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BRADSHAW, JAMES WILLIAM

INTERVIEW

12586

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BRADSHAW, JAMES WILLIAM      INTERVIEW.      12586.

J. S. Buchanan,  
Investigator.  
January 5, 1938.

Interview with James William Bradshaw.  
1307 Dorchester, Muskogee, Oklahoma.  
Born December 24, 1886.  
Father-Charles K. Bradshaw.

I was born December 24, 1886, at Greenwood, Sebastian County, Arkansas. My father was Charles K. Bradshaw, Cherokee, born in Tennessee and brought west by his parents when very young, who were termed Eastern Cherokees. His parents remained in the Indian Territory only about one year after coming west, then moved to Arkansas, settling near Greenwood. It was in that vicinity that my father grew to manhood and married Rebecca Glass, who was of Irish descent. There were six children, three boys, including myself, and three girls born to that union.

In 1892, when I was six years of age, my parents moved from Arkansas to the Cherokee Nation, stopping at Webbers Falls where my father leased eighty acres of unimproved timber land from a Cherokee woman named Vore. He cleared and improved this land and put into cultivation and farmed that place for five years. Leaving

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Webbers Falls we moved to a place that belonged to Dr. Burke, a Cherokee practicing physician, who lived at Webbers Falls. The farm was located where the little town of McClain was later established. At that time there was nothing there except a stage stand and a log barn in which the horses were kept that were used on the stage line as they generally changed teams on the stage at that place, especially in bad weather.

When we first moved to the Burke place our nearest neighbor was Judge Taylor, who was a judge in the Cherokee courts and lived about five miles east of the Burke place. Soon after we moved to the Burke farm a man named Tittsworth came there from Arkansas and built a general mercantile store and the post office of McClain was established in Tittsworth's store. Before that time we received our mail at Webbers Falls.

Later buildings at the little town of McClain were Worden's blacksmith shop, Dr. J. M. Coon's Drug store and R. S. Pitts General store. Bob McClain and a man named Haynes put in a saw mill, grist mill and cotton gin.

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We farmed the Burke place at McClain for ten years, then moved to a place about three and one half miles north of the Burke place which belonged to Judge McClain. We farmed that place for about five years, then moved to what was known as the Scott place or ranch one mile west of McClain. Father bought that ranch, consisting of 780 acres. On this place we engaged in farming and in the cattle business. Father remained on this place the remainder of his active life looking after his stock business and farming. In 1915 he sold out the ranch and retired, afterwards making his home with my brother, Arthur Bradshaw who now lives on the old Brewer place six miles north of Webbers Falls where our father died in 1936.

In 1910 I was married to Beulah Wyatt of Van Buren, Arkansas. No children have been born to our union.

When I was a small boy living on the old Burke place I would go fishing with my father on Dirty Creek which was only a short distance from our home. It was no trouble to catch all the fish we wanted as all the streams in the

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territory abounded with fish at that time. I remember something that happened one day when Father and I were fishing on Dirty Creek. Father had carried his gun with him as he always did when we went into the woods and he set the gun down against a tree and selected a nice place for fishing and sat down and made himself comfortable for a real afternoon of fishing, leaving his gun leaning against the tree about fifty feet away. We heard a noise in the brush near us and looking around, there within about twenty-five feet of us was a flock of wild turkey of about twenty-five or thirty, walking between Father and his gun. He was a very mild tempered man and very seldom have I ever seen him mad, but he really was mad at himself that time for being guilty of such a careless trick and at being compelled to sit there and watch such a flock of turkey disappear in the brush without taking a shot at them.

While we were living at this same place, Father planted a patch of about ten acres in stock peas a short distance north of the house, and I have seen deer by the

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herd come into that patch to feed in the day time.

Father would leave the house with his gun and go around through the brush beside the field so that he could creep up into shooting distance of the deer and I would stand on the porch, watching the deer and listening for the report of the gun, which I knew would occur as soon as father reached a point within shooting distance.