



THE JACK-O-LANTERN



October 1, 2012

Editor: Mrs. Burnett

In this Edition:

- The History of Halloween page 1-2
- Scary Foods page 2
- Just for Fun..... page 2, 3
- Spooky Story..... page 4-6

THE HISTORY OF HALLOWEEN

The Origins of the Jack-O-Lantern from www.history.com

People have been making jack-o'-lanterns at Halloween for centuries. The practice originated from an Irish myth about a man nicknamed "Stingy Jack." According to the story, Stingy Jack invited the Devil to have a drink with him. True to his name, Stingy Jack didn't want to pay for his drink, so he convinced the Devil to turn himself into a coin that Jack could use to buy their drinks. Once the Devil did so, Jack decided to keep the money and put it into his pocket next to a silver cross, which prevented the Devil from changing back into his original form. Jack eventually freed the Devil, under the condition that he would not bother Jack for one year and that, should Jack die, he would not claim his soul. The next year, Jack again tricked the Devil into climbing into a tree to pick a piece of fruit. While he was up in the tree, Jack carved a sign of the cross into the tree's bark so that the Devil could not come down until the Devil promised Jack not to bother him for ten more years.

Soon after, Jack died. As the legend goes, God would not allow such an unsavory figure into heaven. The Devil, upset by the trick Jack had played on him and keeping his word not to claim his soul, would not allow Jack into hell. He sent Jack off into the dark



night with only a burning coal to light his way. Jack put the coal into a carved-out turnip and has been roaming the Earth with ever since. The Irish began to refer to this ghostly figure as "Jack of the Lantern," and then, simply "Jack O'Lantern."

In Ireland and Scotland, people began to make their own versions of Jack's lanterns by carving scary faces into turnips or potatoes and placing them into windows or near doors to frighten away Stingy Jack and other wandering evil spirits. In England, large beets are used. Immigrants from these countries brought the jack o'lantern tradition with them when they came to the United States. They soon found that pumpkins, a fruit native to America, make perfect jack-o'-lanterns.

How Halloween Came to America from www.history.com

Celebration of Halloween was extremely limited in colonial New England because of the rigid Protestant belief systems there. Halloween was much more common in Maryland and the southern colonies. As the beliefs and customs of different European ethnic groups as well as the American Indians meshed, a distinctly American version of Halloween began to emerge. The first celebrations included "play parties," public events held to celebrate the harvest, where neighbors would share stories of the dead, tell each other's fortunes, dance and sing. Colonial Halloween festivities also featured the telling of ghost stories and mischief-making of all kinds. By the middle of the nineteenth century, annual autumn festivities were common, but Halloween was not yet celebrated everywhere in the country.

In the second half of the nineteenth century, America was flooded with new immigrants. These new immigrants, especially the millions of Irish fleeing Ireland's potato famine of 1846, helped to popularize the celebration of Halloween nationally. Taking from Irish and English traditions, Americans began to dress up in costumes and go house to house asking for food or money, a practice that eventually became today's "trick-or-treat" tradition. Young women believed that on Halloween they could divine the name or appearance of their future husband by doing tricks with yarn, apple parings or mirrors.

In the late 1800s, there was a move in America to mold Halloween into a holiday more about community and neighborly get-togethers than about ghosts, pranks and witchcraft. At the turn of the century, Halloween parties for both children and adults became the most common way to celebrate the day. Parties fo-



THE JACK-O-LANTERN



October 1, 2012

Editor: Mrs. Burnett

ocused on games, foods of the season and festive costumes. Parents were encouraged by newspapers and community leaders to take anything "frightening" or "grotesque" out of Halloween celebrations. Because of these efforts, Halloween lost most of its superstitious and religious overtones by the beginning of the twentieth century.

