

more comfortable for both of them.

At my Grandma Jane's house, I gave the interview in a room that's like a family room, but we refer to it as the "back porch". This is the grandma I am closest to, and the only problem I had was she talked too fast. She loved telling me about everything, and at times she laughed so much over the pranks she and her friends pulled that I had to ask her to retell the whole story.

I feel the only problem I really had in both interviews was that they all wanted to focus on the pranks. Even when I asked questions about other things, it just seemed to jar their memories of pranks. Therefore, most of my information will be on the tricks of Halloween.

In writing this paper I can hardly help but wanting to put my own experiences in it. I realize today is not the focus of my paper, but ^{bare} bare with me because my own experiences are in the back of my mind. What we think is a good time today is not necessarily what they considered important.

When asked what associations did they have of Halloween, my Grandma Jane said it was just a time "to go out at night and get into mischief." Grandma Kate says, "My favorite part was treats, that is if anyone had any to give ya."

In their younger years, one has to realize that my grandparents were growing up during the Depression. Financially, money was tight and times were hard.

Once they were old enough to trick-or-treat, sometimes they would have to walk a mile from one home to another. Since the houses were so far apart my Grandma Kate tells of one time they tried to keep from having to walk. "Me and five others got on an old, gray mule and was going Halloweenin', no more than we got to the corner we were all

thrown off. So we ended up walking anyway." She laughed a great deal when telling us about this, as if she wanted us to realize that no matter what they did in those years, it was really fun times for her.

As for their costumes, there was no such thing as a store bought^{en} costume. What they dressed-up in was just any old thing that was no longer used around the house. In those days they also never knew what make-up was. They used shoe polish, stove blacking, and coal. Catsup was sometimes used for blood, but very sparingly. Grandma Jane said, "For the costumes, we usually just took an old sheet and fixed it up as best we could. But one year Mom took and made us a costume with a cat's face and stuffed ears." *examples*

To my grandma and her sisters, they thought it was really special, probably because it was the first time they had a costume that wasn't just thrown together. Grandma Kate said, "We usually just threw a sheet over us and fixed it like we were a ghost. Maybe that's why people had such a hard time guessing who we were. Every kid for miles around was usually a ghost!"

Trick-or-treating, like most other aspects of Halloween, was only for one night and something everyone participated in at sometime or another.

After dressing up my grandparents would walk to different houses trick-or-treating. The treats were apples, home-made cookies, and candies. ✓ Grandpa Roger said, "You didn't have to carry a sack because what you got at one house, you had it ate before you got to another house."

On their way they would see Jack-o-lanterns and a few decorations made of Indian corn, but not many. In some places there were some shock and fodder. This is dried up corn stalks stacked into the shape

✓ of a teepee. You can still see a few these days at different country places, but my grandparents say not as many as back then.

They went to a lot of parties and events on Halloween. My Grandma Jane says they would dress-up before they went, and part of the fun was to guess who each other was. After the guessing game was over they would have taffy pulls and sometimes bob for apples. *explain*

There were square dances held in Harrodsburg and Nashville. My grandparents can remember their parents going to friend's homes and telling ghost stories, while the children played outside.

Grandma Jane told of a ghost story her family believed to be ✓ true. Supposedly there is a man involved that really lived to tell the whole truth of the incident. Years ago, a lady drowned in Sander's quarry hole because a man held her under the water. In a field near by was an old hand-dug well. The girl's name was supposedly Becky Elkins. The quarry hole still carries her name.

The scary part of the story is this: One evening, sometime near Halloween, a man on his way home from work was walking through the field. As he passed by the well he saw the ghost following him so he started running. He got far enough ahead, or at least thought he did, to sit down and rest. The ghost sat down on the log beside him and said, "We ran a hell of a race, didn't we?" And the guy said, "You ain't seen a damn thing yet!" He took off running again. This is the guy who lived to tell the whole story.

People around here believe in this story and many similar ones like it. One of my relatives who moved here from Arizona told my grandma it's hard to imagine anyone believing in a story like that. *Does your grandma?*

My Grandma Kate says there is a place in town called Step^eCemetary, and at Halloween time there was a lot of eerie things associated with the graveyard. When she was a child she remembers her family going to church. On their way home they had to walk by a graveyard. Around Halloween she was always scared because she had heard of the ghosts and goblins that would get you. *examples*

Other than these couple of stories, and the fact they associated scary things with graveyards, is all my grandparents had to tell about ghost stories. So now I will move on to what seemed to be the best part of Halloween, and that is the pranks.

The pranks usually start a few nights before Halloween. They would shuck and shell some corn, find a hill overlooking the road, and when a car passed they would throw the corn at the passing car. Sometimes the people would get out and chase the "corners".

Teenagers in those days also soaped windows and would swipe a pumpkin from a farmer and bust it in the road.

A major highlight was that they turned over outhouses. So when people would go to the bathroom they would end up falling knee deep! These were the pranks all the kids took a part in. But there were some pranks only a few were involved in. My Grandma Jane was in on many of those, and my Grandpa Roger was in on one real good one.

Down in Sanders there was a railroad track that ran all the way through town. Grandpa said, "We took black powder and poured it all the way down the tracks. Then we lit it and the fire blazed all through Sanders. Those people thought the world was coming to an end!" He laughed for five minutes when he told us this story.