

Chapel Hill's Wild And Woolly Halloween Faces

Eastgate Shopping Center could conceivably be ghoulish, but the Jaycee Halloween Carnival held there Thursday night didn't make it so. The atmosphere was generally one of light-hearted festivity with overtones of chaos.

"I don't know what's going on around here," said a local radio announcer acting as barker for the costume-judging. "I have a headache. I'm just up here doing the yakking."

It was a bit chilly for apple-bobbing, but some people couldn't pass up the opportunity.

The Nomads, a high school combo performed with gusto while a few couples danced on a convenient slope in the Eastgate parking lot. The dancing was more of a spectator than a participating sport.

Children thronged and milled to and fro, most of the younger ones costumed and accompanied by parents. Some of the parents were costumed too. Children ran among grownup legs or rode on paternal shoulders. One little girl held up by her father's brawny arm gently stroked the back of her father's head in time to the music as she watched the dancing.

From a shadowy corner of the parking lot came an occasional solemn clang as children exploring the patriarch of Chapel Hill's fire engines discovered the bell cord. A fireman was on duty conducting guided tours of the hose racks and the drivers' seats.

Two chilled Jaycees huddled in the "fishing well," feverishly stuffing bags of assorted candy into paper cups on the ends of strings attached to fishing poles. Sweet-toothed anglers stood patiently in line for a sure catch.

The line was long for the window-painting contest. Magdi El Kammesh, looking like an off-duty extra from "Desert Song" in burnoose, robes, and dangling cigarette, handed out small pots of water paint and brushes. Some of the children's art work was reasonably representational. Some made Dali look nothing short of photographic. Annis Lillian Arthur lettered "TRUE LOVE" neatly under what may or may not have been a picture of true love. A little boy shut the world from his mind and intently painted something only he could name. Under it he lettered ART. What did that spell?

"I don't know."

What was the first letter?

"A."

And that letter?

"T."

No, that letter.

"I don't know."

"R," said a skeleton masquerading as a little girl.

And what did the word spell?

"I don't know," said the little boy.

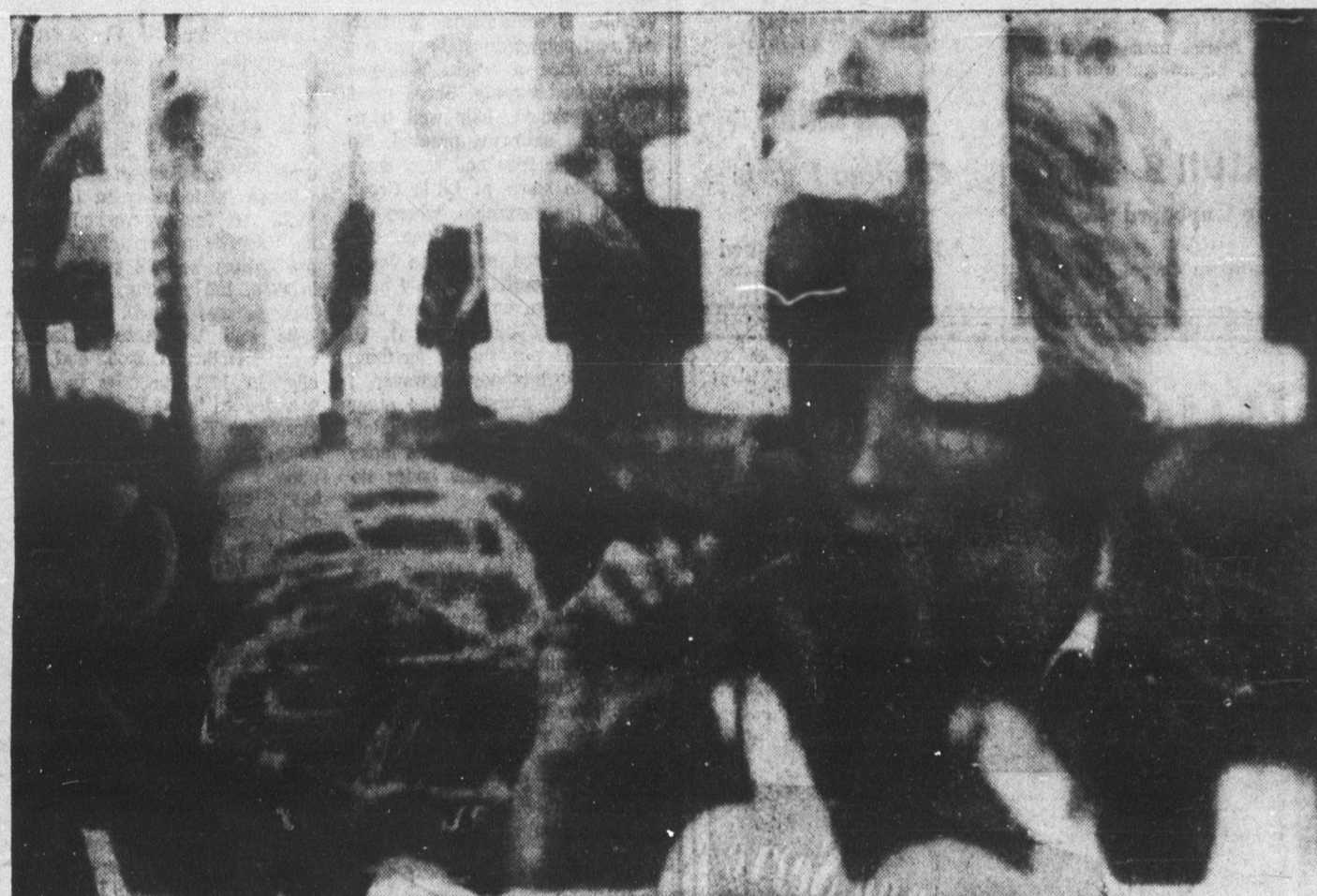
Prizes were awarded for the best children's costumes in four age groups, but nobody wrote down the winners' names. Nobody could remember which couple won the dancing prize, either, but a prize was given.