By the 1920s and 1930s, Halloween had become a secular, but community-centered holiday, with parades and town-wide parties as the featured entertainment. Despite the best efforts of many schools and communities, vandalism began to plague Halloween celebrations in many communities during this time. By the 1950s, town leaders had successfully limited vandalism and Halloween had evolved into a holiday directed mainly at the young. Due to the high numbers of young children during the fifties baby boom, parties moved from town civic centers into the classroom or home, where they could be more easily accommodated. Between 1920 and 1950, the centuries-old practice of trick-or-treating was also revived. Trick-or-treating was a relatively inexpensive way for an entire community to share the Halloween celebration. In theory, families could also prevent tricks being played on them by providing the neighborhood children with small treats. A new American tradition was born, and it has continued to grow. Today, Americans spend an estimated \$6 billion annually on Halloween, making it the country's second largest commercial holiday.

ENTERTAINMENT

Goard Games

from www.familyfun.go.com

Think pumpkins are just for carving into jack-o'-lanterns and baking into pies? Guess again. After the second helping of Thanksgiving pumpkin pie, get up and get moving with these great-for-all-ages games. They make the most of these roly-poly icons of autumn, whose uneven shapes can result in some erratic itineraries! Be sure to use small to medium-size pumpkins; large ones are too heavy.

Pumpkin Bowling

Arrange a triangle of 10 empty plastic 1- or 2-liter bottles. Players take turns gently rolling a pumpkin into the pins, with three chances to knock them all down.

Pumpkin Roll

Determine a starting line and a finish line. Set 2 pumpkins on their sides at the start and have the racers line up behind them. At "Go," each pair of challengers uses sturdy brooms to propel the pumpkins over the finish line.



SCARY FOODS

Forked Eyeballs

from www.familyfun.go.com

These scary-good Halloween treats, prepared and eaten on the same fork, begin with a doughnut hole dunked in white chocolate.

Ingredients

- 2 (11 oz) bags white chocolate chips
- 12 doughnut holes
- Semisweet chocolate chips
- Tube of red decorator frosting
- 2 tablespoons vegetable oil

Instructions

To coat a dozen doughnut holes, melt the white chocolate chips with the oil over low heat (and keep the chocolate warm while you work). With a fork, spear each doughnut hole and submerge it in the melted chocolate to coat it, then gently tap off any excess.

Stick a semisweet chocolate chip with its point cut off onto each doughnut hole, cut end first. Place the forks

(handle side down) in a mug and allow the chocolate coating to harden.

Use a tube of red decorator frosting to add squiggly veins radiating out from the pupils.





THE JACK-O-LANTERN



October 1, 2012

Editor: Mrs. Burnett

JUST FOR FUN!

A LITTLE HUMOR...

Q. What do goblins and ghosts drink when they're hot and thirsty on Halloween?

A. Ghoul-aid!!!

Q. What is a Mummie's favorite type of music?

A. Because demons are a ghoul's best friend!

Q. What do you call a witch who lives at the beach?

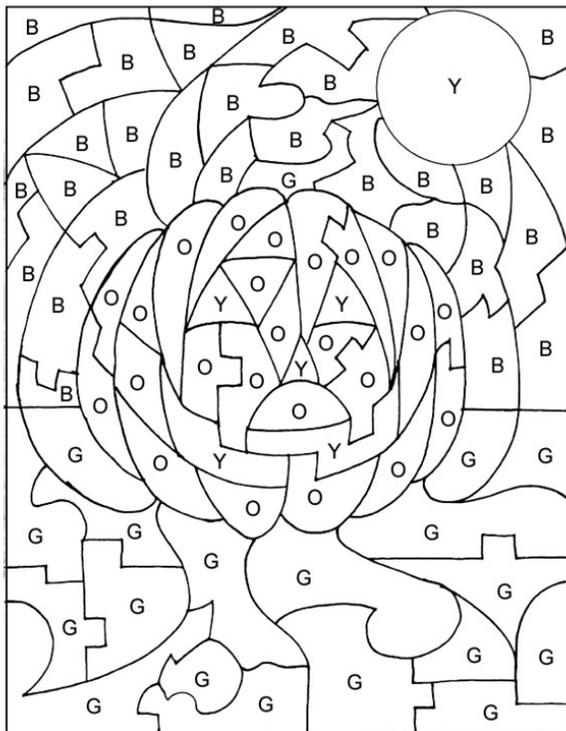
A. A sand-witch.

