Lawrence Howard George

Southeastern Indian Oral History Project (SIOHP)

CAT-060

Interview by:

Emma Reid Echols
September 26, 1972

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Abstract: Lawrence Howard George discusses his childhood on the old reservation. He mentions that he never went to school growing up and that he recently started going to adult education courses where he is learning to read and write. George describes this class and says that it has made him feel better since he can now read and write for himself. He speaks about how his children feel having a Catawba father and a White mother. He expresses that he is proud of his family and being Catawba. George describes how his family used to make pottery for the federal government in Ohio from 1933 to 1940. He describes the process of making pottery and tells how his family decided to move to Ohio. He remembers how he and his family made money on the side performing dances for people in Ohio. His daughter speaks about a small pot that she found while swimming in a river. George speaks about his children and how there is still a demand for Catawba pottery in Ohio. He closes the interview by saying that he believes there are more opportunities for the Catawba than before and speaking about his job at the Highway Department.

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

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Interviewee: Lawrence Howard George
Interviewer: Emma Reid Echols
Date of Interview: September 26, 1972

E: This is Emma Reid Echols, Route 6, Box 260, Rock Hill, South Carolina, September 26, 1972. I'm working on the oral history of the Catawba Indians. And I'm visiting in the home of Mr. George. Mr. George, will you give me your full name?

G: Lawrence Howard George.

E: And your address?

G: 1172 East Black Street.

E: 1172 East Black, Rock Hill. Now, let's go back a little bit. Who were your mother and your father?

G: My mother was Early Brown's daughter, Evelyn Brown. And my father's name is John Marvin George.

E: Are your mother and your father both living?

G: Yes, ma'am.

E: Down near Route 3, Catawba. I know where they live. I'm going to see them soon. Then your grandparents were Edith and Early Brown?

G: Yes, ma'am.

E: Is that right?

G: Yes, ma'am.

E: Now on the other side, on your father's side, who was your father and mother?

G: Grandfather and grandmother?

E: Yeah, grandfather and grandmother.

G: John—I mean, his name was J.P. George. They called him J.P., but I don't remember whether that was his real name or not. And his wife's name was Easter George.

E: Mr. Easter George?

G: Yes, ma'am.

E: Now, what kin were they to Moroni George?

G: They weren't no kin at all.

E: Different family?

G: Different set of Georges.

E: The books say that there are no living full-blooded Indians at this time, that Ben Harris was the last full-blooded Indian. Do you think you're a full-blooded Indian?

G: Well, I was told I was. [Laughter] I don't know if I am or not, but that's what I was told ever since I been in this world.

E: Is that right?

G: Yes, ma'am.

E: Well, we'll have to follow back and see about that, because if I find any information about that you'll probably be interested in it. Now, you were brought up on the reservation, weren't you?

G: Yeah.

E: Tell me what it was like as a little boy on the reservation.

G: Oh, good gracious. Well, it was like everything else, I reckon. Was like, we get **out there** and go—well, we had our own school at that time when I was comin' up, but I didn't ever tend to it like I suppose to 'cause, see, my own little brothers

and sisters and my mother had me wait on them and tend to them. After they come home from school, well, my mother would be in from work, and then we'd get out there and we'd play, and run on down the hills and hollers, and play in the woods. Like go wild like. And so, we'd go down the riverbanks and fish and hunt.

E: Where did your mother work?

G: She worked in a textile mill at that time.

E: At that time.

G: Yes, ma'am.

E: Now, how many brothers and sisters did you have? There's a big family, I believe.

G: Yes, ma'am, there is. I can't really exactly recall, but I mean there's a good size of us. I think there's about eight or nine of us. I think **that's it**.

E: Now whereabouts was your home in relationship to the old reservation?

G: You mean down there?

E: Yes.

G: That's the only place I know of.

E: Now, where 'bouts did you live?

G: Oh, where I lived—down there where Edith Brown, right below where she stayed at. I stayed in the house, **not before** she stayed in **that now**. I stayed below her, in another house right below that. 'Bout, oh, I say, about a block below her.

E: Right. Where did you get your water?

G: Out of a spring.

E: Out of a spring. One of those springs is still there, aren't they?

G: Yes, ma'am. They're still in operation.

E: Did you ever go and get any water from the old, ancient spring over beyond the cemetery?

G: Oh, yes, ma'am. Yes, ma'am. Many times.

E: Many times. Then that spring is still there and kept up, I believe?

G: Yes, ma'am. It sure is.

