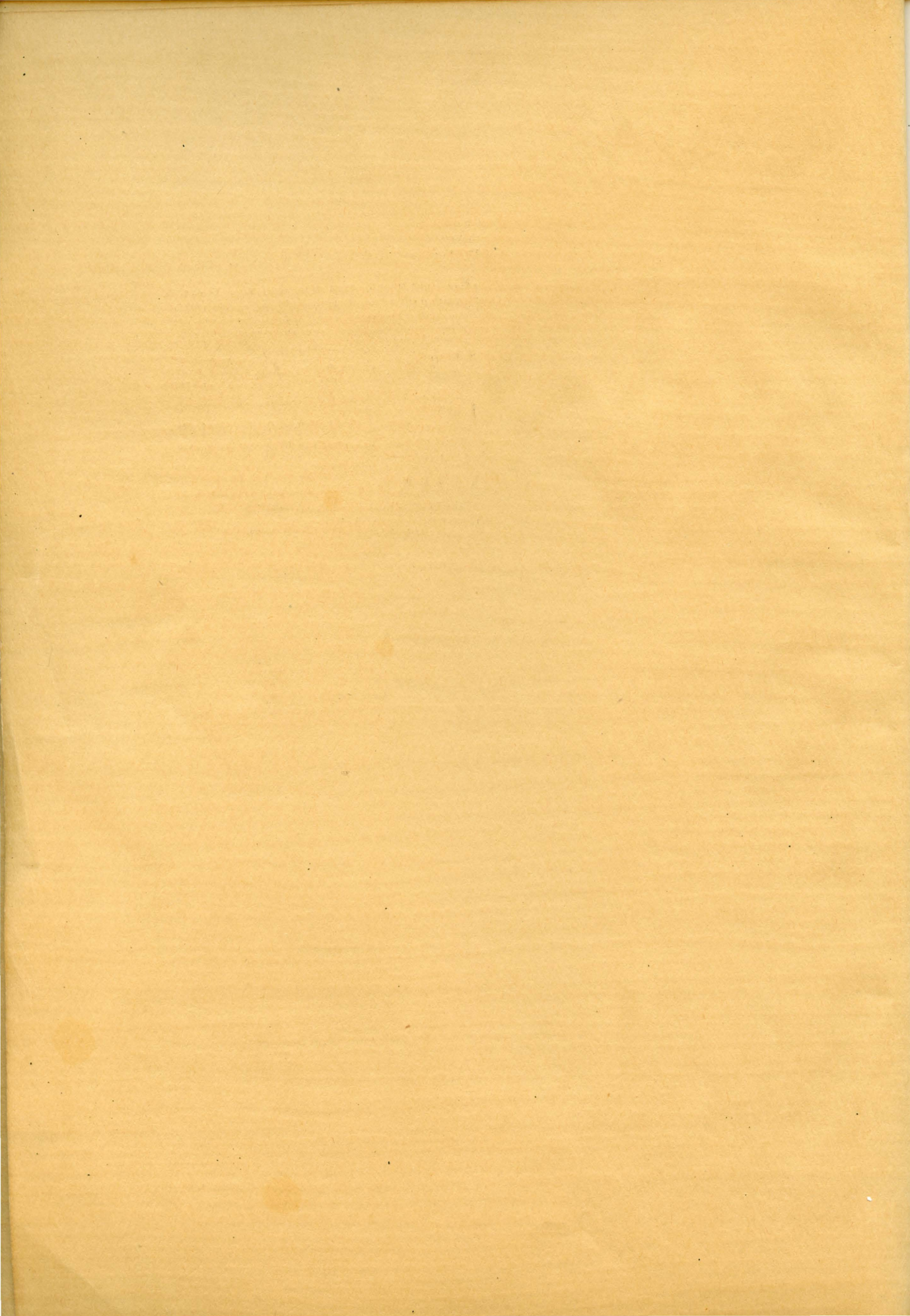


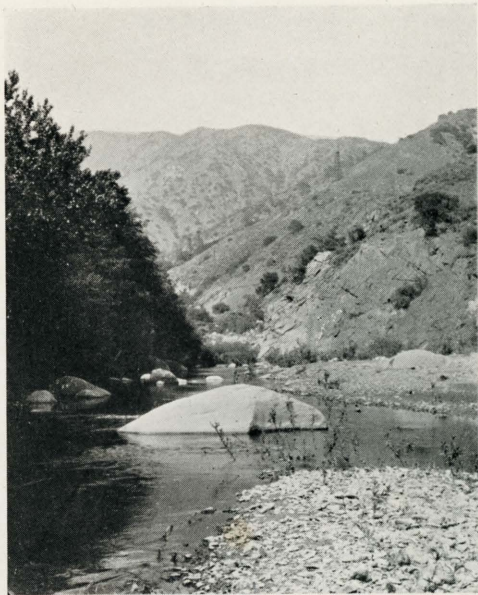


COPA de ORO  
1 9 3 6

Alvina Gattardi  
Fillmore  
California  
1929-1930



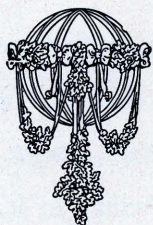




EX LIBRIS



Copa de Oro  
1930



Published by  
Student Body  
of  
Fillmore Union High School  
Fillmore, California

# Foreword



*This year we have chosen  
Fillmore as the theme of  
Copa de Oro. It is a small  
town, but we love it. We feel  
that we belong to it, and that  
it belongs to us.*



# Dedication



*We, the students, dedicate this  
book to the citizens, merchants  
and organizations of  
Fillmore.*

# Table of Contents



Administration

Classes

Activities

Athletics

Advertising



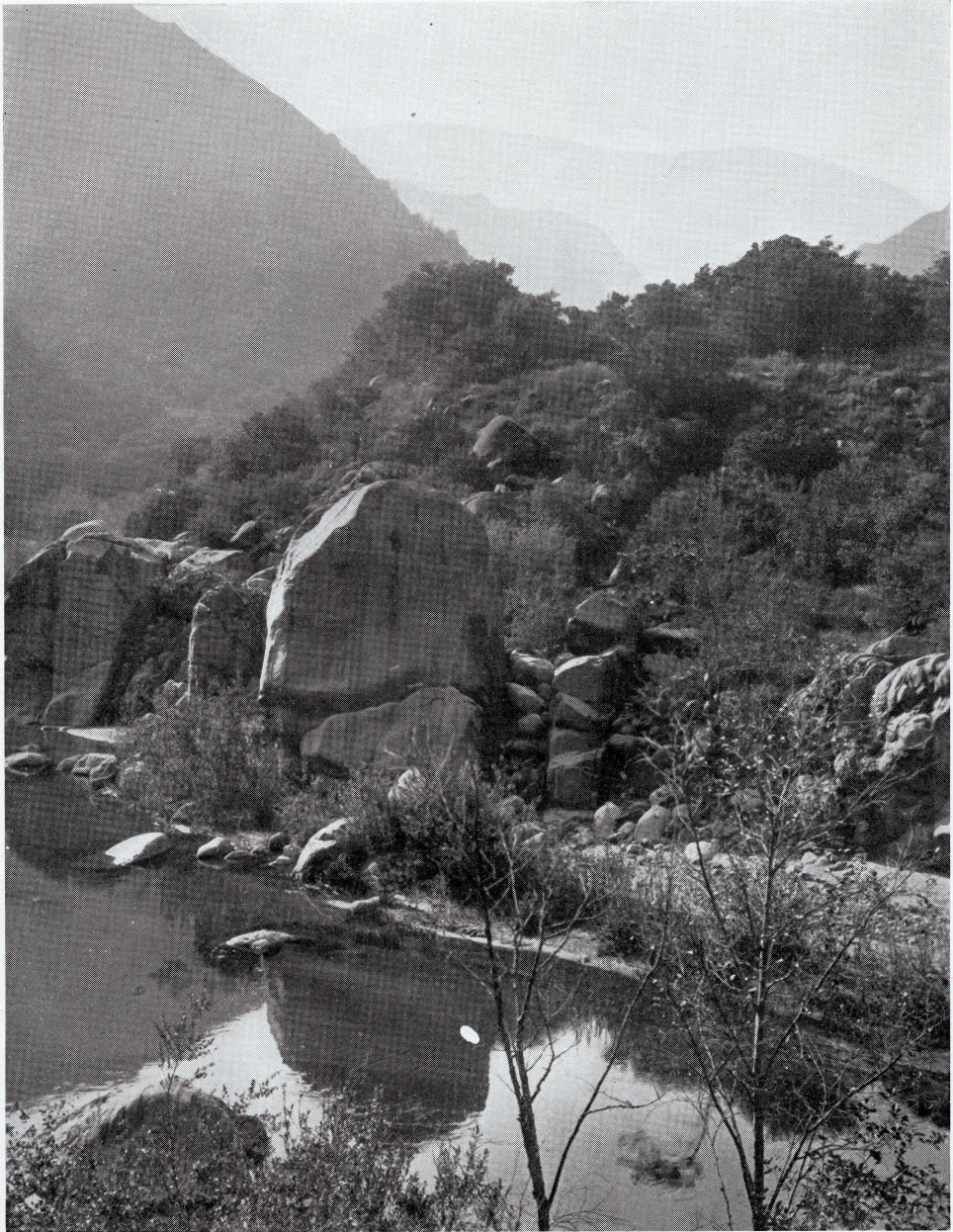
*W. R. Hull*

### PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

The steadily increasing complexity of life in modern times places a growing burden on the schools which try to prepare young people for successful living in the best and broadest sense. It is the aim of our High School to give not only the necessary information and training which our young people will need to meet the competition of our day, but to develop in their characters a sense of civic responsibility that they may play a proper part in the work of a Christian democracy.

