catechism. He said, I was required to do that as a child, and I wouldn't take anything for it. So often, in a crucial moment, an answer to one of those questions will come to my mind and it decides something for me that maybe I would have decided wrong.

P: Did he ever bring his children with him?

B: No, just his wife that one time. But his children were grown by the time he came.

[End of interview]

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