E: Now, what did your father do for a living? Your mother was working textile mill.

G: He tried to do a little farming. He'd **just**, you know, work a little corn and maybe beans and stuff like that to try to make ends meet.

E: Did you have a few fruit trees too?

G: No, ma'am.

E: But you raised mostly vegetables and things like that that you ate?

G: Yes, ma'am. And he done a lot of fishin' and trappin' too.

E: Trapping. What kind of animals?

G: Well, he caught minks, and muskrats, and possums, and stuff like that.

E: Now, I didn't know they were many mink here at the time.

G: Yes, ma'am. They still do that.

E: And now would he prepare the skins and sell them?

G: Yes, ma'am.

E: Did you ever help him do that?

G: No, ma'am. I never been interested in nothin' like that. All I was interested in was playin' and runnin’ and rompin' all the time.

E: Playin' and runnin'. Well, you had to have some fun. Tell me about this school. What was school like?

G: Well, see, I never did go. To be honest with you, I never did go to school a day in my life.

E: You didn't?

G: No, ma'am. To be honest with you.

E: Now, the article in the *Evening Herald* last night tells about you going to the adult education class and learning to read for the first time. And I think that's a marvelous thing. Tell me about your education in the—

G: Well—

E: That class.

G: As far as I can tell you—I started last year. Yeah, last year. I started last year and then I didn't know no one. I went out there on my own. I mean I knowed a good friend of mine. He, you know, invited me to go out with him. And so, I went out there with him and he said, “If you don't like it, you don't have to go.” So, I went on out there with him and I met Miss Bolt. She said, "We'd like to have you come back." And I said, "Well, I'd love to come back." Well, I talked to another nice lady out there and she said, "Well, would you be kind enough to go to school?" I said, "I'll come out to see what it's like first time. If I like it, I might take you offer up on it." So, they said, "Well, we'll sign you up and if you don't like it you don't have to go.” I went ahead and they signed my name and everythin', but then I couldn't read and write. But now I can a little bit. I couldn't hardly write—I didn't even

know my own name half of the time at that time. But now I know it just as good as I reckon anybody else do.

E: Of course you do.

G: And then she told me, said, “I went ahead and talked to 'em.” And so, last night, now, out there, they give me a big birthday party. Yesterday was my birthday. The twenty-sixth of this month.

E: Yeah. They gave you a big birthday party and they're proud of you because you had learned to read and write.

G: Yes, ma' am.

E: Now, you've been getting a check from the state Highway Department, and you've been signing it how?

G: Well, I put a big "X" on the back of it.

E: Big "X" on the back of it? That was your signature?

G: That was my name.

E: And now you're signing your own checks?

G: Yes, ma'am.

E: Well, I know that. Now your teacher is Mrs. Bolt, who is now a teacher at in special education at Northside School, and she's been doing this kind of work for a number of years. And she is justly proud of you and some of her other pupils. Now, tell me the method she uses to teach you your letters and teach you to read.

G: Well, she try to tell you like this. She got these alphabetical like ABCs and all that kind of stuff, and she got 'em in big letters and they got just like—I don't know

how you would exactly explain it but—it's big ol' letters, and it's ABCs, all the way through. A, B, C, up to Z. And then they got small letters and she'll put 'em all on a piece of cardboard and stand 'em up in front of you. Then she gets you up in front of the whole—we got thirty-six in class at this time, this year—and she gets you up in front of the class and she say, "Well, you say them ABCs and where you make a mistake, I'll correct you." Well, I can go through them things just like a top, little ones and big ones.

E: I bet you can. And you could match the little ones and the big ones.

G: Yes, ma'am.

E: And you not only know them in sequence, but you know them by themselves, don't you?

G: Yes, ma'am.

E: Now, of course, you can spell you own name now, can't you?

G: Yes, ma'am.

E: Spell your name for me.

G: You mean my whole name?

E: Yeah.

G: I can't spell "Lawrence."

E: Well, I mean just "Marvin."

G: That's "Howard."

E: "Howard," yes.

G: That's H-O-W-A-R-D G-E-O-R-G-E.

E: That's right, Howard George.

G: Well, I mean I try—I'm learning to spell "Lawrence." I mean I **might** spell it right or wrong, but she's tryin' to learn to spell "Lawrence." I says, "L-A-R-E-W-E-, N-C-E."

E: It won't be long before you'll be writing that one, too.

G: Well, I'm learnin' to write it now.

E: Now, of all the things that you've done, has this given you a great deal of happiness and satisfaction?