MR. W. R. HULL  
*Principal*

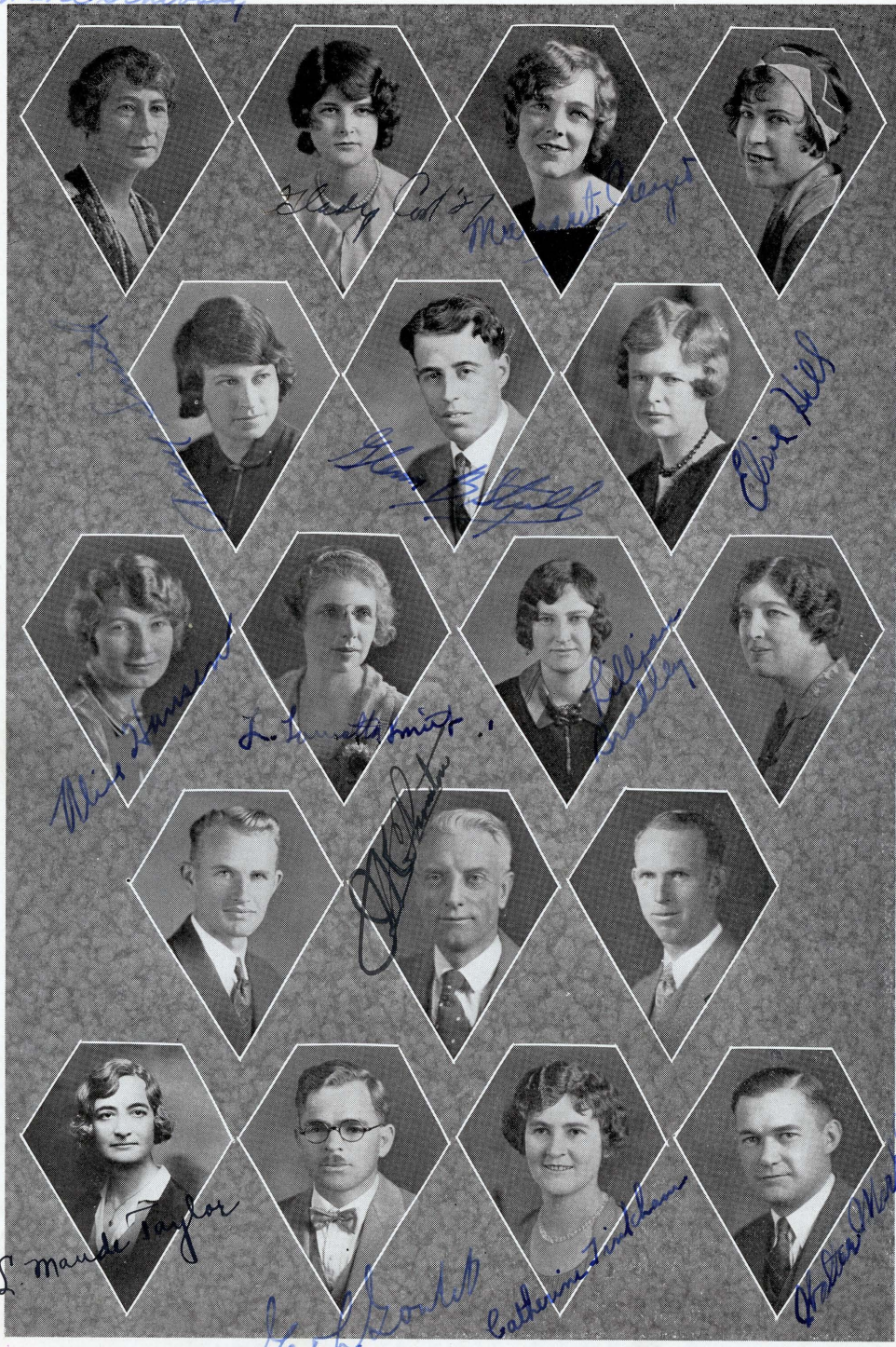
"Life's still a school, however old we grow;  
And still half-learned the lessons we should know."



## ADMINISTRATION

*Marie Schibsky*

*Pauline Pitthan  
Sep. 1930*



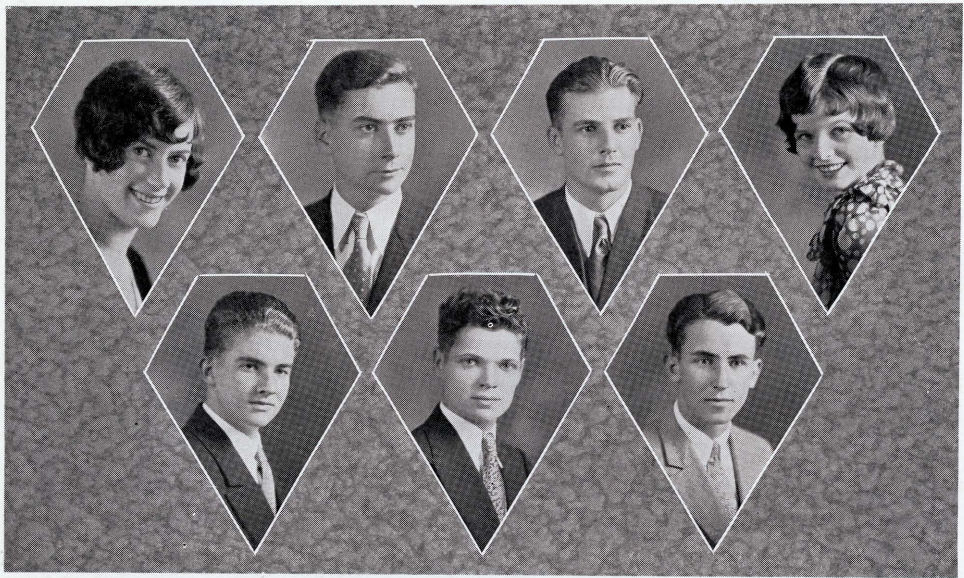
Miss Marie Schibsky  
 Miss Gladys Corl  
 Miss Margaret Creager  
 Miss Pauline Pitthan  
 Miss Amy Smith  
 Mr. Glenn B. Stull

Miss Elsie Hill  
 Miss Alice Hansen  
 Miss L. L. Smith  
 Miss Lillian Bradley  
 Mrs. Florence Evens  
 Mr. Donald Palmer

Mr. J. K. Thornton  
 Mr. Eugene V. Kennedy  
 Miss L. Maude Taylor  
 Mr. George Goulet  
 Miss Catherine Tinkham  
 Mr. Walter G. Marple

## FACULTY

MR. W. R. HULL - - - - - *Principal*  
 GLENN B. STULL - - - - - *Vice-Principal*  
 MISS MARIE SCHIBSBY - - - - - *Dean of Girls, Commercial*  
 J. K. THORNTON - - - - - *Mathematics*  
 MRS. EDITH JARRETT - - - - - *Spanish*  
 MISS MAUDE TAYLOR - - - - - *Latin*  
 W. A. ROSS - - - - - *Physics, Chemistry*  
 MISS ALICE HANSEN - - - - - *Shorthand*  
 MISS L. LAURETTE SMITH - - - - - *Art, Music*  
 MISS ELSIE HILL - - - - - *French*  
 EUGENE V. KENNEDY - - - - - *Boys Physical Education*  
 MISS CARLSON - *R. Carlsson* - - - - - *English*  
 MISS MARGARET CREAGER - - - - - *Public Speaking, History*  
 WALTER G. MARPLE - - - - - *Manual Training*  
 MISS PAULINE PITTHAN - - - - - *Girls' Physical Education*  
 MISS CATHERINE TINKHAM - - - - - *Biology*  
 MISS LILLIAN BRADLEY - - - - - *Home Economics*  
 DONALD PALMER - - - - - *Mathematics*  
 MRS. FLORENCE EVENS - - - - - *Americanization*  
 GEORGE GOULET - - - - - *Vice-Principal, Junior High*  
 MISS AMY SMITH - - - - - *English, Social Science*  
 MISS JANET ALBRIGHT - *Janet Albright* - - - - - *Social Science*  
 MISS BERNICE SYMONS - - - - - *English*



## STUDENT BODY

MARVIN STURGEON - - - - -	<i>President</i>
CARROLL BALL - - - - -	<i>Finance</i>
VERNA STOLL - - - - -	<i>Editor</i>
RICHARD ELKINS - - - - -	<i>Athletics</i>
JOHN ALLEE - - - - -	<i>Advertising</i>
EARL MALTBY - - - - -	<i>Entertainment</i>
MADGE WILEMAN - - - - -	<i>Clerk</i>

The commissioners have not over-worked themselves this year. Of course, a person couldn't say they were lazy, but the work has not been hard. All it included was the okaying of bills, writing up minutes, presenting of school letters, and some energetic advertising. In writing up the minutes of the not infrequent commissioner meetings, the clerk probably did not include that play was mixed with work when such an important council convened. Besides this, the entertainment committee had a few odds and ends to labor over; then, naturally whenever there was a Student Body assembly, the president took charge.





Ross

“Friends I’ll meet as I grow older,  
But no better friends than these.”

—JANE N. SCOTT.

✓



# CLASSES



MRS. JARRETT  
Adviser

*ENTD '16*

MR. ROSS  
Adviser

*Ross*

EARL MALTBY

*"Be pleasant until ten o'clock in the morning, and the rest of the day will take care of itself."*

FAY MOOREHOUSE

*"Rare compound, oddity, frolic and fun."*

MARVIN STURGEON

*"Honored as the Pilot of the Student Body."*

MADGE WILEMAN

*"Witty, lively, full of fun,  
A good friend and a true one."*

MARGUERITE BARTELS

*"The way to have friends is to be one."*

EFFIE AMRHINE

"Blessed with a healthy good nature."

LAWRENCE ACARIZ

"Likes to work, but would rather play,  
Just has a good time every day."

VIRGINIA PURVIS

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warm, to comfort, and command."

CLARENCE HACKETT

"He is a right tall fellow."

BERYL MICHEL

"No one but she and heaven knows  
Of what she's thinking,  
It maybe either books or beaux,  
Per cents or prinking."

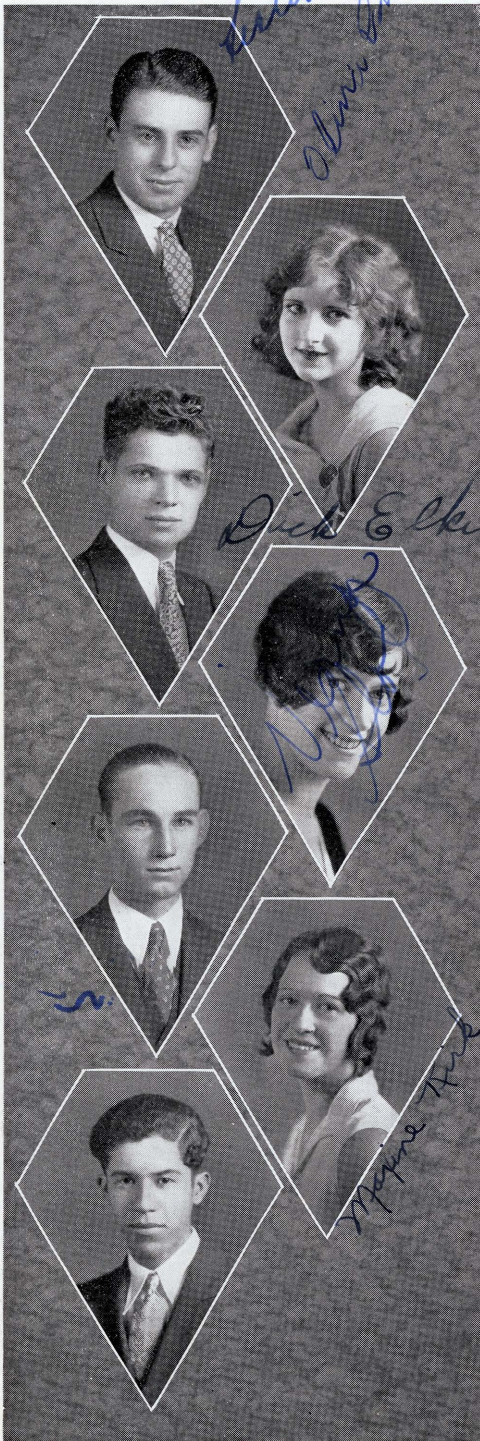
RALPH LATZKE

"He is always laughing, for he has  
an infinite deal of wit."

EDYTHE ROOT

"What a sturdy soul!"





