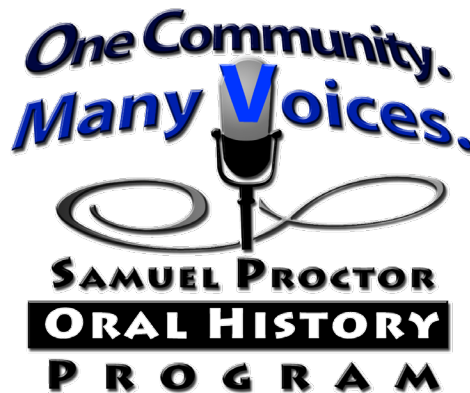


Era Mae Blue

**Southeastern Indian Oral History Project (SIOHP)
CAT-154**

Interview by:

**Emma Reid Echols
April 6, 1983**



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33 minutes | 21 pages

Abstract: Era Mae Blue discusses her first abusive marriage, which brought her to York, South Carolina, as well as the process of obtaining a divorce. She talks about marrying Leroy Blue, who was Chief Sam Blue's son. Chief Sam Blue convinced Era Mae to take up pottery making. She discusses her children and the homesites she and Leroy have given them. She talks about retaining those sites for her children. She discusses her duties with the Mormon Church. She reflects on the influence that Chief Samuel Taylor Blue has had in her life. She talks about her relationship with other people on the reservation.

Keywords: [Catawba Nation; Chief Samuel Taylor Blue; South Carolina--Rock Hill; Oral biography; Family histories]

SAMUEL PROCTOR
ORAL HISTORY
PROGRAM
University of Florida

CAT 154

Interviewee: Era Mae Blue

Interviewer: Emma Reid Echols

Date of Interview: April 6, 1983

E: April 6, 1983. I'm recording the oral history of the Catawba Indians. Mrs. Blue, give me your name.

B: Era Mae Blue.

E: Era, that is a very unusual name.

B: Yes, it is.

E: Now, you're not a Catawba Indian, but of course you married Chief Sam Blue's son. How did you ever happen to meet this man you married?

B: Well, I was first married to a man that lived here, but I was born and raised in Alabama. And this man that I married when I was quite young—and my father had married his half-sister after my mother's death. He wrote to her and told her, "I want you to get me a girl." His wife had died. He said, "I need a girl from down in Alabama." And unbeknownst to me, she wrote and told him to write to me. She gave him my name and address. Well, I was raised in the country, and we didn't know anything about, you know, getting out and going with boys and all that. Course, I had a childhood sweetheart, but it never amounted to anything. We just saw each other at church and school. This man came down there, and I didn't think anything about him. I didn't like his looks. I never did like a short man, and he was real short. He told her, "Now, you see if you can talk her into writing to me." My daddy was a farmer, and we worked awful hard for a living back then. There was no things like cotton mills and things like that, work that people could do, it was just strictly farming, nothing else. I was the oldest child in the family, and my daddy made a boy out of me. I had to do a man's work. He was a good

man, he was an honest man, but like I told my son—we've just been to Alabama this weekend and came back—I said one thing I have always missed ... my daddy never called me by my name. And he never took me on his lap, and he never kissed me. The whole life that I spent at his home, he didn't. He was just, I don't know, he was a person you couldn't get close to. He didn't get close to us children. Well, he had seven other children by his second wife, and I was the only one living by my mother. So, she started to talk to me, and she said, "You have to work so hard." She was a good woman, hard worker. She says, "You have to work so hard, and you don't get anything for it." Well, I would raise chickens and catch them and put them under my arm and walk to a little country store and swap them for cloth to make a new dress. That's how hard times were then. Another cousin of mine, she said, "That would be the best thing for you 'cause it'll get you off of this farm." And she said, "Now that man looked mighty nice." This is kind of funny to me now. She said, "You know, he even wears silk socks." Well, I'd never seen a silk sock in my life, you know. I didn't know what it was. [Laughter] But anyway, the two of them talked me into marrying this man. And he came down and picked me up, and—we didn't get married in Alabama. Now, they could have got him for White slavery or something because I was underage. I wasn't near eighteen. We came back here and went to York up here and got married, and I lived with him for ten years.

E: What was that husband's name?

B: Phillip **Hammond**.

E: Phillip **Hammond**. All right, now go ahead.

