

# PowWow #12

**PowWow #12** is by Joyce Worley Katz, created for the monthly assembly of Apa V, Oct. 8, 1994. Thanks to Arnie for doing the onerous chores. This is Mailing Number Twelve, and we have Distinguished Visitors with us today, when the Topic of the Month, is  
\*Scary Stuff\*

## Young Love

Ah, Halloween...that lushious season of mysterious costumes (mine usually ran heavily toward gypsies), adventure (it was the only time kids could Run Free without supervision), and danger (so much cheap candy to give us stomach aches on November 1.)

The last time I went trick or treating I dressed up in my Dad's old clothes and ragged slouch hat. I knew I was actually too old to go around begging my neighbors for candy, but I was hunting for kicks . So I knocked on Karen's door. Her ma was already gone, to work selling tickets down at the Strand Theatre, and I could see the fear on Karen's face. "Here, take it!" she thrust the candy through the screen door, then slammed it shut and locked the door.

The next day, as we walked to school, she told me, "I had the most horrible trick-or-treater; he was a giant, over six feet tall, and had an evil look..." She went through the halls telling her story to our classmates over and over through that day, as I stood beside her smiling. I've never told her, to this day, that I was the one.

After that, Halloweens were given over to teen parties. In fact, my first date was to a Halloween weiner roast. It was a girls-ask-the-boys type of thing, and I was pretty shy. I ended by asking my third cousin to escort me.

Little Dickie Godwin developed a crush on me that

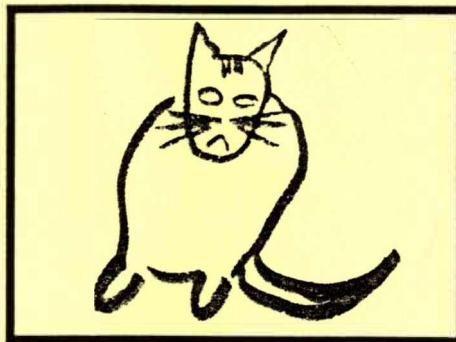
very evening. He walked home with me and cousin Robert; the next day he called and asked me to a movie -- my first Real date.

A couple of years later, I saw him again, swimming at Hillcrest Park, and I dive bombed him. But I struck the edge of the pool as I leaped, and broke my little toe. It's still crooked.

Last week I got a newsletter from our class president, with all the news. Dean's cancer is in remission; Lyle has a heart; and Glenn is dead.

Glenn is dead. I wonder if Mary knows. Mary and I used to walk five blocks out of our way every day after school, to go past his house. When we got to his block, Mary couldn't speak; her breath came in short frightening pants until we were past.

I don't believe Glenn ever knew that Mary loved him. So far



as I know, they never spoke. Oh, once she came face to face with him in the halls, and stammered out a "Hi, Glenn" in high squeaky tones. We talked about it for months after: "Did I look alright;

should I have held my books in my right arm or my left; was it ok for me to speak; did he notice me at all?" The evidence was he didn't notice.

She used to call his house, in that way of highschool girls, and then hang up. He was never the one who answered the phone, but it eased her misery for just a moment to hear the air that he breathed.

I'm sure he never knew.

At that same Halloween Party, Karen invited Kenny, and they were an item for awhile. But Karen started going with Cecil, and eventually they got married. Later, Joanne and Kenny dated in our senior year. They walked in the park in May, and blossoms fell from the trees into her hair, and they kissed. But he never called her again, though she waited by the phone all that summer, with a hurt and puzzled look on her face.

Kenny died a year or so after graduation; I guess that may have been his last date.

The last time I saw Joanne, she told me she'd seen Jesus and he told her, "Cover your face; you're about to have a car accident." So she covered her eyes, and the car crashed.

I said, "Perhaps if you hadn't covered your eyes while you were driving, there wouldn't have been a wreck." She looked at me with that same hurt and puzzled look, and I realised she had finally found love.