

Lola's Drinking increased as the years passed, but if it inter-
fered with her work, no one complained because her performance excelled
all others when she was sober. The exhausting pace during the working
hours required more and more the sustenance of the soothing balm of
alcohol to lessen the fatigue until it became an addiction of which
she was unaware. Even if she had been aware of the addiction, she would
not or could not have controlled it. It was a vicious cycle of work
and drink. Now a robust woman of ^{1908 (King's Mountain) (1885)} 30, healthy despite the abuses of
alcohol and starchy diet, Lola began to seek her children's affections,
whom she saw occasionally between work and recreation. Her son now
18, was a handsome boy strong and sturdy, working in the turpentine woods
like his father. A sullen boy who had no time for her and fostered
motherly feelings only for Mattie. Her daughter, ^{(1940) blond power - black is beautiful} 18, beautiful as Lola
at her age was more affectionate, possibly drawn to Lola due to Mattie's
increasing accusatory attitude towards the girl. No longer the innocent
young child, Mattie obviously feared that the girl would venture down
the wrong path and constantly reminded her of the pitfalls. The girl
intelligent and educated, out of love for Mattie tried to ignore the
cynicism, but was more and more drawn to her mother however, still

Character - Lola - Mattie - Jake - Mabell (daughter) - Zebbie (son) - workers -

Problems - alcohol - death - guilt - Mother + children relations

Cha.
12
draft

maintaining her own standards of behavior and values. Saddened by her mothers lack of sense of direction and immorality, the girl nevertheless loved her. ~~(Scene describing Mattrell's life and beliefs)~~ Lola was filled with pride for the girl. She had a form of grace which could only be compared by Lola to that Miz June. Every young boy in Seymore adored her but kept their distance because they felt inadequate and also because they feared Mrs. Mattie Lou's wrath. The girl continued to live at Mattie's until she graduated from high school and was old enough to go to work and then with kind goodbyes she left Seymore to reside in Valdosta where she quickly became employed at the hospital as a ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ practical nurse while at the same time attending college to become a registered nurse. Lola missed her newly found daughter and drank more and more to drown her sorrow and continued with her circle of hardwork and gaity. ~~(Scene in Macon)~~

Mondays were the only days Lola resented working and whenever Lola really didn't desire to do something she usually didn't. After too much drinking on Saturday night and Sunday she was unable to drag her self from her bed on Monday morning. Her employers tolerated her absences because they knew that her energies were limitless for the remainder of the working week.

On one such Monday, Lola was awakened around noon by the sounds of mens voices and the loud shrieking of Mattie Lou across the road, Rousting herself from her drugged sleep she stumbled out on the porch and tried to focus her eyes to see what the commotion was about. A two-ton ~~xxxxxx~~ turpentine truck was parked in front of Mattie's house with several men on the porch. From inside she could hear Mattie Lou screaming unintelligible sounds. Hastening now, she ran across the road unsure of what she expected to find. Pushing past the men whom she knew one of them grabbed her and held her back. "BEST YOU DON'T GO IN THERE" ~~SAID~~ "Don't go in dere", he warned. Struggling free, totally confused she moved into the room.. On the bed

*son death
death of
King
1968*

They Bell relationship - radio trying to recall

lay her son, his pants removed with one leg two times larger than the other. He was completely inert and now Mattie's screams were clear, "My baby ~~is~~ daid". ~~Da~~ daid", she repeated mournfully over and over. Zeke kneeling beside his young son was crying and wailing. Frozen, Lola watched the lifeless body for a time until the man who had held her back quietly explained that a rattler had struck him in the thigh while chipping boxes and he died before they could get him out of the woods. "Must a been a main art'ry it struck cause he don fur quick like," he explained. Numb with grief Lola continued staring at her first born, her weeping husband, and the woman he called mammy. Finally seeing her Mattie vented her rage on Lola, flying at her and accusing her of his death and other accusations lost on her because the grief had partially deafened her blanking out the sounds around her. Lola was totally enveloped in her own mind. Guided from the house, two men delivered her into the hands of Miz June waiting outside with the other neighbors having come after hearing about the accident.