LESTER ARUNDELL  
*"That which I am, I am."*

OLIVIA EAMES  
*"Curled minion, dancer, coiner of  
 sweet words."*

RICHARD ELKINS  
*"He had the art of disposing  
 Oj time so well that his hours  
 Glided away in pleasure and de-  
 light."*

VERNA STOLL  
*"Genius and talent here."*

DEAN LOWRY  
*"More manner and less art."*

MAXINE KIRK  
*"As sweet as the harmony of her  
 music."*

YNOCENTE MENDEZ  
*"He paddles his own canoe."*

MARY BALDEN

*"There lived among us none  
More clever, more daring,  
Nor more entertaining."*

WALTER CZESPINSKY

*"The brave love mercy, and delight  
to save."*

VIVA HARRIS

*"Light of foot, light of spirit."*

ART MAYFIELD

*"And every grin so merry  
Draws another in return."*

MARGARET MCFARLAND

*"She is wittiest when you least expect it."*

HAROLD LEBARD

*"School? I suppose it is necessary  
evil."*

FAY WILSON

*"An agreeable companion."*





CECIL WARRING

"I study when I feel like it, I don't  
when I don't,  
I'll pass if I can, if I can't, I  
won't."

FERDIE JONES

"I prefer silent prudence to  
loquacious jolly."

FRED NAVARRO

"Healthy, free, the world before me."

EDYTHE EARHART

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,  
and most divinely fair."

ROBERT FAULKNER

"I believe in asking about what I  
don't know."

JEWEL DAVIS

"She'll find a way or make it."

CARROLL BALL

"The mildest manners and the  
gentlest heart."



VERNA ANLAUF

*"Happy am I; from care I'm free!  
Why aren't they all contented like  
me?"*

FRANKLIN DEWEY

*"Skillful in each manly sport."*

KATHLEEN AYERS

*"Fair tresses man's imperial race  
ensnare,  
And beauty draws us with a single  
hair."*

SAM HATCHER

*"When duty and pleasure clash,  
Let duty go to smash."*

GRETCHEN STEWART

*"The ornament of a meek and quiet  
mind."*

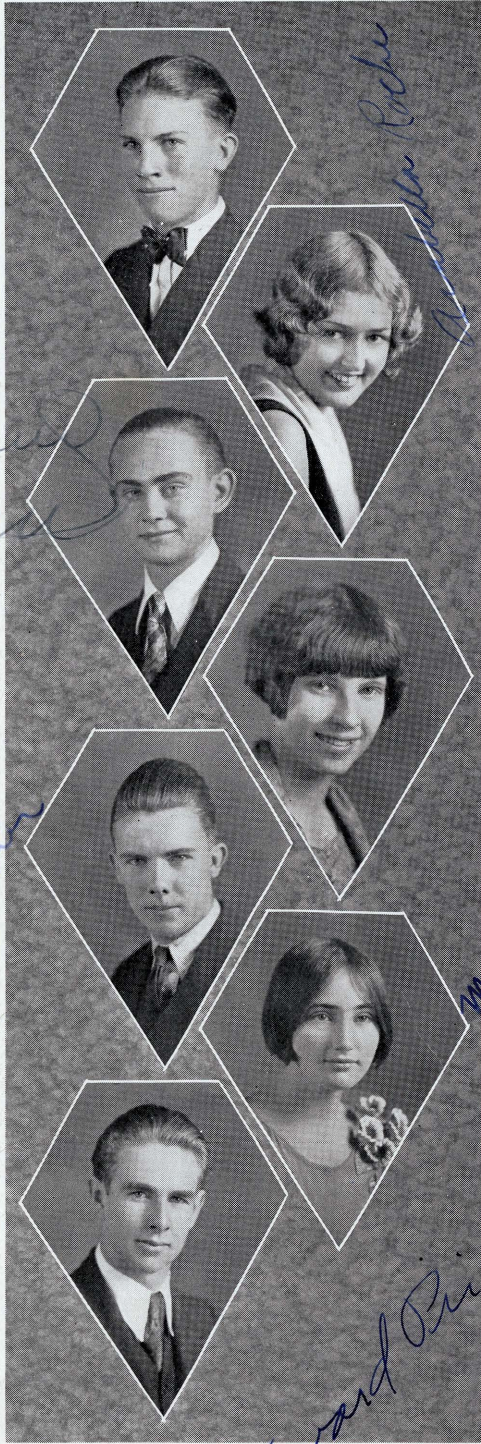
VERNON NELSON

*"No sinner and no saint, perhaps—  
But well—the very best of chaps."*

MAUDE STROUD

*"Frankness is mine."*





VAN DONALDSON  
*"A good fellow, and a bright one."*

ARABELLA ROCHE  
*"She is one that is your friend."*

RAYMOND NELSON  
*"Here is the school boy with his shining morning face."*

LOUISE REAMS  
*"Glowing with the health of sport."*

VERNON SCHUMACHER  
*"He came, he learned, he said nothing."*

MARY SCOTT  
*"Very sweet and rather prudent, Decidedly able as a student."*

HOWARD PRICE  
*"I am very fond of the company of ladies."*

*Raymond Nelson*

*Vernon Schumacher*

*Howard Price*

*Mary Scott*

*Louise Reams*

*Arabella Roche*

RUTH ARUNDELL

*"There is a garden in her face where roses and white lilies grow."*

CHARLES DUNN

*"He studies or sleeps at his own sweet will,  
Takes life as it comes and bids trouble keep still."*

NELLIE HATCHER

*"Be natural is my motto."*

LEO HARMONSON

*"Consider it not so deeply."*

LOIS YOUNG

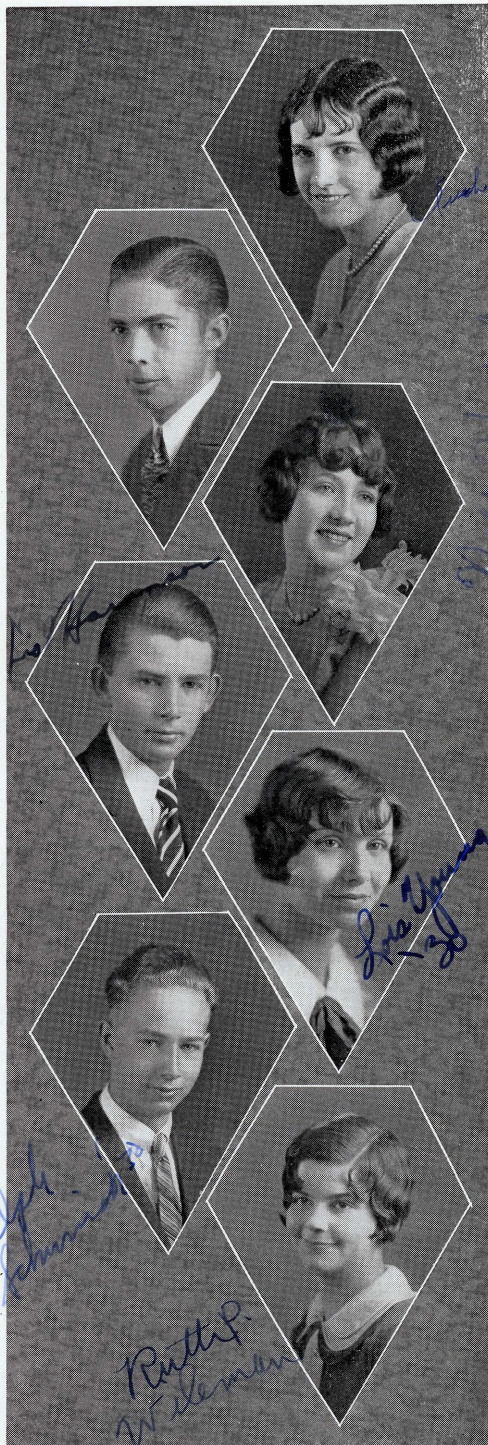
*"I would not grow too fast,  
For sweet flowers are slow,  
And weeds make haste."*

RALPH SCHUNICK

*"Men of few words are the best men."*

RUTH WILEMAN

*"Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
and all her paths are peace."*





VIRGINIA WOMMACK

*"Easy going, not very thin,  
She always meets you with a grin."*

WILLARD FOSTER

*"The man that blushes is not quite  
a brute."*

GERTRUDE BOWDLE

*"A quiet little girl in life's busy  
whirl."*

HESTER HENDERSON

*"Of a meek and quiet spirit."*

RUBY BARTON

*"I will laugh, I will go, and never  
ask me why."*

KENNETH HOWARD

*"I live for those (?) that love me."*

ELFLEDA COULSON

*"And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes."*

## THUMBNAIL PORTRAITS

Lawrence Acariz: Meek? Oh, no. They call him "Chile." Hot dog!

Effie Amrhine: Dear ol' "Effagions." She's a hard workin' girl, a-trying to get along in this cold world.

Verna Anlauf: Somebody used to call her "Fatty," but that name is like the vanishing American, here today and gone tomorrow.

Lester Arundell: Guess what his nickname is. It's a good one. "Puppy!" He's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny.

Ruth Arundell: "She's as shy as a primrose." Ruthie's just a sweet lil' gal. Modest? You bet.

Kathleen Ayers: Katzy! That takes in her whole name. She's got an old Ford rattletrap that just suits the nickname, and there's room in it for two. First come, first served.

Mary Balden: Sophie, M. J. B., is noted for her visits to the office. Poor Sophie! Mr. Stull has certainly been mean to her, and all she ever does is "ditch."

Carroll Ball: Folks, meet the meat man. He is fond of jokes, practical or impractical. For all that, he's a good ol' top. Most of us have forgiven him long ago.

Marguerite Bartels: "Maggie" and I were young together. She's a quiet, reserved young lady, who does everything up in proper style.

Ruby Barton: Proud beauty! That's what she is. I predict that some day Barton will astound the world. Perhaps she will invent an alarmless alarm clock. Then she can sleep forever in class without being disturbed.

Gertrude Bowdle: Gertie is one whom you wouldn't expect to be too dignified, even if she is a senior. You ought to hear her tell about the time she slid down a haystack.

Elfleda Coulson: "Flea" is her name. She is tall, fair, and delightful. By the way, she has a sweet smile and rippling laugh. It's absolutely contagious. Look out.

Walter Czepinsky: Uncle Walt shore does have brawn and wit overflowing. Some day he might be so kind as to "divy up."

Jewel Davis: Her heart is elsewhere, but that doesn't hinder our liking her. Jewel is up in the world. She's already started making her way in the operating business. (Telephone operator.)

Franklin Dewey: Dewey has never been seen "mad." He's always been a genial, obliging soul. His motto is: "Ask, and it is thine."

Van Donaldson: It doesn't pay to make any bright remarks around Van, because you'll be knocked out in the first round. His irony is always in the best working condition.

Charles Dunn: "Sonny" is the fashion plate of Schooldom. Quite an active lad is he, especially when it comes to playing pranks in physics laboratory.

Olivia Eames: And they call her Greta. Yes? No? All she lacks is about two more feet in height, and that would fit perfectly.

Edythe Earhart: This young lady ought to be voted the most dignified senior at school. We read in story books about tall and graceful heroines. That's Edythe perzactly, only she isn't in a story book.

Richard Elkins: To all he's plain Dick, and as popular as a free matinee. Variety is the spice of life. I guess that's why he's the spice of school life.

Robert Faulkner: Bobbie is a quiet chap. He never advertises himself in big headlines. That's why we like to have him around.

Willard Foster: We never see much of Willie. He's a rather retiring lad, but he's also the only person at school who has a green old model Ford.

Clarence Hackett: Bubs allus is a willing chap. Too willing, that's what. At that, it's nice to have one around, who's ready to do or die.

