Pauline Angeline Gadbury and Isabelle Harris George

Southeastern Indian Oral History Project (SIOHP)
CAT-084

Interview by:

Edith Frances Canty Wade October 17, 1973





Samuel Proctor Oral History Program

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CAT 084 Pauline Angeline Gadbury and Isabelle Harris George Southeastern Indian Oral History Project (SIOHP) Interviewed by Edith Frances Canty Wade on October 17, 1973 12 minutes 7 pages

Abstract: Pauline Gadbury and Isabelle George talk about making pottery when they were younger. George recalls the locations she would go to in order to collect clay to bring back to her mother as a child, describing how the different clays would make unique patterns on the pottery. They talked about their chores as children, particularly collecting wood to heat their home. George describes her role as caretaker for her younger siblings after her mother's death when she was fifteen. Both women describe cooking on their homes' fireplaces and remembered their mother's cooking when they were children. They then describe their experience in school and George tells a story about the times she rode her horse while standing on its back. George then describes her barriers to education after her mother's death and the discrimination from White schools off the reservation.

Keywords: [Catawba Nation; South Carolina--Rock Hill; Pottery; Oral biography]



Interviewee: Pauline Angeline Gadbury and Isabelle Harris George

Interviewer: Edith Frances Canty Wade Date of Interview: October 17, 1973

W: I live on Route 3, Box 304, Rock Hill, South Carolina. Today is October 17, 1973.
I'm gatherin' oral history of the Catawba Indians. This is Frances Wade speakin',
and I'm talkin' with Pauline Gadbury and Isabelle George. Aunt Isabelle, when
you were growin' up, did you have to work in clay?

IG: No, I didn't have to, but my mother did. Whenever she worked with her clay, she'd let me make it up for her and help her. And I'd go to spring, and I'd stop on the side of the spring place and get me red dirt. I'd worked it up and start makin' little pots and I had little pots sittin' off the side of the road.

W: You made it out of clay?

IG: I made it out of red dirt.

W: Pauline, when you were little, did your momma let you work in clay, or did you have to?

PG: Well, I don't remember too much but I don't think she'd let me play in it either.

W: Well, I know when I was growin' up, I had to work in it. I had to help fix it up, but we couldn't waste any.

PG: Yeah, they thought the clay was precious to 'em.

W: I guess really it was, wasn't it?

It was and then they'd get it all on the reservation. They didn't have to go too far.It was right down the road. There was clay all up and down that place.

W: I wish somebody would show it to me.

IG: Well, it is! It's all up and down there. In that valley where Mary stays?

W: Yes.

IG: There's clay right across the road from that. It has been there for years, down at the graveyard spring, there's one there. I can remember when I used to go there for mother. There's two kinds of clay there, pipe clay and the pan clay.

W: Well, you know, I guess most of the younger Indians don't know where the clay is, because everybody go across the river to the Nesbit land to get theirs.

IG: I know there's clay cloths from the **old Springsteen** back down in that woods by the Collin's place. They used clay there. Mother used to get clay there and mix it with this pipe clay that you get across the river. She'd make the prettiest pots you've ever seen.

W: What kind of clay was that?

IG: It's white-lookin'. It's thinner and you mix it with that, whatever you put in the pots. It don't turn out all black. It will give off colored spots.

PG: There's red spots in it too. I remember when we used to get it there, it had red spots in it.

W: Did y'all ever have to go out and get wood?

IG: Oh boy, I've cut wood many a time.

W: We did too. We had to get wood to help burn 'em.

IG: I remember after Mama died, before we went to town and stayed to work in the mill. Left me and Dennis, Raymond, Chester, and Edna, and I went to school from early in the morning until two o'clock. Then I'd come home and get my wood, cut up all my wood and then carry it in. Then I'd carry all my water in, go get the horse and feed it. I'd go way up the river and get the cow, go back and

milk her. Just about the time the sun was goin' down, gettin' dark I think at six o'clock, I'd have to cook.

W: How old were you?

IG: I was fifteen years old.

W: My! You were the oldest one in the house? And you were doin' all that?

IG: I was doin' all that, and I'd go in and make a fire. Then I'd get all the [inaudible 07:19] in the house and I'd close the door and I'd cook cornbread or either biscuit bread. And I'd churn butter, then melt the butter, and that was about all we had to eat.

W: Were you all afraid at night?

IG: We wasn't afraid. We just sat there and made us a fire. Then, when we'd get sleepy, we'd leave us a big fire and go on to bed.

