

Nervous Salemites Look Over Office, Meet Harry Golden

By Cathy Gilchrist

Our appointment was for 4:30. Since 3:45, Marji and I, dressed with sophisticated exactness had been waiting in my car across the street from the "Carolina Israelite" office. We sat in tense silence, smoking one cigarette after another. It was cold; the heater in the car was broken. I looked over at Marji the liturgical churches in English and noted with irritation how calm she looked. I started to bite my hangnails.

"Well, Marji, what are we going to say when we get in there? Mr. Golden is a busy man and I am terrified. I hate to talk to famous men!"

"Cathy, Miss Byrd told you what to say. After all, I'm just here to give moral support. Come on. Let's go across the street. It's 4:30 now and it'll take us five minutes to get across the intersection."

We got out of the car, crossed the busy intersection and reached the door of the office in one and one half minutes.

The "Carolina Israelite" office where Harry Golden, author of **Only in America** and **For 2c Plain**, has his living and business quarters in a white frame building that was, at one time, part of the Elizabeth Residential section. The town is growing fatter and has choked this section into business offices. The residents have all moved—everyone except Mr. Golden; he combines his office and home in one place.

Marji and I walked into the office and gave the secretary our names. She looked irritated; she closed her well-masqued eyes and tossed her long pony tail, which, oddly enough, hung from the side of her head, and went to see if Mr. Golden were busy. We were nine minutes early; there were no seats for us and Mr. Golden was busy. No choice then remained but to wander around the office looking at the plaques and awards on the

walls. Although we tried to be unobtrusive and properly impressed in silence, in an 8x8 office, we were bound to get in someone's way.

On the walls of the office were pictures of Mr. Golden with Carl Sandburg. There were countless awards from Jewish Organizations with "to Harry Golden" written in interlocking flowers. Certificates of recognition from newspapers, and magazines, copies of his books, proof sheets of new ones, and pictures of Mr. Golden's reunion of P. S. 12 in New York City were scattered about the room. After ten minutes of gawking at everything the four walls had to offer, I leaned against the wall and tried to decide what I would say to this

famous man. Miss Byrd wanted Mr. Golden to come in the early afternoon the day he was to give a lecture at Salem.

Finally the inner office door opened and the pony tailed secretary said, "Miss Gilchrist, you may come in now."

Marji looked at me, winked and in we marched.

A man stood up to welcome us. He was a very short, very fat man. He had on a large plaid flannel sport shirt held up by red suspenders that must have measured two inches across. In one hand he held a cigar; in the other, a blaring transistor radio. This was the famous Mr. Golden. He pushed up

one chair, and I fell into it quite readily. He then fluffed up some papers and "New Yorkers" on his sofa and told Marji to have a seat.

We shouldn't have worried about what we were going to say to him. He did most of the talking. We stated our business—or rather almost, because he agreed before I had even finished my plea. We were so amazed that neither of us could think of anything else to say so we got up to leave.

"Wait girls", he mumbled. "Tell me something of the school. You know—how many girls and all that."

We told him Salem's enrollment, the history of the Moravians founding Salem (in brief) and their participation in school life now.

He asked us if we were influenced by the episcopal service in our everyday school life. Marji had her mouth open to tell him Salem was **Moravian**, not episcopal when I broke in and said, "no". (I felt very learned because, having just studied the liturgical churches in English history, I knew what he meant.)

He seemed to know a great deal about Winston-Salem and the Moravians after all. He then picked up a clipping and yelled something to his secretary. He had forgotten we were there. We stood to go—he looked up, as if surprised to see us. He apparently remembered and, chewing on his cigar, waved us out of the room with, "Just write me a post card on the 25th of February and say—Harry, don't forget lunch at Salem is at 12:30!"

We walked out of the house in silence. We had met Mr. Golden. Harry to his friends.

Many Sleepy Salemites Recover From Germans, Await New Exciting Weekend

By Sue Froneberger

An over-abundance of circles under eyes — ASLEEP signs on every other door . . . a quick yawn every few minutes in class—these were characteristics of many Salemites whose professors "will just not let them get caught up on their sleep after a week-end at UNC." Yes, more than a few Salemites went to Carolina for Winter Germans. Louise Adams will remember this Germans for quite a while—she slipped on some ice and fractured her elbows. Lib Long (dating Jerry) and Joan Brooks (with a blind date) also went to U. N. C. Joan had better luck than Louise—she's dating the same boy this week-end. Sally Paxton and her date for Germans decided not to eat at Howard Johnson's or the Steak House, Saturday

night, but rather to do something a little different—they ate at Lenoir Hall.

Many Salemites were at Carolina, Betsy Guerrant was content to stay right at Salem. The boy to whom she is pinned came to Salem for the first time and was "brave enough to walk into the Senior dorm."

Betty Booker became a "Mrs." over the week-end, and Anne Beck is making plans to follow suit—she received a diamond this week. Anne O'Neal attained marital status Wednesday morning when she became Mrs. Pierre Deplaud in Wilmington. Anne will return to Salem next week.

Last week, if you saw girls outside of Babcock in their pajamas, gym shorts, and every other type of clothing in the middle of the

afternoon, it wasn't because they had seen a burgler or a mouse or a roach, but they had heard a fire alarm!

Salemites are looking forward to a visit to Salem this week-end by Miss Battle's brother. Maybe this will become an annual treat!

Seniors in Lehman enjoyed a treat Wednesday night when they helped Lina Farr celebrate her birthday. Mrs. Farr brought dinner—enough to feed the college, so the story goes—to the girls in the dorm.

Well, this week-end is Mid-Winters at Wake Forest, and many Salemites are once again expecting an exciting time. By Monday, there will be many new circles under eyes—ASLEEP signs on doors—and quick yawns every few minutes in class.

Treasurer Asks Budget Ideas For Next Year

Re: Suggestions for 1960-61 Student Budget

Any suggestions for proposed changes in the Student Budget for next year must be given in writing to Churchill Jenkins, chairman of the Executive Finance Board, before March 10.

The student members of the Executive Finance Board, Janet Yarborough, Mary Scott Best, and Connie Farthing, are obtaining information in preparation for the setting of the 1960-61 Student Budget.

Any organization which wishes to propose a change in the budget must present its suggestions to this committee no later than March 9 if they are to be considered.

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