

# Sororities' Fashion Show

## A Big Hit

If the men who attended the CIAA Tournament were looking for their significant others last Friday afternoon, all they had to do was listen for the collective "oohs" and "aahs" emanating from the Benton Convention Center.

Those were the sounds the women made whenever the male models strutted their stuff along the fashion runway.

The women - 1,100 strong - had lunch then eyed the latest in fashions from local department stores. A liberal estimate of the number of men at the Int'l Every Woman Fashion Show would be a dozen or two.

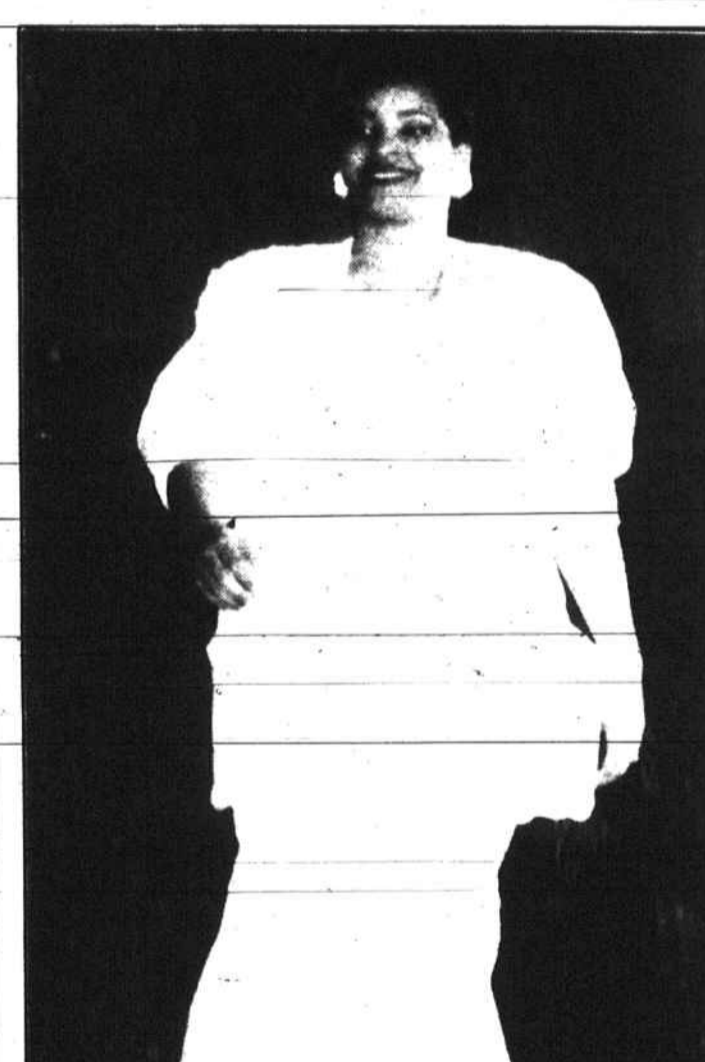
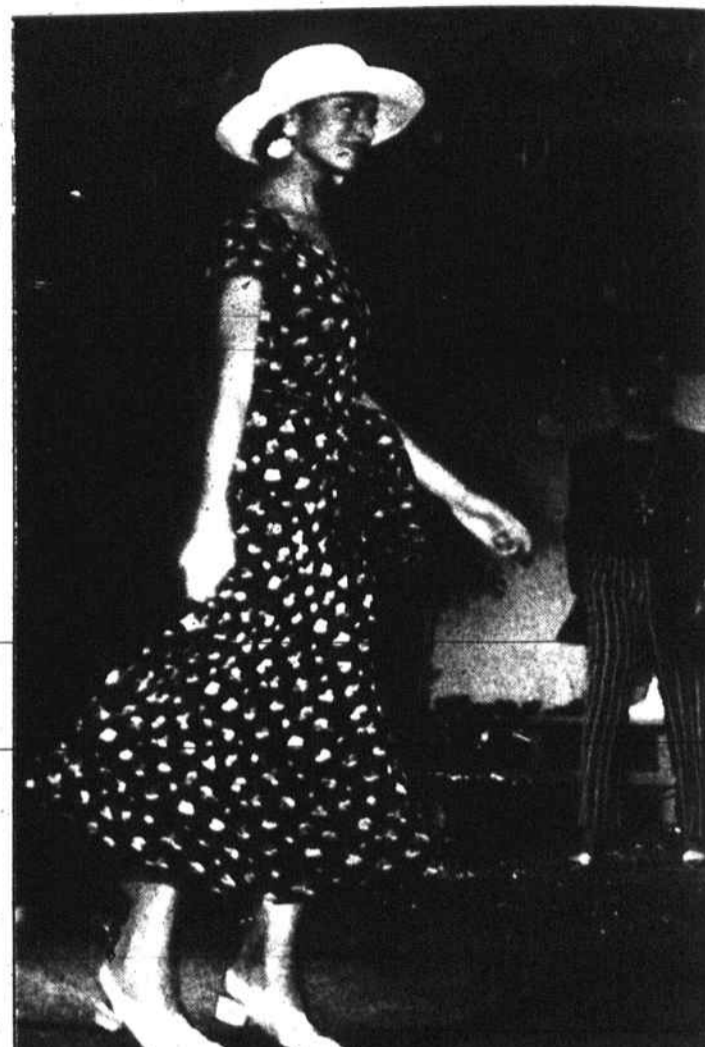
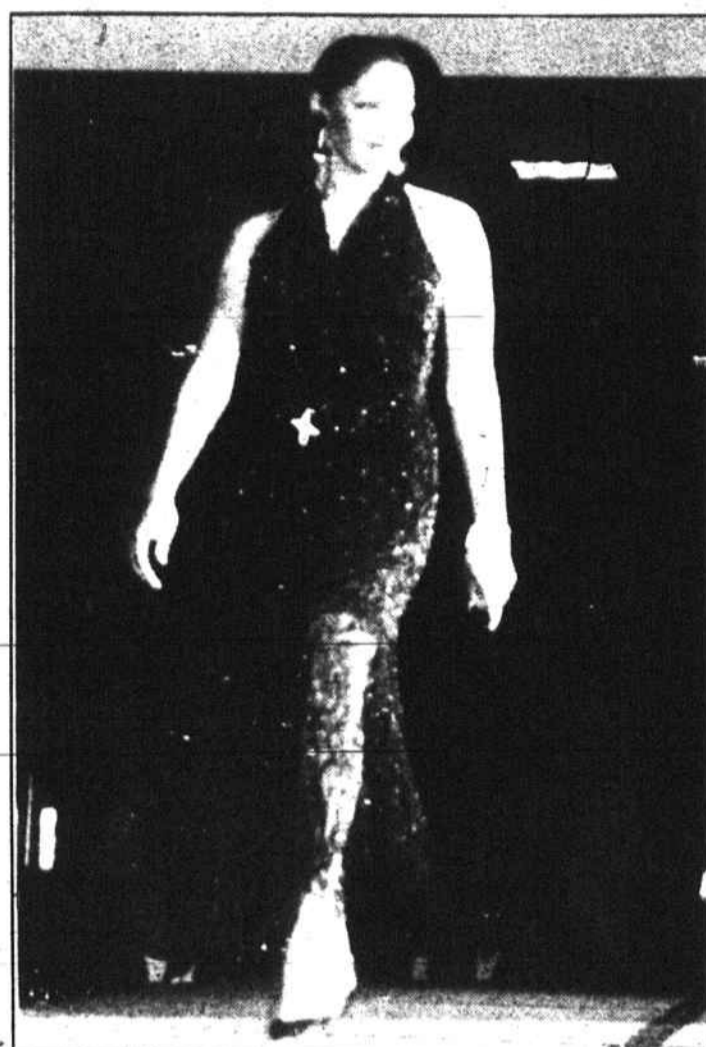
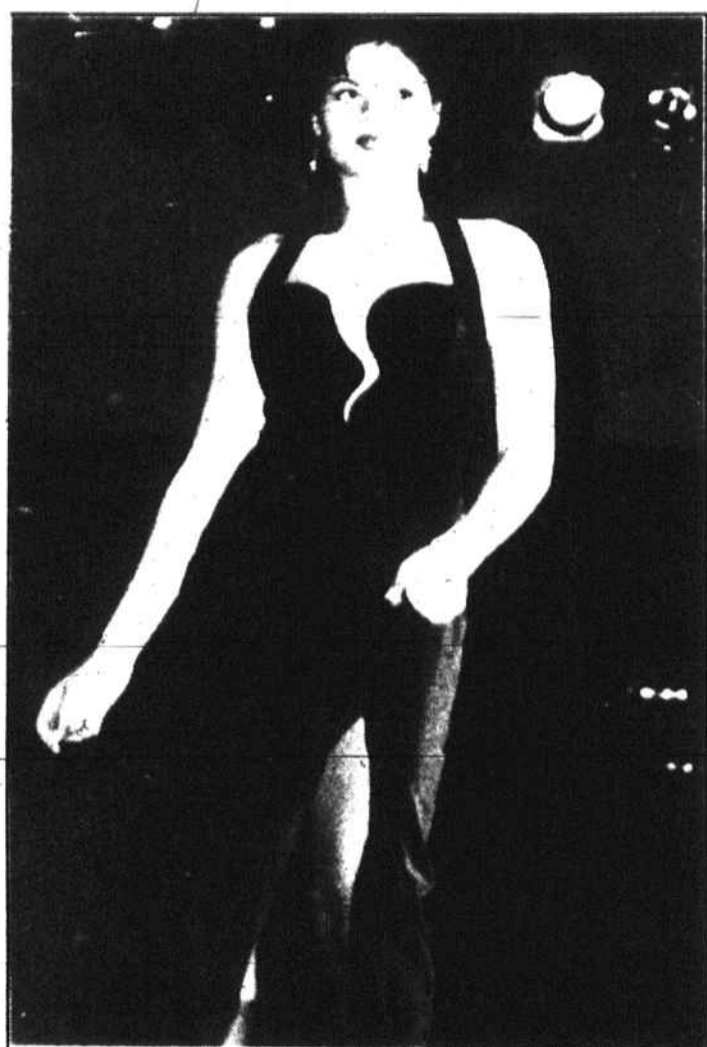
The show honored the first ladies of the CIAA -- the wives of the chancellors of the 14 member schools of the conference. The event was sponsored by Alpha Kappa Alpha and Delta Sigma Theta sororities.

