

Hafford describes slavery

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place as Kentucky and Virginia as that of her parents, but she may have misunderstood the census taker's question.)

Remembering her life as a slave in Kentucky, Hafford told the reporter what slavery had meant to her. "In some instances her owners were kind to her, but in the main her life as a slave was full of hardships and abuse. She carries yet a scarp upon her neck — the reminder of a knife wound inflicted by a Kentucky 'missus.'"

Once, Hafford said, anticipating her being sold yet again by her Kentucky master, she fled into the woods with her baby in her arms. "When she was seven miles from the plantation the bloodhounds found her, but as they knew her well they did her no harm, and she, knowing that further resistance would be in vain, returned home.

Her master was so glad to recover his lost property that he not only did not sell her, but did not even strike her for several months."

A promise to her dying master put Hafford in charge of his large plantation in the years when the

man's son was growing up and even after the slaves were freed. Her reward was to be five acres of land, a horse and a cow. But when the son she nurtured became of age, he sold her meager possessions and kept the money.

Apparently, it was at that time that Hafford came to live with a daughter. Her time in Bloomington was, by the old woman's reckoning, some 20 to 30 years. She had had 19 children, but only five were living in 1896.

In February of 1912, the frail woman began to fail. In its obituary on the 20, the *Telephone* reported that Hafford was believed to be the oldest person in the United States.