## Writers Forum

-THE CABOLINA TIMES Saturday, May 5, 1973

DEANNA AND GODPARENTS The Spring Season of '73 has been more than a little capricious with temperatures ranging from happy mediums to torrid midsummer heights, punctuated by intermittent rain-gales in between to retard the planting of early vegetable gardens.

Aside from the whimsical weather, the hazard of wages versus the family breadbasket have taken precedence over the Watergate trial, plight of Tuscarora Indians, the ECU Med School-people are more deeply concerned about the cost of onions and cabbage -nevertheless, there has been an upsurge of partymaking this spring: Deanna Marie Pratt the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pratt, reached the ripe old age of 1 year old the other day, and a party was given in honor of this noteworthy anniversary. The party fare was made to order with the younger-set in mind; but, it turned out that Deanna was hostess for an elated group of oldesters - borderline senior citizens. You see, Deanna's after the Christening Ceremony Dinner Party was made of

ance were: Miss Annie M Dunigan, Mrs. Boxley and the new lull in her life, Mr. Currie; Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Jones: Mr. and Mrs. George B. Russ; Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. The weekly Prayer Meeting services were conducted by the Union Baptist Dorcas Class during the month of April. A reading of the attendance report by Deacon Willie Hooker, revealed that the meetings were well attended and thoroughly enjoyed by overyone. Perhaps the Dorcas Class has opened the door and the sunlight of hope was wafted down upon what is usually a drowsy midweek meeting. With a little planning and few phone calls a great deal more enthusiasm might be shown to the traditional Wednesday night Prayer Meeting. For example: (the one night yours truly showed face) Besides the usual congregational singing and testimonial giving, The Russ-Sanders Singers sang, accompanied at the piano by "Mistah Hill!" And last, but in good keeping with the time of your usual TV brunch, coffee and doughnuts were served. No one could



HONOREES - Mrs. Carrie Terrell, co-chairman, Harlem Branch YMCA, Black Achievers of Industry Committee, is seen chatting with three of the honorees recently cited by the Harlem Y at a testiout of the meeting. Perhaps the party of the month was sponsored by Rev.

Napoleon B. Sanders and Coworkers: A Skating Party held at the Wellon Village Skating Rink. "Miss Pheobe" conveyed a rather subdued party of 36 person to the area. Another family affair: The Abner Masons; Pratts, Partins, Russes, etc.; naturally the children were subdued on the bus, however, the action began while they were trying on their skates. You wouldn't believe folk could have so much fun picking themselves up off a cement floor. But no mat- All and all, the joy of togeth-

ter the traumatic upsets and

al. **College Students Up** BUDAPEST - Some 90,000 students are enrolled in colleges and universities in



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something like three dozen persons, including paternal grandparents, godparents, advisors and a supervisor; these are they that Deanna had to cope with during an evening of fun and frolic for the coffee clubers. A friend and neighbor of the Pratt family made this observation, as she reluctantly passed Deanna to another waiting admirer; "that baby passes through more hands than any one baby I have ever seen." No matter how partygivers

try to add a "touch of something different" to their shindigs, the surprise element remains the number one fun raiser still around:

R. D. Daniels successfully "pulled the wool over the eyes" of Mrs. Daniels, recently, when he staged a Surprise Birthday Party for his wifie.

From the very outset, friends and relations were dubious about the success of a surprise attempt: you see, Annie Elizabeth never leaves home on Saturday nights. But Never! And Mr. Daniels might not have accomplished the feat if he hadn't employed some of Mrs. Daniels' charming, "Mata Hari" friends to pull the stunt. Whatever method they used to lure the lady from home, it worked. The experts delivered the lady to 314 S. Edward Street, not more than fifteen minntes later than the time designated for the lights to go off and the guests wait in the dark and yell, "surprise! Surprise!" So, we came on with a giggly rendition of Happy Birthday. For my money, the joke was on us.

Warnings had gone out: "Don't eat at home! Save an empty stomach for the party, R. D. is serving a full course meal." And he did just that. There were platters of frich chicken trays of perato salad served with grilled ham, tiny green peas; hot rolls with butter; coffee galore, and an old fashioned chrystal bowl of punch-leave it to Mrs. Elaine Pratt to come up with a glass punch bowl. By the way, there was a beautiful nk birthday cake made by Mrs. Hattie P. Partin. Who said Hattie was only a good

Aside from the Partin fam-y, the Pratt family and Danfamily, others in attend-

leave and say, with a straight landing on cushionless botface, they didn't get anything toms, there was fun on that

