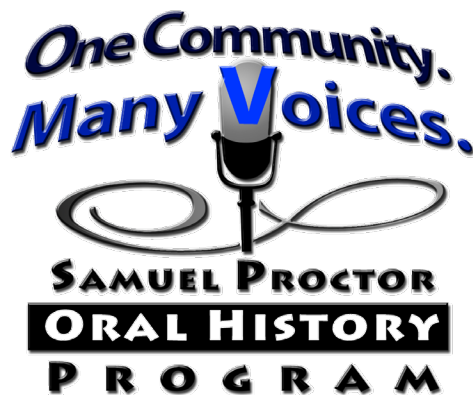


# **Willard M. Hayes**

**Southeastern Indian Oral History Project (SIOHP)  
CAT-077**

**Interview by:**

**Emma Reid Echols and Edith Frances Canty Wade  
August 20, 1973**



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**1 hour, 49 minutes | 48 pages**

**Abstract:** Willard Hayes describes his life at the Catawba reservation. He explains the role he held as a teacher, school life on the reservation, and the roles both he and his wife played in the church. Willard Hayes reminisces about his students and tells stories about Chief Blue. He also describes the difficulties the Mormon Church elders had to overcome to be able to come to the reservation and the story of the missionaries first coming to the Catawba reservation. Mr. Hayes goes into detail about the artwork done by the women in the Tribe and mentions the relations between the Catawba Indians and the government. The interview wraps up with a singing of "O My Father," a Mormon hymn, by Frances Wade, Willard Hayes, and Willard's wife, Dessa Hayes.

**Keywords:** [Catawba Nation; Chief Samuel Taylor Blue; South Carolina—Rock Hill; Religion; Education]

**SAMUEL PROCTOR**  
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**University of Florida**

CAT 077

Interviewees: Willard M. Hayes and Dessa Hayes

Interviewers: Emma Reid Echols and Edith Frances Canty Wade

Date of Interview: August 20, 1973

E: This is Emma Reid Echols, Rock Hill, South Carolina, Route 6, Box 260. This is August 20, 1973. I'm visiting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Hayes in Gaffney, South Carolina. I have brought with me Mrs. Frances Wade, who will be talking with them a little bit later. Mr. Hayes, give me your full name and your address.

WH: I'm Willard M. Hayes. This is 704 Hetty Hill Street in Gaffney, and we've been living here since 1967. I was at the Catawba school from September of 1935 to June 1942. I moved from there to Spartanburg.

E: As I have been visiting among the Catawba Indians, so many of them have told me about what Mr. Willard Hayes meant to them as a teacher. He was not only a teacher, but he was a Boy Scout leader. He was their adviser and their helper, and their friend. So, this is a special day when I get to talk with him about his work among the Indians. Mr. Hayes let's get the physical set up of the school. Do you remember the school building and the equipment that you had to use?

WH: Yes. The school building was a two-room school when I went there. Ms. Ethel Smith of Columbia came as the assistant teacher, and she taught first and second grade, I believe. Possibly third. Do you remember, Frances?

W: No, I sure don't.

WH: You were there, wasn't you? [Laughter]

W: Well, I didn't remember well. [Laughter]

WH: I had the upper grades. There was one that was doing ninth-grade work. She was studying. She had the ninth-grade books, and I helped her with her ninth-

grade work. That was Brother Sanders' oldest girl, married William Watts, and I can't think of her name.

W: Eula?

WH: Yeah.

W: Eula Sanders.

WH: Who?

W: Eula Sanders.

E: So, Eula Sanders was doing the ninth-grade work?

WH: When I went there in [19]35. None of them were going to high school in Rock Hill. They had no way of getting out, back and forth. No transportation to high school. But before I left, Samuel was running the bus, wasn't he? To the high school?

E: That'd be 1942 when you left.

WH: Yes. They'd been going to high school after some time though and they'd take them out. Samuel would take them on, he had a big old bus or something.

W: Well now I can't quite remember that. I remember, you know, the Indian agent appointed Mama to use her car. Maybe Samuel was driving it.

WH: No, she probably used her car at first, but he got a big old long car he could carry a whole bunch in, and he would take them. He took the high school students there, part of the time I know. How about your mother? I can't recall just what arrangements was made for the first ones that went to high school, but we started them going to high school.

W: Well, I'm not too clear on—

WH: Who paid her that? That came out of school funds, didn't it?

W: That came out of some sort of fund. The Indian agent paid it, though, once a month.

WH: Yeah, the county didn't do anything about the Indian school at all.

E: Mr. Hayes, who was the one who drove the first bus, as you remember? The big, big—

WH: I don't know whether it was the first one or not, but I know that Samuel Beck. He lived up there—house burned, I believe, didn't it?

W: Yes.

WH: He's had two or three burned houses, hasn't he? [Laughter]

W: [Laughter] Yeah.

WH: But what was that old place up there where he and Helen lived?

W: You mean just above Doris Blue's?

WH: Yes, right in there.

E: That would be a difficult thing you did, teaching so many grades. Tell us just about—

WH: One year, seems to me the second year I was there, they didn't have an assistant. Sister Davis didn't want to come back or didn't come back. I didn't have an assistant and I taught all the grades. That was a very primitive-type school.

E: Do you remember how many students you would have?

WH: I don't know, the room was jam-packed. What I would do is give 'em an assignment, some of them—the ones that were supposed to be studying—and I'd take the others and bring the class that I was working with. I'd bring them up

to the front of the room. We'd have a place at the front for them. We had to do that to get the class you was working with separated from the ones that were not particularly interested in what you were doing. Riding herd on that bunch that was supposed to be studying and getting some work out of the ones that were supposed to have their recitation was quite a problem sometimes. [Laughter]

E: What about the materials you could find to use, such as books, writing paper, pencils, things of that kind. Was that provided?

WH: Yes, that was provided by the Indian agent. They set aside a certain part of the general appropriation that was provided for the Indians. They set aside a certain amount for school. I'm not sure, I think the first year I went there I received ninety dollars a month.

E: Do you know how that salary would compare with the salary of the other teachers in the district?

WH: At the time, no I don't. I don't know what they were paying the other teachers. The most I ever made while I was there was \$135 a month.

E: What about the transportation for the children who came to school? The roads were very poor.

WH: There were no transportation to the school—the elementary school. But we did get arrangements made to take those to high school that wanted to go to high school. I can't recall just when that was or how soon after I went there. But when I went, there was only one person that was even studying on the high school level. She came there to that school. I helped her what I could with her lessons. That was all we had in way of a high school until we got enough of them that

wanted to go to high school where we could get them up there. So, they started going to high school. I don't know whether any had gone to high school when Brother Davis was there, do you know?

W: I think that Samuel was the first one that went, and he didn't go real long.

E: Mr. Hayes, what did you do about janitorial services? Did your boys and you make the fires and sweep up the building?

WH: Yes, I usually made the fire, and the girls liked to have something to do other than lessons, so they'd sweep the floor to get out of their lessons. [Laughter]

E: And then where did you bring your water from?

WH: Let's see, we didn't have a well right at the schoolhouse. I don't know what, they went down to—

W: We carried it from the spring, Brother Hayes. You know how we would—

WH: I believe they had to go and take a bucket and get the water. I remember teaching how to make paper cups and we wasted an awful lot of paper making paper cups to drink from. Let's see ...

E: Now, I suppose there'd be a shelf on the little porch to hold the bucket of water?

WH: No, they had a bucket back in the back corner of the room, as I remember. They had a dipper, and to get them to use the individual cups I showed them how to make—do you know how to make a paper cup? [Laughter]

W: Yes sir, I sure do.

E: That was a necessity.

WH: A pulley, a pulley.

E: I know how, too.

