

The Filson Historical Society

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Jones, Carridder
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Interview Transcripts, Newburg/Petersburg,
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Interview with Pen Bogert, Reference Specialist, The Filson Club on Eliza Tevis of Petersburg-Newburg community - By Carridder M. Jones January 2, 2002

Here we have just the research data on Eliza Hundley, or Eliza Hundley, Curtis, Tevis, Coleman. These are the different names she has gone by. Still at this point, I don't know what her birth name would have been, her surname. The earliest name where she is in the records is Eliza Hundley. This is the chronological order based on Censes information and age in the Estate inventories where she is listed. The only way to tell when she is born is to take the latest Census' meaning 1850 or later. Also, actually more accurately, where she is listed in the Estate settlement of John W. Hundley, where she is listed as age 32, that's in 1832. So, I assume that she is born in 1800 or very close to that.

She does not write, I don't know if she can read but when she initiates a court case that we will talk about in a minute, she signs by mark on the document. She's also born in Virginia. That comes from the later Census where they started asking people where they were born. I don't know who her slave owner was in Virginia, don't know how she got here, whether she was brought here by Hundley, whether she was brought here by somebody else and then sold to Hundley when Hundley began his slave trading operations which was around 1812, I don't know.

I do know, you can tell from Hundley's will, I'm sort of jumping ahead here. He made out his will in October of 1829, he died in September of 1830 and his will was probated in November of 1830. That's pretty quick. In his will, he liberates, emancipates all slaves, it says here, "who may have been 15 years in my service from the time of their purchase are immediately emancipated". Since she is not in that group, then she was purchased by him not over 15 years ago. From that, I assume she was purchased around 1818. He makes provisions for when they reach certain age or after they've been in their service, as he calls it, for 15 years, we have her emancipation record, so from that, he's real precise in his will which we have a copy of here and this is verbatim, generally. It's very precise instructions on who is to be emancipated, according to how long they have been enslaved and everything else. In what age they attain certain things. You can tell from that, that she was probably purchased by Hundley right around 1818, when she would have been an 18 year old. Whether she was brought out here by him, or whether she was already here enslaved by somebody else and then sold to him. Which is probably more likely.

The story about her being his half sister, we don't know because John W.

My name is Lloyd Elsworth Davis. I was born June 28, 1941, that makes me 60 years old. My parents were Birdie Davis and James Davis. My Grandmother was Etta Smith. They all lived in Newburg and we lived on Jewels Lane in Newburg, Kentucky. That's where I was raised. My grandparents had visited that area during the 37 flood. They had some property out in there in that area. The 37 flood sent them out of the city so they decided to go on and build and stay in that area. My great grand parents did not live out there. I had cousins as I was told, and my grandparents on my father's side had moved out in that area.

Growing up in Newburg was like growing up in no other place I can think of as I traveled around. Growing up in Newburg, there was a lot of love, a lot of neutering, a lot of caring for. We didn't know about the hard times. We didn't understand about the downcast and down trodden. It was fun. As I look back on it, it was fun and wholesome and every child had an opportunity to have a good foundation. It didn't matter who your parents were or who your family were. Every child had an opportunity to go to church, somebody would take you to church or Sunday School. They would follow through until you had confessed hope in Christ. It was a good bringing up at the time that I came up.

You could be chastised by any adult, even the young adults. If a person was five years older than you and they told you, you needed to be getting home, it was late for you to be out. Then, you needed to be on your way. If that person didn't chastise you, they would tell and you got chastised. I remember for one infraction, fighting after school, I got six whippings. My grandmother whipped me. I was fighting a young man because he talked about my mother. I went to my grandmothers house, I called that home too. She found out I was fighting and she wanted to know why. I told her because the boy called my mother a name. She said, did he know her. I told her no. So that gave me the first whipping. Then my mother asked me the same question when she came home and that gave me the second whipping. Then one of the neighbors was really upset with me and she gave one. In those days if you fought on the way to school, you had to go through the principal. I got one there. I was in the sixth grade, I never will forget, my sixth grade teacher gave me one. To top it off my fifth grade teacher told me she was so disappointed in me, she gave me a light one. That was six whippings and that's how the chastising went in the neighborhood. Any neighbor or anybody, without telephoning, the message would travel so quickly, the next thing you'd know,

Interview with Adlene M. Abstain- Re. Newburg, Kentucky - August 10, 2001 - By
Carridder M. Jones

My name is Adlene Marie Abstain, I was born July 1, 1943 in Montgomery Alabama. I'm 58 years old today. How I got here, my first initial visit to Louisville was as a Freedom Rider, on the bus. We came during open housing back in 65. We were invited by Reverend King's brother and we were to come in and do voters registration. We went from city to city doing voters registration and encouraging the community to get the vote out. That was right after President Kennedy was elected president. I started my work in Montgomery and at a very early age, registered people to vote in Montgomery. I was about eight or nine, because my mother was one of those type people that was involved in everything.

My mother's name was Ruther Mae Moses Smiley and she was in charge of Trimming court and for people that don't know, Trimming Court was the block right down from Abernathy's church. Reverend Abernathy's church there in Montgomery. Being in a project, there wasn't many people back then registered to vote. In Montgomery, in order to vote, you had to know the Preamble to the Constitution and the first amendments. Plus, if you did pass those things, then you would have to pay a poll tax. The poll tax was about eight to twenty-one dollars to vote, of which most black people couldn't afford to pay. Back in the early 50's and late 60's, that was your whole pay check, especially if you did day work or something like that. Most people did day work. My father worked for the fertilizer plant, my step-father.

My natural father died. He was a veteran of WWII. My natural father's name was Frank Howard. My Step father's name was Roosevelt Smiley. Then my grandparents and my great grandparents were both living at that time. My great grandmother's name was Mary Holloway and she was a permanent resident of what you call, Mitche's Station, Alabama. My grandmother's name was Eliza Grady. She was known as the song bird of the south back in those days. She was a gospel singer and she sang without music. You could hear her voice just ringing. She had the most beautiful voice you ever wanted to hear and she was known all over far and near for her singing. She traveled a lot by train to sing. So being brought up by these people who were strong pillars of the community, and who always believed in equality and things should be the right way and the Godly way, and different things. By the time I was born, I had no choice but to do what my mom required of me.

I didn't really realize how important it was until I was in about the tenth grade and we were registering people to vote. At that time, we did not have a lot of people that knew how to read or write. They were afraid, you feared for your life all the time because it was open country for the clansmen. They would just ride through the community with the horses and the hoods. It was a fearful time. There were quite a few people beaten. There were quite a few people killed, you had a Reverend Lambert who was a radio personality back at that time, he came back through the countryside from a convention. He was found, his body was sliced in different parts. You had people just literally whipped at the poll site to keep them from voting. I don't know the exact year, but it was the year that John F. Kennedy ran for President.

That was the year that blacks got on board and really started really registering people to vote. They saw that Kennedy would be an asset to what was happening in Montgomery at that time, which was the boycott. At that time we had had two people to be arrested for not sitting back on the bus. But as you know, the third person was Mrs. Rosa Parks, who worked for Montgomery Fair there in Montgomery at that time. She was a seamstress there and when she didn't get off, that started that movement. She worked for a store called Montgomery Fair which now would be equivalent to Dillard's or something of that nature. But then you could purchase things but you couldn't try it on. You had think, guess what your size was, you couldn't take it back. So whatever you bought, that's what you had to wear. That included shoes, clothes, panties or whatever. You could not take it back.

We had two main streets in Montgomery at that time. You had Dexter Avenue and Monroe Street. Monroe Street was known as the black street. That's where the majority of the black people would come every Saturday and gather on Monroe Street. You would go down on Monroe street and set up the voter registration booth. There would be a number of us teenagers under the leadership of our parents and community leaders. We would teach them. You literally had to teach them by memory, the Preamble to the Constitution. They would remember it. Those that could remember it would go and register to vote. At that age I didn't realize I should have been afraid because the young people were excited. We thought we were doing something. Our parents had told us that it was important that we do this and we thought it was just great that we do this.

We did not realize until later how I should fearful, how I should be scared. In fact, I guess I never had the spirit of fear until I got older. By the time I got to the point where I should be afraid, I was trained by some instructors of the Ghandi

theory of how to go about it non violent. We stuck together as a group of young people those of us who came out of Turner Court, we stuck together and did what we had to do. I can't begin to tell you some of the things that happened. The police was always water hosing us down. We were always being met by mobs of people that would want to beat on us. Oh Lord, I can't even make you imagine how every day it was something.

Shortly after the Montgomery bus boycott got started, it just got worse and worse. I was arrested many a times. I thank God they didn't even put our names down because we were teenagers and they just locked us up. Sometimes we would be in the cells with criminals, people that killed people and different things. Sometime we were just put in jail and our parents a lot of time didn't even know where we were, especially when we were out of town. It was a strength about us because we truly believed in God and we believed that God was on our side. We believed that God was with us and that he would conquer and we were the oppressed and they were the oppressors and that we would win. And as you know, later we did win.

As I look back at my great grandmother and I think that, she was living all during that time and she would say to us, "you're going to make it." She had a song that she used to sing, A Charge to Keep I Have, A god to Glorify, which was a long meter hymn. She would stand on the porch and she would sing it. We knew when we heard that voice, that was our signal that wherever we was, we was to come home and gather up our material and go out and start registering people. We would have to do it sometime at certain hours, different times of day. A charge to keep I have, a God to Glorify and every dying soul to save and fitted for the sky. When we heard the word SKY, we knew it was our signal to leave. It took her about three or four minutes to sing that whole stanza. Her voice would never tremble nor would it stop, it would just keep going and would ring all over the project and you could hear her. As we heard her, we would come and we would go to the place of designation where we needed to be and get our material and go out and register people to vote.

My great grandmother and my grandmother had property in the country. They were called sharecroppers. That means that they had their own farm and they raised their own but they paid so much a month to or year for the man to allow them to use his equipment to get it to where it needed to be. I guess we were considered, I didn't realize that we were considered one of the better set of people. I just thought as classes of people, everybody was the same. But I just knew that mom and them would always get their crops out and then they would go and help the other people get theirs out. The last results, they would help the people that had to

worked for the White man.

It was a time that they were closer together but it was like hard times. I didn't see 'em as hard time then. I realize now when I look back on it now, they were closely knitted then. They were more concerned about each other, the welfare of each person. It wasn't where one was down. It was like a caring thing and a sharing thing. They didn't go to school but they were encouraging their children to go to school. My great grandmother, she went to the eleventh grade. My great grandmother was the midwife of the community back in those days. My great grandmother had two daughters one ended up living in Louisville and my grandmother stayed in Montgomery in the Vineyard where we still own the property there now.

After my grandmother died, then my brothers took over the property they owned there then, my brothers and I. My Aunt that lived in Louisville was Rosie Jones. She lived here and she had two daughters that lived here, Estell Beecham and Eliza Beam and their children. When I came to Louisville, Louisville seemed to be a satisfied town. The people didn't seem like they really cared about the other blacks. It was like dog eat dog world. It was like a place I always wanted to live because I felt like I could make a change of some type. So when I came here with the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the first thing I did was got on board with the chapter here. I moved here to live in 1966. Upon moving here, Leo Lesser was the president of Southern Christian Leadership Conference. After his death, Reverend Charles Elliott took over. Of course you know, by that time, Reverend King was dead. Then Reverend Lesser passed and after Reverend Lesser it was between Reverend Elliott and Reverend Kirby. Reverend Kirby who still now holds the Kentucky Chapter president.

I've served under a many of men here in Louisville as President of Southern Christian Leadership Conference but I always had an agenda. My agenda was that Blacks should be united and that we should pull together our resources and keep our black dollars within the black community. Most of all, get an education so you could deal with problems on the level in which they were presented to you. Back then, we marched...I'm not against marching now but I think we are have mostly fought in the courtrooms now. Young people now are being stopped because they are black. If they are driving a new car and are young, they are stopped because they are black. My ideas have not changed but the focus of it has changed. How we should just stick together.

Since I've been in Louisville, I've organized a group called the Youth of Newburg and that was to deal with young people that wasn't privileged enough to

have people to work with them to get them through the legal system and to help them with the problems that they were encountering. We don't realize how much racism there is in the school systems. If you don't know somebody, then your child is left behind. The Youth of Newburg, we help them, we instill in them the meaning of survival, the tools to survive. I believe if they take away the gas stove, the electric driver and the refrigerator, they should know how to keep their food, how to prepare their food without having those things. I was taught the tools of survival. The tools to survival is how to survive without all of this. Because, one day we might have to survive without it.

I thank God that the first set of young people I can really speak about because a lot of them have come away from the gang situation and went into the army, some of them are teaching school, some are in the air force, I've got young ladies that's been off to college that's back now that's helping with the other young people in the community. So that was one of the programs that I started here. The Southern Christian Leadership Conference ... we always are out for injustice as far as on the job sites or whatever we felt that was injustice to our people. We still go to court, we still work with people that are underprivileged. I still work in the capacity, I guess I will always be in the capacity of helping people. The Lord gave me a help ministry for young people and I guess I will always be in that capacity.

When I got to Louisville, I met the Abstains and that's who I married, I married the nephew of Sadie Abstain. And being married to him, we share the same goals, the same ideas as to education first as a priority. You must be educated as a priority. If you don't go to school, you are nobody. See when I got to Louisville, if you go to school, you ain't nobody. See they've got it a little backward. We need to change that around. Education should be a priority in everybody's life. I went through high school and I started to college, I went in the door to the freedom writers bus. All of my education has been through correspondence courses and I've been to biblical schools. Any kind of place that I needed to go to learn how to help somebody else, that was what I was about. I never received a full degree because I was never there. I've got a couple of associate degrees in Political Sciences because I was wanting to run for office. I feel like you can make a difference in that area. In the past, I ran for State Representative against Tom Burch.

I have two sons, Ronald Abstain and Marvin Abstain. Unfortunately about seventeen years ago, Ronald Abstain got off into smoking drugs. As long as I was saying, you're on drugs, it seems like he was getting worse. Then a woman of God and then a minister...I was praying but it was like I wasn't releasing him. But the minute I released him to the Lord and said, Lord I dedicate him back to you, this is

your child, you change him. Do you know he went and got help. He is now drug free. I just praise God for it every day. Marvin Abstain, III...my husband's name is Marvin Abstain and his dad's name was Marvin Abstain and we have a grand baby named Marvin Abstain and my son's name is Marvin Abstain. He works for the Census Bureau. I thank God for him. He's taking on my characteristics, he now works with the youth of Newburg. Where I started it, he is now taking up the torch and began to run with it. He and a young man by the name of Thomas Layfield. We have a young man coming back to the city by the name of Christopher Carr, that's going to work with the young people. We have Brad Doolitz moving back to the community. They want to come and put back into the community what they got out. They keep in touch

Sadie Abstain was my husband's great aunt. She was the principal of Newburg School. She was also a teacher up at J-Town. She was born and reared in J-Town. She was an educator. The entire family are educators. My husband's brother and his sister are all educators. They were educators and they were outspoken people in the community. They have contributed a lot towards education. My brother-in-law just retired from teaching and coaching at Seneca. He was one of the first blacks to go to Shawnee. His name is Marshall Abstain, and I'm married to Marvin Abstain. And Marvin Abstain was working for Brown & Williamson. When he left Brown & Williamson, he went to work for the State. The State came to him and offered him a job because he also worked in the capacity of helping. He worked at Central State where he could have on-hand experience of making sure the people got to their appointments on time and he drove them from state to state. That was his line of work and he worked also in the community. He was Chairman of the Newburg Board of Directors for about twenty-five years. He helped to get a lot of street lights, he was instrumental in getting Newburg into a fourth class city, which was later abolished. He was a part of getting that established.

It was abolished because I think the people really were not ready for what was happening and the majority of the businesses did not want to be a part of the city at that time. Immediately after they abolished the Newburg City, we saw the businesses organize their own little cities, like Watterson City. All of that came from the Newburg City. My husband was instrumental in getting paved streets, sidewalks, street lights, continuously organized Newburg Day. Which during the time when he was chairman was one of the largest black festivals in the state of Kentucky. At one time, I was the director of that festival. I directed that festival for about ten years. What I would do, when we had that festival, we turned it from one week to a week affair and we would bring back young men Like Wes Unseld, Ms.

Wilmos son, people that had graduated from and out of the Newburg area. They came back and would talk about how they could survive from Newburg, because Newburg's got a rich history.

I studied the history of Newburg because I wanted to know why Newburg was important. I found out that Newburg was established out of Petersburg. That Colonel Hikes from Hikes Lane had children by Eliza Titus and she in turn had eight children and those were the first permanent families of Newburg. Upon looking at that history, I found that these people had set forth an effort and they had everything in this area that they needed. That came back from slavery time. Newburg has been in existence since slavery and when they were released, this is where it was. After the slavery, if you look, they've got a cemetery out here where you do have slave graves, from the ancestors of Ms. Eliza Titus. Generations of her family are still in Newburg.

My husband of course being a part of that, from the Lewis side, is a part of that ancestry coming down in Newburg. So it was important that we make Newburg be know. That it wasn't a bad area to live in. People had given it such a bad name but we wanted them to know it wasn't a bad place. So Newburg and Petersburg Estates were added and people began to recognize Newburg as a place and not a hole in the wall or just some little country town. A place with a rich black history and how many of our black athletes and educators have come from Newburg. Some of them being, West Unseld, the Burks, The Greens, The Goodwin's, are the people that have come out of Newburg.

A lot of the history, I have learned from the Lyons. They had given me a complete story line down from the beginning down to the end. I will give you somebody who can tell you because she is a direct descendant from Mrs. Eliza Titus. With my telling you it is like second hand. My neighbor next door...I just happen to live next door to Sharelle Lyons who can tell you...her mother is the one who always wrote the history of Newburg, each newburg day. Her mother still lives. She lives in Texas now with one of her daughters. She just left Newburg within the last five years.

Now I'm not as active in the Newburg area as I used to be, because of the fact of God calling me into Pastoral ship and we were trying to get our church organized. We are now looking forward to coming back into the community now that we have gotten ourselves established and doing some things. I will either run for Council Person or work with someone that's going to run for Council Person. To try to work with people that have Newburg concerns. You see this is a community, it's not just someplace where people live. It's a community and the

community has needs. Different things that need to be a part of the community such as, a swimming area for our children. Rather than have to go five or ten miles away. Everybody don't have cars, although this is 2001, everybody still don't have cars. We do have Newburg/Petersburg Park. Along with Mr. Unseld and some of us on the board, we were instrumental in getting Newburg School rebuilt. We now have anew school. We would like to have office buildings where we could have different activities other than church related activities.

Now I'm not against church related activities, like I told you, I'm a pastor. But, everybody is not church and I think you need to meet people on whatever level they are on and try to work with them. I pastor Fountain of Life Word and Worship Center at 3400 Vermont. We have been in existence about two years now. Our membership ...we started out with five people and we are now about fifty five. We are just allowing God to do what he's doing. We give him the glory. So as we grow, we know it's by his grace and his mercy.