B: Well, I was a young girl, you know, and I had never been out—honestly, I'd ever been anywhere. I went to this industrial cotton mill over there and went to work. He had told me this story that he owned a home and that he had a maid that stayed there and does his work. When I got there, he was boarding with this family and paying them six dollars a week board, and he was behind on his board and I had to go to work to help him catch it up. [Laughter] It was just, you know, it was just false from beginning to end. There was nothing in it that attracted me at all. But anyway, my grandmother always told me, she said, "When you do something, do it the very best you can, and don't give up on nothing. So just keep trying." I kind of had that in my head, you know. I said, "Well" He didn't want me to have any friends, and he got so jealous until it was just miserable living in the house with him. If we bought furniture or had a bill and somebody came to collect it, he dared me to go to that door. He didn't allow me to speak to no men at all. [Laughter] Oh, I felt like I was a slave, you know, somebody put away, I had no advantage or privileges at all. So, I stuck with him for ten years. Several people told me, "This is going to kill you if you don't get out of it. Now, there's no sense in the world him treating you like that because he's an old man and has lived his life." He was **twenty**-two years older than I was, and I hadn't had any chance of living life at all yet. So whenever he got miserable, if I didn't do just what he said, he'd take me on down to the pasture and in to the lady that boarded with him. She said that her parents or somebody got sick up in Hatfield, and she went up there to visit them, and she said, "Now, I'm going to leave you here to do your own cooking. You won't have to pay any

board this week.” So, she had this merchant that came by—well, he was a groceryman. He came by every other day and took orders for fresh meats and stuff and anything you wanted, you could have. And when he came, well, my husband wouldn’t let me go to the door and order anything. So, we just ate what was in the house. One morning, he came, and I happened to be on the back porch washing my hands. He says, “Oh, I caught you at last.” He says, “What do you need in the vegetable line today?” I said, “I don’t think anything.” He says, “Well, how you living?” I said, “We’re getting by.” And my husband came out, and he told him, he says, “Ain’t no need for you be coming here. We won’t give you any orders for groceries, we got all we need.” He got so mad at me that he took me down to that pasture at the **industrial plant** and had a gun with him. He pulled that gun out and told me he was going to shoot me and all that. I said, “Go ahead. I’d rather be dead anyway as to live in hell all my life.” And I just dared him to shoot me. And he put the gun back in his pocket, and he came back. So, after the ten years was up, I just couldn’t take any more. So I told him that I had made up my mind that I was going to divorce him because I couldn’t live in those conditions. And he said, “Well, if nothing else would please me.” At that time, you couldn’t get a divorce in South Carolina, so he says he had a cousin down in—I forgot the name of the town—in Georgia. He says, “I’ll go down there and establish residence and put in for a divorce.” So, I gave him the money to pay for the divorce. I was going to pay for it myself. He came back, and he said, “Did you get the papers to sign?” I said, “Yes, I signed the papers.” And he says, “Well, I’m going back down there, and stay there until the divorce comes through.” So,

while he was gone, I moved my stuff out of the house and got me a place to stay. Right before he came back, he wrote me and he said that he didn't have quite enough money to pay for the divorce, so a friend of mine that worked down there in the mill—I didn't have no way to get to the post office, I had to send the money over, so I got him to send it for me. I gave him the money, and he went to send it. When this husband of mine came back, he said, "Well, it'll be here in about—it'll be over with—" I believe he said by first of December. And I stayed on over there. Well, I met my husband going to church. We didn't have a church around here, but they were having Sunday school in church uptown in an old drugstore building. I've always been a Mormon. So, he was Mormon, too. I met him, and we just liked each other from the very start. And the twenty-first day of January that next year, we were married. We moved down on the reservation, there was a little house setting down—you know where Lula Beck lives?

E: Yes.

B: Well, it was right across the road where Major has his garden. There's a little three-room house setting there, and that's where we moved in. I think it was about the last of March or the first of April. Our president came from the Southern States Mission, and they had a big conference down there. There were about fourteen missionaries, and while that conference was going on ... Let me get some water. My mouth is getting dry.

[Break in recording]

E: Now, tell me your husband's full name, and where were you married?

B: Henry Leroy Blue, and we were married in Chester.

E: And then you went to live down on the reservation?

B: Yes, ma'am.

E: Not far from the old well, the old village well across the road.

B: That's right.

E: Now go ahead, you were telling me about the convention.