WH: A piece of paper. The agent furnished them everything, the textbooks and their writing paper, and pencils, and everything. We'd just get a supply of pencil tablets and pencils, and as they needed a pencil, we'd just issue them a pencil. So, everything was furnished for the school. I remember, in the spring we'd let them go home for lunch because we didn't have a lunch program, you see. Nothing for them there at first, but we got one, eventually. But there wasn't a lunch program so in the spring, I'd let them—they'd go home for lunch and a lot of the boys wouldn't come back. I'd find the next day that they'd gone fishing. [Laughter] When the fish started biting, I started having bad attendance at school.

E: Now, the children were talented in art. Were there any art supplies provided—crayons, papers, clay? Anything of that kind provided by the school?

WH: No, I started having them do beadwork. We got some beads. I don't know where the money came from or how we got it, but I bought some of these little bead looms and needles and thread and different colored beads. We learned to do rings. They put the rings and beads on wire, and they'd make rings and bracelets and watch fobs and necklaces. Were you there when we made one for Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt?

W: No, I don't remember it.

WH: We made a special one and wove it into the thing—the Indian reservation as it was originally set aside, 144,000 acres, and then we put one little black bead among the red beads, I believe, to show the amount of land that they had now. She came to Rock Hill to Winthrop College for something, and Chief Blue



presented that to her, and we got a note of thanks, I don't know what ever become of that. But we got a note of thanks from Mrs. Roosevelt after she got back.

E: That it most interesting.

WH: For that necklace. [Laughter]

E: That's the only time anyone has ever told me this story. If you ever find that note of thanks, I hope you'll let me have a copy of it.

WH: I haven't any idea what became of it, where it is now. It should be preserved somewhere, but I don't know what became of that. But Chief Blue went, you know. He had his uniform on and headdress and he presented Mrs. Roosevelt the necklace that we'd made there in the school. I think we arranged to have every pupil to put on a few beads, anyhow, on the necklace.

E: The girls and boys both participated in that beadwork?

WH: Oh yes, and then when just about every week, there'd come a busload of school children from somewhere over the state to come to visit the reservation. They'd come by the school, and we'd sell them our rings and bracelets, and so on. We got a form going there that we could buy more supplies. Was you involved in that beadwork?

W: Well, I remember making some. We did rings, especially.

WH: Yes, a lot of them. That would keep a lot of busy little fingers occupied when they should be being heathens. Now they probably wouldn't be if they didn't have something to do. [Laughter] So they could—the boys could take that wire and make the rings with the piece of wire and the different colored beads, you know.

They'd decide on the design they wanted to put in there. We, one time, had a whole bunch of that on hand and when the children would come from other schools, why, we'd have some souvenirs that they could buy. That kept our craft program going. [Laughter]

E: That's interesting. What about sports for your children? What did you do in the line of sports?

WH: You'd give them a baseball and a bat, and that's all they wanted. They were great ballplayers. [Laughter] They liked to play. Girls played and boys played, and everybody played ball. And they still like to play ball. [Laughter]

E: Did the school—were you provided with those playground equipment?

WH: So far as I know, I don't remember how we got them. But somebody would find a bat and sometimes I think they used a piece of board—take an axe, and hack out a paddle, or a saw and saw it out. You just take the big bat—the piece of board and saw a bat out of it and made the bat out of that. Sometimes they'd take their stockings and unravel them and wind the string around the—I don't know whether they put a rock in the middle of it or what. They started winding around something and they'd wind that thread on there. Then you'd take a needle and thread and sew back and forth around it to keep that from unraveling. It'd get real fuzzy sometimes, though, beginning to break and all. When we got it wet, it was always soggy. [Laughter] But the made their own balls sometimes like that.

E: Your salary and your supplies came from the Indian agent.

WH: That's right.

E: Do you remember any of the Indian agents who worked with you?

WH: T.O., Tom Flowers, was the agent when I went there. He was the fire Chief at Rock Hill. He's the one that I wrote to make application. I was teaching in the CCC camp down at Walterboro when Brother Davis decided to move to Salt Lake City. The school position was open, and they had nobody to teach. So, I wrote to Mr. Flowers—Tom Flowers, T.O. Flowers—and then I believe he died. They got a man named Wingate, and he lived up above town somewhere. I can't recall if he lived out in the country. He was the one that—he reduced my salary to ninety dollars a month. I think Mr. Flowers give me 120. He was going to use that money to build up a fund of some kind, I don't know what it was he had in mind, but then Mr.—

W: Grier Lesslie?

WH: I don't know whether he was next or not. Was there anybody else after Wingate? I can't recall.

W: I can't remember either, but—

WH: It seems to me too that Mr. Grier Lesslie was the next one. He stayed there, and he was the agent when I left.

E: Do you remember Mr. Tom Boyd? He was interested in the school, and I think tried to help the school at some point.

WH: Boyd.

E: He lived in Neely's Creek church.

WH: I don't recall. I don't remember him.

E: What about the economic standards of these boys and girls? Their health, I'm concerned about. Did they have enough food and clothing? What about their health conditions?

WH: So far as I could see, they were about like the kids in the community where I grew up, here at the Cowpens Junction. We were all poor as church mice, but we got by. I don't know, they seemed to me to be as well-clothed as the average country child, and I don't know that any of them were undernourished or might have been. But I know we got a lunch program. They added a little lunchroom out on the left-hand side, and Sister Sanders—I can never think of her name.

W: Arzada?

WH: Arzada, yeah. Arzada Sanders. She'd prepare the lunch and they got the food from the government like the other schools did, you know. I don't think we charged anybody for food, did we?

W: No.

WH: There was no charge for the lunch, every kid got something to eat, and so on. We had a lunch program there for I don't know how many years. I was there for seven years, but as soon as we could get one started after I got there, we got a lunch program.

E: Mr. Hayes, what do you remember about the relationship of the White people of the community to the Indians? Was there cooperation and friendship?

WH: So far as I knew, there was no ill feelings between them. But I don't know of any White people that were concerned or that came about the reservation except the

church officials, and the missionaries would come in, but other than that I don't recall anybody coming or having any—

E: Was there any relationship between the school—your school—and Winthrop College?

WH: No, not that I know of.

E: Mr. Hayes, who followed you when you left in June of [19]42? Who was the next teacher? Do you know?

WH: Well, gracious me, I certainly don't. I can't recall.

E: Let's go back to some of the students that you taught. Because I'm sure you've followed, and you know what some of them are doing today. Who were some of the students that you taught and what are they doing in life today?

WH: The people that I became acquainted with there were not—I mean, Samuel Beck wasn't in the school. He was in the CCC camp. And Helen Canty, she wasn't in school. But I used to go up to the CCC camp and get Samuel. Helen was working, I believe, in a restaurant in Rock Hill. I'd bring them down to help with the M.I.A. program in the church there. I'd go once a week and get them and bring them down. I don't know, I probably had a part of play as cupid because they wound up by getting married, Helen and Samuel. Let's see, Florence Harris and Gladys Gordon and Eula Sanders, those were the oldest girls, I believe, when I first went there. Florence and Gladys and Eula, and I don't recall any of the other larger girls then, but those were the largest girls when I first went there. Of course, Gladys is dead now, and Eula is living in Salt Lake City. She married William Watts. How many children did Eula and William have?

W: Five.

WH: Some of them that I knew, they went on missions.

W: Well, I know two of them did.

WH: How many boys did he have?

W: Three.

WH: Three boys?

W: Three boys and two girls.