Q. Why do demons and ghouls hang out together?

A. Wrap!!!!

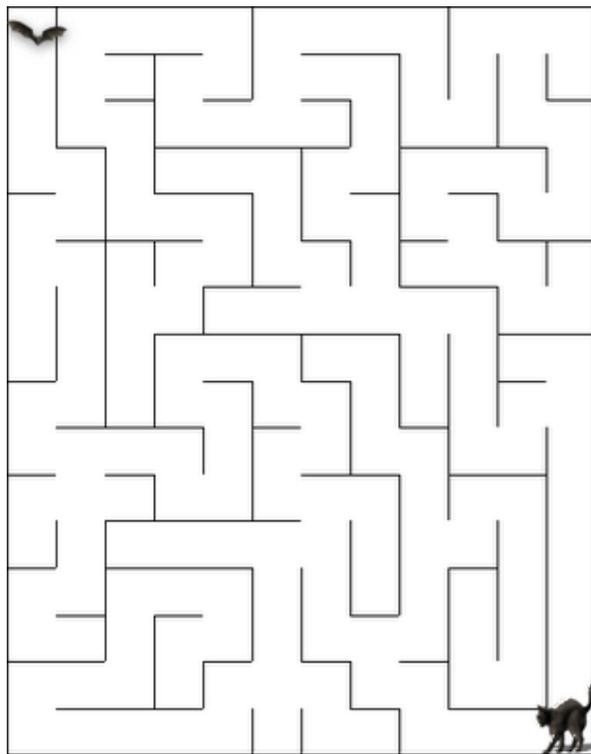
COLOR ME!

Color the picture according to the key below.

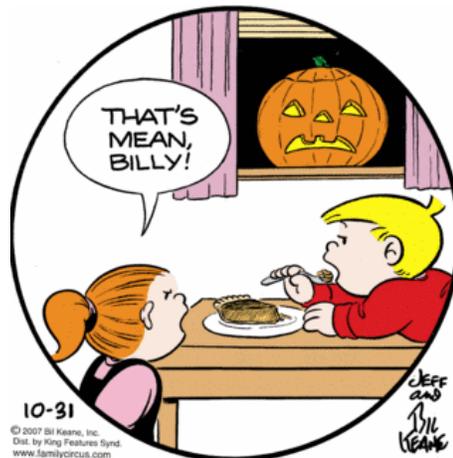


G = Green Y = Yellow O = Orange B = Blue

MAZE TIME



A LITTLE MORE HUMOR...



10-31

© 2007 Bill Keane, Inc.
Dist. by King Features Synd.
www.familycircus.com

JEFF AND BILL KEANE

"You shouldn't eat pumpkin pie near a jack-o'-lantern!"



THE JACK-O-LANTERN



October 1, 2012

Editor: Mrs. Burnett

JUST FOR FUN!

One Halloween Night

from www.kaboose.com

It was a warm Halloween night. Five boys hurriedly put on their Halloween costumes while chattering away with delight in anticipation of one of their favorite holidays. There will be friends, filled with giggles and smiles, and parents holding on tight to little hands. Uncertain tots approaching neighbors doors will eagerly hold out their bags and nervously say, "trick-or-treat" for the first time.

These five boys, were far from tots...Logan, Kyle, Skyler, Colby and Conner were all eight, and couldn't wait for the festivities of the evening, to begin. Tonight they would trick-or-treat to their hearts' content, raking in the goodies. Then they would all go back to Logan's home. His mom and dad would inspect their goods. Then they would gobble up their candy, with a tall glass of milk by their sides, and a bowl of freshly made carmel popcorn in the middle of their loot.

The boy's parents had decided it was alright for the boys to trick-or-treat on three well known streets in their friendly neighborhood, without their parents standing by their sides. They would leave at 7:00PM and were expected to be back promptly at 8:00.