Leo Harmonson: Serious? Well, just so's you can notice it. Say, he's a whizz at tennis. He and Sammy Hatcher make up the school team.

Viva Harris: Sunshine didn't have a chance to pick her own name, but the name and girl fit just like a glove and a hand.

Sam Hatcher: Long, long ago when the world was young, Sammy won some prizes at the fair on some of his rabbits. He's given up that career and is now specializing in tennis.

Nell Hatcher: Nellie is a lady, but she is also Sammy's sister. We can still remember when Nellie was the queen and Sammy was the bell-hop. Times do change.

Hester Henderson: He's plenty capable and reliable. He never says much, but what he does say has something to it.

Kenneth Howard: Goodenough's just wouldn't be good enough without "Shrimp." Every morning we see "Kenny" sweeping the sidewalk. He has before him the bright future of President of the Street Cleaners' Union.

Ferdie Jones: When Ferdie grows up to be a great beauty shop specialist, we'll all troop down to her place and get a dollar's worth of something, and swap beauty secrets.

Maxine Kirk: Max has one grand personality. Mr. Stull says so, and nobody disputes his word, ever. Our judgment is: "She's a likable kid."

Ralph Latzke: Girls, your favorite has arrived. Ralphie has black hair and brown eyes. Believe me, there's mischief in them thar eyes, too.

Harold LeBard: Believe it or not. We call him "Happy." He's a senior songster and happy harmonicist.

Dean Lowry: This bird is known as Jimmy Walker. Isn't Jimmy supposed to be the most well-dressed man in America? Dean certainly lives up to his name-sake's reputation, and how!

Margaret McFarland: We're betting on Mac, even if she did come from Wyoming. Why, folks, some of the remarks she makes would make you curl up and laugh yourself to death.

Earl Maltby: "M" stands for Maltby, our senior class president. He is the able helmsman of the good ship 1930. Call him Skipper.

Arthur Mayfield. Named Art for short. He's free, white, and always seen in the company of Edith Warring, but I guess that doesn't leave him so free after all.

Ynocente Mendez: He's noted for his speed. Automobile? No. He's the fastest typist in the school. Step right up and call him "Speedy."

Beryl Michel: It gives me great pleasure to present "Kitten." Beware! 'Tis a playful kitten. Lately she hasn't been seen arguing with Frank Hill. 'Tis a shame.

Fay Moorhouse: The old Ford rambles right along, with Fay as chauffeurette. When you see Rolls Ruff stop, look and listen, for you'll see little Miss Muffet perched up in the Sierras, trying to coax Lizzie along.

Fred Navarro: "I've heard him called "Cactus," but you can't prove it by me. Ever since his grammar school days he has been a baseball player, a baseball player named Cactus.

Raymond Nelson: Ray's the best sport going. He took a baby part in a play once; that was when he was a dignified senior, too, but he stood the test.

Vernon Nelson: "Cannon Ball" is the name. I don't know why; you don't know why; he doesn't know why; we don't; they don't, so don't ask why.

Howard Price: Price makes up for all the wise men and weather prophets, yet a goodly egg he ith.

Virginia Purvis: Jinny's a married woman. Oh man, she am one fine cook; no livin' out of cans for her (or hubby, either).

Louise Reams: We all know her as "Weasel." She's an all around girl. When it comes to seniors, she's right there with the welfare work.

Arabella Roche: 'Bella is sweet, sweet as a May flower. D'yuh know that girl can sing more popular pieces than you or I could buy. Still that might not be so hard after all.

Edythe Root: Edie's noted for her frank statements. Personal opinions are given freely. This is our opinion, though: She's got H. P. pickin' petals off-a daisies. He might leave some for the rest of us to pick.

Vernon Schumacher: Just a good old standby, that's what he is. He is always at our service.

Ralph Schunick: "Stilts" is just the opposite of the other Ralph. His hair is light and his eyes blue. As for stature, he's got it.

Mary Scott: One Mary had a little lamb; another Mary got beheaded, but this Mary isn't related to either. This is Scotty.

Gretchen Stewart: "Gretchy" is a sister to all the Stewarts who have graduated from F. U. H. S., perhaps. For further information ask Ruth Arundell. They're pals, you know.

Verna Stoll: Stoll used to be seen driving Hepsy about; now it's Olaf. Olaf is much better behaved.

Maude Stroud: "Muddie" has become Mary Balden's chaperone this last year. It is quite clear that she has Mary completely in hand.

Marvin Sturgeon: We hereby declare his name to be "Old Faithful." There're lots of obligin' people in the senior class, but Marvy's the obliginest of the obligin'.

Virginia Wammock: "Ginger" is always seen with Fay in Rolls Ruff. Her flaming top advertises her presence, and how! Pretty soon she'll be saying, "You can't catch me; I'm the gingerbread lady."

Cecil Warring: "Cec" comes from Piru, he does. He's another of our senior songsters and violent violinists.

Madge Wileman: She's "Midget" to some and "Buttons" to others. My sakes! That girl does have the arguingest disposition. If it isn't with Dick, it's with Earl.

Ruth Wileman: Dear o' Rufus! She's seldom angry and hardly ever talks back. She knows when she's well off.

Fay Wilson: Fay leads a hard life. Every day she trots around to all the rooms and carries the announcement sheets thither. In the far future we shall see Fay in the messenger girl service.

Lois Young: Shorty is short for Lois, but Lois is short; therefore Shorty is short. I would like to say that being short isn't a handicap; it's a blessing (at times).

## CLASS WILL

We, the Class of 1930, neither being of too sound wits nor having any definite presence of mind, do make this our last Will and Testament. Having consulted our lawyer, we think it fit that each class should get its just desserts. If the persons who are included in this think that their bargains aren't so good, they can bring 'em back and exchange 'em for something else. We do like to please the public, you know.

Ever since we can remember, we have been looking forward to the reading of our will. Writing such a document is just like contributing to a rummage sale; you can get rid of all the things you don't like. The following is the will:

Our class has now arrived at the ripe old age of four years. The time has come when we must depart. It is plainly our duty to make our will.

To Bobby Stiles we leave the job of cleaning up the school after our departure.

To the Juniors we do will our sincere sympathy. We know that no one can take our places.

To the Sophomores we do leave our athletic prowess. (Heaven help them! They'll need it.)

To the Freshmen we leave this thought: Remember you were more important to the school than we, but also remember that you won't be so very long. There'll be others to take your places.

The following is the last, but most important clause of this legal paper:

I, Lawrence Acariz, leave my beaming smile to Chet Warring.

I, Effie Amrhine, leave my contract for entrance into talking and singing pictures to Elizabeth Coggeshall.

I, Verna Anlauf, leave all my dates hereafter to Edith Van Deventer.

I, Lester Arundell, leave my accomplishment of reading fair poesy to Jack Conners, with the hope that it will inspire him to greater heights.

I, Ruth Arundell, leave my quiet ways to Juanita Firestone.

I, Kathleen Ayers, leave my permanent wave to Marjorie Williams.

I, Mary Balden, leave my "A" card, which is one of my recent achievements, to Spencer Stroud.

I, Carroll Ball, leave my thankless job of being Madge Wileman's brother to Gail Cochran.

I, Marguerite Bartels, leave my sweet voice to Peggy Du Brea.

I, Gertrude Bowdle, leave the stupendous job as librarian to Frank Hill. Perhaps he'll get a chance to read the "funny paper."

I, Ruby Barton, leave my love for hockey to Hilma Hiller.

I, Elfreda Coulson, leave my ability to get acquainted to Donald Boardman, though, the goddesses all know, he doesn't need it.

I, Walter Czepinsky, leave my football captaincy to Gail Cochran and John Allee.

I, Jewel Davis, leave my chances to listen in on telephone conversations to Hester Busick.

I, Franklin Dewey, leave my agreeable indifference to any one who can use it.

I, Van Donaldson, leave my sarcasm to Ellis Shaw.

I, Charles Dunn, leave my share in the company's motorcycle to Robert Robertson.



I, Olivia Eames, leave my stature to Allene Padelford in hopes that it won't make much difference.

I, Edythe Earhart, leave my queenly bearing to Frances Warring.

I, Richard Elkins, leave my "Just-too-cock-eyed-good" expression and my dirty cords to "Mud" Stearns.

I, Robert Faulkner, leave my bashfulness to Ed Spraggins.

I, Willard Foster, leave the school for good, better, or worse.

I, Clarence Hackett, leave my football ability to Paul Morris.

I, Leo Harmonson, leave my funeral air to Perry Davis.

I, Viva Harris, leave my artistic dancing to Eva Beckman.

I, Sam Hatcher, don't leave the address of my girl to anyone.

I, Nell Hatcher, leave my fights with Sam to his girl, whoever she is.

I, Hester Henderson, leave my successes in Spanish plays to any of next year's "freshies."

I, Kenneth Howard, leave my name "Shrimp" to Weston Landers.

I, Ferdie Jones, leave nothing to any one who didn't do anything for me.

I, Maxine Kirk, leave my copy of the book "It" to Lois Smith.

I, Ralph Latzke, leave all my baby pictures to my admirers.

I, Harold LeBard, leave my patent on combing my hair to Oliver Corl.

I, Dean Lowry, leave my superb sophistication to Curtis Fisher. May he not overuse it.

I, Margaret McFarland, leave my Napoleonic poses to Walter Boyton.

I, Earl Maltby, leave my gentle remarks to Art O'Keefe.

I, Art Mayfield, leave my meek disposition to Richard Palmer.

I, Ynocente Mendez, leave my speed in typing to one who has earned it, namely Ray Adams.

I, Beryl Michel, leave the remainder of my senior pictures to the Editor of next year's annual.

I, Fay Moorhouse, leave "Rolls Ruff" to Donald Durnford so that he won't have to bum rides from John Allee.

I, Fred Navarro, leave my ability to get hit while playing baseball to Wilson Kirk.

I, Raymond Nelson, leave my playing of baby parts to Pat Hawthorn.

I, Vernon Nelson, leave all my De Molay emblems to Arthur Anlauf for his Rolls Royce.

I, Howard Price, leave my pleasing personality to Bennie Warring.

I, Virginia Purvis, leave my wedding ring to Aletha LeBard to keep her diamond company.

I, Louise Reams, leave a bottle of mustard to the eats committee of next year's senior class.

I, Arabella Roche, leave my golden locks to Mr. Stull.

I, Edythe Root, leave my go-gettim attitude to Wilma Felsenthal.

I, Vernon Schumacher, leave my dependability to Wendel Hicks.

I, Ralph Schunick, leave my job as stage-hand and manager to Willis Myers, especially since an actor should know a little about how the curtain works.

I, Mary Scott, leave all my By-Golly-Gee experiments to one of next year's bug collectors.

I, Gretchen Stewart, leave my sweetness to Irene Lee.

I, Verna Stoll, leave my famous "ha-ha" to Ona Wallace and Francis Warring. They can divide it equally between themselves.

I, Maude Stroud, leave my infinite knowledge to John Cummings.

I, Marvin Sturgeon, leave my "handy-man-about-the-house" job to Jimmie Cook, Gordon Landers, Harold Robinson, Frederick Padelford, Leonard Amrhine, and Harry Lechler.

I, Virginia Wammock, leave my flashing auburn hair to Opal Lee.

I, Cecil Warring, leave my town car to Calton Easley and my runabout to the Wileman brothers.

