

CHESTER TIMES – September 10, 1902

COLLINGDALE AND THE EDEN CEMETERY – Not as much Opposition to the Place as Formerly – Some Money is in Sight

The agitation in Collingdale against the Eden cemetery, the burial grounds for colored people, seems to have weakened materially under the pressure of the needs of the borough. The town is in debt and for the privilege of locating the burial ground on Springfield Avenue, adjoining Mt. Zion cemetery, where the Negroes now own a plot, there is the prospect of deriving about \$2000 in revenue. Learning of this the taxpayers, who long have been complaining are urging that the money be accepted and that the prohibitive ordinance be repealed.

For five weeks the camp remained closed. When the meetings were again thrown open to the public, the Board of Health posted a big yellow placard at the entrance of the grounds, warning persons not to attend.

Patronage fell off. The watermelon men and the chicken and waffle booths did a losing business. Their proprietors complained to the Rev. J.H. Presbury, who is financing the camp and he is said to have made good their losses. Then new agreements were drawn and some of the lessees of the booths continued, while others quit.

TOOK DOWN THE SIGNS – The revenue began to fall off to such an extent that the smallpox sign was attacked and carried away to some place where it could not be read. Another notice took its place, and it went the way of the other.

Then the Board of Health framed a notice and placed it on a post at the entrance to the grounds. A policeman was detailed to guard it. Since Collingdale has only two policemen, the entire time of the force is taken up in guarding the quarantine notice.

Mr. Presbury sat before his tent on the hill overlooking the camp yesterday. He watched the gate. Several persons turned away after reading the quarantine notice. The preacher quietly walked towards the entrance, stepped outside with a friend, and in turning to go back, he swung his arm and sent the quarantine notice to the gutter.

Policeman Frank Goldey made a dash from the other side of the street, but the manager of the camp had slipped behind the fence which encloses his leased grounds, and complacently smiled at the policeman.

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