



Face of Fillmore

By Sherry Shepard
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As summer winds down, one of the expected changes to the scenery is the appearance of big yellow busses, signaling the beginning of the school year. With these busses comes floods of memories of our own school days, many of which actually came aboard a school bus. Memories of friends, drivers, teachers, and experiences as we traveled aboard these on our way to school each day or to some exciting school activities.

Since I lived in town and for most of my school days, only a few blocks from school, I walked, but activities at school put me on a bus for a great many trips – band, drill team, etc. I could relate dozens of fun times spent with friends on these trips.

One trip on a drill team bus took us to a town about 100 miles from home. This school was our bitter rival in sports and sometimes the fans from either side got out of hand with their enthusiastic support of their team. On one such trip, we watched the half-time entertainment as the home school brought out a huge cardboard replica of a bus with our school's name on the side and then the home town stands emptied as the fans beat on the cardboard bus with baseball bats and other weapons. We were all glad to get on our real bus and leave.

We had a bus driver we all loved but who demanded respect and rule compliance. On a band trip to Logan where our band had performed at half time for a USU football game, we were headed home. We made a quick pit stop in Salt Lake and were told what time the bus would roll on. The time came and we were missing the tuba section. Willie, our driver, could see them coming down the street, so he gently pulled away from the curb and we all watched them run after the bus for a short distance, then he stopped to pick them up. Those senior boys were the first on the bus at each stop thereafter.

My favorite school bus story was told by my mother. As a high school student, she and others got on the bus in their little town of Blazon for the ten-mile trip to Kemmerer High School. It was cold and snowing and the storm worsened as they left town. Soon it was a full-fledged Wyoming blizzard, and the bus became stuck in a snow drift. There was a stove on the bus for warmth, but after a long period of time, it was decided they needed to use the stove pipe to ventilate the bus. The door was packed tightly with snow and wouldn't open even a crack. The situation was getting desperate. The taller students took turns running the broom stick up the stove pipe to keep it open in the drifting.



1934 School Bus

Rescuers were on their way, and they eventually saw the broom stick bobbing up and down in the drift. Finding the approximate location of the door, they began digging down to it and were able after much effort to open the door. The students held their hands above their heads and were pulled to the top of the drift. Being the typical teenage girl, worried about her appearance, Mom told me she was most upset because her new silk stockings got a run in them during the rescue.

As the 2021-2022 school year begins, we hope for countless pleasant and lasting memories for our students.