I, Madge Wileman, leave my method of arguing with Mr. Hull to the next clerk of the commissioners.

I, Ruth Wileman, leave my "even disposition" to Patsy Patterson.

I, Fay Wilson, leave my daily routine as office trotter to the winner of this year's cross country race.

I, Lois Young, leave "Mooselini" to me kid brother. Maybe he can make her do over thirty-five miles per.

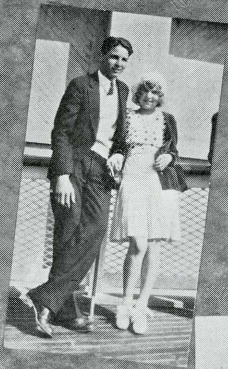
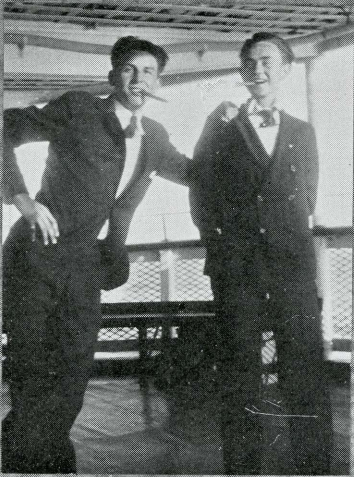
To this document we attach our seal and sign our crosses on thirtieth day of April in the nineteen hundred and thirtieth year of our Lord.

—CLASS OF '30.

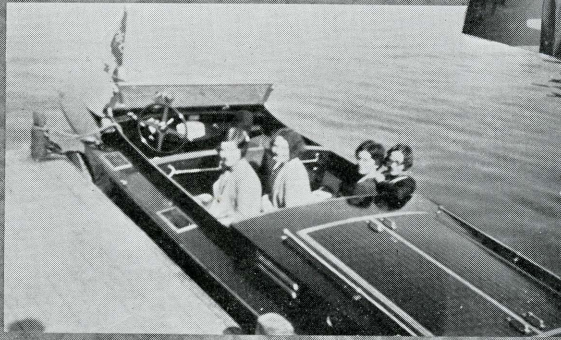
## FAY'S WRECK

It's got four wheels  
And an engine, too,  
The gas tank leaks  
And the horn never blew.  
The wheels are round  
And the tires flat,  
But she hits on four  
For all of that.  
The timer's shot  
The top, it ain't,  
All the body needs  
Is a coat of paint.

(Lovingly dedicated to Fay Moorehouse, the one from whom  
I received my inspiration.—D. E.)



SENIOR  
DITCH  
DAY





## JUNIOR CLASS

A speaker coming into the assembly of our high school, notices the peppy Junior Class first. This is natural, since it is the outstanding class of the school.

We have the honor of sitting in the most prominent seats of the auditorium in order to give everyone a good impression of the school.

If the speaker were a man, he would no doubt notice the pretty girls in our class first. There can be no fairer collection of blondes and brunettes in the country than he would see in those front rows. Some of the best girl athletes in the school are found in the group—so they are useful as well as ornamental. The Junior Girls' Volley Ball, Basketball and Hockey Teams were all very outstanding and brought honor to their class. The following girls: Iva Chaney, Juanita Firestone, Aletha LeBard, Lois Fremlin, Ruth Maltby, Mildred Nelson, Ruth Hickox, Margaret Foster, Edith Warring, Eva Beckman were on these teams.

He would then notice our modest men of "brain and brawn" sitting in the back seats of the class group. There he would see the important members of the A Football teams, John Allee, Earl Harthorne, Gail Cochran, Donald Durnford, and Wendel Hicks. In the same bunch of boys he could see almost the whole B Team, with Donald Shaw as the captain. We also claim the honor of having stars of three basketball teams. We have Earl Harthorne, Harry Lechler, Frederick Padelford, Harold Robinson, Ray Wileman and Jimmie Cook. The last two brought home to us the Russel Cup for track.

A visitor could also find brains in our class. We have the president of the scholarship—Wilma Felsenthal among our group. Ruth Hickox, Hilma Hiller, Hester Busick, Ellis Shaw, Robert Robertson, also help to represent us in that society.

The majority of the Trigon Club are Juniors, including Warren Boardman, Donald Boardman, James Cheesbrough, Jimmie Cook, Lois Fremlin, Ruth Maltby, Ruth Hickox, Robert Robertson, Ellis Shaw, Donald Shaw, Spencer Stroud, Ray Wileman, Wilma Felsenthal and Hilma Hiller.

Some of us are also musically inclined, although a few still play saxophones. The orchestra and Glee Clubs are well supported by Juniors.

We are certain that the speaker would notice "Mud" Stearns—one of the starv-ing song-writers—distinguishing himself by writing "Fight On For Paduca High." He, Jack Connors, Ona Wallace, Gail Cochran and Dorothy Elkins have helped in plays given this year—the last two playing important roles in the Student Body Play, "Square Crooks."

So look for us to give you future presidents, senators and representatives of the United States and all points south—they are in the making in our class. You had better get acquainted with us so that when we become famous you can say you knew us in high school.

## SOPHOMORES

The Sophomore Class of 1930 has greatly reduced in the number of students. As we promised last year, we have taken a leading part in the school affairs. We did our part in sending our boys out for athletics. They took part in basketball, football, baseball and track. The girls took part in volley ball, basket-ball and hockey.

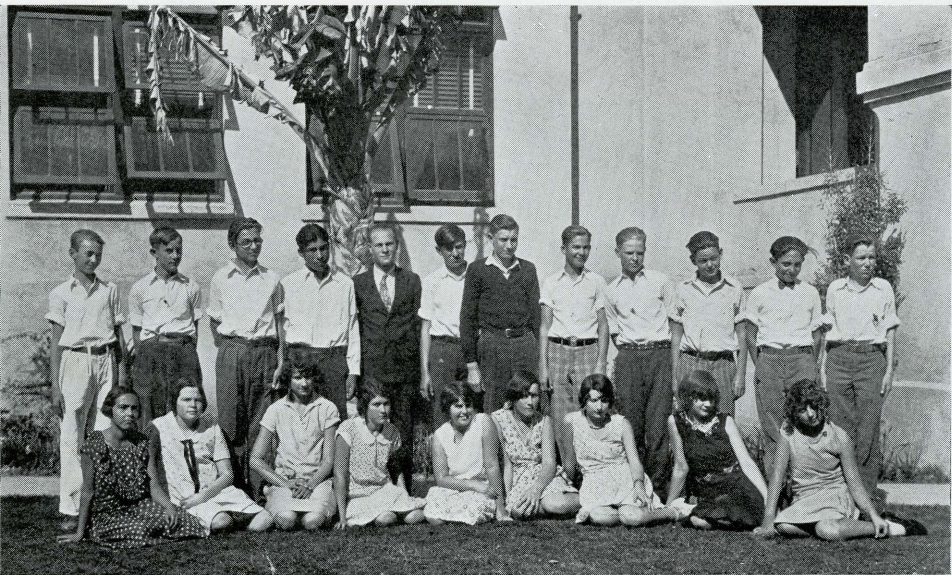
We did not plan any class parties this year because our lessons come first, (at least that is what our teachers tell us.) We prove this because a large number of Sophomore's are in the Scholarship Society, and we are very proud of them.

Next year we will be the jolly Juniors. Keep watching us, and see our class honors grow throughout the coming years.





FRESHMEN 9A



FRESHMEN 9B

## FRESHMEN

The biggest klas in Filmor hi!  
The pepiest klas in Filmor hi!  
The most promising klas in Filmor hi!  
Wot mor kan we sa?

The biggest klas becuz we ar the biggest in numbrs.  
The pepiest becuz we hav showd thet fact in asemblys.

Too of hour boys ar hi skool yel leders. Hour songs and yels ar incompearabul. Hour pep is contaigus, so thet we hav sirvd the skool in won of the most honorbul waes. We ar the most promisin klas becuz we no no one nos hour possibilities. Evun we don't. We don't becuz we kan not gess wat time and xpirence wil do to us. But we do no thet if we kep up at the rait in wich we hav bin goin, we ar goin to be the most suksesful klas in the history of old F. U. H. S.

We hav bin representd in al fazes of atheletiks. We hav a dandy gurls basket ball team. The boy's D team went to San Diego and won second plas in the county ther. They won first plas in Ventura County. The gurls voly bal team won second plas in the intar-klas team games.

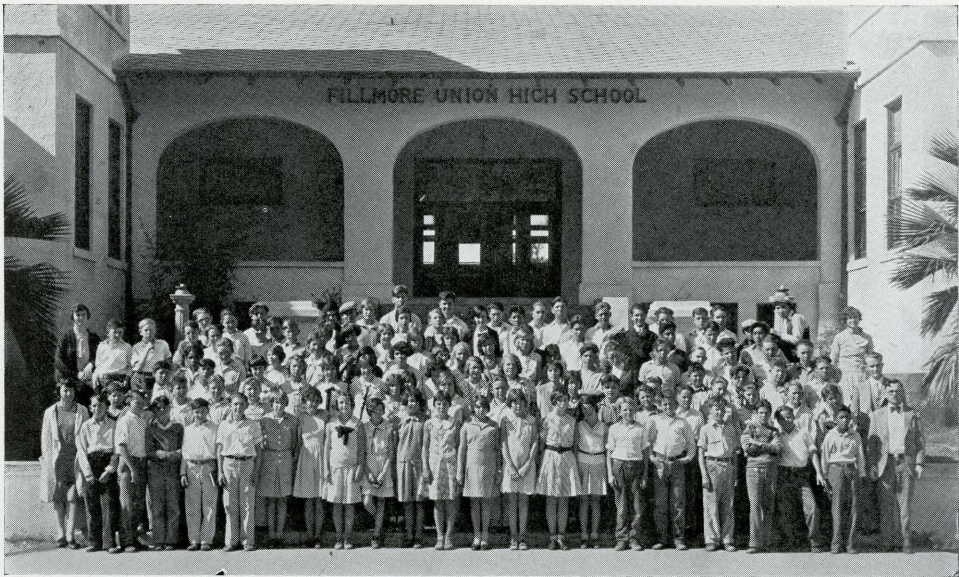
Hour offisers, Lorene Britt, pres., not of the United States, just freshman klas, and Richard Palmer, secretary, ar very abul wukrs. A klas teacher kudn't be better thn Miss Creager.

All sofmors hav ben slepy so far, and next year is goin to the first and formost klas to be pepy. U jest wate and sea.

And by the wae, hour boys hav don vere wel in trak.

No wun wil deni the piramid bildin in the G. A. A., consistin of freshman gurls, was gud.

If U want to no how to hav pep, jest ask any freshman.



## THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

In September the junior high was a departmentalized seventh and eighth grade school. Since then the junior high under the capable leadership of Mr. Goulet and his corps of teachers has traveled a long way towards the goal of a unified junior high with diversified studies and activities.

Mr. Goulet has during the course of the year instituted the following important things: (1) Organized clubs to be held each Thursday for a half hour. Mr. Goulet took charge of the Archery Club; Miss Amy Smith, of the Camp Fire Girls; Miss Albright, of the Dramatics Club; Miss Pitthan, of the Girls' Athletic Club; Mr. Palmer, of the Aviation Club; Miss Bradley, of the Home Economics Club; Miss Tinkham and Miss Symons, of the Assembly group.