WH: And you're sure that two of those boys went on missions for the church, and they seem to be doing quite well. I don't know. I tried to contact them when I was out there last summer to call, but nobody was home. I had to get their phone number to call. Now Eula was the one that was in the ninth grade when I went there. She married William Watts. William was in the seventh grade, I believe. He was an outstanding person. He was real intelligent and just a fine person. He and Eula got married and decided to move to Salt Lake where they'd have more advantages in the church and more economic advantages, I guess. Heywood Canty, her brother, was one of the sharpest students that I ever taught. Heywood would come to me if the problem was something he couldn't understand, and I'd explain it to him. That'd be all I'd ever had to do for Heywood. He'd go back there, and he could get any problem done using that principle. He was—I taught several thousand students and Heywood was one of the outstanding students. I think with the mind that he had, he could have done anything that he wanted, just about. He was real smart. And then, of course, there was Frances. I can't remember having any trouble with her. [Laughter]

But the Canty children were real smart, and they were always clean and neat. I'll never forget Heywood. They'd play marbles and he had a board, a little piece of board, that he'd put down and he'd kneel on that board when he was shooting marbles. I said, "Heywood, why you doing that?" He said, "It's hard work to wash these clothes!"

E: He was thinking of his mother, wasn't he? That was very thoughtful.

WH: His mother had impressed upon them the importance of keeping those clothes clean. But they were always neat.

E: What about Alberta? Did you teach Alberta, too?

WH: Yes, I taught Alberta. She wasn't as friendly and outgoing as Helen and Frances. I never was as close to her as I was to Helen and Frances. They were all talented and good students.

E: What about the Blue family? Did you teach any of the Blues?

WH: Oh, yes. That Mildred was the most surprising thing I ever saw. For the first six weeks I was there, the only answer I ever got her to give me in class was, "I don't know." I'd ask her a question, "I don't know." But when I gave a written test, she'd get every answer correct. She was just so shy she wouldn't say a thing. But Betty was just the opposite. Man, she was a [Laughter] —she was a ball of fire. But Mildred, she surprised me. I said, "Well, the poor girl, there must be something the matter with her. She can't learn." Because I could never get her to answer a question. But when I gave a written test, she came through with flying colors. She knew them all. She just wasn't going to say anything out loud in class. That, I learned, was one of their characteristics. The Indian people—they don't like to

show their hand, as the saying is, until they get pretty well acquainted with you. I remember there was a missionary, came down there. They asked him to teach a class one night at M.I.A. and he kept asking them questions. It was the first time he'd been there and since he was the missionary, they put him in charge of the class. So, he'd ask questions, nobody would answer. He'd ask questions, nobody would answer. Finally, he said, "You folks just act like a bunch of wooden Indians. You won't say a thing." He couldn't get a discussion going, you know. They just sat there and never cracked a smile or said a word. But for years after that, you'd mention him, and they'd laugh about him calling them wooden Indians. [Laughter] But they just wouldn't talk out. But once they get acquainted, it's quite different. When I went there, one of the first things I did was to get a scout troop going among the boys. The girls—they got a little jealous, said there ought to be something for the girls. So Dessa over there, she'd take them out camping. [Laughter] Say, did you go on camping trips with her?

E: Now, Odessa who?

WH: My wife.

E: Oh, your wife?

WH: Not Odessa, just Dessa, D-E-S-S-A.

E: Oh, I see. That's fine.

WH: Oh, yes, she' do it. She went on a lot of camping trips with them. They had some exciting adventures, and various things going on. [Laughter]



E: We'll get that on the tapes in a little bit. You were telling me about those students. Any other students you remember? You started with the Blues, got Mildred and Betty. Any of the other ones you remember?

WH: Yes. Floyd Harris, that's Sister Georgia Harris's boy, and Thomas, Fred, and William Sanders. And the Beck boys, Samuel and Major Beck, and Fletcher. Let's see, Eugene Beck was in school when I first went there. He was one of the older boys. He was close to Samuel's age, and he was getting on up in years.

E: What about the Chiefs? Who was Chief when you were there, and what do you remember about the Chiefs?

WH: Chief Blue was the Chief when I went there, and sometime during the time that I was there Brother Harris—what was his name? The old man? I can't recall his name now.

DH: Wasn't it Robert?

WH: Robert. Yeah, old man Robert Harris.

E: Robert.

WH: He was Chief. Then, I don't know. It seems to me that Douglas Harris was Chief there for a year or so. I don't recall.

E: What impressed you about the relationship of the Chief to the Tribe or to the people?

WH: Chief Blue, when he was Chief, he was also the branch president of the church there, you see, so everybody looked to him for leadership. Any problem they had, why, they'd usually take it up with him. If they got sick, why, they'd want him to

come and see them. I've gone all hours of the day and night with him to see the sick.

E: What did you think about the medicines that he made himself? Did you think they were effective and good?

WH: Well, I don't know. I went with him into the woods many times. One time we had a booth at the fair in which we displayed Indian medicines. That was up at Rock Hill. It was one of the most attractive things at the fair that year—it was the Indian medicine. We went and we got samples of the roots and herbs and barks and berries and things that they used and put down what it was and what the Indians used it for as medicine. I don't recall anybody using those as medicines while I was there because if anybody got a headache, all they had to do was go to Dr. Blackburn. [Laughter] I would frequently take people to the doctor up there. But when I felt, I'm sure it felt worse than they did. But I had to pay, and they didn't. So, if they got sick or they felt bad, they'd go to the doctor. So, they got away from the old Indian medicines pretty fast when they received the—State Appropriation paid that doctor so much, I don't know how much they paid him. But anybody that was sick, why, they'd go to the doctor, and he'd treat them. So, they didn't have to go—to use herbs when I was there. But Chief Blue knew the different things that they had used in the past and, I'll tell you, that display that we got up for the fair was quite attractive and quite interesting to the public. Now, I don't know whether Sister Blue or Sister Gordon or some of them might have used some of the things there to make a tea or something, food for anything, but I don't know. I mean, I couldn't say. I think that one of the experiences I had was

the fact that I was about the last White man alive that ever heard the Catawba language used in conversation. Chief Blue, you know, could speak the Catawba language and his sister, Sister Gordon. What was her first name?

W: Sally.

WH: Sally Gordon?

W: Sally Gordon.

WH: She lived out back of the church, and Chief Blue lived right across in front of the church. They have a well there, and she'd come out to the well. I lived right across the road the first year I was there, at Leroy Blue's place. I had a room with them. She'd come to the well in the morning to draw water, and they'd talk to each other in the Catawba language. I'd listen to them, but I didn't understand what they were saying. They'd carry on a conversation in their language. Then Dr. Frank Speck—have you heard about him?

E: Yes, I have.

WH: He came. he could speak the language. He has it recorded at the University of Pennsylvania—I believe that's where he worked. He was an old man when I went there in [19]35, but he would come just about every year and spend some time, several days there. Talking with Chief Blue and getting everything from him that he could concerning their stories, their traditions, their language, and everything. He has that recorded somewhere among his material. He's probably dead by now, but among his material at the University of Pennsylvania he has the language, and he devised a phonetic alphabet so that he could write that Catawba language so it could be read. He recorded everything he possibly could

get from Chief Blue in the way of their stories and their history and every word that he could get out of Chief Blue. I know he came there one time Chief Blue—I saw him that day and he said, “I don’t feel good today.” And I said, “Why?” He said, “Well, I’ve been doing something that I haven’t done since I was a little boy.” I said, “What’s that?” He said, “Dr. Speck was asking me to give him all the dirty words in the Catawba language that I could remember.” [Laughter]

So, he’d made a list of all of them—the words that Chief Blue hadn’t used for years. He said it hadn’t been in his mind. He’d been trying to recall all of those words. So, if you could get hold of Dr. Speck’s material, you’d find quite a bit of information there, I’m sure.

E: Did you never learn to speak any of the language although you heard it sometimes?

