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## Halloween in Eagle By Phil Hall

With autumn approaching colored drawings of witches and spooks, black cats, corn stalks and pumpkins filled the walls of Miss Watt's class room. Halloween was coming and weeks before the kids of Eagle would be talking of what kind of monster they would be on that evening. Most costumes were made at home in 1950's - sometimes a mask would be bought at Crosswait's or Kreston's store. But for the most part they were made from things found in the home - an old sheet with holes for the eyes became a ghost, cardboard was made into space helmets, witches hats, robots or any number of creatures.

The week before Halloween we'd pile into the car and go to a farm to buy pumpkins to carve Jack O Lanterns. Once home we'd cut a circle around the stem for the lid. Once this was done the seeds and fiber was removed from the inside. Mom would take the seeds and roast them for home made pumpkin seeds, then the inside was scraped out and a pumpkin pie would be made from this. Now finally the pumpkin was ready for a face, which was usually just a Jack O Lantern face - some with a smile, some a frown, some with vampire teeth, and some with only one tooth in the middle of its smile. Once the Jack O Lantern was finished, a candle was placed inside. When the Jack O Lanterns were done, decorations were place in windows and doorways. We were ready for the second best kid's day of the year, only surpassed by Christmas, and maybe Easter.

The day is here finally. "It's Halloween!" That school day seems as it would never end. We'd draw more half moons with witches on brooms - so many that they would partly cover another on the walls. The excitement was so thick you could cut it with a knife. Finally school ends and we rush home and wait for the sun to set. We start to get into our disguises, hoping no one would know who was inside. Now it was time for friends to meet and to start to scare the residents of Eagle into giving them a shopping bag of goodies. We start at neighbors and work down one street and up the next collecting all sorts of candies, plus little bags of popcorn, potato chips, peanuts, apples and oranges ... "apples and oranges I can get those at home". You compare your take with others to make sure you didn't miss out on a good house, as you rushed to the next house and call out "Trick or Treat" along the way. Mishaps would happen - the rubber band on your Lone Range mask broke or tape holding cardboard robot suits broke and you'd have to hold it together. The worst things were to find wax filled juice had leaked and your bag had a hole in it trailing all your goodies along the sidewalk, or the big kids did a raid on your bag. With no more houses with lights on it's time to go home and enjoy some of the take. When reaching in the bag, you find the popcorn has spilled out of the little bag and mixed with the M&Ms you had sampled earlier and stuck to the sucker you couldn't wait to try, the whole thing resembling, what we call today, trail mix, except it's all stuck together and the peanuts are still in the shell. And for the next week you hear those words over and over - "don't eat that now you'll spoil your supper!"