The Archery Club has made its equipment and established target practice. The Camp Fire Girls have held a rummage sale and fitted a small room in the junior high building for the girls to use as their own. The Aviation Club has stimulated interest in aviation, in making planes and has held several meets within its own group. The Dramatics Club has given several plays, one was for the January graduation exercises, and has undertaken the restoration of the auditorium as such in the junior high. Home Economics Club stressed the planning of meals and of parties. The Girls' Athletic Club has given the girls an opportunity for home craft work. The Assembly group takes care of all pupils who do not wish to do club work.

(2) An organized weekly assembly with occasional group singing. (3) An organized system for handling textbooks. (4) Established a detention room three nights a week to take care of children who are not keeping up their work. (5) Organization of a Safety Committee. (6) Weekly Junior High notes for the paper. (7) Organization of a Junior Scholarship Society. (8) Ability grouping in the eighth grade. (9) Immediate check-up on absentees.

Two departments which Mr. Goulet has hopes to see doing more work next year are the music and art. Mr. Palmer has charge of the music. Thirty-five pupils have begun the study of some instrument this year. The junior high has a band and an orchestra of its own. The seventh and the eighth grades have a varied program of group singing, music appreciation, history of music, theory of music, and have had music contests within their groups. The art classes have done some excellent modelling in soap, basketry work, and models of cars and aeroplanes.



School-days end; the world's before us,  
And our work has just begun;  
We shall raise no winter chorus,  
Sing beneath no summer sun;  
Though our youth's bright, sweet vacation  
Nevermore our lives shall span,  
It has left long exultation  
For the woman and the man.

—MARY M. WINTER

The green lane is the schoolboy's friend,  
Low leaves his quarrel apprehend,  
The fresh ground loves his top and ball,  
The air rings jocund to his call,  
The brimming brook invites a leap,  
He dives the hollow, climbs the steep.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON



## ACTIVITIES



B. M. D. *[Handwritten signature]*



## C. S. F.

The Scholarship Society represents the best students of the school, yet we feel that even in the best there is still room for improvement. Some of us are members of only a quarter or so; others earn the required number of points every time. The latter statement is significant of the fact that just a little more effort is made by some than by others.

So far this year the C. S. F. permanent pins have been awarded to only Howard Price, Hester Henderson, Maude Stroud, Verna Stoll, and Marvin Sturgeon. Undoubtedly there will be others who will earn their pins before the school year is out. It is probably the first time that the boys have made such a marked showing. They are to be congratulated.

April 25-26 there was a convention held at Catalina. Long before that date the members had anticipated a good time. It was made possible for quite a few to attend because of a pay program given to help pay part of the expenses.

As a last thought I would like to say that we learn in C. S. F. that a healthy mind and a healthy body are two essentials for success, whether it be in school, on the athletic field, or at home.

## JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIP SOCIETY

This society was organized the third quarter; Miss Symons has charge of it. Membership is earned the quarter previous to the one in which any one joins. Qualification is the same as for the California Scholarship Federation, e.g., a minimum of eight points in studies and two in extra-curricular work. Two quarters membership entitles a member to a pin which he may keep after graduation from the junior high, providing his grades at that time permit him to wear the pin. The society hopes to have more members wearing pins next year. The activities are principally hikes.

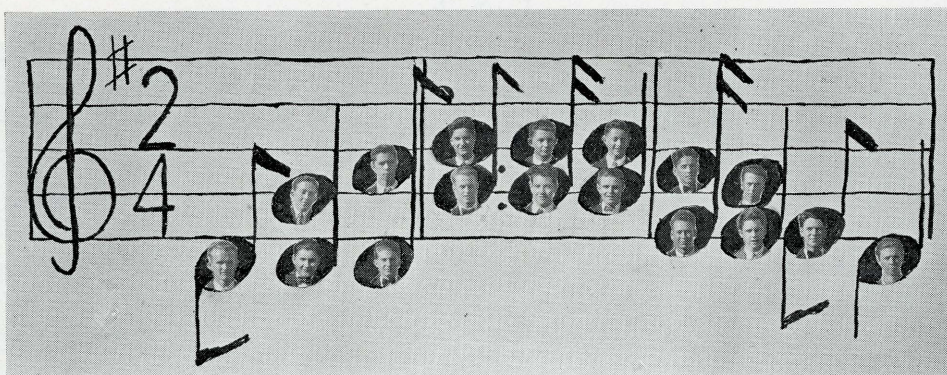
## TRIGON CLUB

We try to have a meeting every two weeks, on Wednesday morning at 9:30. During the first semester we had several very interesting speakers, including Mr. F. L. Fairbanks, Colonel W. H. Miller, and Mr. Blaine Elkins. Also, at one of our meetings, we were entertained by members of the Girls' Glee Club.

On November 4th we made a trip to the city, and visited a glass factory, the Goodyear Rubber Factory, and the Willy's-Overland plant.

One of the big events of the year was our St. Patrick's party, at which several new members were initiated.

The Trigon Club now has approximately forty members, and we certainly are a live bunch. (Modesty forbids us to say more.)



## THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Boy's Glee Club of 1930, under the able direction of our new instructor, Mr. Palmer, assisted by Vernon Nelson as President, Carroll Ball as Secretary and Treasurer, Leo Harmonson as Accompanist, and with the hearty cooperation of the members, has had a very successful year.

Our public appearances were greatly improved by our new uniforms of white trousers and dark coats, replacing the sailor uniform of previous years.

The Club is composed of the following: Arthur Anlauf, Carroll Ball, John Cummings, Charles Dunn, Richard Elkins, Dwight Goodenough, Leo Harmonson, Earl Harthorn, Kenneth Howard, Wilson Kirk, Gordon Lander, Ralph Latzke, Harry Lechler, Dean Lowry, Harold LeBard, Arthur Mayfield, Willis Myers, Vernon Nelson, Richard Palmer, Robert Robertson, Edward Spraggins, Ellis Shaw, Henry Stearns, Chester Warring, Bennie Warring.



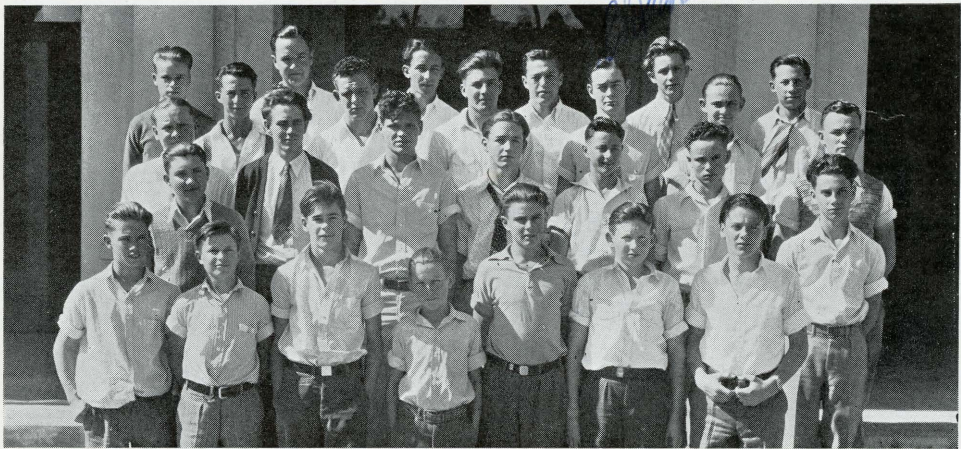
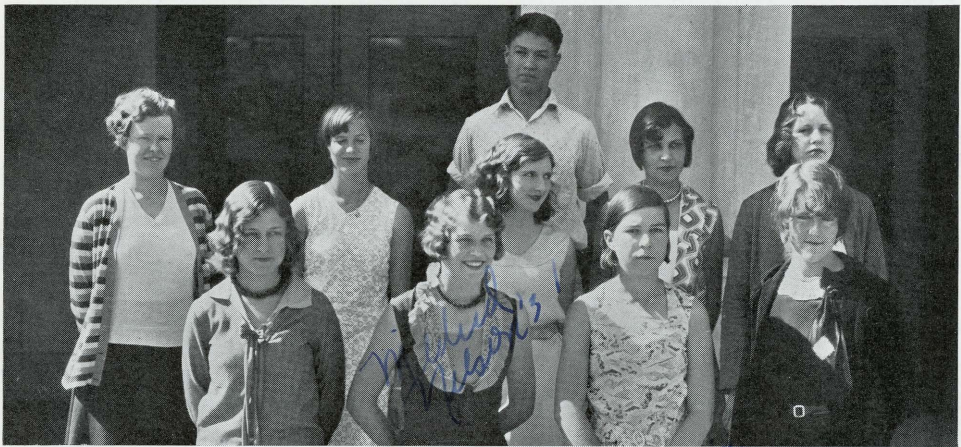
### THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

This year our organization has been one of the biggest and best ever, and the officers wish to take this opportunity to thank each member for her cooperation in making the fourth year of our self-government a success.

The girls have made several public appearances this year in our new uniforms. Besides this, a double quartet was organized.

Our club very successfully entertained the Boys' Glee Club with a Valentine party.

To the Club of '31 we extend wishes for even greater success and happiness than we have enjoyed this year.—Verna Anlauf, Kathleen Ayers, Marguerite Bartels, Gertrude Bowdle, Hester Busick, Iva Chaney, Elizabeth Coggeshall, Elfleda Coulson, Arlene Dippel, Peggy Du Brea, Edythe Earhart, Dorothy Elkins, Lois Ellis, Margaret Foster, Nell Hatcher, Bertha Hill, Virginia Purvis, Ferdie Jones, Maxine Kirk, Aletha LeBard, Ruth Maltby, Fay Moorhouse, Mildred Nelson, Mildred Price, Arabella Roche, Edythe Root, Alice Skinner, Lois Smith, Maxine Spangler, Virginia Wam-mock, Edith Warring, Madge Wileman, Ruth Wileman, Marjorie Williams, Fay Wilson, June Rose Winkler, Edythe Van Deventer.



Winton  
31  
L.



## ORCHESTRA

"Say, kid, don't you play in the high school orchestra?"

"Yes, but how did you know?"

"Oh, I always attend all the high school entertainments, and I always get seats right down in front where I can hear and see the orchestra. I wouldn't miss it for anything."

"Well, of course we aren't really anything wonderful, but we always do our best, and I guess that's all anybody can do."

"Yes, of course it is—and listen, kid, the next time you meet for practise, will you tell Mr. Palmer, your instructor, that his orchestra is certainly to be congratulated on the way it played at the Student Body play, "Square Crooks," at the Ebell Club play, "A Southern Cinderella," and also at the Junior High graduation exercises."

"I certainly will. You won't want to miss the High School graduation exercises on Commencement night, either, because we always play several good marches there."

Don't worry. I'll be there."

## LA FLEUR-DE-LYS

La Fleur-de-Lys, F. U. H. S.'s newest organization has just concluded a very successful year. It commenced its second scholastic year in September with six members and one honorary member, our advisor, Mlle. Hill. At the end of the first semester the club entertained, and initiated the five new members with a very interesting party at the High School. After the initiation, games were played in French and the members sang French songs. Earlier in the year the club attended a presentation of "Paris," the first motion picture made by Irene Bordoni, the famous French star.

