

Imperial Nautilus Club Sponsors Vespers

On Sunday, September 23, 1945, the Imperial Nautilus Club rendered a program during the Vesper hour.

A slight variation was made from the regular routine. Instead of having a speaker, or two or three persons to take charge, each member of the club was given an opportunity to participate.

Under the direction of R. Roberta Sinclair, members of the club were organized into a verse speaking choir.

Several selections were rendered by the choir, two of which were: "The Lord's Prayer" followed by an instrumental rendition of "The Lord's Prayer" by Maiotte and the spiritual "Go Down Moses" which was later sung by the audience.

The program was closed with a benediction given by the President, Mrs. Alletis A. Bryant.

"The Lord's Prayer" was played by Miss Edith Mackey, a former member of the club.

Bias Hall

The enrollment in Bias Hall this year is larger than any in its history. On the first floor there are thirty-four occupants; eighty-two on the second; and eighty-three on the third.

The social atmosphere is very pleasing, and enhancing it is music from some of our talented Freshmen who entertain evenings after dinner.

Group living is being appreciated highly by residents of these halls. The Seniors are showing a sisterly spirit toward the Freshman Class, and using every effort to assist them in becoming adjusted to college life.

House organizations are being formed and personnel services are functioning satisfactorily as the Freshmen are gradually being initiated into college life.

MRS. I. L. DICKENS,
Directress

Campus Improvements

Now that the war is over and materials are becoming available, State Teachers College plans many improvements in addition to the \$800,000 building program which has already been presented to the General Assembly.

It is hoped that warm spring days will find a great many new concrete benches on the campus and also in the park. The Mold in which these benches are made have not been available during the war, but will appear sometime in the near future.

Dean S. D. Williams is chairman of the committee to replace the trees blown away by the 1944 hurricane; and to add some where shade is needed.

Money for concrete walks and to make concrete drives has been available for some years. Plans had been made for this work just as war time restrictions came and froze the material and machinery. It is hoped that these will be completed sometime during the year.

State Teachers College will not have a football schedule this year due to the shortage of male students. We will go back into the gridiron game in the fall of 1946, and with this in prospect, a new athletic field will be built on the plot of ground just west of the park. This field will contain a quarter mile track.

The largest building program has already been outlined and

will receive attention within the next few months.

A special project with which the Alumni Association has offered to help, is the furnishing of two rooms in the Y. W. C. A. Building at the extreme east end of the campus. This is for the specific purpose of having a place in which the Alumni can rest whenever they pay a visit to S. T. C. Special information about this project will be distributed by Mrs. M. L. Turner, President of the General Alumni Association.

The repairs to Butler Hall amounting to \$24,300 have not been completed. It is hoped that an additional 32 rooms will be available by November 1.

A new heating plant will be installed in Moore Hall before Thanksgiving time.

Many other improvements are planned and will be coming in the order of their importance.

My Most Humiliating Jim Crow Experience

In *The Negro Digest*
By ENOC P. WATERS

(Enoc P. Waters is former city editor of the Chicago Defender, now a war correspondent in the Pacific.)

My most humiliating Jim Crow experience had nothing to do with Jim Crow, but my mind was so conditioned at the time that I thought myself the victim of racial discrimination. It happened in Chicago.

A militant young business woman and I had just completed a conference with Charles J. Jenkins, member of the Illinois State Legislature, at his loop office and decided on a quick bite to eat before keeping some other appointments in the vicinity.

We found a very attractive restaurant, walked in and had no sooner sat down than a waiter, napkin on arm, hurried to our table and informed us that we'd have to move to the private dining room in the rear.

Here it is again, I thought, and my blood boiled. "We're not moving," I told him with some heat, "so you might as well give us a menu and make up your mind to serve us."

"But," he insisted with a suavity that enraged me, "it is the custom of this establishment to . . ."

I didn't give him an opportunity to finish. "Listen," I interrupted, "I don't intend wasting time talking with you. Let me speak to the manager."

He left with a sigh that might have expressed the exasperation of a misunderstood martyr. In a short while the manager appeared and, with the diplomacy of one trained for his delicate job, asked: "Has our waiter failed to please you?"

I assured him that he had and explained that I had been asked to move to the private dining room in the rear. To impress the manager with the importance of the people he was about to insult, I informed him first that I knew my rights under the state civil rights act and that I had just finished talking with a member of the state legislature.

Then I went on to tell him that any insistence on his part that we change our seats would result not only in my bringing a suit against the restaurant, but one against him personally. Finally I gave him one of my cards and told him that Willa Brown, my companion, was director of an aviation school which was handling training contracts for the federal government.