WH: Oh, yes. I can say [Catawba language spoken 37:58] That’s all I know. [Laughter]

E: There are very few people on the reservation now that know the meaning of their words, and I have found that they disagree among themselves. Or they’ll have a certain word, and they will disagree as to the meaning of that word. Have you heard Gilbert Blue do the chants his grandfather used to do?

WH: Yes, I have. He’s performed at church functions where we’d have dance festivals and things like that. I don’t know how much of his grandfather’s stories that Gilbert learned, because Gilbert was just a small child when I lived there. He’s grown up since I left. But Chief Blue told me that it was quite difficult to get anyone interested in the language because they aren’t using it, you see, and it’s hard to get them to learn anything.

E: Are you amazed that a man who didn't have any formal education as Chief Blue had, became the outstanding leader, religiously and in every way, of his Tribe? Are you amazed at that?

WH: He was quite a guy, there's no doubt about it. He would have been an outstanding person, I think, anywhere he would've been. He had leadership qualities. Of course, a lot of the leadership that he had was because he was forced into leadership of the church there, you see. When he received the priesthood and became an elder in the church, they put him to work in the church as a leader. So, his church work developed his leadership qualities. But he was just a natural-born leader, I think.

E: You think he was a natural-born actor, too?

WH: Oh, yes. He—

[Break in recording]

E: We were talking about the leadership of Chief Blue. What an outstanding leader he was, and he would have been a leader anywhere.

WH: That's right, I think he would have been. Some of things that he told me about his activities and how he accomplished things. He could get up and stand in the pulpit and quote a passage of scripture and preach a sermon on it. You would think that he had read it out of the Bible. He could quote more scripture than any person just about that I ever knew, and how he learned it, I don't know. He told me how he learned when he received the priesthood and was made an elder in the church. When you administer the sacrament in the church, you have to—

[Break in recording]

WH: What is that? Oh, she's written in here that I taught him to write his name. When I was going to Salt Lake City to get married in the temple at Salt Lake, you have to have a recommend from your branch president or bishop before you can get in the temple. He was the branch president so I taught him how to write his name so he could sign my temple recommend. [Laughter]

E: He had never written his name before?

WH: That's right.

E: That's amazing.

WH: But I got his name on my temple recommend.

E: Do you remember when he went—Chief Blue—went to Salt Lake City?

WH: Oh, yes. That was after I left there, but I remember it quite well. He was quite thrilled with the opportunity he had to go. But when he had to learn the prayers on the sacrament so he could administer the sacrament, he said he would have his daughter to read them over to him because they have to be given letter perfect. If you mispronounce a word, you have to start over. So, he wanted to learn them perfectly. He said he would get out and walk around the old reservation at night, going over those prayers to see if he had them right. If he couldn't get one, he'd go back and have his daughter read it to him again, read it on, read it over. And he kept on with that until he got them perfect. He must have had a very retentive memory because he'd get up in the pulpit and quote the scripture and preach a sermon from it. He was a very effective speaker. I have a—that has a story that he told when he was speaking in the Tabernacle when he got out of Salt Lake City. This professor at Brigham Young University heard

that and he copied down to use it as a very effective means of expression. He was astounded and thrilled that Chief Blue was devoted to express himself in the English language.

E: You have that in a booklet form, I believe.

WH: It's just a short story that he got from Chief Blue's talk while he was in the Tabernacle.

E: This is wonderful. I'll read this in just a moment. We'll continue our conversation. Which one of the daughters helped him in memorizing his prayers? Do you remember?

WH: That was the daughter—that was the one—that died. I've forgotten her name.

W: Lily?

WH: Who?

W: Lily?

WH: It might have been. She was dead when I went there, but she could read evidently, and she taught him. She would read these prayers over and he'd memorize them.

E: That was an outstanding family. It still is. Well, you've known all these groups of Indians by families. Do you find that their intelligence and their talents are handed down through a family line usually, or are there some outstanding students even in a very poor, underprivileged family?

WH: Well, there were some outstanding families, now like I mentioned the Canty family, I don't remember any stupid ones in the family. [Laughter] Of course, Betty and Mildred Blue were outstanding. Most of them were average or better,

but there were some that didn't have much ability at all or at least they wasn't interested in learning.

E: Now I've followed, and I know that you have too, the occupations that some of these Indians are doing now. Will you mention some of the occupations that you know they're engaged in?

WH: While I was there about the only occupation that any of them were engaged in was textiles. They worked in the textile mills in Rock Hill. A few of them farmed a little bit. There was very little farming as an occupation on the reservation when I was there. Most of the work was in Rock Hill there at the textile mills and the finishing plant. Let's see, what were some of those mills up there?

W: Industrial, [inaudible 46:18]

WH: Industrial mills.

E: And the Rock Hill Printing and Finishing Company?

WH: Yes.

E: But now, the Indian, to my way of thinking, never liked mill work. They wanted to be doing something with their hands more constructive or ingenious.

WH: Well, Samuel Beck was—he's an electrician.

W: He's an electrician.

WH: What does Gary do?

W: He builds cabinets.

WH: Builds cabinets? I don't know, the opportunities for work was pretty limited.

Textiles was about all an unskilled person could hope to find, you know.



E: What about the homes? I know as you ride through the reservation, you see a great improvement in the type of homes they live in.

WH: Yes.

E: And the roads.

WH: When I went there, there were no paved roads at all anywhere close to the reservation, and it looked like they would never get any roads out there. But they finally got some decent roads. I think that the state said this little place here is not even South Carolina. They did nothing. That appropriation that they made for the Indians took care of everything as far as the state was concerned. They discharged their obligation by just giving them an appropriation and appointing an agent to disperse the funds. Nobody seemed to care what happened to them. There was a lady there that got interested in the Catawba Indians. She began to approach the people in Washington and get them interested, and eventually the federal government came down and began to do something there. That expanded the reservation, they bought more land, and it finally ended up by them dividing up the property and making the Catawba group a part of the nation. Because the federal government ignored them completely. The federal government just put them off on 640 acres, I believe it was, and just made the general appropriation every year and the agent divided it up between the schools and the doctor. What was left after the schools was take care of and the doctor, every summer—what was is they called the day that they got their checks? They divided up what was left of the appropriation equally.

W: Drawing money.

WH: The what?

W: The drawing money.

WH: Drawing money. A lot of them would be drunk before night came on drawing day.

E: Would they have a big feast or something?

WH: No, they'd just go to town. I don't know, I never did attend it. I just know that they'd go to town, and they'd get a check—did they give them cash or a check?

W: I'll tell you, I just really don't know.

WH: You never did get one?

W: Well, the heads of the families—

WH: Would get the check for the whole family?

W: Yes.

E: The type home has completely changed. There were log cabins on the reservation when you were there. They're all gone today.

WH: There were a few log cabins, but most of the houses were board.

E: Board.

WH: Mmhm.

E: When the people are owning their own homes, building them, and some of them have deeds to them—

WH: Well, yes.

E: When they're building their own homes, they have pride in that ownership.

WH: Well, of course.

E: Many of them, of course away from the reservation, have bought homes in other sections of Rock Hill.

WH: Oh, yeah.

E: What do you think about the pride of the Indian and his heritage? Do you think that they're proud that they are Indians?

