



Halloween in Bonner Early 1950's

By Glenn Smith



During the fall season, the leaves on the grand old shade trees which line the streets of Bonner change to brilliant shades of reds and yellows. The first hints of frost fill the air and sets the stage for Ghosts and Goblins, filling your mind with thoughts of an unlimited supply of candy and other sweet treats. These thoughts became reality by simply dressing up in an elaborate costume and going from door to door in search of the tasty morsels

If you lived in Bonner during the 1950's, Dwight David Eisenhower would have been the 34th president of the United States, H. F...(Jack) Root would have been the Plant manager of the Bonner mill and if you drove a Chevrolet---then you probably purchased it from Lee Farrell at Krable Chevrolet, in Missoula.

The brightly colored leaves would begin to fall and then be raked up into huge piles which set the stage for hours of horse play, especially around the impressive Hotel Margaret. This beautiful Victorian Style building and spacious grounds was located between Silk Stocking Row and the current Main Gate Security office. The trek for Halloween Candy would start as soon as darkness fell and groups of mid sized ghosts and other scary creatures made a B-Line to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ross on Silk Stocking Row. It was here that you could Trick or Treat yourself into a bottle of Orange Soda. (The Ultimate Bonner Treat). Life for one of Bonner's home grown Halloween Spooks doesn't get much better than this, especially when you can devote the remainder of the evening collecting candy bars, cookies and brownies. The evening activities were further enhanced when the occupants of each house tried to guess who you were and the type of Spook you represented.

After every home in Bonner was canvassed, and the shadows of darkness lengthened, the return trip home became more suspenseful as you recalled the Tale of Sam Kennly's Wife. This spooky episode was told and retold and each time a little more suspense was added. It seems that old Sam and his wife got into a terrible fight one night and he killed her. He then hid her remains in a Flour Barrel, then rolled the evidence into an old railroad dump where he lighted her on fire. It was rumored that on a dark moon less night you could hear the mournful cries of Sam's wife as she vowed her revenge for this evil deed.

I never actually heard these mournful cries, but when my overactive imagination took over and this goulash creature was just mere inches from capturing me---my mind was easily set to rest with a sip of Orange Soda and a taste of the Best Cookies and Candies Bonner had to offer.

