



Face of Fillmore

By Sherry Shepard

June 9, 2021

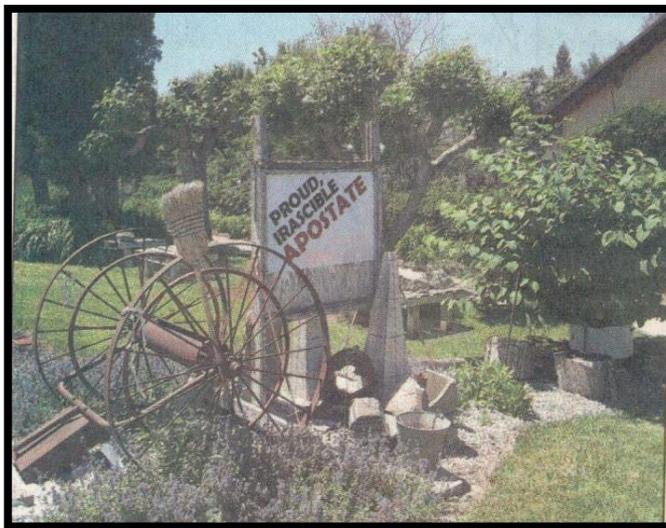
The past week or so I have been busy with preparations for the National ATV Jamboree which begins June 22. Dozens of enthusiastic riders will descend on Fillmore from all over the country. For some, this will be a first-time experience and for others it is a “family reunion”.

I have been busy making signs to make registering for rides easier and signs with lots of instructions for newcomers.

Signs have really been on my mind. It is appropriate this is happening at this time of year. Our freedom to write whatever we want on a sign is given to us in the Constitution – Freedom of Speech. You might also consider it Freedom of the Press. Whichever – I am grateful for it.

Signs are everywhere. They give us directions, instructions, and advertisement. They celebrate events. They bring us entertainment. I have seen a great variety and I’d like to share a few with you.

On the north end of Main Street, there is a sign that has been prominently displayed for a few years now. When I first saw it, I got out the dictionary, then went to the owner and asked for an explanation. It seems he has a different opinion than many about a church decision. The sign reads, “Proud Irascible Apostate”. This sign improved my vocabulary.

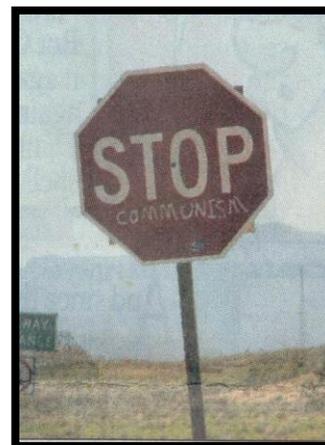


All around town you see signs that say, “We are Millard”. I overheard a tourist ask a local store clerk if this had some sort of religious significance.

Political signs are very popular before an election and there are still some hanging on homes reminding us that a Trump supporter lives there.

I was surprised one day as we drove north and took the Yuba exit to change drivers. On the stop sign at the top of the ramp, someone had added a word and it read, “Stop Communism!”

Along the highways, we often see signs reminding us to watch for animals: deer, cows, elk, and others. I saw one near Moab on a side road that indicated I should watch for camels. No, I didn’t see



one but saw evidence they had been there.

As a young girl, my family and I traveled to Washington State each summer to visit my grandmother. I don't mean to sound rude, but Idaho seemed endless. I figured all that saved me from complete boredom were the Stinker Gas Station signs. There were always a series of five signs, quite low to the ground. The first four each contained one line of a clever poem and the fifth was advertisement. My favorite said, "Don't try passing...on a slope...unless you have...a periscope".

Several years ago, fourteen to be exact, my daughter and son-in-law were moving our daughter's mounted elk head to their new home. Not wanting to cause damage from the wind at highway speeds, he built a box around it in the back of their pickup and then labeled the contents: "Herein lies proof my wife shoots straighter than me! World Record Elk".

A similar looking wooden box, built on a utility trailer, touched my heart more than any other sign I have read. It was just after Hurricane Katrina had caused so much damage and loss of life. The trailer obviously carried lots of household items and furniture. The handwritten sign on the side read, "Katrina hit. House gone. Family OK. We are blessed".

As a teenager, some of my friends and I were wandering around the back roads of our county one afternoon and started up a canyon. It was obviously private property, and we weren't welcome. We had heard of the signs that were there and wanted to see them for ourselves. The first read, "Stay out. Violators will be prosecuted". We continued on. We could already see that the next sign, "Trespassers will be shot on sight!" Getting up our courage, we continued on. "Survivors will be shot again!" Time to turn around!