WH: Well, I didn't notice any difference in them. In the church, there's no difference between them and anybody else in the church. So far as the members of the church are concerned, they're members of the church and that's all there is to it. They have a contribution to make, their heritage and their arts and crafts and their background, their story, is something that they should be proud of. The approach that we have toward the Indian, you see, is quite different from anyone else in the world because we think that they're choice people—that they're descendants from the children of Israel and that they have a heritage, and that the Lord has promised them tremendous blessings. I think right now that the Indians are beginning to receive the blessings that the Lord has promised them as members of the house of Israel. What our church is doing now in the Indian program is—I think that if the nation would use the same approach, we'd have an entirely different attitude among the Indian people. You wouldn't have Wounded Knee, for instance, like they had here and all this at the beginning of the year for weeks and weeks there, because the program to help that the church's offering to the Indian people is so vastly different from what the government's offering that there's no comparison to it. I think that in the next generation we'll see, certainly in Mexico and Central and South America, oh there are thousands and thousands of them coming into the church in the next few years. It's always been predicted that in the Mormon Church by the end of this century, Spanish will be

spoken more than English in the church, because many of the Spanish-speaking people—among the Indian people—are coming into the church. We're sending doctors and nurses and teachers and dieticians and everything, agricultural experts, over to help them. We aren't just handing them food. We're teaching them how to produce their own food.

E: Of all the Indians you love, your particular love is for the Catawba group?

WH: Well, that's the only ones that I know very well.

E: That's right.

WH: I know some of the Cherokees, and they're fine. But the Catawbas are—have a special place in my heart because I know them.

E: How true. One more question. When you taught these children, did they come to you to school—did they ever tell any of their stories or their myths or their legends of the past? Did they seem to know anything of their past?

WH: Not that I recall. Chief Blue was the only one that I talked with that could tell me very much about their past history, and the old man Harris—Robert Harris—he was pretty well-versed.

E: Won't you tell me about Robert Harris? What do you remember about him?

WH: He was a very fine old man, I think. Very faithful and had the interests of the Catawbas at heart.

DH: He was so courteous.

WH: Oh, yes, he was very, very courteous, and very polite.

E: Very courteous. What did he look like?

WH: Well, he was a very dignified old man.

DH: He was full-blooded, wasn't he? Almost?

WH: I believe he was.

E: Robert and Ben Harris were the last two full-blooded Indians, so the history records.

WH: But you'll never find a person that was more polite and more courteous and gentle than the old man Robert Harris.

E: Who did Robert Harris marry?

WH: I don't know.

E: Now Ben married Mary.

WH: Just before he died, he married some woman. Not too long before he died. Didn't he, Frances?

W: Yes, she wasn't an Indian.

WH: No, she wasn't an Indian, but he married somebody just a few years before he died.

E: I think that's recorded somewhere.

WH: But he was a very nice person, and he knew quite a bit about the Indian story and the Indian traditions. But he lived in Rock Hill, and I didn't get as close a contact with him as I did with Chief Blue, because I was with Chief Blue just about every day I was down there.

E: What about Ben Harris, do you remember him? That's the one they called Toad.

W: No. No, Ben is not Toad.

E: Oh, Ben is not Toad. Ben Harris that married Mary, do you remember him?

WH: No, I don't. I might have met him, but I don't recall.

E: You don't remember this, I'm sure, but did you ever hear the story of the Thomas Stevens, the man who froze to death and is buried in the old cemetery? Did anyone ever tell you that story?

WH: Not that I recall.

E: I just wondered. Now before we finish the tape, maybe I haven't asked the questions I should. Is there anything else that you want to tell me that you remember about the Catawba Indians that I haven't asked?

DH: Did you tell her about the leasing of the city of Rock Hill?

WH: Yeah, the leasing of the land, that happened ages ago. It was a colonial government that gave them—set aside—140,000 acres for them. When the king decided to divide the colony—you've heard that story, how the line run around the Indian reservation and around—in Rock Hill, in the library, there's a copy of the petition that the Indians gave to the king asking to leave them in South Carolina. Because the old cemetery of the Catawbans is across the river on the Lancaster side of the river. The new cemetery was the one on this side, and then they have one up at the church now which is the new, new cemetery. [Laughter] As I say, most of the stories that I have are mostly stories that Chief Blue told me, are very closely connected with the church and the activities of the church and the coming of the missionaries there to the reservation and their story. I have a tape recording that I made of a man who was there in 1887 as a missionary, and I taped his story when he was 102 years old. He told about going to the reservation and the conditions that were there when he went. But Chief Blue, I don't think that I've ever known anyone who had any greater faith in God than he

did. He had a tremendous amount of faith, and the events and things that took place there at the reservation in connection with the church are some of the most inspiring stories imaginable. I could write a book—but I'm too lazy, I reckon [Laughter]—of the stories that Chief Blue told me about his experiences there.

E: We'll record some more about the things that you remember along that line.

[Break in recording]

W: This is Frances Wade, I'm a Catawba Indian. I live at Route 3, Box 304, Rock Hill. Actually, I live on what is known as the old reservation. Today I'm visiting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willard M. Hayes. I'm so used to calling them Brother and Sister Hayes that it's hard for me to say Mr. Hayes.

WH: [Laughter]

W: Brother Hayes, would tell us a little about yourself?

WH: Well, I became acquainted with the Catawba people when I went there to teach school. Of course, I had known ever since I had been in the church that they were members of the church, and I had met Brother Herbert Blue. I don't remember meeting Chief Blue, until I went there to teach the school—when I was applying for the position to teach the school. I went there in September of 1935 and became quite well acquainted with Chief Blue because I relied upon him to give me guidance on how to go about getting the school set up and operating it, and who to contact to get supplies and various things. As soon as I got there, I became active in the church activities. When I went, they were having—so far as I know, they had Sunday school and sacrament meeting, and Mutual Improvement Association, Partial Relief Society. I don't know whether they had a

primary or not. But the men were not active—very active—in the church. There was two men there that held the priesthood: Brother Blue and Brother Gordon—Reverend Gordon. Chief Blue was the branch president, and Brother Gordon was the Sunday school superintendent. Then Brother Moroni George was working in the Sunday school, but I don't believe he held an **auxiliary** priesthood. He might have been priest but, I don't believe he was an elder. But they did have a Sunday school, and so I became a Sunday school teacher. Pretty soon we had a scout troop. I was the scoutmaster, and I had the group of the kids in Sunday school, so they really got a dose of me in church and in school too. I was there all the time. But the experiences that I had with Brother Blue and the stories that he told were some of the choice experiences of my life because I learned something about the early history of the church. The first missionaries of the church that went in there went in around 1880. Brother Harris, I believe—it was either Ben or Robert, and I believe it was Robert—had a baptismal certificate that was dated in 1882. The first missionaries went there in May of 1882, I believe, and they held a service at the home of Nancy Harris. The first Latter-day Saint hymn that was sung on the reservation was “We Thank Thee, O God, for Our Prophet.” The Indians became interested in this new religion because it was something pertaining to them and their story and their history. According to Chief Blue, there was very little religious activity on the reservation. Occasionally some travelling preacher would come by and hold a service and preach and move on. Then sometime later someone else would come through. There had been some attempts to bring Christianity to the Catawbas, but they were rather half-hearted



and not very successful. I believe the Presbyterians at one time had a building. I believe we have a picture of that building in there, but I don't know whether that was before or after the missionaries came. Apparently, there was very little religious activity among the Indians, and the White people on the outside of the reservation took little interest in them. So, when the missionaries came and began to visit the reservation and to teach them, they began to join the church. Pretty soon the vast majority of them were baptized into the Mormon Church. That was during the time of revolution in the South. We had just had the Civil War, and we had just had the Reconstruction period, which aroused tremendous animosity and bitterness in the hearts of the Southern people toward anything that was strange, or foreign, or from the outside. So, when these missionaries came in, it wasn't long 'til the mob spirit became pretty evident. They went to the reservation, and seven men—I don't know their identities—but they brought a paper signed by almost a hundred people warning them to get out, to leave the reservation and stay away from the Indians. Well, they didn't heed the warning. So, one night a mob of White men gathered at the home of one of the Indians. It was the home where Georgia Harris and Douglas lived when they were raising their children back over there. Chief Blue was only about eight or ten years old, and he was in the house the night that the mob came. They began to fire their guns, and yell, and carry on out in the yard. And the person who lived in the house—I don't know who he was, Chief Blue might have told me, but I don't remember—he told the others to run. One of them went to the kitchen door and went out into the yard and crossed into the woods. As he crossed the yard, the

