

The Post-Racial Society Recedes Further

by **Lorna Salzman** (April 2015)

When I was growing up (I was born in 1935), there were very few minorities (none in my public school at all and none that I recall in high school) and very little crime of any kind, or at least not enough serious crime (outside of gangster violence) to make the newspapers (there was no TV). One reason may have been the fact that most people were not well off. My family had no worries when I walked through a long stretch of deserted woods and streams between Douglaston and Little Neck in Queens in order to go to the Little Neck movie by myself. I remember being shocked in 1948, when I graduated from public school (an all-white school) and went on a trip with my parents to see Williamsburg, Virginia, the reconstructed colonial town. We went to the railroad station and I needed to use the bathroom, and was stunned and puzzled to see two doors: White and Colored. [more>>>](#)