W: Did your house have windows or shutters on it?

IG: It had shutters. It was a four-room house. But we didn't sleep in four. We'd cook in it all in the same room.

W: You used the fireplace to cook on?

IG: Yes.

W: Could you cook good on the fireplace?

IG: Yes, I cooked good on the fireplace because I was used to it.

W: Could you cook good on the fireplace, Pauline?

PG: I don't remember.

IG: Mama made me start cookin' when I was nine years old.

W: I didn't ever really have to cook on the fireplace other than little birds that we killed and sweet potatoes we put in the ashes. I remember mama cookin' on the fireplace and cookin' in a skillet. And she could cook biscuits real good.

IG: Well, that is what I cooked on the fireplace. I done all of it.

PG: I seen mama cookin' on the fireplace. She cooked real well, but I never did do it. I don't remember if I did.

W: Your mama can cook good on top of the stove too. Flapjacks, they're really good.

IG: I used to like them. I'd get them every time I'd go up to her house.

W: She was a good cook, was she?

IG: Well, she had some of the best bread you'd ever get. I thought it was. She'd do it and I helped make the dough. Whenever we'd eat, if she had any left, I'd eat again. [Laughter] I'd eat just to get the biscuits.

W: Aunt Isabelle, we talked about how much education Pauline got. Do you remember how old you were when you started school?

IG: I think I was seven years old.

W: Do you remember who your teachers were?

IG: Let me see, what was her name? Kate Devore.

W: Devore, now this I've heard that lady's name before. Was she from Lancaster?

IG: No, I think she was from Columbia.

W: What do you remember about her?

IG: All I remember is she had a boy and one girl. If I'm not mistaken that is who my teacher was.

W: Where did she live? Did she live on the reservation, or did she come in every day?

IG: She lived off the reservation, just about a half a mile or so off the reservation.

W: How did she get to the schoolhouse?

IG: She walked.

W: Oh, she walked. I thought maybe she was ridin' those horses the way you used to.

IG: [Laughter] Oh, I rode my horse. I got to ridin' standin' up on it. [Laughter]

W: You stood up on its back and rode, didn't you?

IG: Yeah, I wasn't scared.

W: How old were you then?

IG: Sixteen years old.

W: What would you do, get down on the river bottom?

IG: Yeah, ride up and down the river.

W: Who would be with you?

IG: Oh, Jess and Jenny.

W: Could they ride too?

IG: Yes, they'd ride but they didn't ride standin' up like I did.

W: You were really brave, weren't you? How much education, Aunt Isabelle, did you get?

IG: Third grade.

W: You know I never knew that.

IG: You didn't?

W: No, I really thought that you had got—I used to hear people say that as far as any Indians could ever get was the grade school down here. That was about to the seventh. I never knew that you only had a third.

IG: I only had a third. Well, I did go some in the fourth, but not far.

W: I know that your mama died when you were not very old. How old were you?

IG: Fourteen.

W: You were fourteen and you were more or less on your own, really, wasn't you?

IG: Uh-huh.

W: Do you know why you didn't go to school any farther than that grade?

IG: Well, why I didn't go to school was because we couldn't go on the outside schools. When we moved off the reservation, I couldn't go to school, so I had to stop. Then when I moved back, well, I didn't know enough to go any further.

Because I was sixteen, I just quit.

W: Well, what you're sayin' is, when you moved off of the reservation you couldn't go to the White school. And so, you didn't get to go?

IG: No.

W: Oh, I didn't know that either.

IG: No, the White people wouldn't let the Indians go to school.

W: Well, I remember that even—I guess, because we couldn't go either. We were among the first group that could go to high school. Just to hear someone else say though that we moved away and couldn't go to school makes you feel real bad. It does me.

IG: I didn't think I'd ever learn to read. There are a lot of hard words now that I can't pronounce. If I just look at them and go back over 'em, I can pronounce them. I can read real good as some of these kids that are in the sixth grade. I can read as good as they can, maybe better.

W: Well, that's good. When it comes to arithmetic, can you do that real good?

IG: I can't do it too good, but I can add up my numbers, you know, for my bills and things. I add them all up. I can do adding better than I can do subtracting. I never did like subtracting. No way.

W: Well, a lot of us didn't.

IG: Ask Pauline somethin'. [Laughter]

[End of interview]

Transcribed by: Easton Brundage, October 14, 2021

Audit-edited by: Callum Karoleski, February 28, 2022

Final edited by: Evangeline Giaconia, July 22, 2022