As I think of my life and the things I have been through and the beatings that I've taken and the things that I've just been through for the freedom of our people. The only thing, I ask that the young people would look at the drugs as a spirit. It is genocide to the African American black. The only way you can destroy someone is through genocide. If they couldn't kill us off in the Vietnam War, and they couldn't kill us off in different other areas with the moonshine, now they have brought the drugs into the community and they are literally giving them to our black young people. That's genocide to our Afro Americans because when you get rid of the man, then the seed is no longer there. Then you can no longer produce if it is no longer there. Once that seed is destroyed, then that is genocide to that whole community.

That's why, you see like...for example with the city and the county redrawing the map, redistricting. They are making sure you will never have black representatives because of the way it is drawn up. That's genocide to the community, to the area. When I look at what I've been through, I ask the community, don't allow anybody to destroy you. Don't allow anybody to make a nobody out of you because you are somebody. I'm up with hope and when you lose your hope, you've lost everything and I've never lost hope. I've never lost my faith and I have never turned my back on my people. My people don't come in color but I especially love my black men. I encourage my black men because if you encourage your black men, you've got a family. But when you destroy that black man, then you are destroying the family structure.

We have allowed ADC to destroy our black family structure. We've allowed

the government to destroy our black family structure. We've allowed the government to tell us how our men should support their babies. We have allowed the police to tell us when we can walk and what we can buy, and that's taking us far back to past where we have come. So we need to wake up and see what's really happening around us. I talk to black mothers all the time to instill into their sons as young people that you are a man, you are somebody. And you don't allow anything to destroy that. Once that young man comes up, encourage him. If he makes a mistake pick him up, dust him off and keep him going. Because it is the black male that keeps the seed flowing. We female is the receiver. The male produces, we receive. In receiving, we produce more black children. It has been proven that black Americans are the most intelligent beings there are.

Instill in their heads that they are smart because we speak things as though they are. When you speak to them, speak them into a positive way, then you won't have them turning to drugs for fast money, for fast clothes and for fast fashions. Teach them how to dress as young people and when they grow up it will instill in there. Teach them how to wash, iron and cook, how to survive, how to take care of their wives. Mothers can instill that in their sons, only mothers can do that and a real mother will really instill in their son that you don't beat women, that you treat a woman as you would your mother, that you don't misuse a woman in any kind of way. Then women, we must learn how to hold our men up and not always be ready to criticize everything that they do. I'm not saying put them on a pedestal, but what I'm saying, if you instill in them and you give them hope and you give them a faith to tell them that they can move that mountain or go around it, they can do it. I'm a living witness. I'm 58 years old and I have had 19 surgeries, I have walked through a many of things, obstacles and the Lord has still allowed me to steady go on because I have a message of hope for everybody. I have a message of faith and the Lord is telling me to tell them about me. With me they can do all things. Teach your black children, your young children about God. Let them know that with God, they can conquer the world. It's all about faith, it's all about love

I've been here since 66. I've been in Newburg since 70. I see Newburg growing but for the area being as large as it is, like 14 churches, active in Newburg, there is yet 10,000 people in Newburg that's unchurched and that hurts. They are trying to pull together but you see Satan is on his job. When this group pulls together, the other group pulls separately. Now I see them more together than what they were when I first moved out here. I see more love. We must always also keep people in exaltation and be ancestors for those that are in leadership. Because they are ...minded and if you are spirit minded and you keep upholding them, eventually

the Lord is going to let them know that somebody is upholding you so you can come together and join together and be a whole community. If we don't come together as a community and come together with the community next door to Newburg, we will not have a black representative coming from Newburg.

The street we live on became named Abstain after my husband's aunt, Sadie Abstain who was the principal at Newburg School at that time. The children chose the names of the streets. The children at the school chose the names of those streets at that time. You will find a street out here named after Ms. Tevis, you will find one after Mr. Unseld, that's George and Wes Unseld's daddy. There are streets named after aunt Sadie, Mary McCloud Bethune and Reverend Shoemaker. You will find streets named after permanent people that took care of their own. Newburg was a self governing body of its own and it always has been. We are hoping the way government is being structured now that we can still maintain our self government. We can police ourselves. We don't need a whole bunch of police. I've always believed that we can police ourselves. When I was over the Newburg festival, I used to make the children police themselves and there were no fights.

You make them accountable for their community, you make them realize that this is where they live and this is what you need to maintain. If you maintain where you live, you don't allow anybody to destroy your work cause you've got to continue to live here after this is over. Then there won't be any fights there won't be any arguments because then you have love. When I was over the festival, we used to have thousands coming from all around. From California to Washington. They would set up booths. It was more like a family day and on the founder day, we would have breakfast that morning and that was the highlight of the Newburg festival, was the breakfast that morning. We would remember the people that had worked hard in the community all year and we'd give them a little certificate and a little appreciation award which means that that person really has done a lot to help.

We used to have our own softball teams, our own baseball teams, and our own baseball clubs. We used to have, basically everything to entertain ourselves. When you start bring other people in, I'm not saying this to be self centered, or off over here by myself but I'm saying, make sure that you take care of you and your neighbor. And don't covet nothing of your neighbor. If you don't come up against your neighbor, then they won't come up against you. Then you can live and love in peace. They used to come back and it would be an exciting time. At the last festival that I had, we had over 30,000 people on the park. I mean there was nothing but people. You could barely walk the aisles there were so many people.

Now that I'm not involved, I think they are still having it. I understand they

are trying to put it back together the way that it used to be. In everything, when things are going well Satan gets busy. You know if Satan didn't get busy we wouldn't have nothing to pray for. So then we just pray and hope that they can get it back the way it was and get the people back involved from the area to the extent of what it was at one time. I think they are still going to have one the first week of September.

My life in Newburg has been great. I have no regrets of anything I have done here. Even the last project that I worked on before resigning from the area and starting my ministry, was the cemetery. I'm very pleased to have worked with those people to bring the cemetery up to code that we might have something to look back and say, this is what our community has done. We have enhanced with a whole new set of houses called Petersburg Estate and we brought the cemetery up to code, we got a school within the area, we've got resources to reach out within the area. We don't have to go a long ways. Those are the things that we're reaching for and two looking forward to doing greater things.

The cemetery is located right on the corner of Old Petersburg Road and Indian Trail, right behind Star Hope Baptist Church. The cemetery is basically a resident from Newburg of the original families. Mrs Tevis has a grave site there and the family. Generations down through have grave sites you can see the Goodwin's, the Lyons, which was the Green's. They married off into different names but you can still see their grave sites there. That's why it was important that the cemetery be brought to code. Not so much that we could stand on braggatory rights but just to have it in the community.

We know that slaves are buried there because once we started cleaning the cemetery, we found the slave graves. They just lay flat and you can tell by the year in which they were buried and some was like, the names of them and how they were marked. A section. Some of them have headstones and some of them just have writing on top of the platform. Some of them just have writing on top of that but they are very easily identified.

Colonel Hikes owned all of this land before blacks moved in. He gave this to her as part of Newburg. They say he actually had children by her. I don't know how many children she had by him but I know there were eight original families. Again I'm going to refer you to Ms. Lyons to give you that information. If you look in Farmington, the information I had gathered over at Farmington is on display. I gathered the information from the ancestors of Mrs Tevis. That information is on display at Farmington now, as to the rich history of Newburg. This is now an official historic area, which means it will always be here. This will always be

Newburg.

Petersburg, you know that's one thing I didn't do a lot of research on because it was Newburg-Petersburg. Now to my understanding, the Whites lived in Petersburg and the blacks lived in Newburg. I didn't do a lot of research on that and would again have to refer you to someone else for that information.

The Filson Historical Society

ORAL HISTORY PROJECT
CARRIDDER M. JONES - PROJECT DIRECTOR

In consideration of the recording and preservation of my oral history memoir, and/or documents and pictures, I hereby grant and assign them to the Filson Club in Louisville, Kentucky, and consent to the deposit of my oral history memoir, and/or documents and pictures in their permanent collection, to be used for whatever scholarly or educational purposes, including the right to duplicate, and distribute the recordings and/or transcript, documents and pictures to any other libraries and educational institution. I grant Carridder M. Jones, all literary property rights, including transcription and publication rights to my oral history memoir, and/or documents and pictures as an unrestricted gift.

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somebody was chastising you. It discouraged fighting for a long time. Right today, it does not matter to me what people say about me or someone else. That's not enough to get a fight going because I remember those things.

During those days, we went to Newburg school. Went to elementary school, and my class was so big that it was split into two different classes. We had two fourth grade, fifth grade, sixth grade, seventh grade classes. We knew we were around the same ages but we had Six-A and Six-B. We were in different rooms. We came along in the era when portables were a big thing. We had a couple of classes in the portables from Newburg School. We came from the basement to the portables. We only had one class in the brick Newburg School until we moved to the new Newburg School that was built at Indian Trail and Newburg Road. Now it's a walking track. It's since been torn down. We were the first seventh class and we went all the way through middle school there. We went to the eighth grade...the ninth grade. We went to the ninth grade there.

When we graduated, it was the first year of bussing and we went to Fern Creek High School. We weren't allowed to go to Central, Fern Creek was the designated County School because it was integration then. Unless you went to Lincoln Institute, which was for black students, or unless you gave somebody the wrong address and went to Central, you went to Fern Creek High School. That's where I went through high school at. Later they built Seneca High School and Thomas Jefferson, because there were a lot of folk out there. Newburg was becoming a hub. You had the subdivisions that were popping up. Lincoln Park and then Broadmore, then New Broadmore. There were subdivisions that popped up in Newburg at that time.

GE had moved out there at that time, then you had people that wanted to get out of the inner city that worked at Ford and International Harvesters. When you turned eighteen, you could get a job and you didn't have to have what they call a good education. Just finish school or get close to finishing school and you could go into those jobs. They were in big demand.

As I look back on it, I think about my first eight years and I had teachers that cared. I had teachers that were concerned about your welfare and they were concerned about you being educated and they were concerned about your socialization. Because education without socialization wasn't worth a darn. You could be an educated fool, they would tell you. They shared a lot with you and they cared a lot about you. Think back to the time when I got whippings from teachers, when I worked in the boys camp and I would have to become physical with a young man how much it took out of me. Looking back, how much it must have taken out

of them to whip us and to chastise us and how their hearts went out for us. As an educator now, working with kids, I know that I just don't go home and leave the job. So, it had to be demanding on them but they taught me.

When I went to Fern Creek, what I learned, you don't think that it superseded, I learned very little because it was new. It was new to the teachers, it was new to us. People had gone, ministers had gone and told the teachers that we learn a different way and those kind of things. So they didn't know how to teach us. They really didn't know whether to care for us or not to care for us. So in that period of time, there was little or no education passed on to us. Black ministers or people of the community that knew none or very little about education, but they as concerned people in the community, they were the people that were asked. So they did not say that they didn't know, God forbid that they would say that they didn't know. They said, and they really didn't know what we were used to. They weren't really that involved with education per say. It didn't cause a problem for me because I'll tell you, a good eighth grade education and faith in God has done well for me. I don't remember anything that I remember in high school...as a matter of fact, I quit in the twelfth grade and went into the Air Force and that's where my education picked back up again. Life became my greatest educator. The things that I did after I left high became my greatest educator.

After I got out, four years in service, then I did some reserve time and I went into the factories. Tried my hand at GE and didn't like that. Went to Ford tried my hand at Ford and they worked too many hours at that particular time and it was just that you worked and worked and worked. You had a lot of money but you never had time go and enjoy it and spend it. Then an injury, and I just got disinterested in factories. I had my own service station. That was fine but it didn't pan out. You needed the money to actually set up and run like you should have. So, I wound up having a setback. I went to prison for a short time, about eleven months and I came out and got involved in the Parks Department. Doing maintenance for the Parks Department. That was OK but that still didn't fill that thirst.

I started for the State. Started working at a boy's camp. I was comfortable doing that. Then they asked me to start teaching vocational because I had a background in auto mechanics. I said no and they kept pushing it, well you could go to college and we'll help pay for it. So I decided to go to school. I went to Jefferson Community College then went to University of Louisville and got my degree and taught for ten years in the system. My degree is in Small Engine Repair. Certified Small Engine Repair Instructor. I keep my certification up.

They shut all of the small engine programs down so I came out of teaching,

kind of disappointed. The last school where I taught vocational at was Westport Vocational. They wound up closing that down. Vocational programs were shut down around Jefferson County. So I came here at Duvall and wearing odd hats and doing little things here. Ran into a lady that was in the system and we saw a new for an alternatives to suspensions. So we wrote a program and I worked as a liaison and finally got back to being over this sight. They moved me back to teaching salary again so I that's what I do for work. I work for the Board of Education again. My nitch is children and working with children and I could do it year round. I love it and there's a need. It's rewarding when you can work with our children and fight off the stones that are thrown at them out there and fight off some of the adversities that they face. It is rewarding when you can help a child.

The history of Newburg, you go back to slavery time. I learned that I was a descendant of a lady by the name of Eliza Tevis, who was a slave lady who nursed her master back to health from rheumatic fever. In doing so, she was given land, slaves and money. This was back in the 1830's that a slave lady had slaves, had property and had money. She was given property in the area of Newburg. She didn't have any children but her sister had children. She had four boys. That's where we come up with sort of a foundation for the people that lived around Newburg. You had the Greens, the Golden's, the Beards and the Davis'. Davis was my family.

Eliza Tevis' nephew, Henry Davis was my grandfather. Henry was my father's mother husband. That's how that came about. From Eliza's sister son, her son Henry was my grandfather, my father's father. There were a lot of log cabins when I was coming up. Some had people living in them, some of them were just setting in the woods somewhere. You could tell that they had been lived in and built in. As kids, we knew about these log cabins. Mr. Johnny Golden lived in one. He was one of the descendants from the Golden part of the Tevis family. One of the boys was a Golden. He was a son of the young man that was Ms. Tevis' nephew, he was one of the sons. Then there were the Scotts that lived in the house that was said to be the first house that was built in Newburg. That was before the Civil War. There were some freed people that bought property in the Newburg area. So that's, as I'm told, roads like Indian Trail was an old Indian trail actually they laid it just about like it was. They laid it but they knew it was an old Indian trail. We would find Indian arrowheads and artifacts along Indian Trail as we played and as we were coming up.

Eliza Tevis did not live in the house I spoke about earlier. Obviously, this house had been built before she came into the picture. But, she did build one.

There was a log cabin that was near the corner of Newburg Road and Indian Trail when I was raised. It was on the North West corner back in the thickets. That is where she actually lived. Now, that corner seems to be part of that property she was given. I have heard rumors about how much property he gave her. It was a long track but it wasn't real wide from what I can understand. Where the cemetery is now, is part of that property where she is buried in the cemetery out there is part of the property she was given. The cemetery is located at what is called Petersburg Road now. Used to be Newburg Road. It's just north of Indian Trail. There's a church that sits there on that corner now, roughly where the log cabin used to be. Star Hope Baptist Church. The cemetery is Star Hope's back yard. It is at the edge of their parking lot. We still have the cemetery open for burial. It is one of the few cemeteries that is owned by the community. It's not owned by one faction.

We purchased the cemetery from Mrs. Beard who was part of that descendant too. She was... R. G. Mayes was a funeral director in Louisville and he took a family plot. It was a Davis, Green Golden family plot because we were descendants of Eliza Tevis. He took it in the 30's...1930. He took it and put a funeral home out here in Newburg. So that became the cemetery. Anybody from Newburg could buy a plot and be buried there. So now we run it and you can buy a plot there, in fact we are in the process of cleaning it as we go. We have it looking fairly nice but there are some areas that we need to do some more work on. Back when R.G. Mayes took it there were about three, little over three acres. Now we are close to seven acres.

R. G. Mays bought the cemetery from my grandparents, Henry and Lennie Davis. Mrs. Beard was his wife's sister. She came by it when he died and then his wife died and she was the next descendant so the property went to her. It was appraised at 93 thousand dollars in the early 90's. She said that if the community would buy it and give her a resting place there, she would sell it to the community for five thousand dollars. But, it had to be the whole community. It couldn't be just one church or one club or one organization. It had to be the whole community. So she's buried there also. Mrs. Tevis, some of her slaves and two of her nephews are buried there. Maybe three of them. Golden, Green and Davis are buried there.

Ms. Tevis it thought to be buried in the cemetery. There's a rock there and a big oak tree there by the rock, for years throughout the years, there was a smaller rock there but it got to the place where it was sinking and someone put a larger rock there. Probably 40-45 years ago, they put another rock there that's still there. We feel very sure that that is her grave. Archeologist from U of L have been out to the cemetery and they probed around and checked around so we are pretty sure. Nelso

Goodwin, the Historian in the Newburg Area, brought us up to date on what he was told. I have some of the material that he was told about the community. I'm pretty sure that's where she is. She had slaves and that was a family cemetery and her slaves were like her family. So that's the first burial area that we know of besides Indian burials. I really never of how many slaves she had. That's how we got some of the families that moved to surrounding areas when slaves were freed. Of course her slaves went their way too. So you had areas such as Popular Level Road, then on out to Coral Ridge and on out to Cooper Chapel Road on out to Smryna Road and all of these places. Some of them moved away and wonder. So I don't know how many slaves would be buried there. The graves are not marked. Just the area around that big oak tree where she's buried, there are some burials. The archeologist couldn't tell us how many but we know there were some graves there.

Before Newburg really took the name, Newburg was the area that we call Rangeland Road. Used to be Black Mud Lane. Newburg used to be up in that area. Petersburg was there at the intersection of Old Shep and Newburg Road. In the 20's, they adopted Newburg back down in that area and Petersburg just kind of floated away. In the history Petersburg came back up when they built the new estates out there in Newburg. Then it became Petersburg Road, Petersburg Estates, the more affluent estates. You've got Petersburg Estates but you still have Newburg out there. If you will look at it, when you cross the rail road track coming out Newburg Road, the old Petersburg road goes to the rail road track but it only goes to Indian Trail. Past Indian Trail is still considered Newburg. It's like the area has drifted back and Petersburg is moving back, further down towards the rail road track.

It's kind of interesting that I was raised in Newburg and didn't understand about the Petersburg thing until, I was about sixteen when I started hearing about Petersburg. Then all of a sudden, in later years in the 80's is when Petersburg began to pop up again. This once was Petersburg and now parts of it is Petersburg again. It was interesting because they were talking about one of the first subdivisions that came up in Newburg was New Addition, Old Shepherdsville Road, that was an area of blacks over in there. Right across the street was a settlements of whites. As I look at it now and I read the history, it talks about a new subdivision but those houses and shanties were like the little shanty I was raised in. When you talk about subdivisions you think about organized streets. It was kind of interesting they said, one of the other subdivisions...areas that was developed was Golden Acres. Golden Acres was a road that went down...and you never saw the place paved. There were always rocks and holes, just like Jewels Lane. It was never paved. As I look in the

history, it talks about it being a subdivision. To me it was never subdivided. It was just a path where they built houses along the side and it was wide. I remember it was wider than any other lane in Newburg. It was kind of laid out similar to Newburg Road.

