

Character - June - See Lola - Lola - George
Problem - prejudice & discrimination

the drafts
Chae

Having no regard for poverty or other social ills, Spring boundes
 in and rejuvenates just in time to save the victims of winter from total
 despair. Replenishing and nuturing the impoverished of the little
 community. The men start streaking the trees and dipping the gum with something
 akin to zest. Blooming mimosa and brown eyed susans lend color to the squallid
 town giving it a picturesque quality. Renewed vigor is restored once more to
 the weary, and Lola is no exception. Like a young fawn, relishing the springs
 fragrance and scenery, with her spirits soaring, she bounces over to the Lee's,
 where she now works two days a week since the accident. Also, since that
 time more food has been on the table of the shanty, thanks to Mrs. June. Up
 the back steps she leaps and enters the now familiar kitchen. Mrs. June is
 busily washing dishes and the two blonde girls are standing around the table
 giggling as if they are hiding something. "Goodmorning Lola, Happy Birthday",
 Mrs. June. The girls joining the chorus as they all sing "Happy
 Birthday". Moving towards the table Lola sees a beautiful white cake with
 ten candles, lighted and glowing and decorated with pink rosebuds of icing.
 Her eyes become gigantic and she squeals with delight. Her name ^{was} on it.
 She had never seen her name written by anyone before except herself and that ^{and the apathetic teacher}
 was a year ago. She ^{DID} had not ^{know} known it was her birthday and in all honesty ^{she had attended school}
 neither ^{DID} had anyone else - but it was ^{is} about time that she reached ten and she ^{is} was
 so glad it ^{isn't} wasn't more until she learned to count higher.

Following Lola's birthday a difinite bond was cemented with the Lee's.
 However she realizes, with no mention of it, that an invisable ^{barrier} boundary still
 existed. She never ventured to join the girls games but Mrs. June ^{is} was the most
 significant person in her life, and she worked extremely hard just for the
 praise rewarded her for her efforts.

June Lee, having been reared in Ala. ^{is} was no stranger to prejudice and
 discrimination. Her father, a logger, had employed many blacks to work in
 the logging woods. A cold selfish person, he believed blacks, or niggers as
 he called them, were shiftless and lazy, and June was indoctrinated in the belief
 that were more animal than human, and more often than not, cowed by his prophcey,

they fulfilled it. The Daltons were considered middle class, relative to the others of the small saw mill town of Muddy Gulch. June Dalton was the only daughter and doted upon by her father, mother and two older brothers, who were their fathers sons in every respect. During Junes formative years, she didn't share the hate ^{for} blacks with her father and brothers; She really didn't even consider them at all. They were just a necessary means to an end. Fortunately for June, she was not so isolated as the others of her immediate family from the world because she was an avid reader, ~~of the classics~~. A ^{lovely} beautiful and gentle girl in her teens, she was more content to read than spend time with her many suitors. After reading Stowe's "Uncle Toms Cabin", she completely changed her view of the negro race. June gained a new understanding, erasing prejudice by association with them. Every opportunity open to her, she spoke with those she encountered. When her father learned of this he accused her of being a "nigger lover". She tried to persuade him to change his way of thinking but to no avail, ^{her character causing her to become} Realizing finally that he ^{couldn't} "couldn't" change, she gave up and vowed to leave Muddy Gulch someday. There was no money for college when June graduated from the nearby highschool, so she read every thing she could find ^{at the town library.} One day while going to the ^{local} ~~small~~ country store, she saw a scuffle in the middle of the muddy street. Two white men were fighting bitterly. It was not such an uncommon occurrence in the town of Muddy Gulch. Sometimes the men fought over nothing just for the excitement. But this ^{fight} ~~one~~ seemed different, it seemed to be a fight with a purpose. One of the men covered with mud and blood, ^{in the} from a punched nose was not the usual red-neck. The other one intently fighting and cursing was obviously one of ~~the~~ Muddy Gulch's own; One of the boys June was always rejecting. "Nigger lovin' bastard, I'm gonna' beat you like I done beat him", sputtered the red neck through a cut lip dripping blood down the front of his green plaid flannel shirt. They battered on for several minutes punching, retreating, punching

again, then on the dirt they rolled until with a final swing at the face from the fist of the newcomer the redneck relented. "O.K. I give up - ^{just} let me go", he pleaded. ^{quietly, embarrassed by his lack of strength} The newcomer got up, ^{turning to walk away facing the} unfriendly mob which offered no assistance as he limped away. ^{releasing the boy with a last vicious stab} ~~XX~~

June moved by the ^{mildly handsome} handsome, sensitive face under the caked blood and grime pushed out of the crowd and walked in front of him. "Can I help you"?, she asked ^{sympathetically} condescendingly, "You really don't look well", she added. "No thank you, I'll be fine", he replied, ^{said} Then scrutinizing her face he added, "My name is George Lee". ~~Stopping~~ ^{He} started to extend his dirty hand then withdrew it and wiped it carefully on his gray cachi pants. "I'm June Dalton, ^{What} happened?" she asked, ~~in one breath~~. "That young scoundrel just beat a fourteen year old ~~XXXXX~~ boy almost to death because he didn't call him mister", explained

George. "I suppose ~~the~~ ^{the} boy was black", June said exasperatingly. "Yes", said George, ^{who had the bad luck to be born black.} ~~he is just a kid who never had a chance in life.~~ Still standing in the street, which was emptying ^{now} due to a lack of excitement following the fight, George asked, puzzled by the different attitude of the girl, "Have you lived here long?" ^{said} "All my life", June ~~stated~~ ^{said} regrettfully. ~~Adding~~, "And you"? ^{One} "One week, said George, and that's ^{a week} too long". " I came here to find work but I can't tolerate the cruelty of this town.", he gestured ^{said} broadly with the dirty, calloused hands. "I know, June ^{said} symphathized, I've lived with it all of my life." ^{I would invite you to my home but you would only find more of the same ~~attitude~~ from my father and brothers". ~~June added~~. "I won't be here long but I'd like to see you again", said George. "Would you ^{like} ~~consider~~ ~~meeting~~ me for lunch at the grill after I clean up a bit", he asked. ~~sincerely~~}

Happy with her new acquaintance, June smiled, "Yes, I'd like that". George and June began meeting each other whenever possible. At the grill, the only eating place in Muddy Gulch, and going for long walks down by the creek near the big saw mill. It was obvious to June that George was falling in love with her and she with him. She had never had anyone who shared her views so

(original)

he came kindly books

completely. They both loved to read and enjoyed exchanging conversation about the characters. Finally, a week after their first meeting, George with a shy kiss, asked June to marry him and move to ~~Ga. to work in~~ ^{a town called} Seymore. June ^{to where he had learned an open position} accepted, awed with the gentleness she had found in George, and dismayed that he was the only gentle man she had ever met. Her father was furious when he learned of the engagement because of the rumors of George Lee being a nigger lover and trouble maker to boot. All his rantings could not sway June, and they were married in the local church in Muddy Gulch, moving on to Ga. the same day by train.

June's love for Lola was genuine. The overwhelming poverty of Seymore was not within her grasp to eliminate and sometimes she felt totaly despair. At times she was so confused that she wanted to isolate herself within her comfortable surroundings and not look out the window, but she found herself unable to ignore the small innocent child, the victim of none of her own kings. She reminded June of a frightened rabbit caught in a snare and for the Christmas dinner June vowed to do what ever she could, when ever she for the child. Unable to take care for all the children, she ^{limitedly with} chose