

## Trick or Treat 1964

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“Where can I buy some green paint?” I asked my dad.

“Higman's has paint, why do you need it?” he asked, looking slightly worried.

“I'm going to be a Martian for Hallowe'en tomorrow and my face has to be green” I announced, proud of my plan.

“House paint's not the best idea. Get some powdered paint at a hobby shop and mix it with water,” he suggested. “I'll drive you.”

Once I had my green powdered poster paint, it was time to fashion some antennae. I found two little plastic tubes in our basement, stuck marbles on top and fastened them to one of my hairbands. After covering the whole thing with foil, I tried it on and looked in the mirror with satisfaction. It was perfect.

After school the next day I raced home to complete my costume. Aliens' clothing being a mystery to me, I decided on a red turtle neck sweater, red tights and a short green skirt.

My painted face turned out a startling shade of lime green. I clamped on my antennae, scooped up a large plastic bag and headed out the door to meet Karen down the street. She stood under a streetlamp with her fake stiff black hair sticking out from under a tall pointed hat, carrying a twig broom and cackling loudly.

“Hey Witch Hazel, is Judy coming with us?” I asked.

“She's just taking her dog out trick-or-treating to a few houses. He's dressed up like a cat. She'll catch up in a minute.”

Just then we saw Judy coming up the street with Spike. Judy was dressed as a Barbie doll, and Spike had cat's ears, a long black tail and a basket tied around his neck.

“Hey Spike, any luck?” I yelled.

Spike bounded towards us, wagging his tail so furiously that his cat tail flew into the street. In his basket were a few dog treats and a well-chewed squeaky toy.

“I'll drop him off at home and join you guys.” Judy and Spike dashed away down the street.

At the first hint of dusk, the neighbourhood kids were out in force. We ran into Magilla Gorilla, Casper the Friendly Ghost and Wendy the Good Little Witch, a couple of hoboes and a tall, skinny, creepy clown with a baggy costume, a pillow case for treats, and floppy ruffles at his neck.

There were a few scary witches and skeletons, and one kid wore a shiny Huckleberry Hound shirt. Another boy wore a costume intended to be the Phantom, but for some reason he looked just like Roy Orbison.

Our door-to-door collection was uneventful until we reached the Elmdale Apartments on Wellington St. The man in the top floor apartment refused to give out treats for free and demanded we sing. We panicked as our minds went completely blank.

Finally out of desperation I belted out "DAY-O, DAY-AY-AY-O." Thankfully the other two joined in for the rest of the first line. We sounded like Alvin and the Chipmunks and that was all he could stand. To our delight he handed us each a chocolate bar.

We carried our well-filled bags home, and I dumped my loot out on my bed so I could sort it into piles.

Half the fun of Hallowe'en was gloating over the mountain of goodies I'd hauled in.

Pieces of Double Bubble went in one pile, along with colourful little boxes containing 2 Chiclets each. Tiny packages of Life Savers and multi-coloured suckers went in another. The horrible BB bats were piled with generic candy kisses - although I did enjoy the odd licorice-flavoured candy kiss.

The best prizes were the chocolate bars and popcorn balls. Apples went directly to the kitchen.

Somebody had the nerve to give out toothbrushes which only served to remind me of the next exciting thing I had to anticipate, my upcoming dentist appointment. At that thought, I had to wonder if real Martians ever got toothaches.