Logan was dressed as Dracula with a long flowing black cape, lined with red satin. Kyle donned a Larry Boy outfit, Skyler wore his Spiderman suit, Colby transformed into Wolverine from the X-Men and Conner became Batman. The clock struck 7, as the boys whooped with loud hollers and shouts and headed out the door. Logan's parents stood in the doorway, watching the kids run down the street. Little did the boys know, Logan's dad would not be far behind them. After all, these were five, mischievous eight year olds on the loose. Somebody had to be nearby

to protect the neighbors.

Just before the boys turned onto Angela street they eagerly approached the first door of many they would knock on that night. Crashing into each other, as they made their way up the walk, they knocked on the door and waited. Little old Mrs. Jenkins hobbled to the door with a big grin on her sweet, weathered, face.

"Good Evening boys", she said as she generously scooped candy into their bags.

The boys replied, "Good Evening Mrs. Jenkins" in their sing-song, eight year old, voices. Followed by, "Thank you Mrs. Jenkins".

"Happy Halloween", she shouted as the boys scurried down her walk and turned out of sight.

Up the street they went, back down the other side, over onto Hideaway Place, and then finally Story Lane. The boys looked at their watches, right on time. Mom and dad will be so proud! Then, all of a sudden, a gust of wind kicked up causing all five boys to shiver a bit. Only three houses left and they would be on their way back to Logan's. It was pretty dark outside, but the street was well lit, and they could see lots of other children and parents walking about. Next they would knock

on the Butcherites door, then the Klefbecks, and then the Wells.

There was another house on that street too. It wasn't like the others, well kept with a manicured lawn and cute Halloween decorations outside. It was the Johnson place. The door looked like it was ready to fall off, and the whole house was sorely in need of some paint. It was legend that the house was haunted, but the boys didn't believe in that spooky stuff. They did, however, agree that old Mr. Johnson, who lived in the place, was as mean as they came. Mr. Johnson was known for grumping and grouching at anyone that looked twice at him. Someone once said he ate worm sandwiches for lunch and frog legs for dinner. YUCK! That's one





THE JACK-O-LANTERN



October 1, 2012

Editor: Mrs. Burnett



door they wouldn't be knocking on tonight.

The wind kicked up again, this time it took Conner's mask with it. The boys ran after the mask as it skidded across the sidewalk, tumbled over the bushes, and floated through the air. Before they knew it, they were standing in the yard of the old Johnson Place. Conner's mask had become stuck on a nail that protruded from the window frame and was dangling, limply, there.

The boys were all thinking the same thing, but no one said it, 'who was going to walk up there and get it?'

Finally, Skyler spoke up, "Conner you better go get your mask".

"I don't really need it", Conner replied in his most grown up voice.

Kyle whispered, "Why don't we all go get it together"?

The boys looked at the mask, then at each other. "Let's do it", they all said, in unison, and began to slowly move toward the porch.

The boys could see a dim light, from a distant room, within the house. They were at ease with the thought Mr. Johnson was probably in bed for the night. Upon approaching the window frame, Conner plucked the mask from off the nail. All five boys let out a sigh of relief at having accomplished their task.

Suddenly, the light inside the house flickered and went out. A long, whiny, squeaking sound, to their right, drew their attention to the front door, blown open and now flapping in the wind. Their hearts were racing and their feet felt heavy, as if they were stuck in cement. From inside the house they could here someone moaning, almost as if they were in pain.

"Do you think it's Mr. Johnson", said Skyler.

"What should we do"?, croaked Conner. "Mean as they say he is, we can't just let him suffer."

"We'll just all stick together and we'll be okay, after all there's five of us", said Logan.

Quietly the boys slipped in though the door.

Colby called out, "Mr. Johnson, can we help you"?

Kyle tried the light switch but it didn't work. He stepped in something mushy, that let off a horrible stench.

"Smells like someone died".

The boys felt their way around, grabbing on to furniture and walls as they groped about and called out to Mr. Johnson. SPLAT!

"OOOooo GROSS",

"What is it"?

"I don't know feels like worms"

"Hey, you think the thing about the worm sandwiches is true"?, asked Conner.

"Let's just find Mr. Johnson and get out of here, everybody stay focused", said Skyler.

