

**Mississippi Narratives**  
**Prepared by**  
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**For the State of Mississippi**  
**From the WPA Slave Narratives:**  
**Milton Lackey - age 77**

My mama was Liza Lackey an' my papa was Washington Lackey an' we belonged to Lackey family that lived bout six miles east o' heah. I reckon de Lackey's bought ma' mama an' papa but I don' remember nothin bout that. All us collud fokes was fed in white fokes kitchen. We woe' homespun dress, that is the little 'uns did an' red russets, guess you didn't never hear of russets did you? They were shoes made out'n hide. My mama made 'em for us out'n the hide with the hairy side turned out. My, but they was stiff an' would rub blisters on our feet when we walked much. Of a summer of course we went barefooted. One thing my mama gave us when we got sick was pink root tea an' white Miss would com' out an' see whut mama did fer' us. They called us in frum the fields when a storm was blowin' up or when it was time to eat with a conch. When they blowed it you could hear it fer' a mighty fur' piece too There was a loom room an some of the slaves would weave in there by light of a pine knot at night. Us lil' fellows would help pick wool an' the like. Many a time I remember doin' that. Now the spinnin' wheel was kept in de darkies houses, thar was one in the kitchen of our house an' my mama would work at it at night most of the time by the light of the fire. I saw lots of sojjers marchin by the road in front of the big house but didn' none of 'em come in. Yes'sum we was all scarred alright. I remember how some of them would chunk rocks at the loom house an try to make the darkies come on out an' go wid' them. I don' remember any of 'um ever goin' off wid' 'em. I remember seein' a couple jump over the handle of a broom an' call that gettin' married.