mob saw him and began to fire. Chief Blue said that they heard this elder scream, and they knew he had been hit, but they didn't know how seriously. They broke into the house and took the other elder up there to where Peggy and Alfred Harris lived, right there just in the area there, where they live now. They stripped him down to the waist and tied him to a tree, and a man weighing about 250 pounds took a switch—hickory switch in both hands—and beat him to forty lashes on the naked back. Then they tried to force him to drink some whiskey. They'd hold him and pour the whiskey in his mouth. He told them that they could put it in his mouth, but they couldn't make him swallow. They told him if he didn't leave the reservation that they'd probably kill him the next time. So, they turned him loose and he went back to the house, and of course the Indian people were there. The other elder was still out in the woods, hiding out. They didn't know where he was. So **Elder Froughten**—that's the one that got beat. He signaled, whistled, or shouted or gave some signal to the **Elder Kraygen, Lylie G. Kraygen** was the one that got shot. When he learned it was safe to come back, he came out of the woods. He's been shot in the face and his jaw had been broken. Chief Blue said that they walked back and forth in the house. Elder Kraygen was the senior companion and he told him what to do. So, he finally asked Elder Froughten, and said "Did you promise the mob anything?" He said "Yes, I promised them we'd leave the reservation." He says, "Did you promise we wouldn't come back?" He said, "No, I didn't promise them that." He says, "Well, we'll keep your promise. We'll leave tomorrow but we'll come back again." They walked from Catawba ten miles to Little Rock Hill, to my grandmother's place up

at the Cowpens Battlegrounds. They stayed there at her home until they recovered from this mobbing. But they came into the house—my mother was just a tiny little girl then. She said that they were both crying when they got to the house. They asked them why and what was the matter. Grandmother had two dogs that had been taught to shake hands with people who took their paw. When they saw these two missionaries coming up the road, they ran down the road, the dogs did, and shook hands with them. They said that that touched them so much that that's why they were crying because that was the first friendly thing that had happened to them since they left Catawba.

W: Brother Hayes, I think, as well as I can remember, when you first came to Catawba, you wasn't married.

WH: No.

W: We'd like for—I'd like for you to tell us a little about Sister Hayes and the big part she played in our religious life in Catawba.

WH: Well, I went there in [19]35 and during that winter, the church—the district held a Going Green Ball at Gaffney, and I came up. I was supported to be master of ceremonies for the banquet and then the ball that followed. They were going to crown the queen for the Going Green Ball. When I went into the hotel up there, the Carroll Hotel, a bunch of girls from Greenville were there decorating the place. She came crawling out from under a table where she'd been pinning some paper to the table, and that's the first time I remember seeing her. She has a mouthful of pins where she'd been pinning that paper under the table. [Laughter] They said, "This is Dessa Chapman." That's the first I remember. Then I was put

in as first counsellor to the district president. The first district for the local people were given leadership of the church in South Carolina. I was the first counsellor to President William Abe Harris. We needed a leader for the young men's M.I. A. and so he assigned me—President Harris did—the job of being district president of the young men's Mutual Improvement Association. We needed a young woman, so I suggested that they put her in as the young women's president. So, she and I worked together in the M.I.A. Finally asked her to marry me and she took off to Salt Lake City. I followed her on out there. When I got there, she'd gone forty miles further west to Tooele. [Laughter] But we finally got together and got married.

W: You know how we in Catawba feel about you. We got to have the same feeling for Sister Hayes because she played a big part in our religious life also. So, what were some of the things that you can remember that she helped the Catawbas with?

WH: She worked in Relief Society there, and she worked—I don't know whether she did anything in Sunday school or not. Did you do anything in Sunday school?

DH: No, it's M.I.A.

WH: M.I.A. and you did work in Relief Society. I don't know how much, but you was there-Relief Society worker. She worked with the young girls, taking them out and interesting them in camping and activities together as a group. Of course, I never could have done anything in the church if it hadn't been for her. She always supported me in every effort and every activity. She was responsible for

bringing up kids while I was away from home. There was hardly a Sunday that I wasn't gone somewhere. [Laughter]

W: When we was in a school every morning, the first thing before we had any lessons, we always had a devotional. Will you tell us something about that?

WH: The purpose of the devotional was to get our minds set for the day and to remember that the Lord had a part in our lives. We'd usually sing a song and maybe read a scripture and have a prayer or tell a story or something that would be inspirational. Some type of inspirational activity for the school. What do you remember about it?

W: Well, I remember that it was always the good part. It was there I learned the Articles of Faith.

WH: Is that right? [Laughter]

W: I remember that we all enjoyed it.

WH: I enjoyed it. When I taught out here at White Plains, I did the same thing there. And the teacher that taught with me there, I went there in 1950, and just few weeks ago I met her at a funeral. Out there at the cemetery, after the benediction was given at the graveside, she came down and she was talking about these devotionals, said that some of the most inspiring moments of her teaching career was those devotionals we used to have out at White Plains. So, I think that we ought to take time, turn our thoughts to the Lord when we start our day's activities.

W: When you came to Catawba and started teaching us, did you find that the girls or the boys—which were the most interesting to teach as far as trying to learn, the boys or the girls?

WH: I couldn't tell much difference. Some of the girls were real good—real outstanding in their efforts to learn—and so were the boys. Gladys and Florence would always knock their seat down when they wanted to raise a row in the classroom. We had the old seats, and they should have been thrown away years before. They sat right in the back of the room, and they had a seat that if you moved it just right, why, it'd collapse. So right in the middle of the class when everything was going just fine, bang! Down would go that seat, and those girls would be sitting flat on the floor. [Laughter] But all in all, we had a very good time and very enjoyable time. I couldn't say which was the smartest or who did the best. Moving from the front of the room, you could look back and it'd look like nobody's learning anything, but they do. [Laughter]

W: I remember your sister, Brother Hayes. Janie.

WH: Yeah, she came there for a couple of years. She lived with me down there.

W: Would you tell us something about your family?

WH: My sister was the only member of my family that joined the church other than myself. My aunt joined the church when the missionaries first came to this part of the world. But I joined in 1928, and my sister joined in 1935. Then she stayed with my aunt. My aunt was helpless for many years. She was in bed, couldn't get out of bed, and my sister stayed there and looked after her. When my aunt died, she had no place to stay. I suggested that she come down there and stay with

me and she could cook for me. I had been paying—living there with the Blues for the first year, Leroy and his wife. So, the next year we rented a house from Mr. Weiss. She needed a place to stay, and I needed a cook, so we just got together. Until I got married, she stayed with me. Then when my mother died, she had requested that we leave the property to her and give her the deed to it. The boys, said we could look after ourselves, and she wanted us to give the property to my sister. So, we all signed a deed, all the boys did and my dad, and we gave my mother's property to her. It was supposed to be hers, so we built her a house up there on the place and she moved back up there to live. That's when I got married. That's where she wanted me all the time, back at home.

W: I was young when you came to Catawba, but you taught me in school. and I'll have to say I learned lots.

WH: [Laughter]

W: And I really appreciated it, things I'll never forget. But in your own mind, do you think we have progressed much in that length of time? Where most do you think we've made the progress that we've made?

WH: I think when you started going to high school, that was the secret of your success. As soon as you get an education—there's no hope for people—well, I'll take Chief Blue. With all his native intelligence and personality and leadership ability, he was handicapped because he didn't have an education. So, I think the secret of success was an education. As soon as we could get you to high school, even a high school education would widen the horizon, and your opportunities

would be much greater. You've got a bunch of people now that have been to college or are in college now, haven't you?

