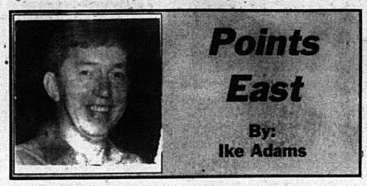

Halloween is going to be old news by the time most of you read this. By now you have put your neat little baskets of candy and whatever other goodies out beside the front door and invited the little ghosts and gobblins to take a modest helping or you have your left your porch light off and demonstrated that you are whatever Scrooge is supposed to be called on All Hallows Eve.

Some of you greeted all the costumed kids who showed up at the door wearing everything from brought- on little outfits depicting the Lion King, some princess or prince, witch or devil, John Wayne, Bill/Hillary Clinton, Dubya Bush, or whomever/whatever the discount stores were selling in the way of costumes that robbed Mama of a small fortune and made a hefty dent into what might, otherwise, have been a more liberal Christmas budget. You pulled out your cameras and snapped a few pics and reveled in the fact that you had done good deeds with Snickers and Reese's Cups and all sorts of other miniature candy bars.

Some of you even splurged on caramel apples, which stuck all the other stuff together like a tar baby once it was dumped into the bag and enabled you to unknowingly pull a fast trick after all.

A lot of kids won't get computers for Christmas this year because Mom got carried away and spent the money on an outfit that makes little Susie look just like Barney or Cinderella and little brother a mutant apparition that happened when those two mated.

Scary?

You bet! Not the kids all dressed up but the fact that Mom got carried away with the outfits.

And if you left you front porch light off and refused to participate in "Trick or Treat", not a single one of you got "tricked" because you were sitting on the edge of you chair with 911 already dialed in and your thumb was on the send button just in case you saw the slightest indication of misconduct. If your dog barked you called the law. But the Trick or Treaters left most of you alone however tight and inconsiderate of children you may be.

It was not that way when I was growing up.

In the first place, we didn't buy costumes on Blair Branch. Mom didn't have the money.

We'd take an old pair of panties or a tee shirt and cut out a couple of eye slits and mouth hole after we'd fashioned them to fit over our heads. Then we'd steal some lipstick or rouge from Mom or Sister to drawn stuff our facial features and if we couldn't do that, we'd use roofing tar.

We'd make beards of corn silk that we got out of the crib or we'd use leaves and color them with liquid shoe polish and glue them onto the masks. We'd "borrow" throw pillows or use livestock feed sacks to bulk up and we fastened all this onto our bodies with hay-string or black tape we'd stolen from the powder shack at a local coal mine.

We did not aim at being the epitome of any particular goblin or television or political personality. It didn't matter what we looked like as long as we were not recognizable and presented a truly frightening appearance.

We never got much candy in our trick or treat bags and what we did was usually homemade or of the loose hard stripped left-over-from-last Christmas-type except for Arizona Adams who ran a little grocery store and always had a big nickel (75 cents these days and smaller) Zero or Zagnut or Three Musketeers bar for everybody who showed up at her door and more than once I've done a complete change of costume just to go back to "Arzony's" a second time. And I'm not the only guilty party.

Mostly we got apples, sweet potatoes and turnips and a heap of good will though...

I won't mention names, but there were folks who played the Scrooge.

More that once I have scurried around barns in the wee hours of Halloween and scooped up steaming, fresh piles of cow manure and shoveled them into a brown paper bag at midnight. Since everybody had ample supplies of kerosene for lanterns in case the electric went out like it still does here on the RECC end of Paint Lick every time a bull farts, we didn't need to look hard to complete the trick.

The trick consisted of filling up a brown paper, 12-quart poke with deposits of very fresh cow manure and dousing it with "lamp oil". We sneaked the bag of manure as close as we could get it to the front door and touched a match to it. Then we beat on the front door and ran like heck. The homeowner would come to the door and begin to stomp out the fire and surely you get the pic-

(Cont. to A-11)

and gravel on what had been the city owned alley, and my exit to the next street. Reason took control when memory of the night lights being the cause of the shades being drawn, slowly seeped into my befuzzled brain and I knew that wouldn't help. The lights and brick building would still be there and I would have another doctor bill to pay for depression or in this case hysteria, plus a possible night in jail for destruction of property. It just wasn't worth it, we old folks do get mixed up when things change too suddenly and our life has to adjust to another person's wishes and wants. Progress, development and destruction go hand in hand.