The officers of La Fleur-de-Lys are: president, Maude Stroud; secretary, Edythe Van Deventer; editor, Katherine Fairbanks.

The credit for our interesting parties goes to Mildred Nelson who had charge of the entertainment.

The club members are at present corresponding with students of English in France.

And we, the members of La Fleur-de-Lys, hope that the club's third year will be as pleasant and as successful as the year that has just ended.

## LETTERMEN

The lettermen aren't organized this year, but are a group of boys who have won the F in some sport or another. The aim and purpose of each one is to foster and encourage good sportsmanship in the school and keep up a peppy school spirit. I think we can truthfully say that we have done our best to keep the school spirit going.

The teams received the hearty interest and cooperation of the Student Body. Probably that is what buoyed up the boys to do their best.

Next year we hope to reorganize and have an active club as in previous years.



## THESPIAN CLUB

The Thespians Club was very active this year. As soon as the officers were elected, we started off with a bang! The result was the big party at Wheeler's Hot Springs, an event none of us are going to forget.

Another of our "big days" was the trip to Los Angeles. We went through the Western Costuming Co. and Max Factor's Studio. What? Oh, yes! the boys thoroughly enjoyed it. Ask them about the chorus girls present.

Later in the year we had several parties and picnics. Each and everyone of them was such fun and—but if I tell of all the fun we've had, you'll think we didn't work; and of course, I couldn't create a false impression.

We put on entertainments for various clubs, the Service Club, the Brotherhood, and the Rebecca's. On Columbus Day we presented a one-act play for the Student Body.

April 15th we had a recital, exhibiting samples of our work during the past year. Three one-act plays were presented: "Judge Lynch," "The New Dress Suit," and "Dust of the Road." The proceeds were used for helping the annual, and for buying new props.

We were represented at the May-Day Festival by a float, which everyone admitted was most original and different.

The final celebration of the year was a trip to Los Angeles, and we were excused from one whole day of school! We visited Calkin's Scenery Co. in the morning and the Huntington Library and Art Gallery in the afternoon. The day was brought to a grand climax by taking in a play. We arrived home at P. B. X. o'clock, everyone feeling that the Thespians Club had put itself on the map (in more ways than one!).

THE COPA DE ORO OF 1930

presents

“DOINGS IN DRAMA”

In Three Acts

Director - - - - - MISS MARGARET CREAGER

PRODUCTION STAFF

Stage Managers - - - - RALPH SCHUNICK, MARVIN STURGEON

Lights - - - - - WILBUR BRITT

Cast: Students of F. U. H. S.

Time: Different definite dates during the year

Place: Fillmore Union High School Auditorium

ACT ONE

SCENE I.

As part of the Columbus Day program, the Dramatics Club presented for assembly “Diego’s Dream,” by Madeline Burnam. As Columbus, and Columbus’ son, Diego, Marvin Sturgeon and Willis Myers gave the outstanding performances of the play.

SCENE II.

Thespian Club puts on Institute Playlet, “The Boy Will,” by Robert Emmons Rogers, presented in assembly and later on for the Teachers’ Institute on November 25 at Santa Paula. Young Will Shakespeare is depicted, the setting for the play being an inn in Stratford at the time when the boy, Will, leaves for London. Cast in the play are: Marvin Sturgeon as Master George Peale, a strolling player who tempts young Will with the joys of a player’s life; Shakespeare at the age of 17, Willis Myers; Ann Hathaway, Will’s sweetheart, Madge Wileman; Mrs. Shakespeare, Virginia Wammock, and Giles, the inkeeper, Jack Connors.

SCENE III.

To show what they had accomplished during the year, the Thespians presented a night of one-act plays, the first being “Judge Lynch” by J. W. Rogers, Jr., a story of negro lynching in the South, with Kathleen Ayers as Mrs. Joplin; Faye Wilson as Ella, her daughter-in-law; the stranger, Howard Price; and Ed, Mrs. Joplin’s son, Willis Myers.

The second play was a comedy of American family life with Mrs. Harding, Mary Balden; Teddy, 17 years young, Dick Elkins; Betty, Ted’s only sister, Madge Wileman; and Johnny Drake, Betty’s fiancee, Gail Cochran.

As the last play “Dust of the Road” was presented with a cast of An Old Man, Jack Connors; Prudence Steele, Maude Stroud; The Tramp, Marvin Sturgeon; and Peter Steele, Wendell Hicks. It is an Easter morality in modern setting. On Easter eve a tramp prevents a man and his wife from stealing money entrusted to them.

The last two plays were presented in the competition for Eisteddfod. “Dust of the Road” received second place in the tragedy section, and “The First Dress Suit” second in the comedies.

ACT TWO

The Student Body

of

FILLMORE UNION HIGH SCHOOL

presents

A Comedy-Mystery Play

by

JAMES P. JUDGE

Dramatic Personnel

Eddie Ellison - - - - - Richard Elkins

Kay Ellison, his wife - - - - - Verna Stoll

Larry Scott, his friend - - - - - Thomas Mehaffey

Jane Brown, Larry's friend - - - - - Dorothy Elkins  
 Bridget O'Rourke, landlady - - - - - Mary Balden  
 Timothy Hogan, police sergeant - - - - - Marvin Sturgeon  
 Harry Welch, detective - - - - - Gail Cochran  
 John Clancy, his aide - - - - - Franklin Dewey  
 Mike Ross, gunman - - - - - Wendell Hicks  
 Sorrow, the maid - - - - - Ona Wallace  
 Mrs. Philip Carston, society leader - - - - - Maxine Kirk

Two former crooks are trying to go straight but are hounded by police detectives. One is married and the other, in love. They live with Mrs. O'Rourke, a generous-hearted Irish woman, who tries to shield them. A pearl necklace is stolen from the employer of one of the boys. It has been taken by their former pal, who dies without disposing of the pearls, but has left them in the hands of the boys to be returned to the owner. A hardened criminal, who has just committed murder, learns that the two boys have the pearls and so uses this as a means to force them to help him make a get-away. As the detectives enter, the pearls are hidden in the carpet-sweeper. Finally, in a graphic scene, the murderer is killed and the mystery cleared up.

ACT THREE

Senior Class

presents

“TAKE MY ADVICE”

by

ELLIOTT LESTER

CAST

Bud Weaver - - - - - Richard Elkins  
 Ann Weaver, his sister - - - - - Madge Wileman  
 Jim Thayer, stock salesman - - - - - Vernon Nelson  
 Kerry Van Kind, art student - - - - - Kenneth Howard  
 Joseph Weaver, Bud's father - - - - - Carroll Ball  
 Mrs. Weaver, Bud's mother - - - - - Mary Balden  
 Bradley Clement, a professor - - - - - Marvin Sturgeon  
 Marella Scotte, an actress - - - - - Effie Amrhine

Pa Weaver has a weakness for fraudulent stock salesmen; Ma Weaver has a weakness for numerology; Buddy has quit school to marry the local vampire, who is eight years older than himself; and Sis is bitten by the stage bug. Into this topsy-turvy family tangle comes Professor Clement who, with his optimistic methods, soon has the house on its feet once more.



## FRESHMEN RECEPTION

September 20, 1929

The first social event of the year was at the High School Gym, when the Freshmen were welcomed into the Student Body. It was a "howling success," in fact, the Freshmen yelled so much that half the evening was gone before they were quiet enough to take their bottles. After all the milk was gone, the "Freshies" were forced to take an oath by placing their left hand on the "Holy Sears Roebuck Catalogue" and solemnly swearing to shine the Senior's shoes every day.

## THESPIAN CLUB PARTY

October 9, 1929

The Thespian Club met at Wheeler Hot Springs for an out-door party. The place was lighted by many camp-fires over which weiners were roasted. After this the plunge was filled with the many who participated in swimming races, speed and candle relays. When it was too dark to play any more, they went over to the dance hall and danced far into the night.

## SENIOR CLASS PARTY

October 20, 1929

The auditorium of the High School was the place chosen by the Seniors for their class party. The fun started when the Thespian Club gave two skits, "The Lamp Went Out," and "The Goat" (I believe "Mud" Stearns was the goat).

After "The Lamp Went Out," everyone participated in such childish games as, "Last Couple Out" and "Three Deep." The childish idea was further carried out when the refreshments were served as they sat on the floor playing "Whispering Around the World."

## TRIGON TRIP TO LOS ANGELES

January 24, 1930

The Trigon members, happily packed in a few cars, started out to visit the glass factory at Burbank, the Goodyear Tire Factory, and Willys-Overland automobile factory at Los Angeles. When they had gone through these interesting places, they came out better educated and very tired. But never too tired to see some shows. However the groups all got home in time to, at least, start to school the next morning.

## JUNIOR AND SENIOR SNOW PARTY

January 25, 1930

Fillmore was a very quiet town on this date, since the Juniors and Seniors were up at Los Angeles Playgrounds playing in the snow.

Everyone had a wonderful time skiing, skating, tobogganing and having snow fights. Since it was snowing hard in the afternoon, many left early and saw some shows in Los Angeles before returning home.

## 9A CLASS PARTY

January 27, 1930

The Sophomores met in the cafeteria rooms for their class party. The evening was spent in playing games and eating (emphasis on the eating). The most popular game of the evening was the eating of the ice cream. Nearly everyone ate five dishes of ice cream, at least, and then departed declaring the evening a huge success.

## GLEE CLUB PARTY

January 31, 1930

The Boys' Glee Club was royally entertained by the Girls' Glee Club this year. When the guests had all arrived, they were divided into groups, each one of which had to put on a stunt. There were some "rare" stunts. One group crawled like a snake. Gail Cochran and Miss Jones were the stars in the latter stunt and were a great help in "pulling down" the prize for their group. After the stunts a few games were played and the rest of the evening was spent in singing popular songs.

Delicious refreshments were served in a room appropriately decorated with golden harps (not because they were angels, but because they were Glee Clubs).

## THESPIAN CLUB PARTY

February 20, 1930

The Thespian Club had another one of their out-door parties. This time it was at that interesting place—Moorpark.

After enough fire wood had been gathered, everyone came around the fire for the big barbecue. The rest of the evening was taken up by playing games, and then began the "thrilling" rides home. It was reported by some people who were waiting for the bus the next morning that some were seen coming in from the direction of Ventura. Now, what could they have been doing down there??

## SENIOR DITCH DAY

March 12, 1930

On this morning the Juniors walked down the school halls which were lined with signs informing them that the Seniors had left for a day at Avalon, Catalina.

The Juniors immediately decorated the school with Junior class colors and waited for the Seniors to come back. Late that evening they came home telling stories of visiting William Wrigley Jr. and seeing whales. Many brought their stories to a climax by telling how both Mrs. Jarret and Mr. Ross became so sea-sick that they turned a pale green.

## JUNIOR CLASS PARTY

March 12, 1930

On the evening of Senior Ditch Day, all the Juniors met at the school to take advantage of the Senior's absence by having a party.

After playing some lawn games, everyone went down to the music room where the refreshments were served. Later the girls went home, but the boys waited until it was very late (or early) in order to give the Seniors a "warm welcome home" (they were assisted in this welcoming by a few lemons and buckets of water). Some of the welcoming wasn't so "warm," and a few Seniors were "all wet." (Ask Madge!)