W: We sure have.

WH: So, without that, there's not much hope. So, I think that getting that car and going to Rock Hill with some high school students was about the finest thing that ever happened. Then, of course, getting the men active in the church, getting the priesthood there and getting the church program going. You probably can't remember, but when I went there, most of the men would sit outside under the trees.

W: I do remember that.

WH: You do?

W: Yes.

WH: Chief Blue and Brother Gordon inside trying to carry on the church, but the men just didn't come in. They didn't hold the priesthood, and I think alcohol and tobacco was the problem. [Laughter]

W: I'm new at this taping, and I'm not following my chain of thought to the end, but maybe you ought to tell us about your children, Brother Hayes.

WH: Willard Harley was the only one that was born while we were down there. He was born up there at the Catholic hospital. What was the name of that hospital, Saint?

W: Saint Philips.

WH: Saint Philips Hospital. It's been torn down now, the building that they were in when he was born. He was born while we were there. When we moved to



Spartanburg, the other were all born in Spartanburg. He's the only Indian in the family. [Laughter]

W: [Laughter] Just a few minutes ago, you talked about the moral standards, especially of the smoking and drinking while church was going on, all the men sitting on the outside. Can you make a comparison with today?

WH: Oh, there's no comparison. It's so vastly different now. You have a great many men, and the young boys and girls are active in the church. They participate in the stake activities. I don't know whether you're doing much in the Charlotte stake or not, but here the Catawbas were outstanding, especially in athletics. In fact, when we had to go against Catawba, we knew we was going to have a fight on our hands, a contest. Of course, they took part in the music program and the dance program. It was quite pleasing to me to see the progress and development. I couldn't get anybody to do an Indian war dance. Even there at school, we had a real hard time getting anybody to do anything. You know, we'd go down to the church and put on Christmas plays and Christmas programs. Did we have graduation programs? Oh, yeah, we had school closing programs at the end of the year. We'd put on plays, recite poems, and sing songs and get them on their feet before the public. I think that helped to get them out, to bring out their talents and their abilities, to get them doing something. That has happened now, and your participation in the church program is certainly much greater than it was then, even there locally, and also in the stake activity. Of course, we didn't have a stake activity, we had district activities then. So, you've had tremendous growth and development. Dr. Speck—Frank G. Speck—how much more tape

you got? [Laughter] Dr. Frank G. Speck said when he first came there, that the only way he could get from Rock Hill out to the Indian Reservation was to get some White man who was coming out to see an Indian woman to take him down there. The moral standards was very low. The church, of course—he stood up there in a meeting one night and said that the change that he had seen since he had been coming there—he started as a young man and when I got there, he was an old man. So, he was there from about the time of the turn of the century, certainly. He'd been coming for many years. He started when he was a graduate student in college, and he'd been all over North and South America when I saw him. So, he said that the moral standards on the reservation were so far superior to what they were when he started going there that he said he gave the church credit for helping to get the Indians straightened out and getting them to living a better life. So, yes, there's been a tremendous change. Some of those kids you have down there, Kelly Harris. I don't see how he can fail to be a tremendous leader because he has, I think, the qualities of leadership and the spirituality of Chief Blue. But he'll have a college a college education, you see. [Break in recording] The story of Roy Brown is such an inspiring one to people in the church. It shows the tremendous faith that Chief Blue had and the confidence that people on the reservation had in Chief Blue. When the people were dying all over, and particularly a great many of them died there at the Indian reservation. In fact, in the Brown family, I believe there'd been at least two or three other deaths before Roy died. Chief Blue was up on the upper end of the reservation cutting wood and he brought a load of wood down. As he crossed—came into the

highway down below the house where they lived, the hollered down to him and told him that Roy was dead. They wanted him to come over, so he went home and put up his mule and probably changed clothes to go over and arrange for the funeral. When he got there, the boy had been dead for some time. I don't know long he'd died before Chief Blue came down out of the woods. But anyhow, Roy's father insisted that Chief Blue administer to him. Administration in the Mormon church is you anoint them with olive oil and then you seal that anointing on them, give them a blessing, that is, for the sick. Roy's father insisted that Chief Blue administer to Roy. Chief told him there was no need to do that, he's been dead for some time now, you see. But he insisted that he do it, so Chief Blue anointed him with the oil and then put his hands on his head and sealed that anointing. According to Chief Blue, when he took his hands off the boy's head, he opened his eyes and he's still living.

W: Brother Hayes, I think, too they said that the children that had died, all of them had died within a week's time.

WH: They did, in that little time.

W: And at the time, there was two more children in bed sick beside Roy.

WH: Yeah. But Chief Blue's leg there, that is a tremendous story. Because when he got it broken, and the doctors had told him that there was no way they could save his life except to cut that leg off. He said no, he wouldn't stand for that. So, they went out in the yard and consulted together, and decided that since there was no way to save him, he was going to die. They would just put some chloroform on a handkerchief, go into the room and put it over his face right quick. He'd pass out

and they'd take his leg off and save his life. His wife heard the plans, Sister Blue, and so she told him, says, "They're going to put chloroform on you and take your leg off." Up over the front door they had some forked sticks there like that, nailed to the wall, and he'd put his gun up there. So, he told her to bring him the gun. When the doctors came to the door, there he lay on the bed with a gun lying across his chest, and he told them not to come any closer. They said, "We're leaving then, because there's nothing further we can do for you." But he had already told his wife and his children there to find the elders. Now, at that time, they'd come by and visit a while, then they'd go on to another town and visit there, and another. They just moved around from place to place, the Mormon missionaries did. So, he evidently knew what town they were in or somehow, he'd contacted them and sent for them. They came and he had them administer to him. He said when they anointed him with the oil and sealed that anointing, that he felt the bones growing back into place in his leg. That was on a Thursday, and he went to church the next Sunday.

E: Mr. Hayes, what doctors were these that visited him?

WH: Now I don't know. I don't even remember that he told the names of the doctors.

E: Will you tell us how this leg was injured?

WH: This tree fell when he was cutting wood. The tree fell and broke it. But now, that isn't the end of the story because he walked out in the woods one day after he got to where he could walk on his leg, and a stump—a tree had been cut and the stump had rotted out, and there was a hole there. He stepped in that hole with that leg and broke it all over again. He had just gotten it back together where he

could walk on it again, and he finally he broke it all over again. This time the doctors again told him that there was no hope for saving the leg, that it would have to be taken off. He was administered to again and the leg was healed, and he had it when he died.

W: We know that Indians like to chew tobacco.

WH: [Laughter]

W: Will you tell us how Uncle Sam broke that habit?

WH: In order to hold the priesthood in the church and to administer the ordinances, preach, baptize, and carry the activities of the church, you have to hold the priesthood, at least be elder in the church. So, when he decided that he wanted to be an elder, he had been chewing tobacco ever since he could remember. He said he couldn't remember when he started chewing tobacco. All of his life that he could remember, he'd been chewing tobacco. But he decided that he was going to get rid of the habit. Well, he couldn't do it. He tried and failed, he tried and failed. So, he started fasting one day, it was in the summer, and he was plowing in the river bottoms. Now fasting means you don't eat food, or you don't drink water. But he went all day, fasting, and when he'd feel like he had to have a chewing tobacco, he'd stop his mule and go out in the woods and pray for strength to keep on going. The next day he went back and plowed some more, prayed some more, and fasted some more. It was the third or fourth day of fasting, and he still had that craving for tobacco. So, he said he went in the woods and he knelt down and said, "Lord, I've done all I can do. Now, if I get up from this prayer and I still want to chew tobacco, I'm going to chew it!" [Laughter]

He said that, when he said that to the Lord, that every desire for tobacco left him. Many, many years later he said, "I've never wanted to chew in my mouth since that day." To go for three days in the summertime without food or water takes quite a bit of courage, and working all the time, too. But he was determined to get rid of that habit, and he did.