I remember studying by a lamp and candle. I can remember when we heard about television. My aunt bought a television and we waited eight months for the electricity to be run down Jewel Lane. She already had the television. I can remember we watched Ed Sullivan and the news. My grandmother always had to see John Cameron Suazie and the news. She would have to see Ed Sullivan. If you were in there to watch television, you had to sit down and be quiet. Of course she really got excited when Nat King Cole had his program on. You had to really be quite then. She didn't care too much about Howdy Dodie. She would watch it and you could laugh a little bit and talk a little bit then, but not when Ed Sullivan or Nat King Cole when her programs were on. Later on Andy Griffith, she had her specials that she got a chance to watch but we didn't have electricity for a while. We had coal stoves. I can remember carrying coal in, cutting kindling, cutting wood. I can remember doing those things. I can remember feeding the hogs and chickens, the rabbits, I can remember having a cow, and I can remember doing some slaughtering.

When I got to school, I carried coal the first early years we used to have to help carry coal but later on, they had a feeder that would feed the furnace and a custodian that would sit there and sleep most of the time and watch the furnace. I didn't have to cut kindling for that. When we had the portables, I have carried some coal into the stoves in there. In the summertime, we'd have a basket meeting at our church. We'd also go to a basket meeting out on Preston Highway. A basket meeting is a day the people actually bring food from home in baskets. I can remember my mother used to make macaroni and cheese and fried chicken and the macaroni and cheese would be cut in little squares. You'd have a little square of macaroni and I can remember eating green beans and greens. Imagine now, these beans could have been cooked the night before or took off the stove that morning. But this is after church service and they weren't always hot but it was good. It was always good food and you could eat all you wanted, drink all of the lemonade, koolade and water. We didn't have too many soft drinks. Plenty of ice cream, homemade ice cream, cakes puddings and pies. Just eat and I mean the sisters would have it out there. They would have a short church service then you would be out under the trees and they would lay the food out. Everybody would bring something. They had long tables and everybody would put their food out. You'd just carry your plate. They always said you had to have something green. You

couldn't just get by with eating what you wanted. Here boy, eat some of this, and you had to eat it. That was anybody and you had to eat that. That's what basket meetings was about.

We always went every year, we would have a basket meeting but we would also go out Preston Highway to Cooper Chapel Road to that church out there. Vergi Lee Dorsey was the pastor out there. The Dorsey's lived in Newburg when I was coming up too. That was an old family, one of the early families in Newburg. He would always have a basket meeting at his church and we would go there. That was out in the country and they had a spring out there that had cold water running out of it. That was the source of water there. We'd drink water from the spring. Man, that was good ice cold water. It was just good. There were plenty of shade trees and those sisters out there could cook too. Every now and then you've got to be careful, you might run up on a snake or something. When I was younger, I wasn't quite as afraid of them because there'd be three or four of us with sticks and we'd usually win. We'd usually whip the snake and kill it but I didn't like the snakes too much by themselves.

I learned about that area, Cooper Chapel Road, I learned there were blacks that lived out there. We would ride our bicycles out Preston Highway, through Okolona and on out to Cooper Chapel Road. I knew the shackles, I knew the Russell's, the Hayes, there were a lot of people. There were big families, like the Hayes were kin to the Russell's, the shackles. Most of them didn't do a lot of big farming. Most of them worked at International Harvester or places like that. One, Joe Russell used to drive a bus. He had his own school bus, that's pretty much what he did during the summer. He'd take people on church picnics or places like that. We would ride our bicycles out to Cooper Chapel Road and ride up and down Cooper Chapel Road, ride through Okolona and visit other areas. Whether we were friends or not, we'd just visit them. We would stop and talk and people would say, whose child are you? I'd tell them and they'd say, Oh yes, I know Birdie Davis, I know your mother. It wouldn't be long when you went back home, in a couple of days, momma would know that I had been out there. They'd get the word to you.

I can remember coming to Chickasaw Park. We'd ride our bikes to Chickasaw Park. We didn't have any business out to Chickasaw but we'd ride though. We'd ride to Lincoln Institute up near Simpsonville. We'd get on our bikes early in the morning, five or six of us and off we'd go. Knowing when they found out that we were there, we'd get a beating but we'd take off and go. Sometime if we thought about it we'd take lunch. Other times you could always take a nickel

and buy a whole lunch. You could buy a big slice of baloney and some crackers and a soft drink and you had a lunch, you had a meal. I can remember walking the railroad tracks for Nellie's ice cream up on Bardstown Road. Way up on Bardstown Road just to get a nickel ice cream cone. Man, you got a big dip and you could just lick that ice cream and come on down the railroad tracks back to Newburg. Those were days.

It feels good to be a descendant of a forerunner in so many ways. A woman who owned property back during the time of slavery. A black woman, two things who owned slaves, three things, property four things and money, five things. If they had been writing the bible back then, she would have been a Solomon who when he prayed for wisdom got wisdom women and wealth. By today's standards, she superceded women that have gone to stay. Shirley Chisom would not, Angela would not. She is a forerunner far beyond anybody's dreams or imagination. We will probably hear more about Eliza Tevis later as I get older than I've ever heard in the past.

Education, what is education. Do I know whether she had any real book learning as we call it? I'm not sure where I fit in talking about education. Anybody that can nurse a person back from a disease that at that time was a killer. If you equate that to the man that made a mechanical heart for a man because he needed a heart, I would put her in that class. Is he educated? He went to school. Did he learn what he needed to do in school or is it something he learned to do out of necessity. Was she educated? I'd say she was super educated. I'd say she had extraordinary skills. Whether she got them out of a book, whether she got them out of the field or whether the Lord passed them it on to her through his wisdom, she had it.

How did I feel about her owning slaves? That doesn't upset me as I go back and think about it. As much as I read, as much as I think about slavery, the people that she had, we called slaves. Slavery does not necessarily connote someone who is physically mentally abused and oppressed. The picture that we get from slavery is similar to the picture we get from discrimination. We put pictures, mental pictures with them. I've learned that you don't put mental pictures with some things. It doesn't serve well. The reason I say that is I know of a plantation that is having a homecoming Labor Day weekend. I have been to one of the home coming there. Though we are going to have the descendants of Eliza Tevis' gathering on Labor Day Weekend, I'm torn to want to go to the homecoming in North Carolina. The Somerset Plantation.

I've learned a little history about the Somerset plantation. They kept records

and there is a lady that is the Curator and North Carolina has put a lot of money in that Plantation. When we say slaves, we paint a picture of poor black people, mistreated, abused, physically. This man kept records. He tried to keep families together. He not only had black slaves, he had white slaves and Indians. We always make an excuse and say, well, if he had white slaves they were just his poor families. We tend to discount and think that slavery only meant black, beaten downtrodden, hung abused, oppressed people.

No African came to America as a slave. That's the part that we miss. No we didn't come by the Statue of Liberty. We were not a group of people that were welcome by the Statue of Liberty. We came to this country as Kings, Queens, Princesses, foundry workers, farmers. We came as those people but we were enslaved when we got here. We were not slaves until they actually got us on the plantations and enslaved us. We were just people that came.

Down at Somerset, I've met people from Jamaica who've traced their roots back to Somerset. There's a family that they found in Georgia that had roots at Somerset. They're looking for another family and I understand it's suppose to be a family out west that has roots in Somerset. When I was there, I've been there twice when they had homecoming. I was there and the whites were dressed in wash clothes because that's what their families were, they washed on the plantation. They had the ruffle dresses. Most of them had gray and pink dresses. They said that's what they remembered their ancestors passing down, that's what they wore as they washed. They were wash people. Certain people worked in the kitchen. So what they are doing now, the archeologist went in and they are beginning to reproduce some of these homes, some of these areas, the medical department. Blacks and whites worked in the Medical Department.

The glue that keeps any part of old Newburg together will be the cemetery. Sad to say that but that is what I say. Whether you buy into it or not, it's there, it won't leave. It's been there, it's property, you can always say, that property has been owned by blacks since 1836. The thing about Newburg is that 95% the property in Newburg, up until Urban Renewal came through, belonged to blacks. Owned by blacks. When you say one of the oldest in Kentucky or Jefferson County. It would be hard to beat Newburg. You had Coral Ridge but Newburg is probably one of the oldest black communities where black folks owned the largest amount of the property. They didn't rent. If you rented in Newburg when I was coming up, it was because you rented from some other black person. You didn't rent from whites and Jews. Whites are now moving into Newburg. There are a few homeowners. And too, you have the interracial marriages and you lose your identity

because you marry into a race. That depends on how you perceive it.

I lost my hope for Newburg when Newburg joined the rest of the city and the lawless living of the drug infestation, alcohol abuse. Those things that were not prevalent in Newburg are prevalent in Newburg today. Disrespect for the human life, disregard for people's property. Those kind of things, there was not a lot of in Newburg. You had some but it was a very small amount. I believe this was brought about by people wanting something for nothing. The work ethic in Newburg you knew, to live was to work, to cut wood, to bring in coal but the bottom line was that you had a warm house so work payed off. Things that you had to do in Newburg, there was a payoff. If you went to pick blackberries, you got the blackberry cobbler, you got the blackberry dumpling, you raised hogs, you had plenty of meat, you raised cows you could had milk, butter, ice cream. You raised chickens, you could have fried chicken. Everybody loves fried chicken. You raised rabbits, you could have fried rabbit, gravy and biscuits. So, thee was work that you could see the reward of your labor.

If people understood that stealing is working, it's a job. I talk to young kids often about stealing batteries. You steal a battery out of a car, you've got 40 pounds. Run five blocks with 40 pounds, that's work. That is work. That's harder than any job you'll get at a restaurant. That's harder than any job you'll get washing dishes and the mental fatigue and all. People just don't like to work and the thing is getting by the law, beating the system. I can remember we only had one police office who rode a motorcycle. A white police officer named Shyrock. The thing I can remember about Shyrock is, if we saw Shyrock coming down the road, we knew good and well we were going to get bubble gum because he'd stop and give us bubble gum. If somebody had something they needed to take care of in court, he'd ride to your house and he'd tell you, you go down there and take care of that and if you need some help with it let me know. That's what I remembered as the first policeman, Shyrock was the first police man that I ever knew. I was a kid and Shyrock had bubble gum and candy. He set a great example of what police officer should be like.

People talk about sitting on the back of the bus. Sam Young, a minister in Newburg owned the bus. So, our bus would go downtown and come back. What do you mean sit on the back of the bus? I couldn't understand that. I couldn't understand those things. At second and Jefferson, they had a place where colored people had to sit and a place where white people had to sit. Colored fountain and white fountain. My mother and my grandmother kept me pretty much away from things like that. Because there was a drugstore at Douglas loop where you could go

in and sit at the counter, we didn't have that. When I was little boy, we'd go to Irma's Bootery. Mrs. Irma would say, sit down boy, put this sock on and let me fit these shoes to you. She was a white woman. So you couldn't try clothes on in other stores, aw, we'll go to Mrs. Irma's. Irma's Bootery is where my mother bought my shoes. When you talk about discrimination and all those kind of things, I was sheltered away from it. You didn't have all of that at Newburg and you could go all over Newburg and there were no restrictions. You were told right from wrong and that's what you did. I hear people my age saying, they went up and they had to do this but that wasn't Newburg.

I appreciate somebody saying something about Newburg but there's just so much more we could do.

The Filson Historical Society

ORAL HISTORY PROJECT
CARRIDDER M. JONES - PROJECT DIRECTOR

In consideration of the recording and preservation of my oral history memoir, and/or documents and pictures, I hereby grant and assign them to the Filson Club in Louisville, Kentucky, and consent to the deposit of my oral history memoir, and/or documents and pictures in their permanent collection, to be used for whatever scholarly or educational purposes, including the right to duplicate, and distribute the recordings and/or transcript, documents and pictures to any other libraries and educational institution. I grant Carridder M. Jones, all literary property rights, including transcription and publication rights to my oral history memoir, and/or documents and pictures as an unrestricted gift.

Name of Donor LLOYD E. DAVIS
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Hundley was originally from Charlotte County Virginia. Big family there, one of a number of children, not all of that family came into Kentucky, so there was still family back there in Virginia. That's a possibility, although I kind of doubt it because he's much older than that. He's already fifty some years old by 1830 when he dies. Even before that, I don't have the Census here in front of me but around 1780s, I kind of doubt it, just from the age difference, but I don't know. We basically don't know anything about her other than the fact that she's born in Virginia right around 1800 and that's all we can really say.

John W. Hundley is the slave trader, the first one. John W. Hundley comes up into Jefferson County from Bullet County, Nelson County area around 1818 - 1820. Just about the time he purchases Eliza and buys a huge estate which is now Bashford Manor Mall, from a man named David L. Ward. It was like 550 acres or so and builds. By this time in 1820 when he buys this land he's already been a slave trader for a good seven or eight years. So, he has amassed quite a bit of money. He pays cash, twenty-five thousand dollars, cash for this property. Builds the house which was a Georgian style mansion. He's already wealthy and he's already been involved in slave trading and that becomes his slave trading plantation, with his brother Thomas C. Hundley. Thomas is younger, outlives him by about eight years.

Every single year, you look in the tax records and you were taxed for the number of slaves you owned. In the Census' I have the Census' for him in this county, Jefferson for 1820, where he has a total, and this is not taxes but this is the actual headcount. 44 slaves, 30 of whom were male and 14 were female. In 1830, he's got 53 slaves, 30 of whom were male, 23 of whom were female. In addition to that, there's a total and the Census' are broke down by gender and by age group. You can get a pretty good look at how many children were enslaved, how many adult females or older people. You can get a pretty good snapshot anyway of at least the gender and age grouping on the plantation. Even if he hadn't been a slave trader, he would have had a large number of enslaved people to work on his plantation. Besides the slave trading activities, he would have grown, for market, hemp, wheat or corn or whatever.

The plantation was basically a stone's throw from Farmington, right down Bardstown Road. It was a larger farm than Farmington. It was more on the size of Oxmore which also was not that far away. Both Bullet's at Oxmore and the Speeds at Farmington all had roughly similar numbers of enslaved people on the plantations. I think by the 1830's Farmington was considerable smaller, it was more like one or two hundred acres, which is still sizeable, but not as big, certainly as Oxmore's was

or Hundley's.

The difference is that all Hundley did was trade in slaves. Besides the people he would have had enslaved on the plantation to work his farm, he also had, which are evidently not counted. He would have had at any given time, particular in the summer and early fall as he's gathering up slaves that he's purchased but has not yet taken down to Natchez or New Orleans. Those trips down south usually started in December and continued on through February or March. As soon as these folks would get back from their selling trips to Natchez and New Orleans, which would end around April, they would take the steamboat back up here. Then, after a month or so would start buying.... Hundley had his brother as his partner and he would have had their agents, or people employed by them, almost like scouts going out into the countryside. Not just in this county but sometimes they'd go pretty far afield. Maybe go down into Nelson county. Work on a general region centered on where they were living and buy slaves then bring them overland up to his farm. He also brought slaves in from Virginia because he still had these Virginia connections. He would bring in slaves from Virginia to his plantation. Then gather them together and when he had enough to make it profitable for him, he'd go down to Natchez. They would all be marched into Louisville, led onto steamboats, taken down and sold. That's how that would work. They weren't marched overland from here down south. They were taken down by steamboat. So that's what he was doing.

Eliza, chronologically she's going to be listed in here in 1820, so we should find, roughly a 20 year old here in the 1820 Census. When you look at the females, there are 14 female slaves between the ages of 14 and 26. The problem is, if you had that many, you can't identify people individually. There are no names on these Census', but the age fits every year, there's somebody of that age. Hundley makes out his will on October of 1829, died in September of 1830. The will is admitted for probate into the court in Jefferson County on the first of November 1830. In his will, he has these deep religious convictions throughout his will. Evidently, according to oral history, that has been passed down, he had a religious conversion after a steamboat accident that he was involved in 1825, I believe it was.

In 1825, of course he was still slave trading and had taken the steamboat with slaves down to Natchez to be sold and had sold them and then had boarded a steamboat called the Teche. He had boarded that steamboat in Natchez and had progressed a number of miles north coming back up the Mississippi when the boat hit, what they call a snag. Basically an underwater log and the thing almost started to sink immediately. Everybody in it was thrown overboard or jumped overboard. The story is, people later publicly blasted Hundley because they said he basically

tried to save his own neck. All of these steamboats going up and down the river have a little yawl they called them, or maybe like a little rowboat behind them. Almost as a lifeboat or if they needed to go ashore to get stuff. They accused Hundley of basically getting the yawl and rowing over to shore to save his neck.people as they were trying to climb aboard but most of these folks were rescued and brought back to Louisville on another steamboat. There were a number of people who were enslaved on that boat that died. They were trying to get onto the steamboat that was rescuing them. They were in a small skiff or rowboat and the rescuing steamboat paddle was churning and churning away and making these waves, it swamped the boat, it overturned and they all died. One man was seen, which may have been Hundley, we don't know because he's not identified, trying to swim ashore with a bag of gold in his teeth. Which would be kind of hard to do given how heavy as gold is. But you know he had like three thousand dollars worth of gold. He had just sold his slaves and they were always paid in cash. So, we don't know but he was accused of basically saving his own neck.

The story got so bad in Louisville that when he got back here, or shortly after, of course all of the other passengers got back too and they burned him in effigy down at Fifth and Main Street. They took out notices in the paper just accusing him of all sorts of things. He took out this big ad, basically trying to justify what he did. Defending himself saying he acted honorably and tried to save everybody and had nothing to do with anybody dying and all of that. So, that sort of died down. No charges were ever brought against him. It is said that at that point, he had a conversion and vowed to not trade slaves any more. He became Presbyterian, became very, very involved in the Presbyterian church and had a very close relationship with Reverend Gideon Blackburn, who was the President at the time of Centre College, a very highly respected Presbyterian minister. He was thought to have a lot to do with Hundley's conversion. I don't know how. I don't know if at this point he did stop slave trading or not. That's the story.

When you look at his will, it is full of expressions of deep religious convictions. He says, and this is a quote from his will, "Believing most firmly in the truth of the Christian religion, I commit my soul to the loving keeping of a sin pardoning God through our Lord Jesus Christ." He mentions, as he calls it, ".... the estate which God has blessed me." You see in a lot of wills a lot of expression of religious convictions but usually not as detailed as that. He wanted to establish a Theology Seminary on his plantation. He provided for the eventual emancipation of all people that were enslaved on his plantation, some sooner than others. It was like this little plan all the way out. When the last person he had purchased, fifteen years

or five years after that, when they reached a certain age, eventually if the will was followed, everybody would be emancipated.