I had worked up a good sweat

by this time and the words were fairly tumbling from my mouth in a cascade of anger. But even in my rage I had to stop for breath and that gave him his chance. He smiled graciously but seemed unimpressed by the eminence of either of us. "But, sir," he implored, "I'm afraid that you don't understand the situation . . ."

I was ready again—having regained my second wind—and let loose another stream of words. "Can you imagine a Negro in this country not understanding the techniques places like this have developed to cater to their own petty prejudices against Negroes?"

He was a remarkable man, a much better man than I would have been under the circumstances. He let me rave, and rave I did. But inevitably I had to pause to catch my breath again, and he immediately stepped into the breach.

"We have no objection to serving you," he said. "You may sit anywhere you desire. Right here, if you please, but we can't serve the lady here."

"What?" I asked. This was something so totally unexpected that I was lost for words.

"It is the custom here," he continued, taking full advantage

of my amazement which had temporarily rendered me mute, "that between the hours of 11 and 2, when we serve our businessmen's luncheon, that no women be allowed in the main dining room. If you wish to eat with the lady you have to go to the private dining room."

He must have noticed my skepticism, for he invited me to look about. I did, and sure enough Miss Brown was the only woman in the large dining room which by this time was almost filled. I glanced back at the private dining room and there sat a dozen or more women and three or four couples.

Lincolnia

IF A CAN prove, however conclusively, that he may of right enslave B, why may not B snatch the same argument and prove equally that he may enslave A?

You say A is white and B is black. It is color, then: the lighter having the right to enslave the darker? Take care. By this rule you are to be slave to the first man you meet with a fairer skin than your own.

You do not mean color exactly? You mean the whites are

intellectually the superiors of the blacks, and therefore have the right to enslave them. Take care again. By this rule you are to be slave to the first man you meet with an intellect superior to your own.

But, say you, it is a question of interest, and if you make it your interest you have the right to enslave another. Very well. And if he can make it his interest he has the right to enslave you.

I HAVE no purpose to introduce political and social equality between the white and black races.

There is a physical difference between the two, which in my judgment, will probably forever forbid their living together upon the footing of perfect equality, and inasmuch as it becomes a necessity that there must be a difference, I am in favor of the race to which I belong having the superior position.

I have never said anything to the contrary, but I hold that notwithstanding all this, there is no reason in the world why the Negro is not entitled to all the natural rights enumerated in the Declaration of Independence—the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. — *Negro Digest*.

I Think I Thought A Lie

By D. GATEWOOD THOMAS
(Copyright Pending)

1	There was a time when I was young In body and in mind, I formed conceptions all my own Of many different kind, But now that I am more matured It stands to reason whv. That when I think of what I thought I think I thought a lie.	7	King Sol'mon said in speaking of The goodness of a name, That it in value far excelled What riches we might claim, I thought he was the wisest man But when I go to buy, If I have nothing but a name I'll find I thought a lie.
2	I then believed in Santa Claus And all that people said, I thought he down the chimney came As I lay sleep in bed, And if I happened to be bad That boogie man was nigh, But when I think of what I thought I think I thought a lie.	8	We've all heard men of fading years Boast of themselves and say: That in the things they use to do They're just as good today, That Father Time has favored them And they are just as spry, But when I think of what they thought I think they thought a lie.
3	Now when I asked just where I was Before my natural birth, They told me I lived up above And came down to the earth, My means of transit was a stork Who brought me through the sky, But when I think of what I thought I think I thought a lie.	9	The histories I've read point out In eighteen sixty three, That Mr. Lincoln by his act Proclaimed the Negro free, But these discriminating bonds Which still our manhood tie, Makes me in thinking what he thought To think he thought a lie.
4	They taught me blessed are the meek, And that I should obey The doctrine of the golden rule, In all I do and say, I thought such was the proper course And so sought to comply, But seeing what its done for me I think I thought a lie.	10	They told me when the cries of war Impaired our destiny, That fighting for the stars and stripes Would save democracy, In haste I gathered up my arms And went to do or die, But when I think of what I thought I think I thought a lie.
5	I always heard that married life Was one of constant bliss, A state that every honest man Should labor not to miss, So with that idea in my mind I gave the same a try, But as I think of what I thought: I think I'll pass that by.	11	Our Constitution plainly reads That color, creed, or race, Shall never prove a barrier Nor equal rights efface, And so I thought all citizens Could on the same rely, But when I think of what I thought I think I thought a lie.
6	I use to think that ministers Were truly men of God, And that there every little act Was in divine accord, Now that this fancy can be true I would not dare deny, But when I think of some I know I think I thought a lie.	12	And so within the scheme of life The things of which we dream, We find in time are things apart And not just what they seem, The fallacies of youth as formed Truth will in time decay, And so in thinking what I thought I KNOW I thought a lie.