

## Assault on Bardaville

A Personal Account by Steve Harry

*Black*

I had walked my girlfriend Carol out to her car and then headed toward the Fox Island party store at Grand River and Bardaville (near Waverly) to get a newspaper. It was shortly after 11 p.m. Thursday, April 7. As I approached the store, I met and passed four black youths. Three were full grown, in their late teens or early twenties. One was a smaller teenager. I was after a State Journal and there were none left, so I was in and out of the store in a few seconds. As I walked back toward my apartment on Bardaville, I caught up with and passed the four youths. I was walking in the parking lot and they were on the sidewalk next to the buildings. Suddenly I heard footsteps behind me and turned to see one of the larger youths running at me. He hit me and knocked me to the pavement. There was more hitting and kicking as I got to my feet and I said "Why are you doing this?" There was no answer, but when I make an attempt to strike back, he backed off. I started yelling "Help" as loud as I could and he stayed away. A little further off, the other three watched and laughed. My glasses had been knocked off, but I left them and limped to the building entrance and went upstairs to my apartment.

I immediately called the police and reported the assault. Then I tried to call Carol. She wasn't home yet, so I left a message with her roommate and went to wait at the window. My ribs hurt and I had scrapes on my left hip, my knees, left hand and face - nothing serious, as far as I could tell. A police car drove up within 5 or 10 minutes and I went down. I told my story to a tall, young black cop and 3 neighbor women came out to report what they had seen. Another neighbor said from her third story window that she had been the one who called 911. A second police car came into the parking lot, driven by a woman officer. She asked if I wanted to go to the hospital and I said no; I was hurting, but not that bad, and if I was still hurting in the morning, I would take myself. She talked to the other officer and he agreed to write the report. The woman officer asked if I was sure I didn't want to go to the hospital and I said maybe I'd better. I was starting to stiffen up, and it was getting more and more difficult to walk. I went back up to my apartment to change my pants and get my wallet. I'd been wearing warm-up pants, a t-shirt and a light jacket, and all I was carrying was my keys and 35 cents. I called Carol, who'd been trying to get me and knew something was wrong. She said she'd be right over, so I went back down and told the police that my girlfriend was coming to take me to the hospital. While I was downstairs, I saw 2 other neighbor women who said they saw the attack, and one of them said she knew the guys who did it. She said the one who

