

On May 6, 1954 at approximately 10:30 a.m. I entered the Campus Barbershop adjacent to Kammerer's Drug Store on Sixth Street to get a haircut. I took a seat and waited until 11:30 a.m., at which time I took a seat in the proprietor's chair without being invited to do so. He turned to me and said, "Fellow, I don't know how to cut your hair." I then said, "I presume you are willing to try anyway." He immediately referred me to the four shop rules pertaining to the types of hair the barbers would not cut. These rules were posted on his cash register. He asked me if I understood them and if I were willing to accept the responsibility for the type of hair cut given me. I replied, "I understand the rules but if you are sincere, and I assume you are, I think you will try and do your best and if you do this I think you can do a good job." His complacent manner changed readily to one of hostility, rather profane and abusive. He said, "You are not the judge of that. I want you to know I run this shop. I am not going to have you running down to the Court House as that other boy did saying I messed up your hair." I reminded him as calmly as I possibly could that I was not trying to be a judge of anything but merely stating my opinion. I repeated the statement once more. A man, unknown to me, was standing in the corner by the cash register, and he spoke at this time saying, "These God dam Communists will run this country yet." Mr. Lee Ingwersen agreed with him. I made no reply to this.

The towel was around my neck at this time. The barber very lightly and very carefully trimmed around the edges of my hair—not more than 1/4 inch upwards. He trimmed the hair line with the razor in the same manner. He took the towel from around my neck. I asked him if he would please level off the top of my hair. He said he had done his best but reluctantly he made about three sweeps across my head with the clippers leaving several irregular dips and clean spots. When I asked him if he would try and smooth out the lines, he insisted he had done his best. The man, mentioned earlier, remarked that I was trying to make trouble for the barber. He said, "You're nothing but a God dam Communist and ought to be run out of the

country." He intimated that the entire group who had worked toward ending discrimination in barbershops were Communists. He concluded by asking me to get out of the shop. The shop was quite crowded at the moment. No one said anything. After a few seconds of silence, I paid the barber and left.

Phil Young
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