G: Well, I feel a lot better than I did back, say, three or four years ago. Was a lot **to say**, my wife, I mean, when I write—I mean, I get letters from up North from a lot of my friends up North who I go see every year. Well, I have to have her or maybe my daughter sittin' over here, they gonna write for me. Now I want to do it myself.

E: Of course.

G: And I feel more better when I do it for myself, and I say I don't have to, you know, run and beg my wife to do it or my daughter to do it.

E: That's right.

G: And I can set down and do my own writin', and then I won't have to, you know, ask my wife to do my writin' for me. I can just go ahead and do what I want to do and get it over with.

E: Now, when you did not have a chance to go to school and you helped your father trapping and fishing and playing around about, what was your first job?

G: You mean, out with the public.

E: Yes, to earn some money.

G: First job … I reckon it'd be the highway department.

E: Highway department?

G: Yes, ma'am.

E: You're married since then. Now tell me who you married.

G: The lady I'm married to?

E: Mmhm.

G: Yes, her name's Aline Burgess.

E: And she's a White girl?

G: Yes, ma'am.

E: And so, your children are half-White and half-Indian.

G: Half and half, I think. [Laughter]

E: Are you proud of being an Indian?

G: Oh, yes. Every bit of it.

E: Now what about your children? Are they proud of being Indians?

G: Well, I don't know. I imagine they are. I mean they think a lot of theirselves, and I'm proud to have nice children and a wife give me children and all that. But now we got some little oddballs in the crowd. There's one called Rusty. Now, she's dark like myself.

E: You had Rusty and she has brown eyes and dark hair. She would be a beautiful Indian girl dressed up in an Indian costume, wouldn't she?

G: Yes, ma'am. She sure would.

E: Now, you have been interested in the pottery making. Did your mother make pottery?

G: Yes, ma'am, we went to Ohio in 1934, I think it was, [19]32 or [19]34, somewhere along there, and we stayed up there from 1940. And we made pottery for the federal government, at that time. We stayed up there all that time and we made pottery for the government up there. We made pottery up there for 'em. And the first two years we went up there, they sold just like hotcakes. And, well, after the third year—maybe the fourth year, I ain't exactly recall back, I don't remember exactly—we made it so much of it up there, we just couldn't get rid of it. It wouldn't sell. So, there's a good friend of mine I still know right to today, he—I reckon we ought to call his name out, I don't know whether we oughta or not, but I'm gonna call his name anyhow, his name is Pete Stankovich. And now, he come to the reservation up there where we was livin' at and he asked my mother and says, "How come you ain't sell any pottery?" My granddaddy said, "We can't sell it. Pottery **won't** sell." And so, he said, "Well, you give me a hairpin, a breastpin one, I'll draw some little birds and little things on there and flowers on 'em and maybe they'll sell." Well, he starts drawin' up birds and things on our pottery and stuff up there, and writin' the names up on 'em. Writin' the names who made it, and what day it was made in like, and all, and what year. People started comin' in there and lookin' at it and picking it up and lookin' at the little birds, then pick it up and turn it over bottom side up and then they see the name who made it, and then they started sellin' again. Just went like hotcakes then.

E: Well, now wasn't that fine. How many summers did you go up there? Three?

G: No, ma'am. I stayed up there from [19]33 to 1940.

E: Oh, yes.

G: Yes, ma’am.

E: Now let's see the ones that went with you. Your grandparents went, that was Edith and Early Brown—

G: No, ma'am.

E: No, you tell me.

G: Early Brown went, and his second wife, Emma Brown. My mother, Evelyn George and Marvin George, that was man and wife. And my brother Charles George, and myself, Howard, and another fella called William Brown. That was my mother's baby brother.

E: That's right. Now, at another time the Ferrell girl went, Alberta.

G: Yes, ma'am.

E: Now which year did she go with you?

G: She went up there the last year we they went up there. See, the last year, me and my mother and my father didn't go. She went with my granddaddy and grandmother, and they went up there, and then they took them with them, you know.

E: Now, not only here were older people. Here were a young man—you were a young man at that time—and then then here were children. Did all of you have a part in demonstrating that pottery?

G: Yes, ma'am.