Just then Skyler stepped on something. He leaned over and picked it up. It was cold as ice, upon feeling around, it seemed to have a thumb and four fingers, but no arm...

"YIKES" choked out Skyler, "I think I'm holding onto someone's hand but there's no arm... this is getting freaky!"

A second later, Colby blurted out, "It feels like I picked up someone's eyeballs but I dropped them and they're rolling around on the floor. Let's get out of here"!

As he turned a tray clattered to the floor and the sounds of plink, plink, plink echoed through the house. Scrambling to pick up what was beneath him, he was just sure they were bones, probably belonged to some poor, helpful, unsuspecting soul. 'Would they be next'?

As the boys turned to run Logan slipped on something wet, he strained to peer through the darkness, there was blood on his pants and now on his hands.

"AHHHHH, blood", he screamed and dove for the door. Just then the lights came on, the boys froze, and there in the doorway was Logan's dad.

"What are you boys





THE JACK-O-LANTERN



October 1, 2012

Editor: Mrs. Burnett



doing”? The boys all tried to talk at once, each one breathing heavily, gulping down air, with every word they tried desperately to get out.

In the background, they heard laughing. It started out small, like a hee, hee, hee, then got bigger like a HA, HA, HA, then it was all out

laughing hysteria! Who could be laughing at a time like this? The boys turned and there was Mr. Johnson laughing his guts out! His house was a shambles with all the running and diving that had just taken place and there was stuff all over the floor. The boys began to point and jump around excitedly until they realized just what was all over the floor. Spaghetti! Meatballs! Peeled grapes! A rubber latex glove filled with ice, now lay melting in the middle of the hardwood floor.

The boys looked at Mr. Johnson, they looked at each other, then they looked at Logan's dad, who was also laughing. As they put it all together, they realized what had happened. In the few minutes they were in the Johnson place they had completely destroyed Mr. Johnson's dinner. They also noted that Mr. Johnson was walking with a cane.

He pointed to his knee and amid his laughter squealed out, "the frozen glove's for my bum knee, hurt it yesterday trying to fix the door".

"But the moaning", cried Skyler, "we heard someone moaning".

"That would be Fritz, my dog, he just hate's it when I chain him up, especially when he knows there's a can of wet dog food with his name on it".

There smeared across the hardwood floor, near the door, was the wet dog food.

"Why do you peel your grapes", asked Colby.

"Never did like the way the skins would get caught in my dentures", replied Mr. Johnson, still laughing.

"But what about the blood?", cried Logan.

"You mean the spaghetti sauce that was sitting in that bowl"?

Logan looked over and saw the bowl, half full of sauce, lying upside down on the floor oozing out everywhere.

One thing nagged at Logan 'till he just couldn't help but ask, "Why didn't you come when we called"?

"When the lights went out, I had to go down to the basement to flip the switch, takes me awhile to get around with the knee. While I was down there I heard a bunch of stuff falling over, muffled voices, thought it was a robber, but by the time I got up the stairs and saw all of you, and your dad there, I started putting it all together, you think I don't know that my house is legend to be 'haunted'?"

Speechless, the boys stared at Mr. Johnson, until Logan said, "Gee, we're sorry Mr. Johnson, we thought you were hurt and we wanted to help you".

"That was awfully kind of you boys".

"You know though", said Logan's dad, "You should have come and got me, you know better than to enter a house alone, what if something had been amiss"?

"We've learned our lesson dad, we promise."

"Yeah, scouts honor", the boys proclaimed. "Well let's help Mr. Johnson clean up".

After all was clean the boys invited Mr. Johnson to come back to their house and share in the festivities. That weekend the boys and their parents, got the neighborhood together to help Mr. Johnson with the repairs around his house. Some of the fathers and sons painted the outside of the house while others saw to the yard. There were cookies and milk after all was done.

Every year, thereafter, the boys would end their trick-or-treating at Mr. Johnson's place. Then he'd walk them home and tell ghost stories while they dug into their candy and hung on his every word. All because of one Halloween night.

