



Churches

Quinn Chapel A. M. E. Church
 6th and "C" Streets
 Rev. R. E. Handy, Pastor.
 9:45 a. m. Sunday School
 11:00 a. m. Morning Worship
 6:00 p. m. Young Peoples Fellowship
 7:30 p. m. Evening service
 Tuesday, 8:00 p. m., Prayer meeting

Northside Church of God
 23rd and T Street.
 Robert L. Moody, Pastor.
 10:00 a. m. Church School.
 11:00 a. m. Morning Worship.
 7:30 p. m. Evening Worship.
 7:30 p. m. Midweek Prayer Meeting.
 7:30 p. m. Friday Bible Study.
 For place of meeting call 2-4673.

Allon Chapel
 (Seventh-day Adventist).
 Urban League—2030 "T" Street.
 Frank W. Hale, Jr., Pastor.
 LeCount Butler, Associate Pastor.
 9:45 a. m. Sabbath School.
 10:45 a. m. Missionary Meeting.
 11:00 a. m. Morning Worship.
 4:00 p. m. Young People's Society.

Christ Temple Church of Christ (Holiness)
 2149 U Street
 Rev. T. O. McWilliams, Jr., Pastor.
 7:00 a. m. Early Morning Prayer
 10:00 a. m. Sunday School.
 11:00 a. m. Morning Worship
 5:00 p. m. Service at Carver home
 6:00 p. m. H.Y.P.U., Richard McWU-
 lama, president.
 7:45 p. m. Evening Service
 1st & 3rd Mondays, C.W.W.W. meets at
 8:00 p. m., Mrs. Margie Turner, president.
 Tuesday, Bible Study, 8:00.
 Wednesday, Prayer and Praise, 8:00.
 1st & 3rd Friday, Jr. choir rehearsal at
 parsonage, 8:00.
 2nd & 4th Friday, Young People's
 Prayer Band, 8:00. Kathryn King, president.

You are always welcome to Christ Temple Church.

Church of God in Christ, 20th & U.
 Rev. B. T. McDaniels, Pastor.
 10:30 a. m. Sunday School.
 12:00 Noon Morning Worship.
 7:00 p. m. Y.P.W.W.
 8:00 p. m. Evening Worship.
 8:00 p. m. Tuesday and Friday, regular service.
 Thursday, 1 to 3 p. m., Sewing Circle.
 Wednesday, 8 p. m., Prayer Band.
 1st and 2nd Saturdays—12 until 7 a. m.
 Special Prayer

Mt. Zion Baptist Church
 Corner 12th and F Streets
 Rev. John S. Favors, Pastor
 10:00 Sunday School
 11:00 Morning Worship
 6:30 Baptist Training Union
 7:00 Evening Worship

Newman Methodist, 23rd & S.
 G. W. Harper, Minister.
 9:45 a. m. Church School.
 11:00 a. m. Morning Worship.
 6:30 p. m. Methodist Youth Fellowship.

MT. ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.
 By Doris Powell.
 "We're marching into Zion" was the opening song with Deacon Beard leading prayer.
 Mrs. Lillian Bradley sang, "I know the Lord has laid His hands on me," with the choir joining on the chorus.
 Rev. Favors and Mrs. Lillian Bradley sang, "I'm going to die with a Staff in my hand," with the choir joining in on the chorus.
 Rev. Favors delivered a very interesting sermon, "Making Over the Best of It," Text Job 37:21.
 Mrs. Doris King was a visitor.

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SOCIABLE GUYS

By Jane Parsons Winters
 I had never thought much about it. Children were children—difficult at times, a joy to behold at other moments. I had really been too busy keeping several hundred of them busy at the Center to consider that some were one color, some another.

"Now I sat in the board of directors' meeting and heard those awful words. I must tell the colored children that they were not to come to the center except one night a week. I stared at my hands, confused, bewildered, hurt, hating my ancestors that had made slaves of one of God's children. Why should any of us, black or white, keep on suffering for a wrong committed a hundred, two hundred years ago? Why was color so important? Surely color had never occurred to me the afternoon Bob walked into the center. He had big soft brown eyes that looked up at me with complete trust. He walked timidly through the opened front door, a Boy Scout flag in one hand, and a large plaque in the other. It was a warm early fall afternoon, and I was sitting at the reception desk, enjoying the cool breeze, and waiting for the close of school to break the monotony of the afternoon lull.

"May I leave these here?" he asked, patting the two objects together and tilting his head to one side. "Just 'til I take them to the Fair?" Then he added in a way of explanation, but I caught the pride in his voice. "I'm sort of in charge of our booth, and the Center is closer the fair grounds than my house it."