E: You had to scrape it and prepare it right there before people—

G: Well, you make it up like you makin’ up dough, then you make your little pot, there what you gonna make. Then you set it up and let it dry. Then you take it,

scrape it down, then after you scrape it down, then you turn it around like that. Then you dampen it and you rub it with rock, and then after that you polish it—I mean you polish it with stone, or somethin'. Then you get enough—maybe fifteen, twenty dozen—made up like that. Then you set it back and then—'til you get enough made up, and then you put it in the fire and then burn it. And then you takes four kinds of wood. You can take ash wood, you take oak wood, and you take black locust, and that turns out the prettiest color pottery you ever seen in your life. It turns it all different colors. Just red, gray, brown, black—they're just spots that make such beautiful colors.

E: Tell me what sort of oven you use to bake that pottery in?

G: Ma'am?

E: What kind of oven did you use to bake it?

G: We didn't.

E: Well—

G: Well, we just had a big pit out in the yard. There was a big ol' hole in the ground. Daggum big ol'—I call a vat. And then you put your wood down in there and make a big bed of ashes, hot ashes. Then lay your pottery all 'round down in there and cover 'em up. Then you put your oak wood and your black locust and your other kind of wood, you know, in on top of it. Let it just come to a slow burn. Don't built a big heaping fire, just real slow fire. And it make it like that and if you don't build a big heaping fire, make a slow one, it, you know, takes it and it cooks it better, and it won't crack and pop.

E: Now was the pottery you turned out up there different in color from the pottery that you had here on the reservation?

G: No, ma'am. It's the same thing.

E: Same color?

G: Yes, ma'am.

E: Now did you take your own clay with you when you went?

G: Yes, ma'am.

E: So, it turned out the very same?

G: The first year we went there, there was a fella come here, they called George Tyler. He was on his way to Florida and he was studyin' on the same thing you studyin' on, on the history on the Indians. So, my granddaddy—he would cross the ferry down there and he told him, said, "Well, sir, I'm lookin' for some Indians." Says, "I hear there's Indians down in here. I want to find out if these is really Indians, I want to find out if, you know, they've got—I want to find out what they trade is, trademark." My granddaddy said, "Well, I got some stuff at the house you'd probably be really interested in." He said, "What you got?" So, my granddaddy carries him across the ferry, up on the hill. I was a little fella. I could still remember like if it happened yesterday. And that was in 1932 or [19]33. So, they carried him up on the hill and showed him. My mother's out in the yard and father, he was—I don't what he was doin' exactly right at the time—but my mother and my grandmother was makin' pottery. And so, he comes up there and he asks 'em, says, "What y'all ladies doin'?" My mother said, "We're makin' pottery." He said, "May I see some of it?" Well, Granddaddy said, "Well, come on

in the house and I'll show you some more." And he went in the house and we had a whole big ol' room back in the back, you know, I called the **light** room. And it was just full of pottery, all you could do. Well, then we swapped pottery for clothes and food back then. And so, he took up a likin' and he asked my father and my mother, granddaddy, said, "Would y'all want to do away with some of that?" My granddaddy said, "Yes, we'll do away with it. It's for sale." Says, "Anybody buy it. Folks buy it crossing the ferry every day." Just like that. So, he said, "Well, sir, what about me buyin' two or three hundred dollars from you?" Said, "I'll buy that much from you and I'll give you top price for it." Said, "And I'll carry it back to Ohio. When I carry it up there, if I can sell it, I'll send back for you." And says, "I'll send back for you in two to three weeks. I'll send you money to come on the bus and I'll send you enough money to get enough of this"—he call it, "mud," and we call it "clay." Said, "We'll send you enough money to put enough clay on the train in Rock Hill and send it to Cleveland"—I mean up to Ohio where we go, New Philadelphia, Ohio. "Then you come on up there." Well, we give him the pottery and he took on, went back to Ohio. My granddaddy said, "Well, that's gone." Said, "We won't ever see that man no more, never hear from him." And, well, we didn't think no more and the next two or three days later, the mailman, he used to drive an old horse and buggy, and I can remember that—

E: Who was the mailman?

G: Mr. Patton, Robert Patton.

E: I know him, yes. I knew him.

