

Difference Between a Good and Lousy Haircut ---

Two Days A Navy tradition

05-30-2015 by Harry Zirkelbach

Sun and Star Date 34,111

In the rush to full employment after VVW II, specialty Schools sprang up everywhere; others already existing, expanded vigorously. This was true everywhere. But military units that completed some training in Colorado during the war, enticed many serviceman to migrate to Colorado, sensing things, events, opportunities enjoyed here were more attractive than in the community where they were raised.

One-in-nine men, age of 18 to 35 had served in the WWII United States Military. They had been removed from the consuming public through much of the four years of war.

Denver businesses prospered as all these men returned. One insignificant opportunity was that of Barber. In 1949 there were two Denver tax supported schools to train barbers.

These were across the street from one another, the State Barber College at 1322 17th St, the other, Ti-City Barber College 1325 17th St. Neither operate now.

This is an incident involving the Ti-State College.

Hair cuts were free. The school needed volunteers for training.

Twice in the summer of 1949 I sat for a student-barber haircut..

There was usually little wait for the next chair. But in that interval, while waiting for the call NEXT, there was plenty to

observe. The room had one line of chairs as might be expected in a commercial shop. It was neat, the floor immediately swept of fallen hair.

Unlike a commercial shop, there were no mirrors visible, anywhere. And the walls were a reminder of a 17th Century training given Naval ship barbers for long voyages. Their barber, also their surgeon. These walls depicted graphically, instructions on how to stem blood flow from any part of the male torso. Hardy assuring.

Contrary to commercial shops, it was almost impossible to initiate and maintain a conversation with the students. They were seldom at ease with their client, even when the instructor came to their aid.

On the second visit, the instructor walked up to me began a jovial conversation with both of us. Then he walked behind me speaking to his student. Suddenly I hear a muffled "O my God" then whispering. Almost as quickly, I hear cheerfully, "We'll fix that". Then I detect the implements change hands, and in another instant the instructor is facing me, assuring that a fine hair cut was finished. I'm handed the small hand held mirror, still unable to determine if a piece of scalp is missing or bleeding.

Later in viewing my haircut via multiple mirrors, I find nothing amiss. Still, that ominous "O my God" was for something other than a complement to that student barber. Yes, my duties prevented for ever returning to that College