It was a wonderful collaboration between the two sororities," said Velma Friende, a member of Alpha Kappa Alpha.

Friende said that this was the first time that that many people had attended a tournament fashion show primarily because previous facilities could not accommodate such a large number.

The event, emceed by former WXII-TV co-anchor/reporter Denise Franklin, was an exhibition of furs and evening wear and business wear and casual wear.

But the "oohs" and "aahs" didn't start until a male model paused before his stroll, snapped his head back, and swiped his jheri-curl'd hair with a hand.



Fashion models stroll down the runway at the CIAA fashion show last Friday at Benton Convention Center



Yvonne Booker (Center) chats with friends at the fashion show



Phyllis Grace (Left) and Michelle Grace with their mother-in-law.

### Some Behind-The-Scene Views from the CIAA Tournament

"I don't need any help, coach," an official shouted.

Lewter got the two points back, but he ended up needing more than that because Livingston got whipped decisively - 77-55.

During most of that first day of the men's tournament, a man who seemed to have wandered in off the street sat in the first row about mid-court, just behind the table of game officials. He was big and burly and wore a soiled red toboggan and had most of the row of seats to himself as other attendees found seats yards away.

The man would also occasion-

ally flag down a passing woman, who, surprisingly enough, would stop to chat with him.

But it was the lovely cheerleaders who inspired his most passionate antics. When they passed by him on their way to the court, the man would lean forward, pucker his lips and make kissing sounds. Some of the cheerleaders giggled, some of the others didn't know how to take it and rushed by quickly.

Later, while a game was being played, the man was seen engrossed in a paperback.

Faces in the crowd: Alderpersons Lynne Harper, Joycelyn John-

son and Vivian Burke; former Virginia Gov. L. Douglas Wilder; comedian Bill Bellamy; ex-NBA star Bob "Butterbean" Love; former WSSU basketball coach Clarence "Bighouse" Gaines; Congresspersons Mel Watt and Eva Clayton; and former city fire department chief Lester Ervin.

Around suppertime during the second night of the tournament, the Chinese restaurant in the shopping center across the street from the Lawrence Joel Veterans Memorial Coliseum was wall-to-wall with African Americans. A handful waited outside for seats.

The Mexican restaurant, just north of the Coliseum, however, was doing a decent business from what appeared to be the usual, predominantly white crowd. The barmaid said that business was hurting because of all the traffic.

Charles Hyman, one of the singers who won a chance to sing anthems before the start of the games, delivered a rousing acapella rendition of "Lift Every Voice" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

Hyman, a Tarboro native, said he has professional aspirations. He sang at last year's tournament, and also performed before the start of an

Atlanta Hawks game.

Mr. CIAA, also known as Abraham Mitchell of Suffolk, Va., was spotted munching on fried chicken in the press room shortly after he arrived on the second day of the men's tournament on Thursday. He was angry that he had difficulty securing a pass for the game. He got it all straightened-out and, as usual, he strolled through the coliseum in sartorial splendor — screaming-loud suits with matching hat, shoes and umbrella. He occasionally paused for photographs with admirers.

Last Friday night, Winston-

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Salem appeared to be a town with nothing but partying on its minds. Every spot, from hotel lounges to night clubs, were packed. Parking spaces, if one could be found downtown, were at a premium.

Saturday was no different. Party-goers at Neal's were paid to leave the club Saturday night after city fire department officials told the owner the club was way over its occupancy of 400 people. The disc jockey announced that patrons could get their money back if they left. A club employee stood at the door doling out five dollars as people went out into the night.