

## A Taste Of Something Other Than The Orient

by Chris Colley

Recently a friend and I decided to eat out. Once again we were faced with the ultimate problem, where to go. I said Mexican, she said Chinese, needless to say we ate Chinese.

We decided to go to China City located at 1640 Silas Creek Parkway, in Winston-Salem.

It was a busy Friday night for China City. When we arrived we were given a round token with the number 11 on it. An older gentleman told us to have a seat, the wait was going to be relatively short.

As I watched the people going out of the restaurant, I wondered how they had enjoyed their meal. I was interrupted in thought by a voice yelling, "NUMBER 11, NUMBER 11". It was our time to be seated.

The first thing I must tell you is that to eat at China City you must be fast. Before my companion and I had made our way to our host, he was 20 feet ahead of us placing menus on our table. "Now I don't mind running, but in a restaurant?" This was only a taste of what was to come. After we were seated, the real wait began.

It's amazing what you can find underneath a table once you have exhausted all small talk. Of course there was the usual paper and toothpicks not to mention a fork under ours. However I was determined to eat Chinese!

Once our waitress arrived (and I do mean once), we placed our orders. For the appetizer my date ordered an egg-roll and I ordered the chicken parchment. Five or ten minutes later, our waitress returned to drop off our appetizers. Before we could open our mouths, she had vanished into the interior of the restaurant.

As I gazed down at my plate, I noticed that there was pork on it. Funny I thought, the menu said Six chicken parchments. I decided to eat it anyway due to the fact that there were five other items on the plate. One of those must be a chicken parchment. As we were eating our appetizers a manager came by to replenish the tea and water. Unfortunately, he was pouring watered-down Sprite into my water glass, YUK!

It was not until I had finished my appetizer that the waitress arrived to apologize for giving me the wrong one. ("I kind of thought so.") Being a lover of adventure, my companion and I placed our orders for the entree. I ordered the Sweet and Sour Chicken. She ordered the Snow Pea-Pods and Rice. As we waited for our entree, I contemplated leaving, but decided to give them a fair chance and thus we stayed.

Our entrees finally arrived! My companion, who had the Snow Pea-Pods and Rice was pleased. I, on the other-hand, had very bad luck. For those of you who are unfamiliar with Sweet and Sour Chicken I would advise you to keep it that way if planning to eat at China City. The thought that came to my mind was, "Where's the Beef?" (In this case where's the chicken?) I found a lot of breading around minute particles of chicken. After picking through the red sweet and sour sauce I decided to eat the chicken I could find.

After our dinner we were asked if we would like some dessert. "No just the check, and I do mean, just the check!" was the reply.

On our way out I was plagued by a haunting voice that repeated over and over again. "YOU DONT KNOW WHAT ELSE WAS ON THE APPETIZER PLATE." That was very true, I would never know exactly what the other five items I ate were, or so I thought. As I was at the register paying the bill the manager informed me that I had a combination appetizer.

So if you are thinking about eating Chinese over the weekend, I would encourage you to think of another restaurant, not China City. A taste of the Orient from them cost me time and money, not to mention a little heart-burn.

## Exhibition Of Black Congress

by Daphne Jones

EXHIBITION OF BLACKS IN CONGRESS

Delta Fine Arts Center  
"Life For Me Ain't Been No Crystal Stair..."

From "Mother to Son" by Langston Hughes

During the month of August, the Delta Fine arts Center in Winston-Salem hosted the Smithsonian Institute's Travelling Exhibition of "Blacks in the United States Congress, 1870-1983."

The exhibition was not just interesting, but exceedingly instructive and illuminating. Two little words that most apply describe the title "The Long Road Up The Hill" (with the clever pun on the phrase "up the hill") are a propos. It is very appropriate not only in terms of the length of time (103 years) that Afro-Americans have been steering for representation in the decision-making chambers on Capitol Hill, but also in terms of the way it captures the spirit of the long, arduous, painful and sometimes seemingly hopeless struggle that was an integral part of those years. As the mother in Langston Hughes' beautiful poem (mentioned above) tells her son, the adventure was no crystal stair:

It's had tacks in it,  
And splinters  
And boards torn up  
And places with no carpet on the floor-  
Bare.

As I made a quick survey of the presentation, the story of the journey was revealed in twenty (20) large panels — each with vignettes of photographs of the congressmen, their times in Congress, remarks they made, and bills they introduced.

With a closer observation, however, there emerged an interesting pattern of three phases in the journey. The first phase lasts from 1870 to the turn of the century. The second phase moves from 1901 to just beyond the first quarter of the century and the third runs from the end of the 1920's to the present time.

Phase I (1870-1897) could be described as both "the best of times" and "the worst of times." It was the best of times in that, riding on the high tide of the Reconstruction Period, twenty-two (22) Blacks were elected to Congress - among them, four from North Carolina: John Adams Hyman, a farmer; James O'Hara and George J. White lawyers, and Henry Plummer Cheatham, a graduate of Shaw University and an educator.