If any officials of the bank are interested in the problems I am having getting adjusted to the changes wrought on my life by the interference of what some like to call progress and development, but from my view point it is infringement on my rights as property owner, and state, county and city taxpayer, they are welcome to come and see for themselves how the seven security lights on the back side of the bank, (which covers the space where the old apple orchard and lawn beneath, was the playground of squirrels and rabbits), are placed in such a way as to shine directly into each window of the house facing the bank. Now I don't mean reflecting into them, I mean, each big globe of light shines directly into each window with all the power a security lights has to protect a place afraid of the dark. This not only disturbs my sleep, the brightness of the area around the house is a handicap coming and going into the house or sitting on the back porch after nightfall. One of my small pleasures was sitting there watching the moon rise, and occasionally glimpse a twinkling star. I have been told I see beauty everywhere. I do, even in the fallen leaves covering the lawn with a carpet of mixed fall colors.

(Cont. to A-11)

Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves

Morning Glory

This morning when I awoke my first thought was, God has blessed us with another beautiful day so, "rejoice and be glad this is the day the Lord has made."

Yep, I was quite happy upon waking to a morning filled with sunshine, and for the first time in several days I felt like getting out of bed, and without using the walker or cane, which has been my companion the past week, went about the business of getting dressed, put the coffee pot on, picked up the morning paper from the porch and prepared to sit back to enjoy watching the morning sun as it touched the trees on the distant hillside and helped them change their clothing into different shades of autumn colors. This is the scene I have enjoyed from my kitchen window and have written so much about in the past.

I am frequently told by friends when I mention a new problem or fret about an old one, "you have to take the bitter with the sweet", or "into each life some rain must fall". Or some other cliche spoken to let me know everyone had problems and the solution was, solve them yourself.

Last night I slept well but it must have rained and filled my cup to overflowing for depression quickly took the joy out of my heart when I raised the kitchen shade to look out the window at this familiar scene and saw in its place the red brick backside of the new bank building with a neat black fence taking the space where my turning place and driveway used to be, tempted me to throw a "tizzy" fit, better still, throw rocks at the lights

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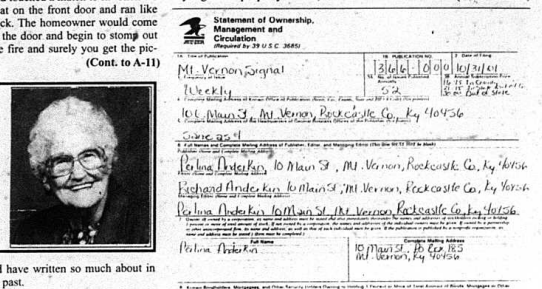

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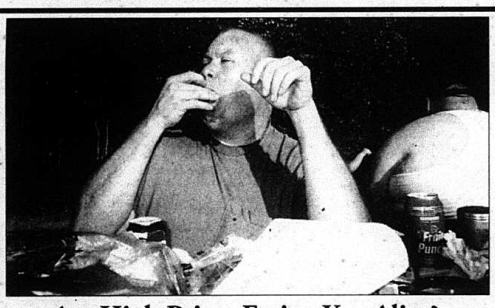

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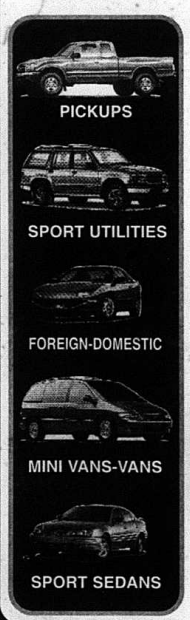

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