Ministered to once more by her friend, Lola dazed by the death of her son lay upon her bed taking occasional sips of whiskey until the funeral. Her daughter, home after being notified of her brother's death, composed and dignified managed to transfer some of her strength to her mother for the service. Again Lola sat on the hard cold pew in the small block church listening to the eulogy of a loved one. Miz June refusing the front pew sat on one side of her and her daughter on the other. Dimly aware of Zeke and Mattie on the same pew openly weeping, Lola sat staring ahead at the brown metal casket containing the boy's body. The preacher imparted scripture and words of wisdom for the comfort of the congregation amidst outbursts of "amen". Eyes fixed on the coffin Lola became confused. She thought she saw her mother standing before her holding a bottle of whiskey in her hand which slowly turned into a white flower. The apparition faded and once again she stared at the brown casket. Shaken she started to stand but her daughter gently tugged her back against the pew. The ghost of her mother continued to haunt her mind throughout

*Martha
Sutton
King
Death*

the remainder of the service. Lola tried to recall something she remembered about a flower spoken of at her mother's funeral, but could not. After the burial, the grief stricken Mattie clung to the girl and Zeke as the last links with her offspring. Realizing the greater need of her mother the girl stayed by her side, cleaning and caring for her for the next few days.

During this time, Lola lay upon her bed once more draining the last vestige of liquor from the brown bottles. In her inebriated state the flower nagged at her mind but still she couldn't recall the significance of it.

didn't go to funeral
 At the height of Lola's sobriety, the girl whose patience had worn thin came to her mother's side and sat gently on the mattress looking into the puffy face and red viened eyes. "Mama," she addressed her firmly but with tenderness, "You can't continue drinking this way. "Not only will alcohol kill you but you are also wasting your life," she admonished, her liquid eyes tearful and pleading. Lola staring at the daughter she hardly knew, listened carefully as she would have to Miz June or any other person whom she considered superior to herself. "I want you to come home with me to Valdosta", the girl ~~said~~ ^{spoke} softly, "I'll get you a good job at the hospital where you won't have to work so hard." Tears welled in the girl's eyes and began trickling down her cheek as Lola watched and listened intently allowing her time to regain her composure before she continued, "Things have changed, Mama", she said with renewed strength, "You are not a nigger but a person". "You are a beautiful woman at heart but you have no dignity or sense of purpose" Realizing by the absent look on Lola's face that she had spoken words that were above Lola's comprehension, twisting her hands, she tried once more, "You work too hard and then you start drinking and allowing people to use you", she ^{said} ~~reprimanded~~. Standing now and pacing to and

fro she continued her tirade. "The world outside of Seymore is beginning
 to accept black people for their own worth". Realizing she had onee more
 spoken over her mothers head, she sat down and grasped Lola's shoulders,
 "Mama, come home with me, I'll take care of you" she pleaded again.
 Lola knew she had to speak now to this superior being who was staring
 into her eyes waiting for an answer. "I done and been in Val'osta"
 she stated simply, *I already heard hear 'ed about this stuff and I*
ain't goin' back. I belongs here in Seymore,
workin' ~~in~~ the fields." I loves the people here and being outside. I
just couldn't stand being closed in again." The girl stared at her
 intently absorbing the mirror image of herself in years to come and was
 determined never to allow herself to deteriorate in such a manner.
 Understanding the uselessness of arguing with Lola, she leaned down and
 kissed her staying a moment longer than she desired knowing that she
 wouldn't return to try to remove her mother from the lifestyle which
 she loved so much for whatever reason. It was too late to change her, she
 was bent on self destruction. Still holding her, Lola felt happy
 that her daughter wanted her with her but the urge to stay in Seymore
 won out. Releasing her mother now, standing errectly, the girl said,
 "Mom, I'll be leaving now. I have to get back to work and my classes.
 I love you", she concluded and with all the dignity she could muster
 she picked up her suitcase and left the shabby room, stiffling a sob,
 she knew she would return no more to the place of her birth.

Stamps of freedom

Outline restored once more, Lola found healing solace in the fields. Almost forgetting her grief, she continued gaily, years passing leaving their traces of age in their wake. Zeke continued to share the shanty with Lola when convenient and with Mattie when he felt the need of a home cooked meal.

Chapter 12
~~Empty line assassinated, ...
scene in Masonic building~~