



Wilson remembers learning from a master (01:49)

C. Mack: And you were saying that you would learn more from him than anybody?

W. Wilson: I would say so. He was really a perfectionist, he was little bitty and real independent and fair. When you worked for him you did it his way, (laughs).

C. Mack: Absolutely, huh?

W. Wilson: His way and I don't know. I've come to respect him you know, and I buckled down and I learned a lot of things his way. I found that a lot of things that I've learned proved to be pretty good, (laughs).

C. Mack: You were saying that he used to come in with a suit on?

W. Wilson: Every morning, he'd come in with a suit and a bow tie; come to work with a suit and a bow tie on.

C. Mack: Now he went to work with a suit and bow tie on but he'd change clothes, into work clothes and then change when he left?

W. Wilson: Yeah.

C. Mack: And he was turning pottery right up until the end?

W. Wilson: That's what I heard, instead of wheel lifting...

C. Mack: And it was being fired over at his son's place, at Evan's place. But he was making face jugs and devil jugs with horns and everything. Yeah and they were being sold out just like that. You know glazing in Albany slip glazes and that sort of stuff, just being sold out just like that to real collectors. Did he, did he ever make face jugs when he was here?

W. Wilson: Huh uh.

C. Mack: I was wondering where he picked that up.

W. Wilson: I don't know. He could do anything when it came to a piece of clay, I mean if he couldn't turn it on a wheel, he could make a plaster mold and cast it (laughs). But there wasn't anything he couldn't make.

Wilson discussing collectors (01:28)

C. Mack: Now y'all have never done any glazed stuff, have you?

W. Wilson: My father used to, as a matter of fact, there was some man that come by here this week that had a one gallon brown or black pitcher, it had my father's name stamped on it, "H.A Wilson Pottery, Galesville, Georgia." It must have been fifty years old, the guy was a pitcher collector, he paid fifty bucks for it.

C. Mack: Oh sure.

W. Wilson: I bet he wouldn't have took two-hundred dollars for that pitcher.

C. Mack: No.

W. Wilson: And my dad made it for eight cents I bet you. (Laughs)

C. Mack: (Laughs). An eight cent jug, shit. Well listen a lot of got broken and there are not that many around.

W. Wilson: But I tell you what...

C. Mack: And especially if it's got his stamp on it, that really means something.

W. Wilson: But I told my brothers, you know they don't understand you know the old potter business quite like I do. You know, we're making stuff and we're selling it now for cash money. That you know, twenty years ago the guy in the pottery he was working for, he wouldn't even accept the merchandise. So you'd have to throw it back and recycle it and make it better. But that pitcher, I mean it was almost perfect, the way they prepared the clay. I meant they must have saved up the wood to burn it, to get such a good glaze on it.