B: Well, that was a terrible crowd there, about all the Indians flocked in for that conference. Chief Sam Blue came in, but he went out. Somebody called him. He went outside, and he came back in, and he came to me. He said, "Somebody out there wants to see you." So, I got up and went on out. It was the chief of police from Rock Hill. And he said, "Well, I hate to do this," but he says, "you know, your first husband has a warrant out for you, for bigamy." He told me I had married my husband without being divorced from him. I said, "Well, how could that be? I paid for the divorce, I signed the papers." He said, "Well, I'm sorry. I've got a warrant here for you." So, Chief came out on out with me. He said, "Daughter, what's wrong?" And I told him. And he asked the policeman, "Couldn't she stay until the meeting's over?" He said, "No." So he said, "Okay." He went back in and explained to the others that he had some business to attend to that was urgent. So, he called or went up to Mr. Ray Carter's home and asked him if he could pay my bond. He said, "Yes, sir, I'll be glad to." So, we went on to town, and Ms. Emerald McKinnen—did you ever know her? She was a health nurse. She was a good friend of the Chief's, and she knew me well, too, and she walked up, she said, "You're not gonna lock this lady up! I know Chief Blue, I know his family, and I know her. She has done nothing wrong. You're not going to lock her up!"

So, Mr. Ray Carter came up and posted bond for me, and I went on back home. Jim C. Davis—did you ever know of any Jim Davis that taught school on the reservation? I think it was a couple of weeks later that we had to go up and meet the magistrate. My husband went and talked to John Black, lawyer Black, who's dead. And he says, "I'll be right over." So, we went in, and my first husband was sitting there, and the magistrate started asking questions. Says, "Did you know you married this man without a divorce?" I said, "No, sir." I says, "I paid for my divorce. That man right there got it in Georgia." He says, "No. He put in for it, but he didn't pay for it." So, there I was, married to Leroy without a divorce. And Mr. Black talked to him, he says, "Why did you do a thing like this?" And he just sat there like he didn't know what to say. He said, "Well, you know, she has the right to have you locked up because you used the money that she gave you for something else. You just can't do things like that this day and time." So, he said that I didn't send enough money to pay for the divorce. And this young man, Chester Harris, I don't know whether you ever knew Chester or not. He got up, and he says, "She sent all the money because I went to the post office and sent it to him by money order," and that knocked him out there. So, Mr. Black and the magistrate told him, "We'll give you"—I've forgotten how many days it was—"to go and get this divorce and pay for it." They told me to go on back home and forget it. We had the rough ground to travel from the very start—seemed like things went wrong then. Well, on the twentieth day of December of that same year, my son was born. We married in January, he was born in December. My first husband always told me that I didn't have any children by him. I didn't know

why, but I always trusted the Lord, and I just prayed to him day and night that I would never have a child by him because I didn't love him, and I was afraid if I had a child, then I would be compelled to stay with him. [Laughter] But it's all worked out all right. He went and got the divorce, and he went back to Alabama and married a lady down there. So me and Leroy started off our life.

E: What was Leroy doing for a living then?

B: He was working at the Rock Hill Printing and Finishing Company.

E: That was a very good job for then?

B: Yes, but something else happened. You might not believe this. [Laughter] We were married about two or three months, I think, and he came home one night and said they had fired him. And I said, "Well, what about?" He said his brother, Nelson Blue, who we've got a picture of right there, had had him blackballed at the **plant**. See, I had went with Nelson's second daughter, Lucille—I had went with her to get married. And he got mad at us. Well, Leroy went, too. He got mad at us because we went with his daughter to get married. He didn't want her to marry the man she married. So, to get back at him, he blackballed at the **plant**. Then he came back, and he couldn't get a job anywhere else, so he went across the river there and worked for Mr. Nisbet. He cut wood and cleaned ditches and just done everything.

E: What Nisbet was that?

B: It was the old one.

E: The one where you get clay over there?

B: Mmhm.

E: Yeah, I know them. Oliver Nisbet.

