

**CHARLES GREEN**  
**District #6, Clark County**  
**78 years, 1/15/41**

I was born in Mason County, Kentucky in 1859, and I was 78 my last birthday, May 3. Mother and Father were Mary and Henry Green. Old Man Wallingsford owned Mother and my two sisters and me; Father - he belonged to Charles Dobbins.

Wallingsford owned a fair size plantation, and he raised rye, wheat, corn, and cattle and sheep. He always had about 1500 sheep. Old Miss was good to us; but him, the devil wasn't no meaner. We always slept in the kitchen in the winter, but when the weather got warm enough we slept out on the porch. Mother was the cook, and did all kinds of work about the place - washing, ironing, weavining, all else what they told her to do. When she died, and we children were left to the care of Old Miss, she was just as sweet - like an angel. I don't guess any of the slaves knew what it was to have much clothes, we went barefoot from March to November whilst Old Master lived, but Old Miss was heap more considerate; all the same we went barefoot most all the time in good weather. We never had no books, and never played no games except marbles and mumblyng peg. When we went to church, we went to the white folks' church and sat in the back seats. They were Ironside Baptist. They used to sing a song called "Come to the Old Church Yard".

When old John Morgan came through raiding, he took meat and horses from our place, and just left the smokehouse empty. Father and my half-brother, George Spencer Green, joined up with the 112th Kentucky boys, and was with General Sherman marching to the sea. Father, he died, but Spence came home after the war and settled in the lower part of Mason County.

Me and the girls, Martha and Nannie, went to live with George Spencer because he was my half-brother. I worked around on farms and finally, in 1881, I came to Springfield. I built a shanty on East Main St. just below the standpipe. All yonder was woods. East Street shops were just starting to be built and I carried the hod for it in the Arcade, in Metallic Casket, in the Y.M.C.A.; and I mixed all the mortar for the Fairbanks Building.

I got married. My wife and five of my children are dead. I have five children living. Way back in the days when I was a child, folks told us children that if we were bad, the witch was going to make the ground hot wherever we walked, and our feet would burn sure. They'd say the old devil was going to stick a pitchfork in us if we were bad, and snakes would crawl in our hair, and lots of things that nobody ever teaches children now. But fact is; folks have got lots more reasoning now than when I came along.

We thought the Yankee soldiers were coming to carry us off, and they told us to hide if we saw them. I remember one night; 'twas mostly dark; I saw some Yankee soldiers, and I was scared to death. They yelled at me, and I took to my heels; then they shot in the air and I ran all the faster getting back to the house. But when Old John Morgan came along a-raiding and carrying off the meat and good horses, we weren't afraid.

There weren't scarcely any churches for colored folk until after the war, then lots of churches sprung up. I heard many of the preachers couldn't read, but they could take the text and preach a good sermon from it. Rev. George W. Downings, Brother DuPree, Leslie Green, and lots like them got to be mighty great preachers.

I learned to read a little after the war, and I am mighty glad, because since I can't do much, it's lots of company to be able to read.

Interviewed at his residence; 231 Buxton Ave.

Editor's note;

Charles Green is 78, brown skinned tall and thin. He is very bald with a fringe of grey hair, and wears glasses. His main avocation is gardening.