

Fresno File: The Widow of Belmont Mill

They said the old flour mill on Belmont sat empty after the fire. But on Halloween night in the early 1960s, Reedley teens dared each other inside. The grinding started without power, flour rising like a storm. In it, the miller's widow took shape — apron dusted white, face hollow as a broken sack. She whispered names none of them knew. One boy left with a broken arm and the hiss still in his ear: "Back to work." The mill is gone, but some nights the wind still grinds grain that isn't there.