B: That's right, that's who it was. So, we were having it pretty hard, and one day Chief came out there, and he said, "Daughter, why don't you start making Indian pottery?" I said, "Brother Blue, I could never make Indian pottery." He says, "Have you tried?" I said, "No." He said, "Momma's making some"—that was his wife—"come on out here and see if you can't make." And he said, "You don't need to make a good living out here. At least make enough money to buy groceries and things. You wouldn't have to want for things." So, I went out there, and she pinched me off a piece of clay and handed it to me. And I kind of worked around with it, and I said, "Well, I think I'll make an Indian canoe," and I made the prettiest little canoe you ever saw. I started to, you know, **heat it together**. She said, "Don't do that, please don't do that! Just sit it right down here and get you another piece." [Laughter] So I sat there and watched her a little while, and Leroy went and got me some clay and fixed it up for me. I was sitting out at the back—I didn't like to make them in the house because you messed up the house. I got in a chair and set out the back door and had my pottery stuff on the back steps. One of the police from town came through, and he stopped and looked at me out there. If he was hunting somebody, they always came to Chief Blue to find out where they lived. And he says, "Chief, ain't that a White woman out there making that pottery?" He said, "Yeah." He says, "Well, I didn't know White people could do that." He said, "Well, she has a little Indian in her"—I was pregnant, you know, with my first son. [Laughter] So I started to making that pottery, and I got to thinking. I said, "Now that's that sister, Liza Gordon"—do you know her?

[inaudible 18:02] and Eliza, different ones then, had a pottery stand just on the opposite of the road there, right beside the church. And I said, "Now, if I make pottery and put it out there, and if they buy mine and don't buy hers, I'm afraid she will get mad." The Chief said, "Don't think another word about it. You go ahead and make your pottery and put it out there, and if they buy it, good. If she can't compete with you, good!" So, I made pottery. I think I made about a dozen pieces. I finished it up, and Leroy burned it. He put it out on the table on Sunday and sold every piece of it. Chief came out, and he said, "See that? I told you." So that just gave me a lot of enthusiasm, you know, to really learn how to make pottery, and I did. I just learned—I was just about equal with the rest of them. Now, Nola Campbell and Georgia Harris was two I couldn't compete with because they've done it so long, you know? They just have hands to work in that clay. They can make the prettiest pottery, but what I made, it sold. I've got a little bunch in there now that I'm going to burn. [Laughter] I've had it for a couple years but haven't burned it.

E: I want to see that now when we get through talking. Now, Chief Blue was living just across the road from you in a little place. The well was out in the center, and the old Mormon church was right there. That was the white cement block building that you remember.

B: That's right. Mmhm. Yes, ma'am.

E: We've got the picture now.

B: Yes.

E: Now go ahead and tell me about the rest of it, when your baby was born—

B: Yes. My son was born. This is him right here. Brother Irving Gordon—we always call each other brother and sister, you know—he came out after he was about, oh, I guess about six months old. He came out one day, and it was in the summertime. We were sitting out in the yard, and he was kind of standing alone. He was the cutest little fella you have ever seen. His complexion was just rosy-like. But when he got out in the sun, the freckles started coming. Oh, he just got freckles all over him. Brother Gordon says, “You know, that child is too pretty to live on this reservation. You ought to take him and move away!” [Laughter] I said, “No. I’m gonna raise him right here on this reservation.” Well, two years, my second son was born, this one right here.

E: Now, do we have the names of your children?

B: Bobby. This was Randall Lavonne. This was Bobby Everett.

E: Yes.

B: Then I had one daughter born in that house.

E: What was your daughter’s name?

B: Patsy Lynette. She was born in that same house where the three were born. And then Nelson Blue had a house over on the hill where the road comes down and goes over there—it was right over there. He wanted Leroy to move into his house. He had kind of got over his mad spell. He had apple trees and things around there. He said people destroyed everything he had, and he never did get no fruit from the trees. So we moved over there. Then I had Priscilla Lane Blue, Shirley Ann Blue, Carson Taylor Blue. They were all born in that house. When we moved up here, and they gave all this land to the Indians, well, they had given

this place here to Herbert Blue. But him and his wife lived in town. She said, "I don't know whether I can live out there after living in town or not." So, Herbert and Virginia and Marcia, two of Herbert's daughters, came out here, and they kind of cleaned the place out and put one coat of paint on the inside. He said to his wife, "Come out here." She said, "Herbert, I just can't live out there. 'Cause that's too far from anybody. I'm used to having neighbors." Well, this was the only house here. There was an old one setting over down that hill, but the people had already moved out, and it was about to fall in, too. So Herbert says, "Leroy, if you want that place, and if you don't have a house of your own, go ahead and move out there." So, we moved in here, and we stayed here. And then when they divided up the land, Leroy and all the children got the land right here. This is our homesite. Right out here, we gave our son Carson a homesite. And right over there, my youngest son that was born here, Harry Reed, well, we gave him that place over there. Well, he selected that, and he [inaudible 22:23] My two girls that were still at home—let's see, Lavonne, Bobby, and Patsy were married at that time, and so they got their land different places. But the two young boys and the two girls were still here, so they have a homesite across the road over there.

