

had to work both ways, a group of white children was in Harlem to repay their visit.

Most important of all, the "Vermont Experiment" has now taken root in cities and states all over the country. In Chicago, where racial tensions sharpened during the war, the Presbyterian Board set up its own plan, sending Negro children from the city to farms of northern Illinois. The Connecticut Council of Churches has sent Negro children from Hartford and New Haven to surrounding farms. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Maine, Indiana, Minnesota, Colorado, and California have adopted the plan.

It makes one feel good inside to realize that some things are actually being done to eliminate many foolish attitudes toward racial discrimination. The United States, it seems, has just started to take a few cautious steps forward in opening the door of life for many unfortunate and aloof individuals. The steps have been indeed small, but they have finally been taken toward the ultimate good of unifying humanity. Wherever one finds people who open their hearts as well as their minds, progress will be made to abolish racial intolerance and make our world a place of co-operation, complete contentment, sincere happiness, and lasting peace.

John B.

Alice Appel

JOHAN B., my bachelor uncle, has more businesses than the proverbial merchant and the one-armed paper hanger combined. From Monday through Thursday, he travels in North Carolina and Virginia peddling furniture for several manufacturers. He announces openly that he considers only one of the lines worth having, and he would not give two cents for the rest. He and a partner own a dry cleaning plant, cash and carry, so over the week-end he is at what he calls his "little gold mine." There is also a second-hand furniture and antique shop, "Trash and Treasure," which is open only two days a week. "Truthfully, there is lots of trash and little treasure in my shop. The old ladies of the county besiege our place each Friday and Saturday. My partner and I have to keep hopping to replenish the stock. I think our short hours tantalize the old gals, and we bait them with an occasional treasure." John B. has a third partner who helps him in his charcoal producing business, just organized recently to catch the back-yard chefs. Buying and repairing old houses condemned by the public health department consumes much of his free time and vacations. Each week-end he has to go out and collect the rent from his white tenants. He leaves his baby blue, four-door Cadillac at home and sails forth in his little second-hand, red pick-up truck. Trying to pick up an extra couple of dollars, he collects by the week and not by the month. His colored tenants bring their rent to the dry cleaning shop each week. It sounds to me as if there are forty little gold mines right there.

John B.'s hobby is antique furniture. He started collecting while in college. "I've got a fortune here in furniture. Turned down a thousand dollars for that little corner cupboard. My best sofa is in the local historical museum. Look at this chest. Very rare! Most unusual—found it in a mountain cabin, paid fifty cents for it! Now I can get three hundred. Notice the exquisite inlay at the keyhole." All this "priceless" furniture is in my grandmother's house. There is no empty wall space, and one has to go through the doors sideways. My grandmother thinks she is the envy of all of her antique-collecting friends. She will have a fit when John B. gets married and takes his belongings. Suppose the "lucky" girl does not like eighteenth-century Americana?

John B. has always been a business man running at full speed. When he went to V.P.I. in Blacksburg, Virginia, he was the "big man on the campus." What and when he studied I do not know. His grades were average, but when he left, he had enough money saved to finance his first venture in low-rent housing. He did not have to work his way through school, but he could not close his eyes to so many opportunities for picking up some extra change. He owned all the paper routes in Blacksburg and owned a late-evening sandwich business in the dormitories. He had the soft-drink concession at the athletic events and found time to manage the football team.

John B. is no shrinking violet. One knows he is around. His cigar smells to high heaven. One cannot miss him. He is rather tall with a very long torso but short stocky legs. His shoulders are thick, "due to wrestling at my old alma maters, Fishburn Academy and V.P.I." He drives his huge car right down the center of the town at sixty miles per hour. If someone gets in his way, he sits on his horn and forces him to the side. When he enters a room one immediately hears him express his opinion on whatever the subject may be.

One would never know he is a graduate of any military school—none of the neatness, orderliness and precision rubbed off on him. He leaves his belongings strung all over the house. His room, with a multitude of old books, an Edison phonograph, Sheffield silver, a ten-inch Ingersoll watch (very rare, indeed), antique bisque figurines, makes me think he is a relative of the deceased Collier boys.

What are his plans for matrimony? "Just don't have time for the girls! I could finance a wife and furnish a ten-room house, but I am just too busy to bother with a wife." So, John B. isn't married. A pity, isn't it?