I smiled, and pulled a key from the desk. "Certainly you may. How about storing them in that cupboard by the window?"

"Is it safe?" he asked, holding the precious plaque and flag closer to his Scout uniform.

"Of course." There was still doubt in his eyes, so I added, "I'm sure no one would dare disturb the Boy Scout flag, or the plaque. And I hope your troop wins."

"Oh, thank you, mam."

He tried putting the flag and plaque under one arm, while he reached for the key, but dropped the flag. At last he managed, after a few more embarrassed fonderings, to get key, flag and plaque all to the cupboard. I waited, hesitant about offering to help, for Scouts are quite self-sufficient, and sighed in relief when everything was safely in place. He handed me the key, then rocked back and forth on his heels.

"Do you—do you spose I might stay and just look around?"

I tried not to show my surprise. Since we'd opened the recreation center a month ago, no child had doubted his right to stay and look around. In fact, few doubted their right to do almost anything.

"Why, of course," I answered. "Stay as long as you like. There's a group upstairs playing ping pong. You might join them."

His face beamed. "Thanks," he said, "thanks a lot," and was up the stairs in a few leaps, shaking the staircase with each leap.

I turned to my boring book-work. It didn't occur to me that his face was black, or that he was different from any other boy that came through those doors. He was just a boy, and a new one at that. I never thought it would make any difference to anyone—the color of his face.

But now, two months later, I was learning that it made a differ-

ence to the townspeople, those that supported us with their money. And the board had no choice but to ask me to close the center to Bob and his friends.

The board meeting was over. The building was empty, except for Bob and a friend who were playing ping pong—Bob's favorite past-time. Bob was the winner of the last tournament. I stood in the door of the game room, waiting for them to finish the game, thinking about the meeting. The board had left the problem for me to solve. They had suggested, though, that the boys and girls be told in a nice way that perhaps they should come only one night a month. A nice way. How could I tell Bob in a nice way that he was any different from the boy at the other end of the ping pong table?

The boys turned off the lights for me, and the three of us walked out into the November night together. We paused on the steps. The air was full of December, and the stars shone brightly in the heavens. I looked up at the sky and said a little prayer. Bob's friend said good night, and Bob and I started down the steps, Bob fastening his sweater around his shoulders.

"You know," I said, "there's one thing about you boys I can't understand. Those sweaters on cold nights. Don't you freeze?"

He laughed. "Oh, I'm tough."

"I guess it's that basketball letter that makes you so tough."

He rubbed the big letter on his pocket. "Next year I'm going to be on the Varsity."

"That's swell, Bob."

We walked in silence to the corner, where we paused: Bob to go across the road along the river, and I was going home to a big house that sat in the shadow of my father's church. But all I'd been taught of kindness and brotherly love did not help me tell Bob the Board's decision. Surely there is no color line, I thought, when I feel sick and alone as I do now, because this boy is black.

"Bob, just a minute before you go." I drew a deep breath, and plunged. "There was a meeting to-

night. I guess you know there are some folks who would rather you didn't come to the center. I'm to ask you what you think about it. Perhaps you would like to come certain nights?"

It was all wrong, but maybe he'd understand. I could say it was because he was colored.

Bob looked up from the pavement that gleamed, white under the street light. "You mean not come at all?"

No Bob. I mean, maybe have a night once a month."

"I—I don't understand. I've been good, haven't I. What have I done. I didn't break nothing. Why? Why?" He looked up at me. "It is, is it because I'm—"

I looked into those brown eyes, bewildered, hurt. He was going to be on the varsity next year. He was champion ping pong player. He was no different from other boys.

"No Bob. It isn't that, so much. It's just that some people, black and white, have not learned the golden rule, and the rest of us must suffer because of their lack of brotherly love. Do you understand? It's just the world, Bob, the thing in the world that starts wars, and makes peace so hard to gain. It's part of the thing our brothers fought for in the war."

He nodded slowly, eyes back on the pavement. At last he said slowly, trying to place each word securely in its proper nook in his mind, "But I don't understand. Only once a month. Once a month." He looked up suddenly and his young voice was desperate. "But, I'm a sociable sort of guy."

"I know. So am I." And I knew what I was going to do—in spite of the townspeople, anyone, "Come back, Bob any time. And Good night."

I watched him go. I didn't know how I would solve my problem, but since my ancestors started this, I would see it through. I looked up at the stars. "Aren't we all sociable sort of guys? I asked them.

But they just shone on, in silence.

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