E: It's so good for you to have this tract. This is called the Freedom Tract, and you all have your homes close by. I'm so glad you haven't sold it.

B: There's a lot of people been wanting to buy this open land out here, but it belongs to my two daughters. One lives in Rigby, Idaho. Her and her husband has a farm out there. The other one lives in Laguna, New Mexico. They live on a

government compound, and she says when her husband retires, she's coming back here and build a home.

E: I hope she does.

B: So, Mr. Williams over there has got this Catawba laboratory on the—

E: That's Mr. Edgar Williams.

B: Mmhm. He came over here and told Leroy that he had a friend that wanted the acre of that land up there to build some kind of little shop on. He says, "Leroy, he'll pay you well for it. He'll give you fourteen thousand dollars for that one acre." And Leroy says, "I'm sorry, Mr. Williams, you know that don't belong to me. That belongs to my daughter." He said, "Well, would you get in touch with her and see if she'd sell that one acre?" We called her, and she said, "No, sir, Daddy. What land I've got there is mine, and nobody else is going to get it. Don't you let anybody have it." So the man then saw my husband, and he said, "Leroy, I'll give you eighteen thousand dollars for it." He said, "You don't have enough money to buy that acre of land. It belongs to my daughter." So, you know, we've still got all the land except what the highway took down there. They took one acre and six-tenths.

E: You've got a very, very nice home. What's your acreage you have here now?

B: There's twelve acres here now.

E: That's very good. Now, after your husband did not work for [inaudible 24:19] any longer, what else did he do to work?

B: Well, a little while before we left the reservation, he got on over at the industrial mill, and he worked some there, I think, for about two or three years. Then they

wanted him to come back to the printery, and so he retired there. He worked forty-one years at the printery.

E: That's good. What do you do now here? You have a garden—

B: We have a big garden, and we have a cow that we milk. We have our own milk and butter, and we're raising our own pigs.

E: You own chickens?

B: Our own chickens. So, we don't have too much to buy. We try to live at home.

E: That's right. You have to buy sugar and coffee and a few things.

B: No coffee, but sugar. [Laughter] Coffee is something I have never had to buy.

E: Well, tell me about your life with the Catawba Indians. You married a Catawba, and you've gone to church with them and entered into all the activities. Let me cut off my—

[Break in recording]

E: Now, you tell me that your husband retired from the printery, and then you have your home here with your chickens, and your cow, and your garden, and so forth.

B: Yes, ma'am.

E: Tell me about your church activities and your activities with the Catawba Indians.

B: Well, we lived down on the Catawba reservation for ten years, and then we moved here. But while down there, I went to church, which of course, I was a member, you know. I have worked in all the different organizations in the church. I have been busy with the church. I never did go there and just sit. I was always, you know, responsible for something. I've been the Relief Society president. That's the organization they have for the women. I've been a teacher and a

secretary and everything else in that organization. I was president of the primary, that's for the little children. When my children were growing up, I was on that then. When they got twelve or fourteen years old, we went to MIA, which is the Mutual Improvement Association, and I worked in there. Now I'm working in the Sunday school and in the Relief Society. I've just been busy.

E: You have so many improvements in your church out there and in the old schoolhouse that you're using for a community center.

B: Oh, that is beautiful. Have you been in it?

E: I've been on the outside.

B: You just ought to go inside. It's beautiful in there.

E: And you've done it yourself?

B: Yes.

E: Did you have any government help to do that?

B: No, ma'am.

E: What about the new government building over at the top of the hill beyond the—?

B: Well, that was a grant of some kind. I don't understand it. It was a grant that they got through other people. It didn't cost them anything.

E: Who was working with that project?

B: Frances Wade.

E: Any others working with her?

B: Well, I don't know how many she's got in there, but they go to school, and they teach 'em things, you know, to help them get jobs and all. That's been going ever since that building's been there.