His brother, Thomas was made executor. He gave a lot of money to Center College. A thousand dollars to the orphan asylum, a thousand dollars to the American Track Society of New York. Other funds to go to the Education Society of Kentucky and he wanted to establish a Presbyterian Seminary on his property, which never happened. "If such a seminary cannot be established on the property, then the land and its improvements are to be sold." The income from the sale of his plantation was to be held by executors in trust for the education of pious young men and the income was to be vested under the charter of Center College. His heirs, he had no children, he did not have a wife that we know of, did not have children that we know of. He had his slave trading brother, Thomas C. Hundley. He had a lot of other brothers and sisters who lived in Nelson and Marion Counties. One in Bullet County named Joe and so they had an absolute fit because here is all of this money and hardly any of it is going to them. So, they challenged his will successfully and had the whole will set aside, except for the emancipation provisions.

Most of the value of his property was in the number of slaves that he had, which is usually what you find, in these inventories. Probably 60% of the dollar value of their property was in enslaved people. So they challenged it for a couple of years. The challenge was upheld and his brother Thomas got a hold of the estate and lived there. He died in 1838, also had his own will which is where Eliza gets emancipated and everything. I think it was probably John who had small pox because that's the story. She was the only one that would stay with John Hundley when he had small pox. I don't know when that was. I don't know when the small pox epidemic was in this area. That's such a strong tradition that it's probably true. But, he didn't say in his will, "I free Eliza because of what she's done for me." She's not even mentioned in his will.

Evidently she had not been owned by him for fifteen years yet or she would have been mentioned. So, she was emancipated, not because of the small pox but just because her time came up. I don't think there was very much given to her. In 1832, all of the slaves that were suppose to have been initially emancipated were emancipated in 1832. His estate settlement where everybody is listed by name is finally filed, this is John W. Hundley's estate settlement. His estate inventory is taken and listed and recorded in the court in Jefferson County in October of 1832. I haven't counted the number of people. In this table I have a list by name, their ages. This is in the order in which they appear in the inventory because a lot of time when they would take the inventory they would count people as they counted them.

Which might mean you might have family groups in there so I haven't arranged in alphabetically or anything. So you've got the names in the order in which they appear in the record. Their ages and their dollar value, which is assessed by people who are taking this inventory. You have Eliza, age 32, valued at \$300.00, a person they call Little Mary, Which I believe later became Mary Beard, 10 years old, listed at \$200.00 value, she was a child. There is another Mary named, age 36. There's a Maria 9 months old and some of the names repeat.

So you have that inventory of John W. Hundley taken in 1832. In 1833, Thomas C. Hundley emancipates Eliza. In the deed of the emancipation that appears in the court here, she is Eliza Hundley. That's the first time the name comes up with a surname. He knows her as Eliza Hundley. Why she's a Hundley I don't know. Did she take the name of John when she was bought or what. I don't know what's going on there. In 1836, finally John W. Hundley, he has been dead now for six years, his estate is finally settled, administered by his brother Thomas. In 1838 Thomas dies. He's living on the plantation. After fighting the will and everything else, he got a hold of the plantation and the house and everything. When he emancipated Eliza in 1833, there is nothing in there about whether she got anything or what her status was or what happened to her between 1833 when she is emancipated and 1838 when Thomas dies. She is a free person for those five years. We will see a little bit later what she though should happen.

In 1838, Thomas makes out his will in May of 1838 and it's probated in September. He says in his will that he's already sick and weak, so he's dying. Makes out his will and emancipates as he calls them, my man Charles ... then to Eliza Curtis, she's now Curtis. So sometime between 1833 when she's Eliza Hundley and 1838, she's Eliza Curtis. Thomas Hundley is emancipating her, Thomas Hundley is mentioning her in the will. It's the same guy referring to her with two different names. I would assume that she got married but I don't know who the Curtis is at this point.

It says here that she was living with him so she must have been obviously staying on the plantation. He gives her a house and lot on Green Street. These lots on Green were roughly, and this one is, roughly about 18 feet wide on Green Street running back 100 feet to an alley. Just like you see now with the shotgun houses. He specifies that she is to occupy it as private residence and not as a grocery. I'm not sure of what that means. For one thing, free Blacks could not operate groceries. Maybe the building that's already there is a grocery and she's not allowed to operate it. He's giving it to her so she has to operate it as a house. Says, she can live in it or she can rent it out. She is to receive \$2000.00 when he dies, which

would have been a couple of months after he made out the will. And she is to receive this before any money is paid to any other heirs. So she gets it off the top. \$2000.00 in 1838 is a lot of money. Then he made some provisions for his other brothers, Thomas' other brothers and sisters. After he gives them pistols and knives, a little bit of money here and there, he says, the residue of his estate including slaves, that means any slaves that he owns. Of course his slaves were not affected by John's will. So any slaves that he owns, his house, the estate, everything there, that whole plantation is to be sold at auction.

Then he further, later in the will gives another provision to Eliza. This is where the furniture comes in. Which the oral history is right on the button here. It says, she gets bedstead furniture, bed clothing, and this is from the will. "and a cherry bureau as her own." These items are in the house where he's living, they are living. After she dies, the house and the lot given her on Green street is to be sold. She's not going to die until like 1890 so there's no control over that. Then in 1839, in September, this is six years after she has been emancipated and a year after Thomas' death. She files an affidavit with her attorney who is James Guthrie, partner with Robert Tyler, Guthrie and Tyler, probably the top law firm in the city. James Guthrie of course is one of the wealthiest people in the city and later would found the L&N Railroad, become Secretary of the Treasury in the 1850's.

She files an affidavit, signing by a mark on the 22nd of September, 1839. She says that she has employed James Guthrie and Robert Tyler, and this is the quote, of course they are putting this all in legalese for her to sign. "To collect by suit or otherwise as they may think proper my claims against the estate of Thomas C. Hundley, deceased, for my services since my freedom up to the date of his death being upwards of five years and they are authorized to compromising claim for whatever they may think proper. Out of that sum, they are authorized to retain one half for their trouble and services in attending to the business." Guthrie and Tyler were to pay all the cost and expenses of the suit and she would get one half of what would be recovered in the suit.

It sounds like she didn't get the \$2000.00. Later on I found the court case. This is kind of cool because this is the action between the attorney and the plaintiff which you hardly ever see. You see the court cases where it shows the results of the suit and what's gone on but this is the agreement with her attorney. Then, in August, they filed on her behalf, suit against William Pope in Jefferson County Chancery Court. Pope was the executor for Thomas C. Hundley. So you had to see the guy that was administering the estate. She set damages of \$2000.00. She stated, and this is my abstract of the court case, that the estate owed her \$2000.00.

This is over and above the \$2000.00 she got in cash, it's just the same figure. Of the \$2000.00, she said, "\$1000.00 is for my services as housekeeper and waiting on you for the last five years at \$200.00 a year." Doesn't say what the other \$1000.00 is. Basically she wants to get paid. Like she said and it's right there. She was emancipated in 1833, worked for the guy for five years and never got paid. So she wants the money. She probably got her \$2000.00 off the top but she also wants to have been paid for working there, which I think is really neat.

Finally in 1840, the Chancery Court awarded her \$500.00 in damages. That means she got \$250.00, the attorneys would have gotten \$250.00. She didn't get the \$2000.00, she got something, which is kind of remarkable during those times. 1843, she married Henry Tevis so now she's going to be Eliza Tevis. They are married in June of 1843. In 1845, I find in the Louisville Daily Journal where they list just like now, when folks are behind in their property taxes. She is assessed for back taxes on the Green Street lot for 1844 for whatever reason. It was on the south side of Green between Floyd and Preston. So we know exactly where her house was, or at least in what block.

They've taken the estate inventory of Thomas C. Hundley in 1838 when he died but was not recorded until 1845. So there must have been something going on there in terms of delaying that recording of it. The total inventory of Thomas came to \$20348.00. Of that, all the slaves that he owned at his death in 1838 are listed. That includes Mary who is now 18, brother of Mary Beard, Charles who is 55 and another Charles age 45 and was emancipated. That's Charles Burris probably. They sell a bunch of stuff at his estate. Eliza Hundley is one of the purchasers. She buys \$41.00 worth of merchandise, pots or pans, stuff like that. It's listed there. Then, in 1845 the same year that the inventory is recorded, an accounting of the administration of Thomas Hundley's estate is made by William Pope, who of course was the executor of his brother and Samuel Burks who lived right next door to Oxmore. Burks was a slave trader just like Hundley was. Both at about the same period of time. They basically took care of each other. Most of the time when you have a slave trader dying, and his will needed to be administered or his estate, it was generally by someone else who was a slave trader. They knew where to collect the money in Natchez, they knew who owed what, they knew how the system worked.

They've got Burks in here with Pope. Pope also sold slaves but he was a commissioned merchant. He was not a full time slave trader like Hundley and Burks were, but he was one of these commissioned merchants that sold slaves for other people as a broker when he needed to, but it's the same thing. So in 1845, Hundley's estate is being recorded as being administered by Pope and Burks and it

lists all of these payments, beginning when he died in 1838. Eliza Hundley, purchased at the sale, it puts here, "the Negro woman Mary, for \$441.00." If that is her sister, then she bought her sister. Which is what happened because she didn't want anything to happen to her, so she's buying her. Since Hundley didn't emancipate her, nobody can emancipate her until either the executor's can emancipate her or Eliza could buy her and then emancipate her.

From the time Kentucky was a state, emancipation was regulated. Not anybody could emancipate, there was no laws forbidding emancipation by anyone who was the owner. You had to be an owner of that person to emancipate them. There were no penalties for doing so. You had to go into court to do it. Freed Blacks were allowed to buy if it was a family member. They were not allowed to sell at all. This was a Kentucky Statute Law. Blacks were basically prohibited from buying and selling as Whites were allowed to do. They did not want free Blacks buying. If you were going to buy, you could only buy someone that was a family member and it had to be a pretty close family member. So she bought, which I'm pretty sure was her sister Mary, Mary Beard for \$441.00 in November of 1838. Which is right after Thomas died.

In 1840 they're paying \$522.00, these are the executors of Thomas to Eliza Hundley. They are paying her \$160.00 in 1842. A month later in 1842, paying her \$240.00, in 1844, they're paying her \$60.00. This probably is the result of the court case. I assume they gave her the \$2000.00 as a lump sum after that auction. Probably the court case was agreed, we can pay it out in payments, so it looks like that was being done. In 1847, this is just a brief mention of Henry Tevis, her husband. He's a neighbor of a freeman named Jacob Clerk who died and his estate is put up at auction. One of the people going to his farm and buying things, which included a spinning wheel, some corn and some old chairs was Henry Tevis. When they would have an auction, it would be just like now, it would be right on the property and whatever was not set aside for the widow, if there was one, or children or was specified in a will, if they said like Thomas did, everything else would be put up for sale. It was a huge auction and people would come from all over and buy this and buy that.

Beginning right at 1849, Henry Tevis, a little bit after that, he starts getting a lot of trouble with the police. I believe now, I can't exactly tell where they are living. I think they are probably still living on the property but probably not in the house. By the 1840's Paschal Craddock moves into that house. He claims to be an heir of John W. Hundley's by marriage. He's basically a crook and viewed as such by the community around Jefferson County. He put a lot of people up to steal things

for him. He would steal neighbors hogs and all this. People got absolutely fed up with it and by the late 1850's somebody in the neighborhood set up a trap for him and killed him. They'd already given him a note saying, if you are not out of here in six months, you're going to be dead and so he was because he didn't leave. After Thomas C. Hundley died in 1838, not too long after that, within a year, by the summer of 1840, Craddock was living on that plantation and certainly living in the house. I don't know what happened to Henry Tevis and Eliza. I don't know whether they were ever living in the house or bumped out to another tenant farm house on the plantation. They were probably living on the ground somewhere.

In 1850, because of the 1850 Census, Eliza and Henry are listed in District 1 of Jefferson County which included the south end of the county. So they are not listed as living in the city. If they are not in the city, my guess is she's probably rented the house out. They are being counted in 1850 in the county not in the city. Henry's got the Tevis surname, the white Tevis' were generally in Shelby County. Joshua Tevis, Julia Tevis became a well known teacher out there at Science Hill school. Then some of them including Joshua moved into Louisville. I don't know when Henry became free or whether he was born as a free person. I don't know anything about his background and have not been able to find anything yet. Henry starts getting in trouble with the law by October of 1850. He's charged with murder of another freeman named John Steele. But he was found not guilty and he was discharged. There was a problem with witnesses, their testimony, so he was found not guilty and discharged from the court. Also in 1850 is the first slave Census taken in the United States and Henry Tevis then as the husband is the owner even if they were Eliza's slave because there were property laws. Women didn't own property so any property they had was generally listed in their husband's name unless they were still a widow and had a dower right but she's not, she's married. Even so, they may be her slaves, it's going to be listed under Henry's name, which creates a problem because we don't know then of the ages and gender that are listed, whose were Henry's if any and which were Eliza's, they had seven.

This is my abbreviation - a 56 year old, mm, mulatto male - 35 year old mulatto listed as black... female black and so on including a 3 year old. Some of these seem to not show up with Mary. You would have to go back and look at that genealogy to see when they were born because the later Census meaning 1870-80 and 1900 Census are pretty precise in terms of their ages. Plus we have her death record, so we can kind of look back. Her ages are pretty consistent over time in the Census. That's not always the case with a lot of people. In the 1850's we saw they were in District 1, in the south end of Jefferson County. In

1852 for the first time Tevis, Henry is showing up in the Louisville city directory. That means he is living in the city. Sure enough, you see Henry Tevis, laborer 521 on the south side of Green between Floyd and Preston. So they moved into town some time between 50 and 52. It's the same property, it's her house. Basically they got married, it's her house. I don't know what the circumstances were or what was going on on Craddock's plantation but they move into town into her house. In 1856, both Henry and Alias, that's his son, are charged with counterfeiting. Henry get's involved and I've copied off all of the police records. This header is for the year 1858. These were the defendants and of course he might have been just going bond for these folks. These are not individual arrests necessarily. These might just be continuations and you can see that from the charge.

He's charged with drunkenness, he's charged with theft, stealing money. This will show what happened to him. He doesn't appear to have ever been jailed. In 1858 he was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary at hard labor for theft. A new trial was granted, he had a good lawyer. It might have been Guthery, I don't know. He kept continuing these trials and he's convicted, a motion for a new trial is granted, those things go on and on and on. A new trial is granted in 1858 on November 3, on November 16, he basically was let out on \$800.00 bond and I could not find, for the life of me, what happened to him after that. But in 1859, he's being arrested again on another felony indictment, sentenced to one year in the penitentiary. I could not find any evidence that he ever served there. The penitentiary records exists so he got off.

Elizabeth, which is Eliza is arrested for being drunk and disorderly and is sent to the workhouse on a \$200.00 bond. If you couldn't pay your bond, you went to the workhouse. She had to pay her fine because she was ready to be sent to the workhouse. If you had the money, you could either pay your bond, you also had to have someone go half of it with you, then you didn't go. Basically it was a bond for good behavior. So they are still living in the city in 1859. They would usually send you to the workhouse, it was not necessarily a sentence, sometime three months, sometimes two months or you would sit there until you could raise the money to get out on bond which could be six months. But, I could not find where she was let out of there so it may have been a very brief thing.

I cannot find them in the 1860's Census so far but they have got to be in the city or the county. I have gone through every district and I cannot find either Henry Tevis or Eliza. They are not even listed in the penitentiary Census or in the workhouse Census, so they are not in jail. I don't know where they are, they were missed. In 1862, Henry is ordered to be released, he's again indicted on a felony

charge. So they must have been living in the city. I can't find them in the city at all. They are in the city because he's being tried in the Louisville Police Court, which was city jurisdiction so we know he's still here.

In 1869, Henry Tevis died. I don't believe they had children because I've got the Census down here in 1870, it does not list any of theirs. Henry Tevis died in September of 1869. His will was September 6, 1869, it was probated a month later. He signed it by a mark so he couldn't write either. He obviously was sick. Knew he was sick and made out his will. His wife Eliza, her proper name was Elizabeth, received a forty acre farm on which he now lives, Which was purchased from Nancy Bray. The Brays were a White slave owned family that probably lived next door to Hundley, right in the same area. So the forty acre farm is not part of the old Hundley or Craddock place by this time. "By this time in 1869 and actually earlier, Craddock had been killed, the whole estate which Hundley had and Craddock lived on was bought by a guy named J.B. Wilder. He owned it and it was his heirs that sold it and it finally became Bashford Manor Mall.

The Tevis' don't appear to have ever lived there except possibly in that little period before they come into town. At some point, Henry bought forty acres near there, which he gives to Elizabeth and she gets all of his personal property. He says, "My five children, Alias, Henry, Louisa, Floyd and Rezin," gives them each a dollar and as he calls it, "My blessing." So either there's problems with his children who are also getting into trouble or else he had already given them stuff. Legally you had to give somebody something if you mentioned them. I always wondered why a dollar. That was the rule, some time it was for spite and some time they had already provided for them and they had to just legally put them in there.

These appear to be his children by his previous marriage and I don't know who his first wife was or previous wife. Mentions a grand son George, son of Alias, then he has grandson William and grand daughter Harriet, children of Louisa's, giving them one hundred fifty bucks each. Then he gives to Charles Beard, son of Mary Beard. Charles Beard is 13 years old. So he's giving to a minor, Charles and he says, "Son of Mary Beard." That would be presumable Eliza's nephew, Mary son Charles, the remainder of his estate. Which probably was pretty substantial. Of course a minor has to have somebody acting for those, probably a guardian set up there. I've never checked into that period of time. Most of my research is before the Civil War. But somebody would have to go in there and become his guardian and administer the estate that he would receive when he came of age and that would be interesting to see.

The 1870 mortality Census was taken every ten years by the Federal

Government, the same time they were counting people regularly. In the Two Mile House Precinct it was called, which includes Farmington, includes the old Craddock place and the forty acres where they were living. It listed Henry as a 68 year old mulatto, married, Born in Virginia, Died in September 1869 of Typhoid Fever. His occupation was listed as a farmer. In 1870, in the same precinct and presumable on the forty acres she inherited from her husband, we have the Census and we have Eliza Tevis and here's where you get specific age and birth place information again. Eliza Tevis age 79, That doesn't square too well with the 1800 so you don't know. I would go more with her age when she was emancipated. The problem with the Census, you don't know whose answering the door and giving out the information. Anyway, you have her listed as a 79 year old Mulatto with \$4000.00 in real property, \$600.00 in personal property, born in Virginia. She's illiterate so she couldn't read either. That's the first time that comes up. We knew she couldn't write but could not read either. She is the head of the household living there is Mary Beard age 40, a domestic servant is her occupation, born in Kentucky. Then you've got Henry who's going to be Mary Beard's son. His nick name is Hunter and that's Hunter Beard age 17, he's a farm hand, Charles who's now 15, who's going to inherit Henry's estate. Then you have a N.A. Whitley an 11 year old female, family, Copper and a Sam Clark. Didn't give an occupation for Eliza.

