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Doris Steward Frye, pg. 78

One of the things that has remained in my mind to this day was an incident in school on Valentine's Day. On Valentine's Day, we had Valentine boxes in school. Everyone could bring valentines and put them in the boxes for their friends. I had no friends, because the white children didn't play with us. But I made valentines also. And I can remember, very clearly, we had red paper to cut out our red hearts, and we could write something on them. The teacher said, "If you want to send the valentine to a friend, you may put their name on it. On Valentine's Day we will draw them out of the box, and you'll receive your valentines and you can take them home." All the children's names were called that day but mine. I got my valentine [back]. Then the box was empty. The teacher then stood in front of the classroom, and she had a valentine for every child in the room except me. She called everybody's name. Everyone went up and got a valentine from the teacher except me. She could see the hurt in my face, so she just turned her back to the class and started writing on the blackboard. There were many incidents like that.

John Oscar Williams, pg. 107-108

I can remember, in Kindergarten, how we sat around the teacher, who would read *Little Black Sambo* to us. [Then] we'd go out for recess, and the other kids would call us little black sambo. J.T. was obese; her nickname was Aunt Jemima. I can remember white kids running around the schoolyard calling her the biggest nigger they'd ever seen; and [I can remember] how J.T., myself, and others used to battle. We'd be out there battling them over the name-calling, and we were always brought in and told, in no uncertain terms, that we couldn't fight it forever. It was something we were just going to have to accept. I've always wondered why they never called in the other kids to tell them it was wrong.

So, the few of us [at Jefferson], we caught a lot of racial abuse. I guess it would be equal to any place during that time, 'cause the teachers weren't sympathetic. . . . So we were treated as inferiors. We were always placed in the non-thinking, nonfunctioning groups. We were never able to achieve, and it seems like we were never given the attention the others got. The teachers, who were supposed to be educated people, used the words "nigger" and "darkie" and thought nothing of it. They would think *absolutely* nothing of it! The kids at recess parroted them, and so we became exactly what the teachers called us.

My dad always said he never got an education. But I've told my sister, "Much as I kept him in school for the trouble I caused, he probably got a Ph.D." You see, our parents were always going to the school because of what the teachers here in the city were doing to their kids. My parents had to go to West High once because my older brother, Percy, hit a teacher. He had stayed up all night and worked on some paper, and the teacher wouldn't pass him because he didn't think blacks were capable of doing that kind of work. He told him he cheated, and my brother fired him up.

But that's the kind of abuse we took all through elementary school, junior high, and high school. The education system here was just blatantly racist. And I was always striking out in anger, because I *knew* it wasn't right, and I was always getting suspended for fighting. My parents would go down and try and reason with those teachers, but there was no reasoning with them. So we fought and we kept on fighting.

It wasn't just in school, either. When we'd go to the Utah Theater, the Capitol Theater, all of the theaters, we had to sit in the balcony. That was the only place they would let us sit. On Saturday nights at ten thirty, we skated at the Normandy Skating Rink and paid double the price.

Every black. The cops had standing orders not to enforce the curfew on Saturday nights against the blacks, because this was the only time they had to go roller-skating over at the rotten Normandy Skating Rink. I remember the manager's bald head, [his] shiny, bald head as he took our money. There would be about a hundred blacks there, and we were all giving that guy our money. Just giving him our money! [We.] never should have done it, never should have done it. [Yet it was.] the only time we could go skating.

Rubie Lugdol Nathaniel, pg. 90

Now, Salt Lake City always had its segregation. We never had to ride in the rear of the bus or the streetcar (when we had streetcars), but you couldn't sit wherever you wanted. You couldn't go in dance halls, you couldn't go in restaurants, and you couldn't go to shows except in certain places. And, well, you just couldn't go anywhere. But I learned to take it and do my best. I wasn't as bitter toward whites as a lot of our people were. I don't know—maybe it was because I was raised with them and didn't know many black people [at first]. But so many of our people were so bitter, and I wasn't that way. But I had my bad times, too. My bad times came, I guess, when white people would hurt my kids' feelings. Then I would just get

really upset, and I would get in there and be ready to fight and argue with anyone.

Albert Fritz, president of the Salt Lake branch of the NAACP, pg. 104

I started seeing the ways of the world: how my country operated, how this state operated, how a state law allowed an establishment to refuse you service, and how blacks were being treated. And I resented it. I resented it when they told me to go upstairs in a theater. I resented walking into a cafe and being told, "We don't serve colored here." And I resented the way salesman in the stores would take your money, with a smile on their faces, but wouldn't let you try on clothes before buying them. . . . So I joined the NAACP in 1939, because it was a good organization and the only organization trying to bring about changes.

Doris Steward Frye, pg. 81

I didn't get over my hatred until I was an older woman. I finally had to fight within myself to get over my hate, because hate can destroy you. Finally, I just felt . . . well, it's all over. Life is better now. You can be over it, be rid of it, and work it out. I think I've just about overcome most of it. Some of my worst enemies now are friends. I

guess you could put it that way. And maybe they were not as bad as I thought they were. Maybe they weren't the enemies I thought they were.