W: I know the stories that he's told, there's many of them, but even at my age, I could remember the time when the Mormon Church would have come to a complete standstill, I guess.

WH: Without him.

W: Without him. Do you remember anything about that?

WH: They had no leadership. About the only thing the church could have done was to send missionaries back in there to carry on the activities if he hadn't been there to keep it going. Yes, he was a mighty force in the church there, and the people on the outside of the reservation recognized his leadership from the fact that he was keepin' it going. I don't know the man's name. I can't recall his name now, but he told me his name when he told me the story. He was a very wealthy landowner that had land close to the reservation, and Chief Blue had twenty-three children, you know. One December just before Christmas he was hauling wood to Rock Hill. He'd cut a load of wood, haul it to Rock Hill, and sell it for fifty cents. He was trying to get some money so he could buy something for Christmas for his children. He was coming home on the evening, cold, wet, and rainy. And he met this man who was riding in a buggy and had a nice lap robe over him, was nice and comfortable, and Chief Blue had his wagon going home.

They stopped to pass the time of day. This man asked him, "Sam, how're you doing?" He said, "Well, I'm not doing so well. I'm just trying to get some money together here so I can get some things for the children for Christmas." This man used a bad word and says, "Well, Sam, I'll give you a thousand dollars if you'll get out of that blank Mormon church!" Chief Blue says, "A thousand dollars?" Says, "That was more money than I'd even seen all put together in my life. There I sat, with a big family at home, and it Christmas and me with no money, and here was thousand dollars." A tremendous amount of money. But he said, "I thought a minute, and I just told him that I couldn't accept his offer." And he says, "Why?" And he said, "Well, I'm not Judas, and I'm not Esau, so I can't afford to take it!" Oh yes, one of the most interesting ones was when the missionaries had gotten mobbed on the reservation. They didn't dare come in there together. They'd go one at a time. It was a signal. If they saw two strange men going toward the Indian reservation, they knew they were Mormon elders. So, they'd only one at a time would go in. They knew that there was an elder coming from toward Gaffney down that road, and he didn't know the way to the reservation. So, they sent Chief Blue and another boy up the road to above Rock Hill there to meet him. There's a church there at the little town of Tirzah, and they went walking up the road. Chief Blue was real dark when he was a boy. So, as they went up the road, they kept looking for somebody they thought might be the elder. They passed this church, and they saw a man sitting on the steps of the church reading a letter. They went on up, and Chief Blue says, "You know, I believe that was the elder sitting back there down at that church." The other boy

said, "Well, you want to go back?" They decided to go back, and they went walking back down the road. This elder looked at them and he couldn't decide whether they were Indian or Negro boys. He was afraid to ask them, but finally he decided on a question that he could ask them that he'd find out whether they were friends or enemies or not. He said as they came down the road, "Boys, are you boys Lamanites?" They said, "Yeah!" They knew he was the elder then because no other White man in the country would have known, they would have thought they were Indians. In the Book of Mormon, the Indian people are referred to as Lamanites. So, when he asked them whether they were Lamanites, they knew he was the elder. If they'd been colored boys, they wouldn't have known what that meant, so they couldn't have given him away.

W: Brother, you mentioned something a few minutes ago that I didn't know. The Uncle Sam that I remember, he was not a dark-skinned person.

WH: I know he wasn't.

W: A lot of people might have mistaken him even for White.

WH: [inaudible 40:58]

W: So, I wonder what happened in between there. You mentioned that he was dark.

WH: The Book of Mormon promises the Indian people that they'll become White in the eyes of people if they'll accept the Gospel and live it. I don't know why he changed, but he showed me a picture of one of his sons—I believe the one that was shot—that was real dark. He says, "I was darker than he was when I was a little boy." But he wasn't dark when he died. If he wasn't sunburnt, he'd be as White as anyone. In fact, when he'd get a haircut sometimes, it'd show.



W: There was such a crowd at Uncle Sam's funeral. To people who won't recognize the name, Chief Blue is who we're talking about. There were so many people there. Were you there at his funeral?

WH: Oh, yes. I—

W: What do you remember about his funeral?

WH: I think it was a wonderful experience. It was a very spiritual experience to me because shortly before he died, I visited. I asked him, "Brother Blue, how are you?" He says, "I'm not doing any good, I'm just riding my stick-grip." Of course, nobody would know what that meant if they didn't know the story of the church, you see. Because, the Book of Mormon, we call it the Stick of Joseph. And the Bible is the Stick of Judah. So, when the missionaries would come out, they'd have a little satchel—a little grip—and they'd carry these books in it, and they'd call it their stick-grip. Somewhere in there they'd usually have a clean pair of underwear and clean shirt or something. So, when they'd get ready to go home, when they get released from the mission—they stay in the mission field until they get a release from their mission president. So, when they're expecting their mission to be up, they start watching for that letter to come. They'll get the stick-grip and everything all packed and ready to go. When a missionary begins to think about going home, the others just tell him he's "ridin' his stick-grip" getting ready to go home. So, Brother Blue says, "I'm just riding my stick-grip." He was ready to go, prepared to go, and had suffered intensely from cancer. What he meant was that he had everything packed up and was ready to go, just waiting for his call.

W: I remember at his funeral that there was a great many of what I consider important men from Rock Hill.

WH: That's right.

W: Ministers as well.

WH: A great many people who knew him, respected him, and honored him as a fine person.

DH: The bishop from the Episcopalian Church was there. He spoke.

W: Yes, he did. Reverend Lumpkin spoke, yes.

E: Do you have a tape of the service?

WH: No, I don't. I'm sorry, but I don't. I never have taped a sermon, and I've preached a great many sermons in my life. Most of them were very close and dear friends. I had trouble getting emotionally involved when I'd try to preach a sermon. But Chief Blue was a very dear friend and a very wonderful person.

W: To the people in Catawba and especially me, his influence was felt by all of us. We all really learned to love him. He taught us a lot, because we all knew he didn't have an education. And we all knew he couldn't even write, but he taught us lessons that we couldn't have gotten from any source other than him.

WH: A great many of you received your blessing from him.

W: Yes.

WH: He baptized and confirmed you, and when you were sick, he came and administered to you.

W: And he gave advice too. He gave sound advice.

WH: That's right, he'd give you advice. He preached—I don't know how many, many sermons that man preached in his life. They were all interesting and all inspiring to me. His testimony of the Gospel was so strong and so sure that, as I said, when he saw that his life was coming to a close, he was prepared to go on. He was anxious to get it over with and get on into the next phase of his existence.

E: Do you remember the music that you had at that service—the funeral service for Chief Blue?

WH: No, I don't. I'm almost sure that they sang "O My Father".

E: Is that a special Mormon song?

WH: Yes, it is.

E: Could you sing it? I have no note.

DH: You could let Frances sing it.

W: Oh, no! I haven't got a good voice.

WH: [Laughter] She can sing it.

DH: I'd rather Frances sang it.

E: Come over here and sing it.

W: I can't sing it! I—

[Break in recording]

DH: You sing soprano.

W: Well, you sing it.

DH: **I haven't done it.**

W: That's what I said, so—

DH: Well, I've said—

W: Well, I might not—

WH: She can sing soprano.

W: No, I can't. Something happened to my voice, you know.

WH: Okay, I'm just gonna—

[Singing "O My Father"]

E: This was "O My Father," recorded by Mr. and Mrs. Hayes and Frances Wade, and it's taken from the hymns, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

"O My Father" song at the funeral service of Chief Samuel Blue.

[End of Interview]

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