Henry Tevis' estate inventory is recorded in 1870. Actually it just says that it is suppose to be recorded and the report is to be made to his widow, Eliza as to her share of the estate and I cannot find that recorded. Again in the 1880 Census in the same district basically. You have Henry Beard/ Hunter Beard, head of the household 23 years old working on a farm. His father born in Kentucky, his mother born in Maryland. I found out his father was Washington Beard, Mary's husband. It says here that mother, meaning Mary, was born in Maryland. Up here in the 1870 Census says born in Kentucky so we don't really know. Then we have Henry's children, Annie, Linnie, and there we have an 1880, Eliza Coleman, Mulatto 86 years old, born in Virginia and for the 1880 Census for the first time, list the state where that person's parents were born. We have her parents born in Virginia. She's 86 and she should be 89. Years have a variation a lot of times. I would say positively that's got to be Eliza Tevis. She is boarding which would be presumable her nephew, Henry. If Mary was her sister, this is Hunter, which is why he knows so much about her because he's living with her. Then you have Mary, Hunter's mother and it says here, "mother." That's the reason he shift to the head of household. So Henry's mother now says that she's born in Virginia and her parents are born in Virginia. So there's about three different places where Mary

was born. I would say Virginia's the most likely place. Then you've got Charles who's Henry's brother, who has now come of age. He should have inherited whatever his father's estate was. He's born in Kentucky. We now know that his father, Henry is born in Kentucky.

We don't know who is giving the information but I think that's Eliza Tevis, Eliza Curtis, Eliza Hundley and she's at some point then, either she married between 1870 and 80 and I can't yet find the marriage record, and married a Coleman or, that could have been her birth name and she went back to using her surname. In 1890, she makes out a will or it's probated in July. There's no date as to the actual will but she must have died right around June, July of 1890. Signed by a mark. It's witnessed and one of the witnesses is Ida E. Simms who lived nearby. She was a young white Woman and right about this time, Ida Simms wrote for a popular magazine in the late 1890s an account of Eliza Tevis. It's really good and talks about the furniture, her receiving the furniture, about the small pox, the first time it is ever in print. Of course it's in the family oral history which is where she's getting it from. It just reinforces everything. This has to be Eliza Tevis.

At the time, a lot of these things and traditions get run together. It doesn't look like she was freed for what she did for Hundley but, she was freed. Also the small pox wasn't made up, there must have been a horrendous small pox epidemic here and she must have done that. Later she must have bought property in Newburg, I don't think she inherited it because that area was never part of Hundley's estate. Hundley's estate was further north and it was on Bardstown Road. I have a plaque right where Newburg and Shepherdsville Road come together and form that V. It shows the plats there and shows her as an owner. Shows Peter Laws. He was one of the first people in Newburg. I don't know if he was there before Eliza Hundley or not.

The thirty acres may have been in Newburg. Henry Tevis buys forty acres from Nancy Bray and that's what he's given to Eliza. I did research it and I did find the deeds. I believe that's what it is. If that's the case, he probably bought it maybe right after the Civil War. It was in 1863 and he's living in the city. So some time between 63 and 69, he's buying forty acres and it's probably that area. Probably the area that became Petersburg. I don't know whether Laws settled there first or who but it's probably close to the same amount of time, plus others are listed there as neighbors. In 1890, she dies and I'm positive it's Eliza Tevis, Hundley, now Eliza Coleman. Because you have Ida Simms who lived practically next door, looking right up Bardstown Road.

She gives one acre off the north west portion of where she now lives. So, it's

got to be one out of the forty acres off the north west corner, gives to Ben Taylor. Don't know who he was. Here you've got Sam Clark again who was living with them in 1870, the remaining nineteen acres with the house and land where she lives goes to Sam Clark. So she had twenty acres by 1890, so she must have sold off twenty of it. In 1890, she's got twenty acres there. One of them goes to Ben Taylor, the remaining nineteen acres, along with her house are to be split and divided among Sam Clark and Henry Beard, Mary, her sister still living and Charles Beard. So, Hunter Beard, Sam Clark, her sister and her sister's other son Charles Beard will be receiving the twenty acres. Could be that Charles Beard got the other twenty I don't know.

Mary Whitley, whose also living there. They've got to be related, I don't know who she is yet. She gets the furniture in the front room, bed and bedding, red turkey carpet, not sure what that means, its probably a style of carpet. And, Mary Whitley may live at the homestead before she marries. This has got to be over in Petersburg. If she becomes a widow and is destitute, she can live at the homestead. Sam Clark gets bed and bedding in the upstairs room, two quilts a comforter and sheets and Mary Beard gets clothing and, "other things about the house." So she took care of everybody. Then after that, I just have the genealogy, gone all the way through and found Mary is still living in 1900. She is a grandmother living there.

Death certificate for Henry Beard, who is Hunter, age 80. When you've got a nice round number like that, I'm always suspicious about it. That's Hunter Beard and this is in 1923, living in Newburg, married 1923, his father was Wash Beard or Washington Beard. His father was born in Kentucky, the mother's name was unknown. The informant was Bell Beard, I'm not sure if that's a grand daughter or what. We know Mary's his mother, and I know Mary's husband was Washington Beard and Mary took her husband's name. Don't know anything about him and have been unable to find a death certificate or certainly a death record for Washington Beard. Hunter Beard, buried at Newburg in the ... Cemetery I would think.

In 1920, now he's listed as Hunter Beard because he's answering the door. See, he's 62 in 1920 and when he dies in 1923, he's 80 but it's the same guy. Bell Beard evidently didn't know a whole lot about him, may have been a distant relation. I know that some people, to be helpful, especially in this period of time when the Census takers are going door to door, they would go across to the next farm or across the street in the city and ask somebody and then they really get into trouble with information. But here is Hunter Beard in 1900 is now age 45, born in 1855. That's the 1900 Census, it gave the birth year. If he says, I'm 45, 1855 is

what's going to show up by the Census Taker. They are doing the math in their head. You have to kind of take a look at this. At this point in 1900, doesn't know where his father is born, his mother is born in Kentucky, I don't think he was home when that was taken. I did find Mary Beards death record. I'm positive I did I just don't have it listed here. I just found her in the 1900 Census because she's still living in the County and I haven't checked county death records to find when she died. Obviously before 1910 because she is not in the Census. So she died between 1900 and 1910.

Ida Simms does talks about Hundley, she talks about Craddock, she talks about nursing Hundley back to health and getting emancipated for it. Basically, she knew because she's a witness to Eliza's will so he had to have know her and talked with her. Which is really important because we had like a really early account taken by someone that knew her and obviously was relatively close to her if she's a witness to her will. All of that is in there, she goes into great detail about the fact that she owned slaves. I think the part of the ...where she purchase kids that were orphaned or put on the slave dock and were not sold. She talks about that, she talks about people coming down there having dances. A well know African American band leader and violin player named Henry Williams, she mentions coming down there, which I thought was really interesting. This is all before the Civil War. All of her reminiscence has to do with before the Civil War. Doesn't talk about her in old age or anything. Talks about everything that was going on . I assume she was a young woman in 1890 so she wasn't around. It's not her reminiscence remembering Eliza as a young woman. It's Eliza and perhaps some of Mary or the children telling Ida what was going on at this point, forty years ago. Ida was only like thirty so she was born like right around the Civil War. But, she's getting it directly.

So you've got that tradition, mentioning the furniture that she inherited, and she mentions specific pieces of furniture that everyone talks about. A bureau, a linen, some kind of chest, I don't remember off hand but it's all there and it's all early which is really interesting. Everything in here supports the oral history. The only thing that really doesn't jive is that she was emancipated because of her helping him back to health. I think those are two disconnected events. She was emancipated but only because, basically her time came up, that's why. If she helped him and nursed him back to health before the steam boat accident in 1825, when he hadn't had his so called, change of heart, then he may not have any intentions of emancipating anybody. He may have said, "I'm going to emancipate you just for doing this," so that could be. He could have said, "for you doing this, I'm going to emancipate you at some point or in my will or whatever," and made a future

promise of emancipation and nobody else knew this. Then he makes his will and includes her with everybody else.

The Filson Historical Society

ORAL HISTORY PROJECT
CARRIDDER M. JONES - PROJECT DIRECTOR

In consideration of the recording and preservation of my oral history memoir, and/or documents and pictures, I hereby grant and assign them to the Filson Club in Louisville, Kentucky, and consent to the deposit of my oral history memoir, and/or documents and pictures in their permanent collection, to be used for whatever scholarly or educational purposes, including the right to duplicate, and distribute the recordings and/or transcript, documents and pictures to any other libraries and educational institution. I grant Carridder M. Jones, all literary property rights, including transcription and publication rights to my oral history memoir, and/or documents and pictures as an unrestricted gift.

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Interview with Earnestine Sharelle Lyons Logan - Newburg August 9, 2001 - By
Carridder M. Jones

My name is Earnestine Sharelle Lyons Logan. My age is 58 years of age and my birth date is 3/13/43. My parents were Effie Green and George Lyons. My mother is a descendant of Eliza Tevis, the lady who started the Petersburg, Newburg community. My father moved here from Cabbage Patch which is downtown in Louisville.

My mother, as I said is a descendant of Eliza Tevis. Eliza Tevis was a slave owner as well as a slave. She had a sister who had four children and they married and they made up the Greens, the Davises, the Beards and the Golden families here in the Newburg community. They were the first settlers here but during that time, you also had other slaves moving to the community, because that was the time when slavery was abolished. The slave owners were letting their slaves go and they were coming into this community and settling.

The ground was wet wooded. Which means they gave the land because the ground was no good. It was crawfish dirt and when it rained, it became very flooded, swampy type of environment. They had to saw down trees, get rid of the underbrush, something like our cemetery is now that we are working on trying to renovate that. If you go to the cemetery, you will see how the community was at the time they moved in here after slavery. They came in and they built their houses from the logs that were cut from the forest. The church came out of that. After they built their homes they started the church. That was in 1867.

To verify what I am saying, there was an article in the Courier-Journal which gave something of the history done by David Goodwin. I don't have the date on when he did this but he said that, we confirmed this by the stories that have come down to us. Eliza Tevis was the first freed slave to own property in the wet woods where the present Petersburg Estate. But there are discrepancies about the Mulatto's woman history but we went back and looked her history up. And I have a copy of her history. Some accounts say she was a half sister and slave to John B. Hundley, a wealthy Louisville plantation owner and bachelor. Others say she was Hundley's mistress or a highly valued servant. They have photographs at the Filson Club.

It is known that when Hundley developed small pox in 1819, Tevis was the only person who would go near him and she nursed him back to health. If you read the history I will give you, you will know for sure what she was. Either in return for

her goodness, or after his death, Hundley or his brother Thomas freed her. The account says he left her two thousand dollars and about twenty slaves in 1820. This they told me is on the Internet so you can look it up there too. Accounts also said she inherited the farm house which near what is now Preston and Liberty Streets. So her property ran not only here in Newburg but all the way down to Liberty Street. We had heard that but we never did get any of that land.

Some of the land out here was left to my family. Where the graveyard is now, Star Hope Baptist Church is now, all of that land between Starhope Baptist Church's land and where Community parking lot ends was her property. When Urban renewal came in, those houses were torn down. There were families, the Davises family lived on that land. What is so ironic to me is, that the four acres of land that was there, when Urban Renewal came through and bought up that land, it then belonged to the City or County. It belong to the county. About two years ago, a gentleman moved into our community and he went down and the County gave us that strip of land back.

They gave it back to us for a grave yard. I was asking for them to give us the land across the street that runs from Hikes Lane up to the end of Garden Green way. There is a strip of land where Urban Renewal tore down houses. They took that land to make the highway from Louisville into GE. The Old Newburg Road which is called Newburg Express now, they bought up that land for that purpose but they have not done anything with that land for almost thirty years. I was trying to get them to give it to the community so we could have people who are like the poor people, for housing , for senior citizen homes, for day care centers, for parents who can not afford to put them in day care centers, for the homeless, for the alcoholics, the people who are getting out of jail, all of that type of thing. To build buildings to house them. They told me that it was a green area and they would not let us have it, nor purchase it. You would have through the highway department. It was just ironic to me that they would give us four acres of land to bury the dead but nothing to help our people out who are in need.

Eliza Tevis was connected to us. She had one sister, I don't know whether it is in here or not. It is in the history that you have will tell you that she had one sister and the sister had four children. These children are, as I understand it, my great great grandfather was her sister's child. Then the others branches off from there. the Golden's, the Davises and the Beards. I have a picture that's like a tombstone that shows how the tree goes. I'll get that for you before you leave. As I understand that after she died, they just went on. The family built their homes on the land. Then they did farming mostly. They were farm people. As I understand,

she hired those slaves out. For instance, if a parent died and the history says that, when a momma or daddy died and children were left, she would take those children in. Then hire them out to slave owners to use them to work. All of the ones that she hired out were good workers. She had trained them well. That's what I'm understanding. Did she free the? Good question, I don't know if that was in the article. We only know what we have read from the articles that they have. As far as the stories being passed down from generation to generation about her, that's the only thing that we know is that she was a slave owner and that she had a sister and that we are her descendants. That's about all we know.

There is a tombstone that they say was hers. It doesn't have her name on it. It is a big old large stone and the Commissioner, Delores Delahante, wants to put a plaque up there to get her a stone. To put it in front of it or behind it for people to recognize her as the first settler here in the Petersburg, Newburg community. She is buried in the Petersburg Newburg cemetery. There is a Forest Home Cemetery, named after Forest Baptist Church, which was the first church here and it will be 133 years old this coming September. The church burned down two times. The first fire we had, we bought the old New Burg School because they were building a new school. We purchased that building and renovated it and turned it into a church, then that one burned in 52. The next fire we had, I forgot when it was. Anyhow, that's when we built the present building we have now.

I've lived in Newburg all of my life. I'm a bread born and died, as they say. My family have all lived here all of their lives too. When my mother and father got married, my father went into service. My father's name was George Raft Lyons, Sr. and her name was Effie Green Lyons. With mother being a descendant of Newburg and living on the land that her father, who also owned property over here on Old Sheperdsville Road. It was a little three room house. Believe it or not, when Urban Renewal came down they took our house where we lived, because her house had electricity and our house didn't. We moved over there in the three room, the eight of us. How we got in there, but you know how black people made it in those days. We moved over there and my mother actually grew up with her five brothers and sisters in that house.

My father was in service, my mother did domestic work and she made \$5.00 a day and that's what we were raised on. I was born in 43 and I was in high school over there, it was in 1957. We were still using coal oil lamps and wood stoves. Our school was modern. Both of our schools, the one that burned and the one that was built was pretty much up to date. We did have outside toilets though at old Newburg school. I remember you had to raise your hand when you had to go to the

bathroom and sometime the snow was on the ground, like twelve inches. I remember my first day of school, I cried all day long. I didn't want to go to no school. I didn't like being around people. I still don't care much for being around people. Anyway, I remember crying all that day. I remember specifically when we had to walk to school and you had on those rubber galoshes and the snow came up there. We walked, to where the church is now is where the old school was. It was so cold, the milk was frozen during lunch time. You had to set it on the stove that you had in your little room to thaw out. They had a lunch room down stairs but you couldn't go to the lunch room. I was in the first and second grade then. So they brought us our little sack lunches over. You know, sack lunches with peanut butter, jelly or maybe some baloney or cheese sandwich, that type of thing. It was really funny, maybe an apple or orange.

Newburg being the only school out here and the community being...Lincoln Park and Broadmoore were not in existence then. So you just had people that owned their own home or were renting their homes. I have a year book in there. I guess there were about 150-200 kids that attended Newburg school at that time. One through eighth. Of course you know we loved all of our teachers because they were really dedicated. At that time, Mrs. Duncan, Agnes Duncan. A hard core disciplinarian was our principal and everybody respected her. The teachers that we had were Mrs. Alberta Henderson, which was Abstain. There were two Abstains that were teachers and principal. She was our third grade teacher and she stayed there at Newburg school, really on up until she retired, teaching the third grade. I think every child out here had her in the third grade. You knew who the first grade teacher was, Sarah Price, Catherine January, second grade teacher, Alberta Henderson Abstain was the third grade teacher, Mrs. Ballard was the fourth grade teacher, Mrs. Tony Shayde. She married again before she died. She became a principal also at Price Middle school up there when built that school there. She was the first principal there. Then she married a Buckner. When she was principal, her name was Buckner, Tony Buckner. Fifth grade teacher, Mrs Anna Hale.

When we came up to the new school, we got more teachers. Like a Home Economics teacher, was Mrs. Covington, Bessie Covington and the Shop teacher was Mr. Robson. I don't remember Mr. Robson's first name. I didn't think I would ever forget that. The sixth grade teacher was Mrs. Fox. Mrs. Fox was so good and loveable that she taught her classes for two years. They followed her from the sixth to the seventh grade. Mrs. Long, was mean but she was good. We had a music teacher named Mrs. Burford, she was bowlegged and we used to make fun of her. She taught us a song about a bamboo tree. I loved that song and I used to sing it

even on up until about five years ago but me being 58 years of age, I don't know whether I can remember it or not. Umba, umba bamboo tree. That was the name of it but at the time she was teaching it to us, we made fun of it but after we learned the history behind it, what the tree meant and how it was used to build buildings for people to live in and it also had fruit on it for people to eat. You came to appreciate the songs they taught us. They always taught us the hymns. Our fifth grade teacher taught us, All hail the power of Jesus name, let angels prospects fall, bring forth thy royal diadem and crown him Lord of all. And to sing those hymns in school, you look back on it now and you were blessed to know those songs.

I'm curious to know and it's a shame I haven't been up there to know if they even have a music class like they did then. I'm hoping they do but I really don't know whether they teach music class or not. When we left Newburg school, I went to... What hurt our feeling was about the time we came out of the eighth grade at Newburg, integration started. We were very hurt because we were not able to go to Central. Central was the only black school that there was and to tell the truth, we felt cheated. We were cheated because of the comradery you have with black people from all across the city going to Central. Here you were predominantly White schools and there was only a handful of you. Even though it was quite a few of you, still was a handful compared to the Whites. The first school that was integrated was Fern Creek, that was in 56. The children left there and went to Fern Creek. They didn't want those black kids up there. They would pick those that had the best grades.

I really don't know where the other kids went to. I don't know if they went to Central because there was no other school. At the time they were building Seneca High School and that's where I graduated. First graduating class at Seneca High School and I was in it. We celebrate our fortieth year reunion on the 25th of this month so I will be attending that. Lincoln school, you had to have a little money to go there. The kids down here who went, their parents sacrificed to send them. I had some cousins that attended there. My brother went there. He got in some trouble at Seneca. They kicked him out and he went to Lincoln for a little while. Pratt Lyons. They won the championship the year that he played basketball because he came back from Lincoln and graduated from Seneca. They brought him back here and he was able to get back in and played in the first championship. His picture is over there on the wall at Seneca but he's dead now.