G: Well, that was our first mailman. Come through the reservation. When he'd get ready to go through the reservation, he'd come down to the ferry and stay down there, maybe sit around and talk maybe an hour or two with my granddaddy. Well, he come down, he told my granddad, he said, "Mr. Brown, I've got a registered letter here for you." Said, "I don't know if it's worthwhile or not, but if you want it, I'll give it to you." My granddaddy said, "Well, where's it from?" He said, "It's from Ohio." And my granddaddy said, "Well, I'll sign for it." Well, he put a big "X" up on his letter, just like that. He couldn't write and read. Well, he took the letter and he read it—Mr. Patton read it to my granddaddy. Granddaddy accepted. And then he said, "Well, he wants you in Cleveland, Ohio, in a certain such a day, you know." I think it was the twenty-first day of May. We worked there from first week in May up 'til daggum Labor Day. All summer and then we come home in the winter. And so, we went up there and we took and got all our stuff and they told us where to go to the post office up here to get money orders. We went and come to the post office and got money orders, then we got all our stuff and he told us, "Don't bring no clothes with you, just put what you gonna wear up there. We got your clothes waitin' on you." Well, when we got there, it was at midnight. And we got to the place where we supposed to spend the night and they give us—they gone, the next mornin'—they give us little Indian costumes and things, dressed up like real Indians then. So, we went ahead and stayed up there and made that stuff. It was a real nice place up there.

E: Now, they furnished you a place to stay?

G: Yes ma' am.

E: And your food and they gave you money for transportation and you sold your pottery. Did they pay you a salary each week?

G: They paid us by the month.

E: By the month?

G: Yes, ma'am.

E: And then what you sold for your pottery you made over and beyond that?

G: Yes, ma'am. Well, see, we was makin' it for the government up there.

E: Yes.

G: But the government has so much, you know, takes so much in a time and then, well, we could sell on the side. We get that from **used**.

E: Yes.

G: And then my mother and myself and, well, we'd get out there and the people on Sundays, well, we didn't do nothin' on Sundays. Just set around the house, I mean the little log houses we stayed in. On Sundays, you know, we stayed around there and we made nothin'. Just like dead on Sunday. I mean, there wouldn't be nothin' to do. Just sit around, people passin' by, all two or three thousand people passin' through there and they's be wantin' to talk to you, and we wasn't supposed to talk to 'em. But my mother, she talked back to 'em, you know. So, they wanted to know if we could dance. My mother said, "Yes, we can dance." So, some lady asked her, said, "Well, we'll pay y'all if y'all can dance." So, my mother gets up and she dances a couple rounds for 'em. They started just like bees, swarmin' in everywhere to her.

E: Now, did they have any music for your mother to dance by?

G: No, ma'am.

E: They were just clappin' hands?

G: Clappin' hands.

E: And were all of you clapping hands?

G: Yes, ma'am. And we did that. My mother danced, my father, my granddad, and myself, tried to, put it that way. And they'd give us tips, you know, to dancin' for 'em. Then the federal government found out we could do somethin' like that, and he just give me, my brother, and my granddad a big drum. Said, “If y'all can make money on the side like this, that's y'all's money.” Said, “That ain't mine.” Said, “I ain’t got nothin' to do with it.”

E: So, they gave you a big drum so that you really could dance?

G: And make the music—

E: Did your grandfather, Early Brown, play that drum?

G: Yes, ma'am, He could play one.

E: And did you have any certain name for those dances?

G: Well, they called, some of 'em called rain dances and I forget the others. There's a bunch of other kinds of names—

E: You dance different kinds of dances?

G: Yes, ma'am.

E: Now tell me some of the names of the dances. Rain dance and what else?

G: I don't recollect right off hand. Let's see, there's a rain dance, and bird dance, or somethin' like that, and there's two or three or 'em, I can't remember 'em all, but

my mother knew 'em all when she was, you know, a young lady. But it's real complicated. **Not that** easy. You can catch on if you watch real close, you know.

E: Now, do any of your children dance today like that?

G: No, ma'am.

U1: Mmhm.

G: One of my sons, he was—

U1: Tommy **was dancing**.

E: Tommy?

G: Yes, ma'am.

E: Does he dance?

G: Some. Yes, ma'am.

E: Some. Now what about the pottery making? You did some scraping and so forth. Do you do any pottery, anything in pottery now?

G: No, ma'am.

E: Do any of your children do anything with pottery?

G: Tommy fooled with it out at Ms. Ferrell's a lot, but as far as most children, they don't.

E: Now I hold in my hand a little tiny pot that Rita here gave me.

U1: It’s Rusty.

E: Yes, Rusty. Excuse me. Now, who made this?

U1: We don't know. We was fishin' down at the river—

U2: Down on by the ferry down there **in the river**.

U1: And she was wadin' around in the water, down at the ferry where Grandpa Early used to run it, she was wadin' around and she picked it up. She found it. She found that piece of pottery layin' in the river,

E: This was down near the river, down near the ferry, and you found it as you waded in the river. It has no name on it, but it's a very pretty color. A little tiny, tiny pot. And this is one you oughta treasure. Do you have any of your pots at all?

G: No, ma'am.

