

Nannie Eaves
Hopkinsville, Kentucky

Nannie Eaves, age 91, born in McLain County, Ky. being a slave of William Eaves, never sold, address now R.R. #2, Hopkinsville, Kentucky.

I guess I was about twenty one years old when I was freed. I was never once treated as a slave because my master was my very own Daddy. Ben Eaves, my husband, was a slave and child of George Eaves, my master's brother. He ran away from his master and Daddy and joins the U.S. Army during the Secess War and is now drawing a pension from Uncle Sam. I'm sure glad that he had sense enough to go that way or I'd be just like these old niggers that are now on the Government.

Of course I never sweep the trash out of the house after sundown, just sweep it in the corner of the room cause it is bad luck to sweep out the door after dark.

Lord yes, screech owls and dogs howling under the house sure means there is going to be a death in the family. When I hear one, I get trembly all over, it makes me hot and then cold both at the same time.

No, I have never seen a ghost or haint, but I sure don't want to see one either. I'm always afraid I will see one. Sure, the dead can haunt you if wear not good to them when they were living. Signs and such things are going out of style now, but Lord, when I was a child, why it seems like things wear better because of them.

Nannie is a tall bright negro holding herself very straight, with real white long hair. Her hair is very fine and wavy. Her cabin home was immaculate, furnished very neatly in the now prevailing style.

Slave Trades:

We had two slave traders in this town. They were Judge Houston and his son-in-law, Dr. Brady. They gathered up all the slaves that were unruly or that people wanted to trade and housed

them in an old barn until they had enough to take to New Orleans on a boat. They traded them down there for work in the cotton fields.