- E: That's very good. How many of Chief Sam Blue's children are left now?
- B: Let's see, there's Lula, which is the oldest girl—Lula Bay. Vera Sanders, the second oldest girl. Elsie George, she's the younger girl. That's it, that's the girls. And there's two boys left, Leroy and Guy.
- E: Now, Guy lives on down the road from you here?
- B: No, ma'am. He lives on the old reservation. Stanley Beck lives where the old schoolhouse used to be, and Guy lives right across the road in front of him.
- E: How old is he? He's older than your husband?
- B: No, my husband is older than him. He must be about seventy-three, I imagine.
- E: Tell me about your impressions of your father-in-law, Chief Sam Blue.
- B: Well, I would have to tell you that he was more of a father to me than any father I ever had. He was a good man.
- E: I understand that he could not read or write but that he memorized large portions of the scripture.
- B: I have sat and read to him many a time. His daughters, of course, when they were at home, they did that. But after they married and went on off with their own families, we lived so close to him that he was always bringing me something to read for him.
- E: Then he'd memorize it?
- B: Yes, ma'am. Sometimes he wouldn't get it word for word, but he would tell it just about like it was.
- E: I understood that when he and his wife went out to Salt Lake City, he could not write his name, but he learned to write his name so he could go, and he learned

the prayers to use in the service out there. Some daughter—I don't know which daughter—would read those prayers to him over and over again until he memorized them. Do you remember him going out west for that?

B: Yes, ma'am, I remember.

E: I have a picture of him all dressed up in that new suit and his wife by his side.

B: Yeah. Well, he was not a learned man, but he had more common sense than any man I've ever known.

E: He was respected and loved.

B: Yes, ma'am, he was.

E: Did he often conduct services in the Tribe?

B: All the time. He was president of the Sunday school in the little branch down there—and Chief of the Tribe for forty years.

E: Was there a bell to call you to service, or how—?

B: No, ma'am. We just had the time to go, and we knew what time to go. I think they used to have one. I've heard Leroy and the others say that when someone used to die or something, they'd get out and ring that bell, and the Indians would come from every direction. They would know what had happened to them.

E: What about food in the days during the depression? Was food scarce, especially meat?

B: Yes, ma'am, it sure was. I was telling someone not long ago that I thought that me and Leroy and our family have been so blessed. We have never had to go to welfare, and nobody has ever given us anything. We've just managed on our own, and we're just responsible for all of our family. We never did have to—

[Break in recording]

E: Mrs. Blue, you were telling me about Edna Brown being your special friend. And the things you did down on the reservation to help people in need, will you tell me about that?

B: Yes. Edna's husband, Roy Brown, got down sick. He had cancer, and I think he was sick for about twelve or fourteen months before he died. She and Roy had a garden every year. They raised their own vegetables, and she's really a good housekeeper, and she just worked in those yards and had pretty flowers. But when he got sick, they didn't have any garden, and we gave them vegetables—green beans, and fresh potatoes, and things that we had out of our garden. I put in buttermilk, eggs, butter, and things that we had and shared it with them. And for that reason, we just—we just were almost like sisters.

E: Did you share your butter and things like that with people on the reservation?

B: Yes, ma'am. I used to gather up—well, I do it here just before Christmas this year. I gathered up a big grocery bag of butter. I don't know how many pounds I had in there, several—maybe fifteen or twenty pounds. We just went down and stopped at each house we passed, you know, we stopped and left them butter.

E: That's wonderful. Now, you are not a Catawba Indian, but you learned to live with them and love them, and they love you. You learned to make their pottery. Would you just summarize what you think about the Catawba people for me?

B: Well, the Catawbas are—I think they're a different Tribe. Two of my daughters married Indians of another Tribe, and the Catawbas are far advanced to those other Indians. They're just nice people. They've been treated wrong because

they never had a chance, you know, to go to White schools until my son, right up here, was the first boy that graduated from a high school.

E: Which boy was that?

B: That was Randall Lavonne. And Mildred Blue, Doris's daughter, she was the first Indian girl that graduated from the high school.

E: Well, I'm glad to hear that.

B: But you know, they didn't let 'em ride buses. Mildred and them, they got to school by some of the others going. They just all went in one car. But when we moved here, well, it wasn't out of the way for my children to get to high school.

E: How many of your children have finished high school?

B: All except one daughter.

E: That's splendid.

B: I had one daughter that married at seventeen—my oldest daughter.

E: Carson, I believe, is working here at Rock Hill.

B: Yes, ma'am. He has a business of his own. General Tire. He sells tires and works on cars.

E: So you are really glad that you married this Catawba Indian and came here to live?

B: Well, if I had it all to do over, there's not a thing that I did that I wouldn't do again.

E: Well, we're mighty glad to hear that.

[End of interview]

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