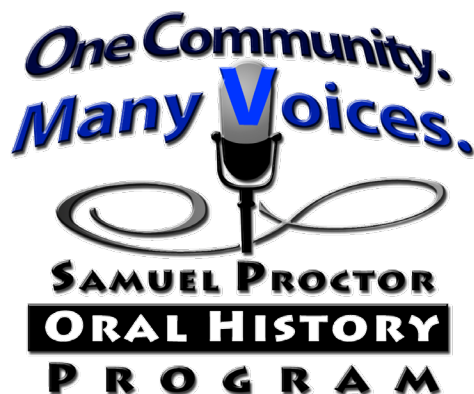


# **Reading of Text Written by Lucy Depeche Thompson**

**Southeastern Indian Oral History Project (SIOHP)  
CAT-153**

**Monologue by:**

**Emma Reid Echols  
March 6, 1983**



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**CAT 153 Lucy Depeche Thompson (Text)**  
**Southeastern Indian Oral History Project (SIOHP)**  
**Recorded by Emma Reid Echols on March 6, 1983**  
**5 minutes | 3 pages**

**Abstract:** Emma Reid Echols reads a story about Chief Samuel Blue. The story, titled "Samuel Blue's Triumph," appeared in Lucy Thompson's *Favorite Stories*. In it, Chief Blue grapples with feelings of vengeance following his son's death. He finds comfort and wisdom in President Charles A. Callis, a leader of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

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

**SAMUEL PROCTOR**  
**ORAL HISTORY**  
**PROGRAM**  
University of Florida

CAT 153

Interviewee: Lucy Depeche Thompson

Interviewer: Emma Reid Echols

Date of Recording: March 6, 1983

E: This is Emma Reid Echols, Route 6, Box 260, Rock Hill, South Carolina. It is

March 6, 1983. I am recording the oral history of the Catawba Indians. I am recording a little story about Chief Samuel Blue. I am recording it from a little book, *Favorite Stories*, by Lucy Depeche Thompson, published by Book Craft, Incorporated, Salt Lake City. There is no date of publication of this book. The primary story on page eighty-four is "Samuel Blue's Triumph." Excerpts are Brother Samuel "Thunderbird Blue," South Carolina, Catawba Indian [inaudible 0:59]. Brother Blue was born August 15, 1872. He joined the church at age twelve. He was an Indian Chief. This is his story. Important to Brother Blue are the powers of the priesthood and the authority that accompanies the service of the Lord. He relates the following experiences and bears witness to the true points of the Gospel and its promises. "One day, my nine-year-old son, Joseph Hawley, went hunting with six other Indians. They were hunting squirrels. The squirrel darted up a pine tree, and my son climbed up the tree to scare him out on a limb. Finally, the squirrel ran out on a branch. My son called out to the others, 'Hold your fire,' and then he could get down out of the tree. Two of the Indians, however, shot **the branch** and **my** son. They had always acted jealously of me and my family because I was a Chief. They deliberately shot at my boy. He was filled with buck shot from his knees up to the top of his head. One blast was aimed at his groin, and the other hit him squarely in the face. The Indians carried my boy to our home and found a cool spot along the trail, under a pine tree. There they laid him down and ran for a doctor. My friend came to see me in Rock Hill where I had gone to buy groceries and said, 'Sam, run home at once! Your

boy has been shot.' I thought it was one of my married sons. I left my team and wagon in town and drove home with the doctor and found my baby boy near death. The doctor put the boy to sleep with some morphine so he wouldn't feel the pain. He said my boy could not live. He died a few minutes later. The man, the Catawba, who had done the shooting had locked his son up to protect him, and he had come over to my house to visit the crowd who had gathered to offer their help. He did not appear to be very upset at his deed. My heart filled with revenge and hatred, and I reached for my double-barrel shotgun. My wife and my mother stopped me. Someone brought me a telegram that had been sent by President Callis from Atlanta, Georgia, the mission's headquarters. The telegram said, 'Don't do anything until I see you. I am coming. Charles A. Callis.' I read the telegram, but the revenge was all I could think about. Something seemed to whisper to me, 'If you don't take down your gun and kill the man who murdered your son, Sam Blue, you are a coward.' Now, I've loved the Lord ever since I was a young lad, and I knew it would not be right to take revenge. So, I decided to pray to the Lord about it. I left the house and walked to a secret place out in the timber where I always had prayed when I had an important problem. And there I prayed to the Lord to take revenge out of my heart. I soon felt better and started back to the house. As I approached the house, I heard someone whisper— something whisper to me, 'Sam Blue, you are a coward if you don't kill that Indian.' I turned and went back to pray. This time I had to pray longer before I felt better. On the way back to the house, at the same spot along the path, I heard the voice say again, 'Sam Blue, you are a coward if you don't kill the man who

murdered your son.' I turned again and went back to pray. This time, I told the Lord he must help me, or I would kill. I asked him to take revenge out of my heart and keep it out. I felt good then when I got up from praying. I went back to the house, and when I reached the house, I shook hands with the Indian who killed my boy. And there was never hatred or desire for revenge in my heart. President Callis arrived the next day and comforted me. He had lost two of his little boys here in the South. He said he knew that I was in trouble, and so he sent the telegram and took the first train that left Atlanta to come to me. The first thing that President Callis said to me were the words of the Savior: 'Vengeance is mine. I will repay.' He asked me what I had done, and I told him, and he told me I was right. As he left, he shook hands with me and pressed a fifty-dollar bill into my hand with the suggestion that I use it to help bear the expense. Since that time, I have often said that President Callis was my savior. He saved me from being a murderer and ruining my life. Of course, I don't mean any reflection on the Master who is really the Savior of us all."

[End of recording]

Transcribed by: Lauren King, December 5, 2021

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