To tell the truth, almost all of the guys who played on that team are dead. We were talking about how ironic that era, I don't know what happened to those kids but cancer, murder, Pratt died of a fatal disease that he had of the brain. I forgot

what some of the others...I just wonder about what happened at that time and how much influence integration played on our men's lives in that day and time. I hated integration, still hate it. I made friends with some of the whites. To tell the truth, there was a Jew girl that got me interested when they were doing the marches for desegregation of the stores downtown. She would take me down to Hullet, the Methodist church there where they would meet. Rah Cunningham who is over the NAACP now, he was there then as a student from Seneca. We would march and sit in and picket. I met Martin Luther King when he came here to speak. I met Jesse Jackson when he was here to speak. I was really involved. Like I said, it was a Jew girl that got me in there. I would go to her house and they would take me out to dinner, her parents would take me out to dinner.

I was the only one from Newburg who participated in those marches downtown. Lynn Phful was her name. I never will forget her. We lost track of Lynn after she went to college. I didn't attend college. I took some courses at Simmons Bible College. I went there instead to take Christian Administration and Church Secretarial Work. When I finished going to Simmons Bible College, which was two years. The year after I graduated from high school, CAA came into being. It was a Community Action where they would take and give you...well I worked in the day care center. They would train you to work with the kids. They had professionals in there first and then the professionals went on to their jobs and those of us who had been trained under the professionals stayed. I was the director of the Newburg Day Care Center for fifteen years. Then they changed it to Head Start and I got sick and wasn't able to finish that. They started sending you to college after that and I missed out on that. I am on disability now. I went to Sears and worked there for ten years and got sick and had to go on disability. That's where I am now.

I have been married quite a few times. I've been married three times. I have three children. Don Antoine, he's married and got three. Clifton Jerome is married and got four and Lisa Cherelle is still here with me. I see the boys too much. They have to bring the kids to grandma. I babysit a lot and I keep them active. They don't like to bring the kids over to me because I have them passing out leaflets in the communities about activities that are going on. Then when they go home, grandma had us out there passing out fliers on them street. They don't like me leaving them. I can see I know pretty much what's going on and our community is really not that bad. But, they don't see it that way. They are young people and they see the world in another different eye than I do. Because I grew up in Newburg, I think Newburg is safe. People moving into Newburg know Newburg is not safe. I

still leave my doors open. Even in the night time. If it gets too hot, I'll open my doors. Me and my daughter fight about that all of the time cause she's scared.

I have had a couple of people to walk in. I said, come on in, what can I do for you. If they had planned on coming to do anything, the way I talked to them they were OK. They talk about me all of the time. I keep a lot of people. The Lord willing, this house will be paid for in November. 30 years. People who did not have any place to go or their parents put them out, people knew my house would be open. I would take them in and try to get them up on their feet. If I found out they weren't going to do anything, then they had to leave. As long as they were working and trying to do something to help themselves, they could stay. I did that type of thing but I say I'm through now.

I have seen the community go from a rural...I wrote a song...I joined the Kentucky for the Commonwealth, I don't know if you have ever heard of that. Kentucky for the Commonwealth is a non profit organization that deals with issues like people who are cold, up in the mountains of Kentucky, who don't have gas, oil, coal. Who's having trouble withmy lights and gas was off and I was using lamps to see by. I'm trying to see if I have my picture in the paper...I know I was on TV. They said they had a group called People Working Power, people working for energy reform. They were fighting that LG&E stop cutting off poor people's lights and gas. So I joined that group under the auspices of the Newburg Board of Directors. That's what I was on then. The Newburg Board of Directors they are the spokespersons for the community for the state city and local.

I joined that for them to represent us on power. Then power also worked for KFTC, which is a larger organization doing the same thing with other issues as well. Anyway, that 's how I got started with POWER because of my lights being cut off. That's how we have changed. The community was from a rural type setting, we had cows and pigs, horses all over. Different families had those type of things. When they killed the hogs, people who were poor like us, they would take and bring some of the meat around to us so we could have something to eat. I remember that well. When we cut wood, families would get together and go out to places like all of these woods back here. Husband and wives. The men would saw down the trees and pile the logs up. Then the wives would split the logs and the children would put them in their arms and take them to the different houses. We lived about four or five blocks from the place at the time. Everybody helped.

The community was a family community. Everybody knew everybody and if somebody died, in two minutes, they knew. Now a days people die and we don't even now hear about it till after the funeral is over with and that type of thing. And

that's how it has changed in retrospect. We started out with one church and now we have fourteen churches. There's fourteen churches out here and all different denominations. We have the schools. We started with one now we have five schools out here. You had your little grocery stores where you could go and get your food. We had two on Newburg Road, you had people who sold candy and bread and milk out of their houses. You had quite a few of those type places. They would buy it and sell it to us at a cheaper price than what you would pay in a regular store. For us to get our food, we had to go all the way down to Jefferson Street. They had it here but not no supply for a month or so.

The Filson Historical Society

ORAL HISTORY PROJECT
CARRIDDER M. JONES - PROJECT DIRECTOR

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Name of Donor ERNESTINE E SHARELLE Lyons-Logan
Narrator (Please Print)

Signature of Donor Ernestine E. Lyons-Logan Date 8/9/01
Narrator

Narrator

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Interviewer

CARRIDDER M. JONES Date 8/9/01

Address

I'm Effie Lyons and I'm 85 years old. I was born February 9, 1916. I was born here in Newburg, Petersburg/Newburg. My father was John Green, my mother was Katie Harris Green.

My Daddy's parents go back before the Civil War. They go back as far as 1819. We have some records from them from 1819. There was a lady named Eliza Tevis, as far as we know, who was owned by someone named John Hundley. In 1816, I think it was that smallpox was suppose to have been a fatal disease. It was contagious and it was fatal. When anybody had smallpox, nobody else would go around them. But this slave woman took care of her slave master when he contacted smallpox. When he recovered, he gave her a piece of land, they say 20 acres of land and some slaves. And the land is the property at Indians Trail and Petersburg Road. It is the property where the graveyard is and the property where the Star Hope Baptist Church is. He gave her that property.

She owned that property and when she died, she left her property to her sister, Mary Beard. Mary Beard had four children, Charlie Beard, Hunter Beard, Alice Beard, Mary Beard and Eliza Beard who married a Golden. My history is that Alice Beard married a Green who was my father's mother. So that's how far we go back. In fact, so far as I ever heard, she was the first lady to settle here in this area and to own property. Because at that time, blacks were not even allowed to own property. It says in our history that she started the community.

The land was called the wet woods. It was swamp land. In fact it was so bad, even when I was a child, we had crawfish holes and it was wet all through the area. Even in summertime water stood and there was an article in the Courier-Journal called Swamp Land. They let black people have it because it was no good. They thought it was of no value but when Urban Renewal came in, they worked out a way to get rid of the water. They drained it and put sewage in. It became a nice piece of land.

The slaves that Eliza Tevis had, stayed with her. As I understand, there was an article, that she would teach them how to work and hire them out to white people. One of the women in one of the articles said, whenever you got a slave from Eliza Tevis, you always had a good worker. Wasn't no place for them to go. Slaves you know. At that time, you didn't even have slaves who were free in the north, until after the Civil War. So they stayed with her and worked as she let 'em out.

The white people said she married but I don't know anything about that. The guys that did the research on Newburg, they said that she married somebody and they talked about all of the possessions they had and how much it was worth. When I got my history was when Urban Renewal started through Newburg. Nelson Goodwin, he's a black guy, he's a black Goodwin. He didn't want the community to bring Urban Renewal through the way they were going to do it. He wanted ... these people had inherited that property from slavery time. Because of its historical value, he wanted the black people to stay here in this area. He didn't want them to move out. So he began to research and find out our historical background. What he got, the information that he got came from Eliza Tevis' ... When I say one of them was Eliza Tevis' sister that she left the property to, she got the information from Lenny Davis. Lennie Davis' father was a Hunterbeard. They also gave her a bedroom suit, 20 acres of land and seems like it was a sum of money. Lennie got the bedroom suit.

When Nelson was trying to give proof of why this community should be left whole for historical reasons, he interviewed Lennie Davis. She lived right there at Petersburg Road and Indian Trail. That's where I got my information from. She started the Newburg Historical Society. Eliza Tevis, they said, was half white. She was a Mulatto. Lennie's daddy was a Hunterberry. She had lived here all of her life. The property had come on down to her and she lived right there at the property. Undertaker Maze finally got the property. They sold it to undertaker Maize or something. When undertaker Maize got the property, they had specified that a certain portion of the property would be left so that the descendants could always have a graveyard.

Up until the Newburg community bought the property, all of our family was buried there. That's proof that some of it is true. Whatever they say... My descendants are on my father side. My grandmother's name was Alice Beard Green and her mother would have been Mary Beard, and Mary Beard was the sister of Eliza Tevis. My grandmother, Alice Green had about seven or eight kids. My father was one of the seven children.

Being a descendant of Eliza Tevis, you know black people don't appreciate history. More than likely, they are likely to be jealous of you. There have been several families that tried to prove they were the first families to live out here. They were slaves and yet they think they were the first settlers in Newburg. You're not no settler if you don't own property or nothing. That's the way I see it. No, we weren't popular. In fact, it's more or less the other way around. It's like a jealousy or dislike. At that time, when I was growing up, it didn't make any difference

because they weren't interested in the history. They weren't interested in the history of Newburg. It wasn't until we started the Historical Society and right after that, Roots came out. Then they became interested.

Eliza Tevis, when she and her slaves went to Green Street, she was able to have a surrey, horse and wagon. They could ride to Green Street. After the Civil War, a white man named George Hikes, they owned the property from Trevilian Way up to Hikes Point over to Popular Level Road. Somewhere, I had the information, that property had been given him by the governor of Virginia for something he did in the Revolutionary War. He had been given this, remember Kentucky was a part of Virginia at one time. They had given him this large tract of land for something he had done. He set aside fifty acres right here in Newburg where the slaves could buy property, after they were separated. They could buy land to build houses. He didn't charge them very much, I don't think so. They weren't making but twenty five or thirty cents a day. So, what I'm trying to get to is to show that after they had the property and was set free, the first thing they did was build a church.

They had to build their own, a log church. The church started the first school in the church. Then the church built a school in the church yard. Now this is record, you can get this from the Board of Education because one of our school teachers looked up the Newburg School. The first school that the Jefferson County Board of Education built was in 1912. Up until that time, first the people paid the teachers themselves from what little money they had, they would give them vegetables or whatever they could use, commodities and things to pay the teachers. Then in 1890, the board of education started paying the teachers for teaching in the church. They were teaching in our church, Forest Baptist Church. Then when they built their own schools, they started paying their own teachers.

The first Newburg school, when you finished the eighth grade, you had to go to Central High School for high school. Very few people ever went to high school then. They didn't have the money or they had to get out and start working. I don't know. We had...I had at one time, the picture of our first graduates, it was in 1911. Starch...I can't remember but it will come to me though...Arthur, Arthur Starch. Him and another lady named Neighbors, they graduated from Newburg School in 1911 and 1912. After you finished school here, you would have to go to Central High School. You would pass any number...two or three at least, white schools but you couldn't go there. There was that Day Law that blacks couldn't go and they had to go to Central High School.

When I finished the eighth grade in 1929, at that time, that was when the first

two junior high schools were built in Louisville. Eastern Junior High School and the Western Junior High School. The people in the counties had to go to Eastern Junior High at Jackson and Breckenridge. Reverend Mezeek was the principal there. It's Mezeek now but it wasn't when I went to school. Madison was downtown and we were the Eastern Junior High School. After you finished your eighth grade year, you went to the Junior High School for one year, then you would go and finish up at Central High School. Three years at Central. I finished in 1933. I graduated from eighth grade here in 1929 and finished high school in 1933. Now I know how wonderful it was to finish high school.

My mother owned a little piece of property right there on Old Shepherdsville Road and Indian Trail. When you go through Indian Trail, she owned some property on the right. We had to walk from there over to Bardstown Road to catch a country car. It was a trolley - Interurban. You had to get up early in the morning because it didn't run that often. It would go to Fern Creek and we would walk, I guess a mile and catch that bus. That was in 1929 and 1930. Then in 1931, the Board of Education bought a bus that would carry us. It would pick us up at a certain area...corner and carry us to Central High School. The board of Education paid so much and I think we had to pay a nickel or something. That's how we got to high school.

I would think that the teachers were very dedicated people. The first teacher I had was a lady named...in Newburg way up in the 30's or 40's, she taught several generations. Her name was Anna Taylor. There was another lady named Mrs. Tilley. I graduated under a Mrs. Llewellyn. We had a couple of men teachers. We had one man teacher named Mr. Bush and one name A. L. Garvin. I would say, the teachers then were interested in, to me, in making black children become something. Laws and things were more important and they could whip 'em. They could whip 'em then and make them mind. They were interested in everything that went on in the community. I remember they used to have spelling bees. I just think they were very dedicated and concerned about developing black children.

Of course when we went to high school, we had what everybody else had. One of Dr. Morris' daughters was my gym teacher, Maud Morris. Then at Central, we had Nannie Board. I don't know where she came from but I thought she was the sweetest thing that ever happened. Yes Lord, we had a hard time getting clothes and food. My daddy died when I was six years old. He died when he was forty two years old. My father joined the Army when he was sixteen and when they found out he was sixteen, sent him back home. But he'd gotten an honorable discharge. Several years after he died, the Red Cross helped my mother to get a pension.

There were six of us. We got four dollars apiece, twenty-four dollars I think and my mother got twenty dollars. So, we got forty four dollars a month pension but that didn't go very far. We worked in the field and picked black berries. When you'd get 14 or 15, you'd go to work in white people's houses, cooking and cleaning or whatever they'd let you do. So that's how we survived.

We would buy our clothes in the summer for school. If your money gave out...we got this little pension and sometime we didn't have car fare to last the whole month. You could stay home those days but you went as much as you could. Most of the time, the people that lived in the county, they were very good students. My mother kept the pension until she died. As a child got 16, they dropped them, but she got a pension until she died. A little something, it helped her.

I have my father's discharge. We had our family reunion last week and we were suppose to have...we were going to call it the Green's Honor Roll and we were going to put his discharge on the thing but we had so much crammed in there, we never did get around to all of it. We were going to put it on an easel and let them see. I had a son that was killed in Vietnam and one that had a Purple Heart. We were going to put all of that kind of stuff on there but we never got around to that.

I got married in 1938. September 1, 1938. My husband was George Ralph Lyons. We had seven children. Start with Patricia Ann Lyons, Sharelle Lyons, Carol Lyons, Pratt Lyons, George Lyons, Jr., Denise Lyons and Dennis Lyons. I had one before I was married. That was A.C. Montgomery. The oldest boy got killed in Vietnam in 1969. That was A.C. Montgomery. Patricia Edwards now, lives in Dallas. She went four years at Wilberforce. Sharelle is here in Louisville. She's had a variety of jobs. She was a nurses aide, I think her main job was at the Day Care Center. She worked with CAA. The third girl, Carol, she moved to Dallas because her husband was in Real Estate. She was a social worker and right now in Dallas, she is a social worker in the school system and she does something else. The fourth one was Pratt. He died in 1988. He went a couple of years in college in Texas on a basketball scholarship and later played semi pro basketball. He died a few years ago. He was in service for a while, the Air Force. The next boy was George Lyons. He didn't finish high school but he got his GED. He died in 1981. Both of those boys died of seizures. Both of them had seizures. The third girl, Denise, she went off to Kentucky State. She went a couple of years. One of the ministers wanted to give her a scholarship to Dallas when she got out of high school. I thought Dallas was so far away, I wouldn't let her go. Then I ended up in Dallas. Anyway, after she got out, she seemed to be leaning towards nursing and

she became an Inhalation Therapist. After she got out, she went to classes and I think she's something more than a Therapist because they're trying to get her to teach it now. That's the baby girl. The fourth boy, Dennis is a minister and he finished high school, went in the service and I think he was called to the ministry while he was in service. He's been raising sand, you might have seen his picture in the paper. Dennis Lyons stood with the police last year. That's my baby. They were begging somebody to pray for the police and the ministers wouldn't do it because they said it would give the public the wrong impression. He said he didn't belong to no church...no organization so he went on and prayed for them. Then the black people turned against him.

My husband passed away in 1989. Me and my husband separated when Dennis finished the sixth grade. Almost all of my kids, I raised practically by myself. In a way like my mother. My father died but we got divorced. I was telling somebody that there was a time when I had all of the kids at home and I thought it was the worst thing that ever happened. I said, Lord, I thought it was unfair the way we didn't have what other people had. But now I realize it was a blessing in disguise. Because they learned they had to work, they had to contribute to keep the house going, they had to help each other, so it was a blessing. You don't see it until you get old.

When the kids from Newburg went to U of L several years ago, so many people come to get Newburg history. We told them not to bring no more history people out here. When they take Social Work, they tell them to go get a history, and when they looked back, they'd come and got the same history over again. Right now, I don't know how many people are digging into the history, even whites are interested in it. Several people are trying to write it up. The reason why it helped me to stay with it is because I used to do the anniversaries of our church. Then, I was the secretary when Nelson started the Historical Society. So the information he had, through what the church had, that gave me...generally they come to me to get it.

I'm losing my memory now because when I was here, I stayed active in the church. Now I'm not as active. I think the longer you stay active and keep doing things, the better off you are. But since being down there, I'm not active but I've been sick in the hospital three times since I was there. I'm not as alert. Most of the time I can remember things the kids can't remember. I can feel myself kind of slowing down now.

ORAL HISTORY PROJECT
CARRIDDER M. JONES - PROJECT DIRECTOR

In consideration of the recording and preservation of my oral history memoir, and/or documents and pictures, I hereby grant and assign them to the Filson Club in Louisville, Kentucky, and consent to the deposit of my oral history memoir, and/or documents and pictures in their permanent collection, to be used for whatever scholarly or educational purposes, including the right to duplicate, and distribute the recordings and/or transcript, documents and pictures to any other libraries and educational institution. I grant Carridder M. Jones, all literary property rights, including transcription and publication rights to my oral history memoir, and/or documents and pictures as an unrestricted gift.

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Narrator (Please Print)

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Interviewer

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Interview with Nathaniel E. Green - July 24, 2002 - by Carridder M. Jones

My name is Nathaniel E. Green. I was born December 24, 1938. My mother is Susan Redden Green and my father is Nathaniel J. Green. Basically, I was raised in the Newburg, Buechel area in what was the original Newburg. Also, a good portion of my teenage life was spent in the West End in the Cotter Lang Homes Public Housing Project. I have nine sisters and brothers. The family was made up of four girls and six boys. I'm going to try to go in order, Jonetta, who is behind me, behind Jonetta was James Anthony and Behind, what we called Jimmy was Richard, Behind Richard was Lester and behind Lester was, Sucatherin, Behind Sucatherin was William behind William was Sandra and behind Sandra was Edna, I believe that's it. My sister Jonetta was the oldest.