E: You wish you had, didn't you?

G: Oh, yes. I wished a **thousand paper**.

E: Now, your mother has that talent and she's still living. Does she make any pottery now?

G: She don't, well, she works all the time. She don't really have the time. She probably would though if she, you know, if she could get hold of the clay and stuff. She said one time she was gonna start making some.

E: Is your mother still working in the mill?

G: No, ma'am. She works in some kinda mill that makes these draperies, curtains and things.

E: Yes.

G: And Matthew's gonna **apply on there**.

E: Oh, yes. So, she would only be home in the evening?

G: Yes, ma'am. 'Bout 6:00, 7:00 in the evening.

E: I'd like to go see her and see if she still remembers how to make this pottery that you're talking about.

G: She probably would.

U2: She **likes** to go to **Hose Avenue**.

E: What women do you know in the reservation that do make pottery now?

G: Well, I know Alberta Farrell, Arzada Sanders, Doris Blue, Lillie Beck, Sally Beck, and Frances Wade, and that's about it.

E: Do you think that ever it could be sold? You used to sell it up in Ohio. You think if it was made in large quantities it could be sold? Now, Arzada sells all she can make.

G: Yes, ma'am. Well, yes, back last year when I went to Ohio, I could took maybe four or five hundred dollars' worth with me up there and just sell it like that 'cause they—I mean I go up there every year and every year I go up there they beg me, "Why don't you bring some pottery up here?" And said, "You used to sell it like hotcakes." Folks, these people down here, they think they—I don't know, they kinda awfully odd. They don't even want to offer to sell to nobody else.

E: Yes. But you still go back up to Ohio to visit every year?

G: Yes, ma'am. They like it.

E: Who did you take with you the last time you went to Ohio?

G: Rita.

E: Rita.

G: Yes, ma'am.

E: Rita's not here to tell about it herself. Rusty's here. Has Rusty ever gone with you?

G: No, ma'am.

E: Just Rita has gone.

G: Flonnie. I took Flonnie, my oldest daughter sittin' over there. I took her the first year I went.

E: I know she had a good time. Now, tell me about how many children you have.

G: I got seven children.

E: Now will you name 'em?

G: Tommy, well, Thomas Howard, and then Flonnie Evelyn, then Rita **Shaw**, Fanny Lavinia, Peggy Jean, Neal Robert, and then Marvin Kelly.

E: The baby is Marvin. Your little baby boy's named Marvin. I'd forgotten his name. Well, that's a big family to support and how long have you been with the highway department?

U1: Eighteen years.

E: Eighteen years? Now, how old are you now?

G: I was forty-one years old yesterday.

E: Forty-one years old yesterday and you been eighteen years. Now, you will keep on with them until you retire, and you will get a pension, I hope, when you retire. Will you with the highway department?

G: Well, I hope to be there 'til I retire but at the rate they're goin' now, shoot—they're talking about lettin' a bunch of 'em go, but my boss man told me this mornin', said

I didn't have no worry 'bout nothing 'cause I got a good, you know, attitude ‘bout working and said I work regular and all that, so I didn't have nothin' to worry 'bout.

E: Now, there's something interesting brought out in the *Evening Herald* 'bout how you got your nickname. What is your nickname, your Indian nickname?

G: Well, they call me Runnin' Bear, but—

[Break in recording]

E: You were mentioning the ones that make pottery. Your father was interested in it. Does he still make a little bit of pottery sometimes? If he has the clay?

G: Well, he could, I imagine, if he had, but see, he's been retired from workin' and he ain’t able to do nothin' much ‘cause he’s disabled just about. He don’t get around too much.

E: Well, now, let's come back to this idea—you think the condition of the Indians today is much better than it used to be when you were a little boy? Do you have better opportunities for work?

G: Oh, yes. Yes, ma'am. Like it is—I mean, in my opinion, back then people looked down on the Indians for some reason. I don't know why, but they just looked down on 'em. But yet nowadays, got more opportunities now to get out and mingle with the White and work with the White and all that. Have better chances to get, you know, better jobs and all that. Back then they couldn't do nothing but farm and raise cotton. Little cotton, little corn, you know, no garden.

E: And now you can do anything that you’re capable of doing. Now what sort of machine do you drive for the highway department?

G: I don’t.

E: You do work with your hands?

G: Yes, ma'am. I just do anything except operate anything. You know, machinery.

E: Well, you got a good job with the highway department. I hope you can keep it too.

G: Well, thank you, ma’am.

[End of interview]

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