

The Salemite

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of cabbages and kings

by Sarah Dorrier

Whatever happened to that good old stereotype, the Salem lady? Maybe we just aren't looking for the right qualities nowadays.

Dot Jackson, a columnist for the *Charlotte Observer*, compiled a "Ladyhood list." Here are some excerpts from her column (the *Observer*, March 11, 1973):

In this age the honored institution of Ladyhood is slipping away, with every other trip to the family plot.

You used to see Ladies sitting on the porch. If they had to get up before day to get the "menial" work done themselves, by the time the world was out and stirring all visible signs of common labor (like brooms and dust rags) were under cover and the ladies were combed and lace-collared, tating in their laps and niceties on their lips.

Now you hardly ever see a porch. And if a female is on it, she is usually painting it. Or playing poker.

What is so rare as a lady, these days. So rare that when we say, in memoriam, "She was a great lady..." the young will say, "And what is that?"

... we have compiled a Ladyhood list, by asking around the newsroom of those who remember; "What is a lady?"

"A lady keeps her shoes on at the table."

"A lady does not cross her hegs, except at the ankle."

"A lady does not cross her legs, period."

"A lady does not have legs. She has limbs, And she doesn't have a body. She has a person. She has a bosom - and that's singular."

"A lady does not climb trees. A lady does not wrestle with boys in the house. That is for the yard."

"A lady has a handkerchief on her person. And it's always clean!"

"A lady does not discuss illness, religion, or politics. Especially at the table."

"A lady never allows a gentleman to kiss her until the third date." (What if he's not a gentleman? "That's incomprehensible!")

"A lady does not walk around while smoking."

"A lady reads poetry, after she has had a bath and got powdered."

"A lady can be found by following the trail of talcum powder."

"A lady does not say _____ or _____."

"A lady never says 'I'm full.' She says, 'I have eaten an elegant sufficiency.'"

"A lady does not pick up bones off her plate and chew them. But then, if somebody also does, a lady does not make remarks about it. Or notice it."

"A lady makes you feel like you're O.K. . ."

time to depart. We headed once more for the peninsula on which Charleston is located, flanked on one side by the Ashley river and on the other by the Cooper river. As we neared the town, a Navy submarine cut swiftly through the water headed for the depths of the Atlantic Ocean, a potent symbol of the newer South.

Back on dry land, the girls again went their separate ways to walk through the historic section, stroll along the Battery, and pace through the slave market, its pavilion now filled with modern day descendants of those first African slaves, bartering their own goods -- fresh flowers, fresh fruits and vegetables, rather than being bartered themselves. We trudged down narrow Stroll's Alley, peered down Catfish Row, and glimpsed into the home of Dubose Heyward, author of *Porgy and Bess*. As night descended, we hastened to the Counting House of Citizens and Southern National Bank, built in the 1800's. From this point, we began our candlelight tour of historic Queen Street. We were all impressed with the view of the St. Philip's Episcopal Church steeple which seemed to tower over the entire area. We were admitted into a converted Fire Company Engine House, a cotton warehouse turned into a theater, and some impressive private homes. The most breathtaking scenes however were found in the lovely formal courtyards which opened out behind the long, magnificent homes. There existed a definite airy, spacious feeling created by these terraced gardens and patios, overrun by blooming azaleas, tulips, and filled with the sound of trickling water and soft Charlestonian accents. And for the evening, we felt we had recaptured the "Old South" with all its graces and charms.

Dee Wilson

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Last Tuesday at 8:00 a.m. a group of students involved in the CCSL program left for Atlanta, Georgia to study the new "urban" South. Our purpose was to discover if the urban life of the South retains its "Southernness" or if urban life is urban life regardless of which part of the country one is in, north or south. We arrived in Atlanta around 1:30 and began looking for our motel, "The Peachtree," and soon learned that about half the streets and buildings are named Peachtree! After checking in, we walked to the office of the Southern Regional Council. There we had a very interesting session with George H. Esser, Executive Director, and with Art Campbell, Coordinator of the Better Housing Task Force. For almost thirty years, the Southern

Regional Council was the only social organization in the South to deal with problems of black-white relations. They were originally involved in research and information disseminating projects, but then in the sixties they began to organize "action" projects. They now have four task forces working in the areas of decent housing, improved health standards, quality education, and job opportunities.

The Southern Regional Council is supported by foundations and contributions, having no ties with the federal government. It is strictly a regional organization interested in problems of the region and in establishing a structure where diverse community groups can come together. We were all impressed with the good organization of the Council and with its positive, productive activities being carried out in the South.

On Wednesday, our group spent the day touring the city via the Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transportation Authority, i.e. the bus system. We were shown the downtown business district, the black business district, wealthy residential areas, and Grant Park. In the park, we viewed the Cyclorama, a massive painting of the battle of Atlanta with objects in the foreground melting into the painting to create a three dimensional effect. We had lunch at Stone Mt., a huge recreational park outside of Atlanta. Several of the group toured the plantation there, the edifice being reassembled rooms taken from separate buildings all over the state of Georgia. That night most of the group went to

Underground Atlanta with Dr. Hill, Mr. Mangum, and Mr. Sanders, ex-Salem sociology professor who was visiting Atlanta for a conference.

Thursday morning we visited the beautiful new building of the "Atlanta Journal" and "Atlanta Constitution." There we had a tour and an interview with Hal Gulliver, Associate Editor of the paper. He expressed an opinion of Atlanta that some of us had noticed throughout our stay. He believes that Atlanta is a dynamic growing industrial city with strong leadership both black and white, and that the city's inhabitants possess a confidence that they can solve the problems the city will encounter as an urban center.

As to answering the question whether or not Atlanta is a typical Southern city, we decided it is not typical. As to answering the question if Atlanta is a Southern city in any respect, the group could not agree. It was however obvious to us that whereas most of the South has its eyes on the past, Atlanta very much has its eyes on the future.

Jocelyn James



Leg. Board Reviews Changes

Legislative Board
 April 9, 1973

- I. The meeting was called to order by Margaret Brinkley.
- II. Debbie Knight was selected as Leg Board's representative to the Handbook Committee.
- III. Nominations for the students' representatives to Faculty-Advisory Board were made.
- IV. Visitation hours for IRS Weekend will be decided by Interdorm Council.
- V. Both old and new officers and representatives will attend Leg Board meetings for the rest of the school year.
- VI. With no further business, the meeting was adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,
 Cindy Lovin, Secretary

The Salemite

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Bootleg Whistle Signals Reply

In Salem's experimental program Control and Creativity in Southern Life, the students participating were asked to write a paper expressing their personal feelings toward, their reflections about, and their impressions of the South. The following are several of the papers done by students who are both natives of

the area and students who have grown up outside of the section of the country designated as the South.

My ninth summer was spent in the Bays mountain area, part of the Brown mountain range in east Tennessee, where my family had a summer home surrounded by cow pastures, and

hay fields and acres of poison ivy. Most of my time, I spent in exploring up and down the dusty roads, often wandering off through fields to play in some creek. One occurrence that will remain vivid in my mind was in the form of an unsolved mystery that had our entire family puz-

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