My father's mother was Katie Green and she was married to John Green and my mother who was from the Shelbyville area, her mother was Edna Earl Redden and her husband was Ennis Redden and I get my middle initial from his first name. Great grandparents...John Green's father was Ed Green and his mother was Alice Beard Green, which was the child of Mary Beard who was the sister of Eliza Tevis. The Line from Eliza Tevis actually starts with Mary Beard, she was the sister of Eliza Tevis and Alice was her daughter.

My father grew up in the Newburg are, my mother was from the Shelbyville area and we lived for several years in the Newburg area with my grandmother, Katie Green. We were told that one of our great aunt was buried in the Forest Cemetery and that was Eliza Tevis. We were also told about the Beards and how they were connected to us. Primarily we were told that Tevis was buried over there in the cemetery. Beards were connected to us through Alice's marriage. She married a Beard, Alice Green married a Beard and that's how the Beard and Greens get together.

I don't know a whole lot about the Beards and Tevis'. I know a little more about the history of Tevis because my aunt kept up with Eliza Tevis' history and was probably what we call the historian of the family. She was the one that more or less told us about the specifics of Eliza Tevis. So, that's where I get the information I know about Eliza Tevis. My recollection is she had a house on Indian Trail. There was a two lane street that went through there at that time when we lived out there. There was this log cabin and in between the logs, the stucco that goes between the logs was painted white and the logs were brown. I do remember that

log cabin being over there, although at that time I don't know who lived in that house. It was pointed out that was formerly Tevis' home. It was on the old Indian Trail. My Aunt more or less gave us the run down on who was who in the family and talked a lot about Tevis and her brothers and also about John and Ed Green.

Ed Green may have been someone similar to Chicken George in the ROOTS series. They say that he was always very neat person with a derby and still spoke with somewhat of an African accent. He still had not gotten rid of the accent. There is some information about Ed Green. My father probably has more of a recollection of Ed Green. I've been told more about Ed as a dapper person around the Newburg area. He lived some where in that area and he may have had a house up at the end of Old Shepherdsville Road and Newburg Road. There was a spring under there and my father used to tell me that this is where they kept all of the stuff that would perish. They did not have refrigerators and so this spring, it's right there where Newburg Road and Old Shepherdsville Road comes together. It is right there near the house, back in that area. There are houses and things in there but I would imagine that spring is probably still there. They would put their food in a cave like place and the cold of the water would keep things cold. Apparently Ed lived in that area.

Having a person like Tevis in the family keeps you wondering. Especially having to do with the fact that she apparently was very aggressive and somewhat outspoken too. When you think back and you think in your family you had a person like this who was willing to step up and speak up, it kinda tell you a lot about your family and why you yourself might be who you are. You can say, well it runs in the family. It's very interesting because when you read about her as a slave and her relations to the Hundley's and what she did on the plantation itself, apparently she was a woman who was willing to work but she also looked out for herself. Then when she left, she took some slaves with her. So she had some sense of who she was and what she wanted to do. The slaves she took with her actually became slaves of hers. Which sometime looking at history you have to be careful because people will say, 'well blacks had slaves,' well they did. In some cases when they had an option to take them with them they did but they were still registered as slaves. She helped keep her property up with those slaves. In exchange for that, they were part of her extended family at that time. She could have sold them if she wanted to. I get the impression that she probably did sell the services of the people she brought with her, to neighbors and probably some whites in the area. My understanding is that she was known to have those resources and she knew how to use them. She was a very good business woman. She had more than what most

men had out there.

Apparently she was sought after because there's a book by Smith that mentions her in his book. He at one time had thought about asking her for her hand in marriage. He backed away from it because the way it says in the book, that she was older than he was. So that gave him cause not to try to date her. The name of the book is Fifty Years of Slavery in the USA. It was a book written by a slave called Harry Smith. There's some controversy over it because there are people who don't believe that a black man or a slave at that time could have written this kind of information out. When they say he wrote this, actually it's believed that he actually dictated it. So there is still a controversy over could he have remembered all of these facts. It does give to you information about slavery in Kentucky that you normally would not get in the regular books. He talks about a lot of the cruelty and brutality that was there, but if you go back far enough, you begin to realize that his recollections are probably true. There was sort of a plantation corridor up and down Bardstown Road, to include Farmington and other plantations that were there. He gives you an insides view of what slavery was like. It's very hard to dispute that his information is not true. But, there are some historians that are not ready to accept this and it's kind of an interesting thing. It is hard to believe some of the things that did happen. When you go back and look at what slaves did and how they functioned, he probably understood the system. He would describe the kinds of punishments that slaves received. He put in prospective the kind of fear, almost what we are now calling terrorist, the terrorizing that slave owners did to keep slaves in check. It begins to come together because you realize they did keep you in check that way and even how when you come in to a plantation and how the homes were laid out so that the slave master could see through the homes to see who was in there. It's interesting the kind of things he points to as being a part of what I consider to be a system. I don't think the book is available on the market. A few of them were reprinted, the original one was printed in 1891. It's what they call a Clark Historical Library reprint. I'm not sure if you can get it in book stores at this point. The publisher was West Michigan Printing Company, Central Michigan University.

My first recollection of the book was when Juanita White told me that there was this book that was out. Then I went to a historical society meeting in St. Matthews and they were talking about this book. A lady named Lynn Renau, and a black fellow from Lexington were talking about their research and this book was part of the research because it helped collaborate some of the information that he had come across. I have become interested in research and it keeps you on the edge

of always looking for something. For instance in reading this book, that's when I began to...stumbled across the information on Eliza Tevis. I called Lynn Renau and she was checking and, 'yes, that is probably the same Eliza Tevis that was on the Hundley plantation. Then he mentions her a couple of other times about his recollections about life on the plantation. It seems Eliza Tevis went by a number of names. In this book, for instance, he refers to her as Liza and later on, he clarify it and uses the Hundley name. I think it was the way they identified themselves with their owners and it was a natural thing. They probably used several names just to clarify their legal status at the time. I think it was an effort to make sure she was seen as a Hundley. The Curtis, I'm not sure but it probably is part of the Hundley name. The Tevis may have been a name she had because I'm not sure of what her family name was. She was married to Henry Tevis, the husband she brought with her off the plantation and married. That was the one she had the contract with. A lady did some work a long, long time ago and I have a copy of it some where. That was actually a marital contract. She, for some reason decided that she was not going to get married without first having an understanding as to whose property it was that she had. She clearly spells it out that it was hers and he married her and all he got was a dollar.

Apparently she nursed John Hundley back to health during the yellow fever days and he set her free and gave her the property. When she got the property, apparently she was very resourceful and very industrious and she built a cabin. I imagine she knew her way around and she collected and got what she wanted and built at that time what was the best house in the community. She did receive some furniture from the Hundly estate. That may have been what drove her to building the house so quickly and getting things up and going because she knew she had furnishings and other things that she could bring and put into the house. That would not have been the case with a lot of the slaves that were released at that time. She was fortunate to have it but apparently she understood what she needed to do and having the house meant that she could put these things inside the house. With the slaves she had, I imagine they helped her to build the house and clear the property and get it ready. She was able to put this all together as a home.

Newburg was one of those places that nobody wanted and it was on the backside of a white community. So if you came about that property it was OK, they didn't mind. That group in Newburg grew up in that area. Of course now it's very thriving but if you go to the cemetery, you will still see there is a big wet land area on that cemetery. I had talked one time with the US Geological Survey and they were unaware that the lake was over there. It's on the back end of the cemetery, a

huge...matter fact, I remember when I was a boy a couple of kids who got drowned over there and it's still there. I think there are two lakes and that may even be a spring there because it stays wet. I had mentioned to the cemetery committee that somebody needed to record this because you are not suppose to disturb the wet land now. That is definitely wet land, it's a swampy area. Yes, I remember that so and so's son got drowned in the lake. I never knew where the lake was but that's where it is. Right over there off of Newburg road behind the cemetery and church area and behind the housing area. There's a big clump of trees, you wouldn't even know it was there unless you went in to see it. It's a huge wet area.

Probably my father...I've often said if he had the same opportunities that are available now to African American business people, he could probably be a big success. All of my life he was an independent businessman. He was a barber. Along with that, he did some other things on the side. He was one of the first blacks who worked at the post office but could not get along with dogs. The white people apparently sicced their dogs on black mail carriers. He always complained about that. As long as I have know, he has always had his own shop. He's always interacted with the community through the barber shop. He had the shop on old Walnut Street with a fellow named J. J. Miller, before the Urban Renewal. He also was the Headmaster of the Louisville Barber's Institute, which trained most of the barbers when they came back from WWII. The Louisville Barber Institution was one of the key business opportunities the government offered to returning GI's. He had a whole bunch of these guys who trained under him to become barbers. It was a big school. It was actually located on 7th near Liberty Street. There was a radio station, WLOU that had an announcer named To be Howard and the Barber Institute always had ads in radio announcements about getting the GI's to come to school. He ran that school for several years.

There were barbers who exclusively cut hair of whites and did not cut black hair. They would go into hotels and things. They always cut black hair but they would go into hotels and be able to cut hair of whites. When they got back home, they cut black hair. I used to have a franchise barber shop myself. My wife and I owned, we were in the franchise business at the time. I used to always wonder how the black beauticians...this was not a barber shop it was a beauty shop, how the black beauticians were able to do both white and black hair and how were they trained to actually do this. What it is, while they were in school they trained on white hair, but when they went home, they practiced on black hair. So when they came to the shop, it was easy but when I got white applicants, when we put them through the test of, can you do hair, they would have to show whether they could do

black or white hair and we had a very difficult time finding whites who could do black hair. The practical things of life is what serves you best and that was they way they did. They went to school and learned on white hair. We stayed with our business for about six years and then we sold it and I opened my own consulting business.

We lived at Beecher Terrace when I was very young and my father was doing the barber shop on the old Walnut Street. Then we moved from there to Newburg. We stayed in Newburg four or five years. At that time he had a shop in town and he had to travel all the way back in town and back home. My mother was basically a house wife, although my mom had been educated at Municipal College. She was a teacher. She actually taught night school at Newburg when they had night school. I understand that's how my mother and father got together. When we moved from Newburg to Cotter home, my brothers and I got together and got a paper route, which ended up being one of the larger paper routes in the whole city because we had both of those projects. The old Cotter Homes and the New Lang Homes, we serviced that entire area. Plus, my mother got involved with the Louisville Defender and we sold the Louisville Defender, the Courier-Journal and Louisville Times.

We had to learn how to go out and collect money and deal with people and do all of these things. It probably was the start of my business, that independence. I go back and look at Eliza Tevis and my daddy, that's probably where we got that kind of inkling to get out and do something on your own. It became a source of income, not only for us as individuals but more so for the family. My mom and dad did not make enough to take care of us so it was quite often that my brothers and I were bringing in money to put food on the table. It was our money, we managed the money. When we got through collecting, we would figure out what we owed the Courier, what we owed the Louisville Defender, pay them off and then we would go and give some money to my mother. Or, if we didn't have food and we knew we had certain customers who had not paid the week before, we'd go out and collect that money and give it to my mother to put food on the table. We understood who paid and who didn't pay and once we had paid off the Courier for the papers, we had full use of the money. We could always go back and pick up a few dollars from places and people who had not paid.

I went to public schools in Louisville, then I went to Central High School. Played football there at Central and got a real good boost at Central. I played football but wasn't big enough to really be a football player. I had a friend, Merriweather who was an all Stater and Gramling wanted him. He and I were very close and he said, 'I'm not going to Gramling unless you go'. So I said, OK, I'll go.

One of the coaches at Central said, no, you don't want to go to Gramlin. You won't make it. Why do you want to go there anyway. I said, Merriweather is going and we are going to go together. He said, no. You'd never make it at Gramlin. I didn't know Gramlin, I didn't know what was what. My mother was always encouraging me and the rest of the family to go as far in school as you can. I understand now she picked that up from her mother who put all of the girls through school. They all went to college and the one boy, he went partially but did not complete college but the girls all completed college. Of course it was back during the Blue Law days so they completed college, left here to get their advance degrees and never came back.

One of my aunties came back and she taught school at Manual High School. She taught German. I don't know why she learned German but she went to the University of Illinois at Champaign Urbana. She got her Master's degree there, came back here and my aunt Edna went to Brenmar. She was in nursing. Then I had an aunt who was in social work and went to Atlanta University. The other one I think was also in nursing but I'm not sure where she went. They all went to school, got advance degrees and went to New York with my uncle. They stayed in New York, never came back to Louisville, which was part of the Blue Law because of the brain drain... that was a good example of the brain drain. They could have come back here but after they got away from here they wouldn't come back to Louisville. The Blue Law was that blacks and whites could not go to school together. There were some exceptions on the ones who were there before. I don't know whether Kentucky had any school like that, Berea could have been one of those schools.

Basically, the Blue Law was set up to keep African Americans out of their higher education system. What happened was, they decided to pay African Americans to go school outside of Kentucky. What happened is their schooling was paid for when they went for their master's degrees outside of Kentucky, after they left Municipal College. They paid them to go to school because they didn't have schools here for them. It's the kind of thing you have to say, at the time, they thought they were being smart, trying to separate people. Actually, they were giving away free education. Free education that was not coming back here to do anything for these people back here. At that time, it was a matter of race, it was a matter of separating the races and that's the way they went about doing it.

My grandmother on my mother's side, Edna Redden, she constantly pushed telling, us to go to school. We always heard from grandma Redden about going to school. On my father's side, Katie Green, they had not completed school so we did not get a lot of push for the school. But on my mother's side it was. We didn't really recognize it at the time. Edna Redden's husband was a shoeshine fellow at

the old Greyhound Bus Station down at fifth and Broadway. It used to be at Fifth and Broadway in the black section. He shined shoes for everybody but there was a black just outside and we remembered seeing him down there. But he also did some barbering himself, I believe. They came out of Shelbyville. My grandmother got her interest in education from being the wash lady at the school in Simpsonville, it's now a restaurant. The name escapes me now but it was an all women's school and she was the wash lady. My mother and the girls and their brother would always be there to help her out to get the clothes and things back to the girls at the school. She would always want them to be like the girls at the school. The headmaster's name was Pointer and my uncle, her brother's middle name was Pointer. It was one of the better girl's school and she worked there. She was always pushing, them, 'won't you be like these girls, won't you go to school'. That was driven into them so when they came from out there back to Louisville, they moved down to College Court and they went to Municipal and from there on to higher education.

I did not go to Gramlin, took the advice of the coach, which was very wise, who said, 'we can get you in school but you don't need to go to Gramlin'. I ended up going two years at Morristown College in Tennessee and I played ball. Those guys were big but Gramlin was even bigger. They were huge. I did not realize but they were given the advice, they said, 'no, you need to go to a smaller school'. I remember coach saying, 'you know you can go to any school you want. Some of these schools want you as bad as you want them'. Sure enough, that was the case. Morristown gave me a scholarship, I worked while I was there, I had a chance to travel with the team, it was a very small school but personable. I was able to learn some things about myself and about studying and about leadership. Because that's when I got involved in the "Sit-In Movement" was at Morristown. Morristown was in the mountains of East Tennessee. It was a school who had white teachers on campus. It was a Methodist School and a very, very small school so people traveling from the East going West, like to Tennessee State and to the other black schools would stop there on occasions. They would even talk to the students so we had a chance to meet them.

At that time you still had African Americans who would not stop at hotels so they kind of knew each other. The intelligence of African American's knew each other. We had a fellow that came through from Greensboro, North Carolina who talked about the sit-in movement which we saw on television but he actually talked about it. From that time on, I got active for some reason or another in the sit-in movements. My college was Methodist and the Methodist Church took an interest in what I was doing in Morristown, which at time was very little. One night we

went up to Carson Newman, which was a Baptist School, a white Baptist Student Union. The white students wanted to talk with African Americans who were part of the movement. Our movement was the theater downtown. We had stopped going to the theater and that presents a lot of problems in these small towns, economic wise. We sneaked onto the campus, which was very, very dangerous but when you are young, you don't think about things like that. We came back and I was invited to talk at the University of Illinois, at the Quadrennial Conference, the Methodist Women about the sit-in movement. From then on I got locked into it.

The next year I was invited to Lake Junaluska and there were a lot of problems there. It was a Methodist camp for youth, but it was for white youth. They had just integrated the camp but they had not integrated the pool, unbeknownst to us. For some reason, one night, there was a black person in the pool, they thought it was me. It was not me. I did like to swim but it was not me. It was a black girl who was an Indian. I was the only black girl on the campus and it got back to the parents of the students. Of course the North Carolina papers had it all over that I had integrated the pool at Lake Junaluska and the parents were upset. All kinds of things. I did not have any money because we still lived in the housing project and I was trying to save every bit of money because I had graduated from Morristown and was going to Ittabna, Mississippi. That's where Mississippi State Vocational College was and I had gotten a scholarship to go there and play football.

I was sidetracked that summer and went to Lake Junaluska at the request of the Methodist. In order to save money, I was asked by one of the councils at Lake Junaluska, 'why don't you get on the Mississippi delegation busses and we will take you back to campus'. They had all of these white students on the bus and I got on there and there were several boys in the back who were calling names and they were trying to get them to shut up. Finally things got kinda quiet down on the bus but unbeknownst to me, parents had been told I was on that bus. So, we stopped at night to eat but I could not get off the bus so the counselors bought me food. Of course I was being cheap, I didn't want to spend my money because when I got to Mississippi Vocational I would have at least a little money to spend.

When we got to Birmingham, surprise, surprise. There was a huge crowd of whites who were setting there waiting. The State Police came in and I got off the bus and even they started taunting me, the police did. When something like that is going on, you are not really sure what is going on. I got off the bus and here's the black door and here's the white door. I got off and went into the White area. Oh, you never saw such a commotion. I didn't really realize it and there was a black man and woman in the back and they kept saying, 'come on back her, come on back

here. I was kinda confused because it was early in the morning when we got off the bus and there's this big crowd and I mean they were hitting on the windows and things. So I went back to the black section. Of course the police were constantly telling me, 'you're one of those smart niggers'. I was saying, what did I do? Actually it was kind of funny because in Louisville, you really didn't have that sharp of divide so you didn't get a lot of that. But down there you do and it just kind of took me off guard and I just walked through there. So I went on back and walked to the back and I sat down. And the police kept walking up and down and around, then the parents got their children and things and took them on home. Of course later on, the Methodist Women's group apologized for what had happened. I had decided what I was going to do was to get away from the station and get away from the police so I started walking. I walked out away from the station.

Just by accident, I don't know how but I ended up in the office of A. J. Gaston. He was one of the few black millionaires at that time. He was not there but I went in. They said I could sit down and I sat there until close to dark. I went back to the bus station, paid for a ticket and got on the bus and went on into Ittabna. I used some of my money but I still had some. I got there and I was walking on the campus, started practice and I guess I must have been on the campus a week and a half... close to two weeks. A fellow that played with me, name was Jones. They called him Deacon Jones and he had one eye. He was from South Carolina State and he had been put out of the school at South Carolina State for sit-in activities. At that point, I gathered that they didn't know I had been involved, at least I thought they didn't know.

