

IN TOUCH

Carnival turnout light

By Mike Norris

Ready. Aim. Fire!!

As the executioners pulled their triggers the eyes of onlookers filled with evil glee.

The prisoner slumped and tried in vain to shield himself as the audience roared with delight.

At last the barrage of ammunition ended when the waterguns were empty, and the prisoner was escorted from the chamber.

Numerous executions like the one just described took place in the cafeteria last Friday night.

The cafeteria was the site of the Baptist Student Union Halloween Carnival.

Accordingly, the cafeteria was draped with orange and black streamers, and several students appeared in attire other than what they might have worn to class.

There were various booths and games, including the execution chamber, and popular music boomed from a sound system at one end of the room.

The evening featured a costume contest and a dance-off, with the winners of both receiving prizes.

All the elements for a good carnival were there. That is, all the elements except one: a crowd.

There were simply not many people at the carnival. Why?

"Because there weren't enough activities," said BSU president Gina Worley.

Initial response from the campus groups was excellent according to Worley.

"However, of the fifteen organizations originally scheduled to sponsor a game or booth, only three showed up," she said.

"We didn't know what to expect, but we received a very good response from those students who came out," said Worley.

The organizations which did participate expressed enthusiasm about the event.

Lori Norris, a member of the Pi Lambda Phi Little Sisters, said that the carnival was a good fundraising opportunity.

"We were disappointed that more organizations didn't take part because it really was something everyone could enjoy," she added.

The French Club sponsored a booth, and Dr. Sandr-

Obergfell, the club's advisor, said that the carnival had real potential.

"I'm sure next year's turnout will be much better," said Obergfell.

As for why the turnout was so light, there were several suggestions.

"Publicity could be better," said Obergfell. "I just don't think anyone knew about it."

Regardless of the limited success of the event, most members of the BSU came away with positive feelings.

"Everybody had fun. It was a good start to what we hope will become a campus tradition," said member Becky Parker.

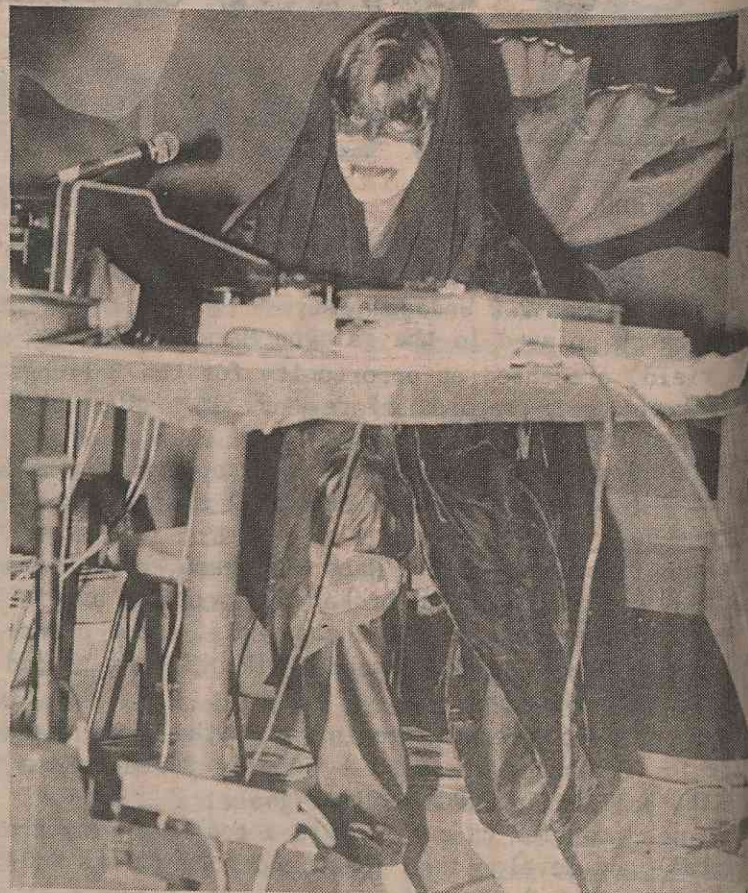


Photo by Jonna McGrath

UNCA student Phil Alexander was a disc jockey at the Halloween Carnival put on by the Baptist Student Union last Friday in the cafeteria.

Halloween memories

By Anne May



It was Oct. 31, 1963. The winds blew the last remaining leaves across the wet pavement. A timid moon peered from behind the rain darkened clouds.

Halloween night: the week's frenzy of picking and buying costumes and candy was over. The best part was about to begin.

For three children, time as they knew it was standing still.

They sat at the table, waiting impatiently for supper to be over.

When the last bite of hotdog was eaten and the last drop of milk swallowed, they padded down the hall to their bedrooms to begin the transformation.

Moments later, Casper the Ghost, a skeleton, and a witch appeared in their places. The real business of Halloween was at hand.

They grabbed their plastic jack o' lanterns (Roses' specials for 39 cents,) and headed for the door.

Dad followed close behind. Mom stayed home to answer the door and hand out treats.

Twenty-two years later, I still remember the feeling.

It's hard to describe that type of excitement.

It was anticipation, fear and delight all at the same time.

It was the fun of walking up on a neighbor's porch step and saying "trick or treat!" in unison.

It was pride in the costumes as the door-openers feigned terrified surprise.

And it was knowing that if the darkness and scary sounds got a little bit frightening, there was always Dad's hand to grab (when no one was looking, of course.)

Hobgoblins, ghosts, witches and hobos lined the street.

Parents smiled with delight as they trudged with their little spooks from one house to another.

Sometimes the children were lucky and got Milky Way bars and candy corn. Other times, they got licorice or hard green candy that tasted like medicine.

As darkness enveloped them and the wind threatened more rain, the weary goblins and their dad turned for home.

The candles in the pumpkins on the neighbor's porches flickered and sputtered as the wicks burnt down.

One by one the porch lights went out. The cars full of children became

fewer, and the last remaining bits of costume glitter trailed the children and their dad in a silvery path toward home. Mom greeted the group at the door and examined the bulging plastic jack o' lanterns with a discerning eye.

The masks and the costumes were traded for flannel pajamas, and the children forgot them as they ran to the living room to dump their treasures in the middle of the floor.

There, the boisterous bartering and bargaining for candy took place.

And Mom came in to soothe things over and remove the jack o' lanterns full of candy to the kitchen cabinet where little hands couldn't reach them.

Bedtime came and the lights were turned out. Quiet loomed over the house.

In the living room the clock struck 10 and the breeze from the open window in the corner stirred a forgotten skeleton's mask in the floor.

And 1963 came and went as quicky as all the other years have.

Sometimes it's easy to forget the Halloween magic memories are made of.