And You Should See My Brother . . .



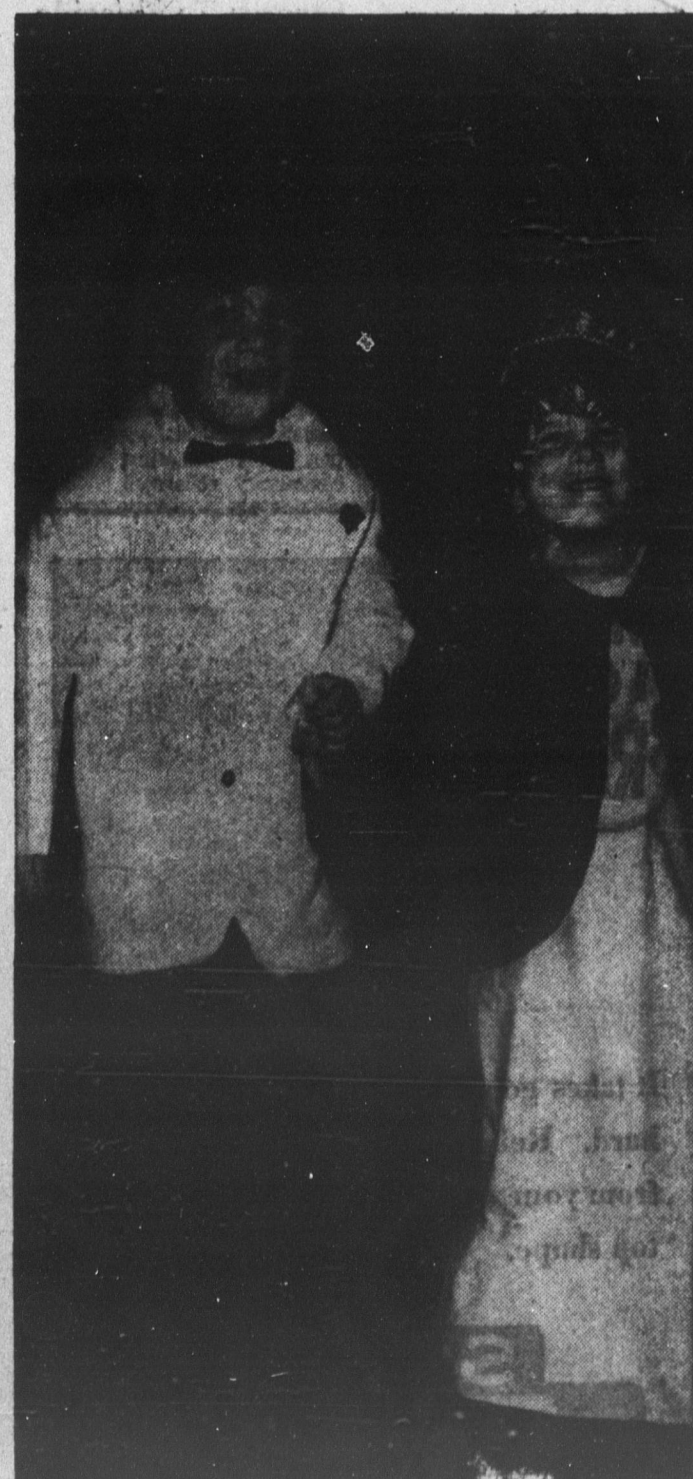
Struggling Artist



Dali Would Have Trembled



One Down And Eleven To Go



Junior Jet Set



Visiting Royalty



Good Fishing For Sweet Teeth