

They didn't need menus.  
Their order was simple.  
A doughnut and coffee,  
with cream on the side.  
Woolworth's was busy,  
so the friends waited.  
Patiently. Silently.  
Without a fuss.  
They were the only  
black kids at the counter.



David, Joseph, Franklin, and Ezell  
sat while everyone else got served.

At first, they were treated like  
the hole in a doughnut — invisible.

Others tried to ignore them.  
The waitress watched and refused them.

She pointed to the sign:  
WHITES ONLY.