One night the coach came by and said, 'you've got to get outta here'. This is kind of hard because you planned all of your life and...I had to leave because the Governor, Ross Barnett had said he didn't want me there. I don't usually tell this story that much so it kinda...but I had to get out that night. They said, 'go, we don't want any body who has been active in the sit-in movement to be a part of Mississippi...and the president of the college, Mr. White, I don't even know his first name but he agreed to it. So the coach spent about an hour calling around trying to get me into another school. He called Kentucky State, he called football coaches, at Kentucky State, he could not get anybody. He called several other schools but he said, 'there's a school in Northern Mississippi and it's a private school...he was the first one that introduced me to the fact that Mississippi had two schools there that were older than the state laws. He said, 'let me call Rust, Rust College', and said, 'I think you can get in Rust'. He called and got a hold to somebody there and they said, 'yes send him on we'll be happy to take him'. I found out later on he had

talked with President Smith who was the president of the college. President had said, 'Oh, we can use him because the kids on our campus are not into this thing enough. I'm thinking, I don't want to be leading this thing. Then he had gotten some additional information on me. The fact that I was at a Methodist school before, he was willing to take me in. The fact that I had been to Lake Junaluska he said, 'come on'. At that night, Coach put me on the bus and I went to Holly Springs, Mississippi. The thing in Holly was, he was looking for leadership and that's when I, in effect I kinda became the leader in Mississippi for the sit-in movements. That's where I met my wife. Her name is Holmesetta and her family lived in Holly Springs all of her life and they had a family of five. Her sister is a PHD in Business Administration. She has two brothers who are truck drivers, she has another sister who is a school teacher.

I actually was thrown into the leadership role there, which I accepted. It's kind of strange, I was the campus NAACP leader and met one guy in town named Mr. Nero, who was connected with the NAACP. Then I got connected with Meager Evers in Jackson so we kind of did everything in Mississippi at that time. I was the president of the campus NAACP and there was a city head NAACP and Meager was the state NAACP Coordinator. At that time, I went onto the campus, nobody was doing anything. So, we started a boycott and we actually shut down a town because Marshall County was almost 70% black and when you start cutting off economic ties to black communities, you mess with them. We knew this and then I also knew that the Methodist Church was struggling with this whole thing of the blacks. There was a Catholic Church...they didn't like Catholics either. I did my student teaching at the Catholic School so the Sisters became quite influential with me. They were always helping me keep in touch and things like that.

One of the interesting things, we had an occasion to bring in Ben Hooks from Memphis, because Holly Springs is just 40 miles from Memphis. We were having problems and we wanted somebody to come in so we asked Benjamin Hooks to come in. Of course the state troopers followed him all the way down. We raised hell with the state troopers because they came onto campus which is a private school. The Dean was always telling me, 'now, now Mr. Green. Don't start any trouble'. We initiated boycotts and we did quite a bit. I came back to Louisville after I graduated. I was at Fisk the summer of 61, I was with John Lewis, Andy Young, and some others.

ORAL HISTORY PROJECT
CARRIDDER M. JONES - PROJECT DIRECTOR

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My Name is Anna Merritt, I'm 82 years old. I was born March 3, 1920. My mother was Ella Samuels. She was born and raised in Newburg. My father was James Robinson. He was from Memphis Tennessee. He was a soldier in World War I. They met and married and that's the story. My mother's folks were Casper and Eliza Samuels. They lived in Newburg all of their lives as far as I know. They lived on Newburg Road. I didn't know my grandparents on my father side because they were from Tennessee, I didn't stay in Tennessee long enough to know them because we moved back here.

We had a nice childhood. To me it was a good time. We played games, ring games. Every body knew everybody, went to the same school, same church, fished in the creek and just had a lot of fun as a child growing up, ring games, little Sally Walker those things. We Played baseball and I do like fishing, I have fishing poles now in my closet that I have not use for 2 or 3 years. I fish any place I can, anywhere.

We had a nice school, we got a good education, we had good teachers. I think when I got out of the eight grade, we had equal to the high school education now. My first grade teacher was Ms. Anna Taylor, Mrs. Rucker, Mrs. Eddie Daniels, A. L. Garvin, Mrs. New Allen, that's all, we had 4 or 5 teachers. You better believe they cared about the children you learn something everyday. You had to get you home-work and you enjoyed going to school, at least I did, most of us did. school I went to was from the first to the eight grade. They didn't call it elementary then, they just call it Newburg school. When we graduated, it was a big thing, I am telling you. We went to Jackson Junior High School and Central High School. We had to be bussed there, we had to go past the white schools to get to the black schools, but we made it and we learned.

My mother went to school in Newburg, my father didn't. She went through the eight grade. And she was smart too, she could even trace the circulation of your blood through your body and all that. And you know what, they had to go into Louisville and take the examination then. You know they said, she failed, she and the other four ladies. The black people, four of them that went and they would not pass them. And somebody said, I don't see why they did that cause they made higher marks than the other people did, you know. So they couldn't go on to the other school. I think they could have further their education a couple more years I

think. I know they could have.

There were 8 of us children, Earvin, Lottie, Margaret, Elise, Doris, Kenneth, and myself, Anna. We had to clean up our house, we had to go out and get kindling, and you come in from school and you had to put on a pot and cook some food for the family. We cooked whatever we had, most of it was vegetables, and healthy food that children don't want to eat today, greens, cabbage and beans, and things like that. You couldn't survive without a garden you know. Most everybody had a garden. I remember one dog we had name Jack and a cat. I can't remember the cat's name. Newburg wasn't what you call a real big farming town you know. But we had pigs, and some people had cows. The one's that were blessed had horses to plow the gardens. I never learn how to milk the cows. It was fun because we would get our work over first and then we'd play, it was nice.

I worked for some people that was real well off, the people that built the second street bridge, E.D. Cross and Sons. I their name used to be down there on the bridge. They paid me seventy five cents a day because I worked four days and made three dollars. I did everything, it was just she and he, their children were grown. I got up in the morning and cooked their breakfast. He left about six o'clock in the morning, that breakfast was done and I stayed on the place, right there on Watterson Trail. They didn't have a farm they owned the ground, they were millionaires. I was about seventeen then. Three dollars a week seemed like a lot but now that I look back!!!

The family was alright, they wasn't mean or anything. I had plenty to eat and all that. No, she didn't give me any clothes or any thing cause she was much older than I was and I didn't want her clothes anyway. I worked for them off and on about fifteen years. During the war I worked at the Powder Plant in Charleston, Indiana. I helped make powder. I worked at Cosair Hospital, working with the children. One year we had an epidemic of Polio out there and I help treat the children, hot pack them. We had some serious cases but we didn't catch it though. They didn't have the vaccination then. Sister Kenny, she was from Canada or some where. She had a mode of treatment, putting hot packs on the children's muscles. That was before the vaccination came out. It worked but when they got the shots it was much better.

Things in the community changes as I grew up. You got a little more money for working. Later on I had a day care center for thirty two years, here in the community. I called it Land of Children and Wee Pals. One of the first one was named Wee Pals over on Ilix and we had one over on Broadmore called Land of Children. I worked at it for about thirty two or thirty three years. I just quit in

1993. We were just renting the place. I love children. If I wasn't crippled up, I'd still be doing it. We had to go to school two or three times a year to learn the trade and I liked that. I went to Ehren Trade School for classes, we would go to University of Louisville. I went there a couple of times, I just liked it. We had to go two or three times a year. I even kept some of the children here after my mother got sick. I was taking care of my mother and the children.

I'm sure the mode of teaching changed since the teachers are not allowed to correct the children and things like they did when I was coming up. I think some of it has worked for the better. I see the little children having to get on the bus early in the morning. I feel sorry for them. Looks like they could go in their own neighborhood to the schools. I find a little fault with that. When I went to school, I know the books we had were handed down because they were old when we got them. I'm sure now they are more up to date on the curriculum. Our books were free.

I had two sisters that were older than me. Both of them graduated from Central High School. They were A number one. My oldest sister was Valedictorian and the one next to her was Salutatorian. It was in 1931 they had the first graduation from Central at Memorial Auditorium. Lottie Munford, she's deceased now, she died in August, and Margaret Warfield, my sisters. Margaret's still living up on Shelbyville Road. Now they didn't want them to have 'em because they were from the county. They were up in arms, even the principle of Central High School. He had a daughter that was in the same class and he wanted her to have it. They had to give my sister the questions over again in order for her to be accepted as valedictorian. Simply because they were from the county. She got it.

My husband and I are divorced. He lived downtown and I just met him when we were out dancing in a night club. A little place around here they used to call Maple Villa and the young people would congregate there. He asked me for a dance and that's the way we met. They had records on the jukebox. We married and he went to service in 1944. We've been divorced since about 1963. His name is John Merrit. We didn't have any children. I had my daughter before I married him. Carolyn Johnson is my only child and she lives here with me now. She came home to live with me, she and her husband. After I got old and everything, she came home to see to mom. She lived in Cleveland for forty years and she came here to be with me. I lived in Cleveland myself for about ten years, 1952 to 1962. I opened the nursery after I came here.

It's hard to tell the history of Petersburg orally. I know it was started by a lady named Eliza Tevis. She was a slave at Bashford Manor. The owner of

Bashford Manor, last name was Hundley, I think it was. He got sick and she waited on him and helped him to get well and he gave her about forty acres of land over here in Newburg and gave her some slaves. (READING AN ARTICLE). "Around 1819 when Ms. Tevis was a young woman when an epidemic of Small Pox broke out in the county. People fled the city of Louisville to less congested areas of the county. One of those who fell victim to the terrible disease was wealthy planter, John Hundley who lived in the area that was to be later called Bashford Manor Farm." You couldn't blame people, they just did go around people with Small Pox. So she nursed him during the illness for some unexplained reason she was immune to it because she didn't catch it. "As the story goes, to show his gratitude, he rewarded his half sister, she was his half sister. He gave her twenty slaves, some were her own half brothers and sisters. He gave her two thousand dollars." That was a lot of money then. "And twenty acres of land in an area known as the Wet Woods. Ms. Tevis became one of the first black persons in the state to own slaves. Tevis and her slaves lived in a tent until a two story cabin was built."

I remember that place it stayed in the Newburg area for a long time, on Newburg Road. It was there after I grew up. I know it hasn't been torn down over fifty years. It was on the corner of New Burg Road and Indian Trail. Newburg has a lot of history. Ms. Tevis never married but raised her slaves as if they were her own children. This is Mr. Nelson Goodwin that gave this interview that I'm reading to you now. "I interviewed her niece about fifty years ago. At the time, her niece Linnie Davis was 96 years old. She told me that this old lady, Ms. Tevis was kind to them and they called her Grandma Tevis. She apparently treated them like members of her own family even though she followed a lot of the customs of the slave owners," says Goodwin. "He observed that the people he talk to described her as very light skinned, enough to pass for white and having hair so long that she had to hold it up so she wouldn't sit on it.

"After the Civil War was fought in 1865, the former slave refused to leave the Tivis farm because they said she was the sweetest woman that ever lived. Ms Tevis was reportedly very religious and Goodwin claimed that she had a profound influence on the religious belief of the slaves. He even claimed that a church was organized in her home in 1867. She allowed church services to be conducted in her home and when the congregation grew too large to be accommodated in her home, the services were held outside on her property. Until several years ago, many of the things know about Ms. Tevis were passed along by word of mouth but since that time, Goodwin has collected documents to prove the existence of Ms. Tevis and her personal records. 'I soon realized that many of my sources were going to the grave

and all I had was based on conversation'. In his efforts to collect information, he ran into a roadblock. He could not find any record of an Eliza Tevis, although he did find information on an Eliza Tivis in old newspaper clippings. Goodwin now believes the two women are one and the same person and that uneducated blacks probably mispronounced her last name. In an article published in the Louisville Herald Post." That's when we used to have two papers her. I remember. "On February 16, 1919, Eliza Tevis is mentioned in a story on the black settlement of Wet Woods." That's Newburg, we used to call Petersburg the Wet Woods.

"Under the subtitle.....Club woman Iona Simms Coats speaks of Ms. Tivis. 'Aunt Eliza Tivis lived out there. When John Hundley, a wealthy planter had the Small Pox and everyone else was afraid to go near him, aunt Eliza nursed him to the last and he gave her freedom before she died. He gave her a two story log cabin, furniture and two thousand dollars and a little farm. He also left ten thousand dollars to the college at Danville, that was in 1833. Aunt Eliza was the mother of all the little Negro children of the place and her cabin was kept stocked with herbs and old fashion medicines." A part of the article is torn and unreadable and begins again. "She would keep them and hide them until they grew up." These are slaves he'd given her. "Out to the neighbors and plantations and she became very wealthy. My mother used to hire the children to do our work and whenever a child came recommended by Aunt Eliza, we were never disappointed. James Guthrie, the lawyer who afterward became secretary of the treasury of the United States drew up all of the papers for her and held the estate in trust. When Aunt Eliza died in 1883, the property went to Hunter Beard and his mother. Uncle Hunter lives there now and part of the two story cabin still stands." I remember him.

"Goodwin proudly shows visitors a huge stone mounted over his fireplace which he claims came from the foundation of Ms. Tevis' home. The parking lot of Star Hope Baptist Church now stands where her house stood." That's the church up there on the corner. That's where her house was. "Three other churches and several private residence are on her property. He says that her grave is still visible on the property, marked only by a simple stone, but if Goodwin had his way, the story of Eliza Tevis would not be buried so discreetly." I'm sure there's no picture of her, it's all I know and just reading about her. I knew Mr. Goodwin. He organized the Petersburg Historical Society and I was in that.

You know about Farmington. My great grandparents were slaves over there. David and Martha Spencer. I have their pictures here to document about Farmington. After they were freed, they came to live in Newburg. I imagine it was right after the War, around 1865-66. I don't know how they got the land but I know

they had quite a bit of land in Newburg. They farmed and built houses on it. That's my mother grand parents. He helped construct Farmington. I think he was an architect. In fact, they say he helped to make the bricks that Farmington was built out of. She was the cook. I've been in that kitchen, the kitchen was downstairs at Farmington. When I went down the steps and saw that kitchen, and I know it had to be hot down there, I didn't like it at all. They say she was so short that when she sat down in a chair, her little feet wouldn't even touch the floor. I know she had to be down in that kitchen for hours. But even that was better than working in the field.

They grew hemp over there on that farm and that hemp was hard to work with. She was the cook and her husband worked around the farm. Abraham Lincoln visited there, in fact we had a picture one time with her sitting on a bench with Joshua Speed's son. He later became Abraham Lincoln's Secretary of State or Secretary of War. That's the reason a lot of people come here and take my pictures and things. I think some of my family did for school project and I never did get the picture back. After the War, they settled here in Newburg. He was part Indian, I have a picture here somewhere. He was part of the Black Creek tribe. Instead of his hair being long, it was curly. It was the Filson Club or the Speed Museum who copied a picture off of the picture I have. Sometime I'll let you see it if you're interested in that.

I bet they never did go back to Farmington after they were free. I don't know how they made their living because they had several children, it's a mystery but they survived. They had several homes on their property and their children lived in them. Probably when the War was over, the children were good size. I remember some of them. My grandmother lived in the house with them till she married my grandfather, Casper Samuel. He was a slave, course they were slaves when they were young. My grandmother and grandfather were born into slavery. They were children. My grandfather used to tell me about during the War, how they would run from the soldiers. He came from Nelson County, Casper Samuels did. How they would hide at night on Shelbyville and Newburg Road. They'd hide under some wagons because they were scared of the soldiers that were fighting in Kentucky near Fort Hill. That's out around Hill Street. There was a fort out there and that was safety for them because the Union soldiers were there. He was too young to join the army. That's my grand father. They were running from the war.

Some of the stories are kind of gruesome about how they used to beat his mother. In fact, someone wrote a book about some former slaves that were descendants of Newburg. My grandfather said when they tried to beat y great

grandmother, he'd wrap himself up in her skirt some time to take some of the licks when the'd be whipping her. Her name was Hannah and they say my mother looks just like her. She survived. I don't know why they were beating her. Just for little or nothing maybe, I don't know, slave holders, no telling. She lived and died in Newburg. I don't know too much about that side of my family. You know when you used to talk with the old people, they'd say, 'oh you ask too many questions'. I was always inquisitive, that's the only reason I got that out of him. 'You ask so many questions girl'. His name was Casper, he was from Nelson County. He came from T.W. Samuel, he belonged to them that's where the Samuel came in, Casper Samuel. He took the name. He was from Bardstown, up that way. I don't know how he got out here, I guess he walked. They might have come in wagons because he said they'd hide under wagons. My mother was born on Buchel Bank Lane. The house is still standing where my mother was born. My great grandparents might have moved there first when they left Farmington, I don't know. I'm young, I'm just 82. They lived back in the 1860's.

I'm glad that you are doing this. Many people don't want to hear about the history of Newburg. They don't want to face it. We had to have a beginning from somewhere. Everything has a beginning and I think we ought to be proud to know we have advanced this far with nothing but determination to go on. There's a part in here I want to read. (READS ARTICLE)

"We have come from a community described as Wet Woods in the highland wilderness. We had mud lanes for roads, log churches, split log seats, members with little or no education, sun up to sun down labor for fifty cents a day or less, horse and buggy or wagon transportation, log cabin homes with dirt floors and the first pastor had been taught to read and write by his slave owner. We now have modern subdivisions with paved roads and sidewalks, street lights with modern homes and conveniences, forty hour work week and less. Many persons old and young are paid to continue their education. One car or more to most families for transportation, a pastor who teaches descendants of former slave owners and a church building."

Look how far we have come and the bible says the children should not forget God when they get to the promise land and we shouldn't either because he's the one that brought us this far. I know he did because without God, I couldn't have survived. So, we are enjoying some of the freedom of which our families suffered, sacrificed, struggled and some died to obtain for their unborn children. Integrated schools, equal job opportunities, comforts of a modern home. Heather to has the lord helped us, what shall I render unto the Lord for all of his benefits to me.

ORAL HISTORY PROJECT
CARRIDDER M. JONES - PROJECT DIRECTOR

In consideration of the recording and preservation of my oral history memoir, and/or documents and pictures, I hereby grant and assign them to the Filson Club in Louisville, Kentucky, and consent to the deposit of my oral history memoir, and/or documents and pictures in their permanent collection, to be used for whatever scholarly or educational purposes, including the right to duplicate, and distribute the recordings and/or transcript, documents and pictures to any other libraries and educational institution. I grant Carridder M. Jones, all literary property rights, including transcription and publication rights to my oral history memoir, and/or documents and pictures as an unrestricted gift.

Name of Donor Anna Merritt
Narrator (Please Print)

Signature of Donor Anna Merritt Date Mar. 5, 2002
Narrator

4504 Silverleaf Dr. Louisville 40213
Address

964.3513
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Date _____

Interviewer _____

Address _____