There were also several "firsts" among them: Hiram Revels (1827-1901), the minister from Mississippi who was the first Black to serve in Congress (1870) and the first Black senator; Joseph Rainey (1832-1887), the first Black to serve for five (5) terms; and John Lynch (1847-1939), the second youngest member of Congress. There was a total of twenty Blacks elected. However, such was the nature of the times, that by 1901 when George White retired, he was not only the last but the only Black representative in Congress; and he was to be the last for nearly thirty (30) years.

Phase II (1897-1929) could be likened to a long deep gorge in the road. Thanks to a series of discriminatory laws and extraordinarily harsh and inhumane practices which these laws supported, Black were not only discouraged from voting, but from seeking election as well. The price - whipping, maiming, or even lynching - was too high.

Phase III, The Journey (1929-1983) was a period that began with a steady but slow incline - punctuated with steep rises in the late 60's and 70's (the height of the Civil Rights struggle) - and peaking in the mid - 1980's. By 1984, there were fifty-nine (59) members from 22 states - including Andrew Young (the current Mayor of Atlanta) and Harold Washington (Mayor of Chicago). This rich

crop also included several women - New York's Shirley Chisholm, the first Black woman to be elected to Congress and Barbara Jordan from Texas.

This exhibition has been a great eye opener. It provided much insight on the kind of road my people had to travel ... It has made me humble and less complacent ... It has made me more appreciative of what our freedom fighters in Congress and in various other arenas have done and are doing ... And, very importantly it has given me a sharp reminder of the need for me ... for all of us - to strive to do and be the best we can.

As the mother in Langston Hughes' poem reminded her son.

So boy, don't you turn back  
Don't you set down on the steps  
'Cause you finds it's kinder hard  
Don't you fall now-  
For I'se still goin, honey,  
I'se still climbin,  
And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

Hats off to the Smithsonian!!! Hats off to the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Inc.!!!

Submitted By  
Daphne Jones

## Homecoming Editorial

by Mia Wilson

H-O-M-E-C-O-M-I-N-G, it was Homecoming ya;ll and what a Homecoming it was. This Homecoming was the best we have had during the four years I have attended Winston-Salem State.

Each Homecoming event ran smoothly (except for the bonfire) and student attendance was a record high.

The Coronation Ball was a good example of this. Over 300 students attended the ball this year. Perhaps the news about the steaks meal drew in the crowd.

The alumni even jumped into the spirit and surprised by presenting Natalie Cole in Concert on Friday night and the SGA took us away with Anita Baker, on Saturday night. Both shows were excellent and well worth the money.

The Pep Rally was even "peeped up!" I would like to thank Marla Blunt and the SGA Cabinet for working hard to make this Homecoming the biggest and the best yet. How many colleges do you know that had two pre-dawn dances, a reception and dance at the Hyatt Hotel after the Baker concert and Anita Baker and Natalie Cole in concert?

I would like also to thank the alumni for making Homecoming a little bit special. And really thank the members of the Ram Family, who redefined our apathetic reputation and showed everyone what a real Homecoming is all about.

I didn't forget about Mother Nature who for once agreed to stop raining on our parade and let us have a happy Homecoming. This Homecoming will certainly be hard to beat.

## Letter From The Editor

by Valerie Beatty

Why is it that we as blacks at Winston-Salem State University cannot come together and move ahead? Why is it that we continue to stab each other in the back, and continuously try to get over on one another?

It really bothers me when I try my best to help a person and in return, they spit in my face. Is this how we define the meaning of brotherhood? Why are we so selfish? Why aren't we putting forth 100 percent or at least 99 percent, instead of just trying to get by?

Why do most Black males continue to act immature and treat the Black women like a doormat? Why do we as Black women let these individuals beat and threaten us the way they do?

How are we ever going to get ahead? When are we ever going to stop playing these games and start taking life seriously?

Why don't we all just sit down and look deep within ourselves and remember why we are here and why God put us here? Let us remember our values and morals, let's stop lying to each other. For once can't we be honest with ONE ANOTHER??

## Job Fair

by Melanie Beatty

More than 100 recruiters from all over the United States attended "Job Fair 87" at Wake Forest University November 2-4.

The purpose of the Job Fair was to bring recruiters to a central point, and give students a chance to interview with large companies, who wouldn't normally come to small college campuses.

The Job Fair was put together by the North Carolina Career Consortium. Students from WSSU, Wake Forest, Salem College, High Point College, Guilford College, Greensboro College, Elon College, and Davidson College attended.

Terry Brox, a senior majoring in Business Information Systems, also attended the Job Fair and felt that it was very helpful and an enlightening experience. "I learned that hospitals not only offer jobs to nurses and doctors, but that there are alot of career opportunities for people in the Business field also. They are anxious to hire people in their accounting and record keeping areas. some people don't know these things."

The first day of the fair consisted of information sharing for both underclassmen and seniors. The second day consisted of pre-scheduled interviews with recruiters.



## THE NEWS ARGUS-WSSU

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