I have to admit I'm stilling pouting over the lack of trick-or-treaters at my door Thursday evening. I know North Main Street is off the beaten path for most but dang it, I had candy, my porch light was on and some just turned on Ninth Street and headed east or west as I watched with a little lip quiver.

Were they trying to say my candy wasn't what it ought to be? (Stolen from The Wizard of Oz from the scene with the talking apple trees.)
We had 26 little beggars. And oh, what cute little beggars they were. Some parents and children have a great affinity for dress up. I saw some very creative costumes. In the coming days, you will see some of them, too. We'll be running them until at least through Halloween, if not beyond. We still have more Landeck, Ottoville and Fort Jennings pictures.

My friend a few streets over had 60 and I was jealous. We always buy a big bowlful of candy with the intention of passing out every last piece. (Well, that's my intention. My husband's is to have leftovers. He has a ginormous sweet tooth that requires nearly constant attention. Me? I just sneak a bag of Smarties back and I'm good to go.)

OK, back to my pout. I'm not sure how to remedy the situation and still keep the autonomy of my own porch and the ease of chatting with the neighbors in between handing out candy.

In my trick-or-treat days, we went through our neighborhood and one street over each way and called it a night. Our sacks were full. Sometimes our candy would last for months. When Cameron was of Trick-or-Treat age, I can remember throwing out picked-through bags in December. Does anyone need that much candy? Besides my husband, that is?

The Trunk-or-Treat at Trinity United Methodist Church is a huge draw. It's a safe place for kids to gather, get treats and have some fun. The adults get in on the action by decorating their trunks and wearing costumes. They don't have to get up and answer the door every few minutes — the tricksters come to them. It's a good gig if that's what you're in to.

Perhaps I'm holding on to something of the past. Maybe group offerings are the wave of the future of Beggar's Night and porches will be dark. I'm still going to hang in there and keep the

tradition of sitting outside bathed in the porch light and passing out candy to those who cross over Tenth Street. I holler at the ones who head up or down Tenth to come down and get a treat. Sometimes they do, sometimes they don't. Oh well, their loss.