## TRIGON INITIATION

March 14, 1930

The members of the Trigon Club met in the auditorium of the High School to witness the initiation of some new members. The latter furnished the entertainment by giving speeches and reading themes on great mathematicians. The climax of the evening was the playing of "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover" by that accomplished player of the "rolamonica"—Ray Fremlin.

The party then went down to the cafeteria rooms where the new members took their oaths and the refreshments were served.

## SCHOOL PICNIC

April 11, 1930

School was dismissed early for a big school picnic up in the Sespe Canyon.

The students and teachers were alphabetically divided into groups, each group to furnish a stunt. There was a great variety of stunts planned, including a mock wedding, a take-off on the teachers, and many novel games.

When the groups had arrived at the appointed place, the entertainment was started by "Chicken" Hammond, who fell into the river. The stunts followed. One group had an orange eating contest—Mr. Hull and Marie Hastings were the rivals in that one; but the latter finally won, because Mr. Hull couldn't peel his orange fast enough.

MORAL—Learn to peel your own oranges.

## TRIGON TRIP

April 25, 1930

The Trigon Club took this day off to see how "these precious little things called Fords" are made at the Ford Assembly Plant. About half of the members reached their destination—the other half, well, we don't know, that half has never told, but they rallied bravely when asked where they had been. They said that they had been all through the factory and started home before the rest of the party arrived.

## SCHOLARSHIP CONVENTION

April 25-26, 1930

Wm. Wrigley Jr. was again honored by having Fillmore visit his island. This time the Scholarship members went to the annual convention of the Southern California Scholarship Federation there.

After getting off the boat at noon, the party was divided, some went in swimming—others took bus and boat trips.

The next morning everyone went up to the Avalon High School amphitheater to the convention which lasted all morning. An eight course luncheon was served at the St. Catherine Hotel at noon. At one table we noticed that some of our members drank about two pitchers of water, each, between the courses. While one of the party, not knowing that dinner was being served, rocked merrily out on the front porch of the hotel. After spending the afternoon taking more pleasure trips, they all went down to the dock and met the boat. As the strain of Aloha Oe floated over the air the Fillmore members were sadly saying good-bye to Avalon.

## MAY DAY FESTIVAL

May 16, 1930

It has been the custom in Fillmore to celebrate at the first of May. This year because of certain complications, the festival came on the sixteenth. The program started with a big parade in the morning in which the different organizations of the town entered floats. The High School took the grand sweepstake prize last year. This year they entered a float which carried out the pioneer idea. The Spanish department of the school entered a Spanish float, including an ox-cart and many pretty señoritas. All the work done on these floats was done by the students with the help of the faculty. The climax of the festival was the winding of the May poles on the Grammar School lawn.

## TRAVELS OF A WEE MOUSE

Just look at that man hurry! He must have an important engagement, or he wouldn't be in quite such a rush. Perhaps, if I follow him, I will run into something interesting—might as well, nothing else on hand.

Oh! I see! He is turning in at the entrance of a big building. I wonder what it is? Ah! Now I know! Those large letters over the door say: "FILLMORE UNION HIGH SCHOOL." Looks promising, anyway.

What do you suppose? While I have been star-gazing, that man has disappeared! Will have to look for him, I suppose, 'cause if I don't I may miss something.

This door looks as good as any, I think I'll try it. Success! He's in there! He seems to be it around here. They call him Mr. Hull, and every time anyone is to be punished they call on him.

But, I guess, I needn't feel so very sorry for them, because most of them can think of a great many more ways than Mr. Hull thinks of getting by. There are tricks in all trades—ask Everett De Graff.

Why is it, I wonder, that Mr. Hull doesn't like the Seniors? It seems that everything that goes on around here is blamed on them, for Earl is always in there, getting bawled out for something the Seniors are said to have done. They surely would have to be accomplished people to do all of the things that are laid at their door.

Eek! Here's a cat! Some boys put her in the register. It's good for her, too—keeps her out of the way. Why, they are going to take her out? If that tabby gets on my trail, it's just too bad! I guess I'd better get out of here while I still have the chance—I don't want to lose my skin.

Speaking of convenience! Here is a door, right close at hand, left most invitingly open—everything seems to fall my way today. Better make the most of it—opportunity only knocks once.

What do you know about it? It's Mr. Stull's room, where he teaches Economics. Just now, though, he is bawling the Seniors out for not giving full attention while he discusses the market changes. He may be justified in scolding the class for talking about interesting things, but it *does* seem to me that he *might* put some of the blame where it really lies: on the shoulders of the one and only Junior.

I think I'll stay here a while, at least until this class is over. Because if I follow one of these students, I may go to some place interesting. That long-haired girl looks as though she might be a good one to follow—she gets into enough mischief here. Looks as though I were going to have a good time out of this yet.

Climbing these stairs isn't so good, but I may find something exciting at the top—if I ever get there!

This class ought to be a lot of fun—it's Miss Carlson's English class. What on earth are they doing? "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark." They certainly are right! I have it, now! It's Hamlet, by Shakespeare! I'm not getting as much enjoyment out of this as I had expected. I'll go across the hall and see what is happening over there.

Plenty, from the sound. Miss Taylor will not let one of her students into the class because he is late, even though his excuse is good. I must go in and see what is happening, it must be quite good if it is so select. I'll sneak in while she isn't looking.

This is too much! Here is Don Durnford, reading something unintelligible. Now he is talking English—translating what he has read before. It seems that he has been reading Latin. I believe this is even worse than Hamlet—it's Caesar! And it is still drier because Don doesn't know his lesson as well as he might. If I had to listen to this every day I'd be very glad to be excluded from the class for a period. In fact,



I think I'd jump up and down for joy. The one redeeming feature of the whole thing is that our dear Verna made a mistake and said, "He was separated from Stabiae by a curve in the middle." Thank goodness! There goes the bell.

What is this I hear? An orator? A husky girl in glasses and a wind-blown bob is delivering a speech on "Blood Will Tell." Not at all bad, Margaret, it's going over big, so don't worry. This has been a very interesting class, the kids listened beautifully. I'm very sorry that this class is over. I wish I could find a few more like it.

I hear someone else talking—maybe it is another speech. No, it *wouldn't* be. Only Miss Hansen reading to her class, while they make funny marks on paper. I can't say that this class is at all intriguing, even the stuff she is reading is too dull to listen to for very long. They call it a shorthand, but it doesn't in the least resemble a paw, in my estimation. I think I'll go to that other room I saw, maybe it will be interesting.

Here is another group of students who are making funny marks on paper. They do it in a different way than do Miss Hansen's students. I suppose Miss Schibsbey teaches by a different method. While Miss Hansen's students make lines with pencils, the typing class make little letters by means of machines with buttons to press. This class is quite interesting, but I can't stay, because the noise of the machines makes my head ache.

Say! Those girls are certainly in a hurry! Rather fast pace to use on stairs. Ah! I knew it! One has fallen all of the way down those steps. I wonder if she is hurt? No, I guess not. She's telling "Ruthie" all about how she fell so far because she didn't want to drop all of her books. I might have known! It's "Madgie," the little girl Mr. Stull said he told fifty times to turn around.

Here is another class room. It is certainly informal—even the teacher, Mr. Thornton, eats, even though he does say it is for his throat. Everyone in the class seems to be writing on the blackboard and making peculiar looking drawings beside their work. Wonder why they do it? It seems that Mr. Thornton has each one get up and explain what they have placed on the board. Proof that one figure is congruent to another doesn't interest me very much, but it is funny to see Ray and Jimmie stumble around when they haven't the faintest idea of what they are talking about. No one seems to be any more interested in this class than I am, from the rate of speed they achieve in getting out of it. Even Spencer has actually gotten out of that languid walk that becomes his figure so wonderfully.

Well, I'm out of that. Guess I'll follow that little kid, Perry. Here we are. And how! Perry and his friend, "Mud," are out to have a good time in this room, the library, at the expense of the librarian. I should have known that it couldn't have lasted very long. Miss Creager is in there and we are out in the hall again, with fifteen demerits to Perry's credit.

Wonder where Perry is going now? Only across the hall; but I might as well follow him—I had a good time in the library, while it lasted; maybe I can again. Nothing like trying.

I can see right now that there will be no monkey-business in here—it's Mrs. Jarrett's Spanish room, and she doesn't stand for any nonsense. It's going to be interesting, though; the students are going to give a play. It will simply have to be good—Claire Smith is the dog—only they call him "pero." Well, what do you suppose! They are giving it in Spanish! It seems to be all right, for Mrs. Jarrett is nodding her head in approval, as she sews on the costumes for the Spanish Club.

Ah! I see Katherine, our little office girl, going by. Guess I'd better see what she is up to; she has such a knowing little grin on her face. The cause of it seems to be in the fact that she can get by Mr. Goulet and go up the stairs, rather than around, as the other students have to do.

It seems that she is going in late to French class again, a very small class of girls. These girls are having a very interesting time making plans for their trips to France, to be taken in the ensuing year. They are going to Paris in the fall; Nice in

the summer; Tours in the spring; and Grenoble in the winter season. It must be fun to go to Europe from the way they eagerly discuss their plans.

"Be sure to have these papers in by the end of May, or you will not get full credit for your work." Can you feature it? These trips are only make-believe! The only one who is really going is Miss Hill, the teacher. This school is going to lose a splendid teacher when she leaves. It was fun listening to them making their plans. I hope that some day, they will be able to take the trips they have planned, and more, too. People who have such agile imaginations deserve to have every trip in existence.

Now that this class is over, I'll wait awhile before I go into another room. I'd better go in here; everyone seems to be doing it. It is a study hall, but the only thing they study is how to get out. Those that do not try to get out are the ones who are so busy talking about something other than studying that they haven't time to bother about leaving. Just by looking at "Dodie" and "Ed", one can tell that they could get out easily enough, and no mistake!

Where are all of those girls and boys going, I wonder? Everyone of them seem to be going out the back door. Is there another room beyond this one? Better find out, I guess.

I should say there are some rooms back there—three in one group. One of them is empty, but in the one on the left, Don Shaw is heating something in a tube, I'll go see what it is. Oh! I don't need to see it—the smell is enough for me! Rotten eggs! How they do smell! I never thought Don would play with smelly things like that. Ouch! What under the sun is burning me? I put my paw in what I thought was water—it turned out to be acid! And does it burn! I feel as though I were on fire! After putting it in water, it feels better; but I think I'd better get out of here before I lose my skin.

A lot of boys are in this room; I wonder what they are doing? All of them are fooling with bunches of wires, globes, batteries, and bells. Of course, Sonny is playing with a motor; does he ever do anything he is supposed to do? I doubt it. Marvin seems to be accomplishing something. I guess I'll go over and watch him.

What the?? Something bit me! Hurts lots worse than acid does. Why, it's nothing but an old wire! But look at the sparks fly! It certainly does hurt. I don't think it is safe for me to stay around here—it's too dangerous, if you don't know your way about—and I certainly do not. I'd better go out that door as fast as my legs will carry me, and that will not be fast enough!

Maybe I can go in here without losing any more of my anatomy. I hope so, at any rate. Couldn't do anything worse, I don't suppose, than I've already done. There's nothing like trying,—so here goes.

I certainly have come into the right place, everyone is putting flowers in books to be pressed. Innocent little pastime, isn't it?

What's the matter? Everybody is running my way. They surely are glad to see me. It's awfully nice to be appreciated. What's this? Miss Tinkham says it is just marvelous that a little mouse should come in just when they needed one to experiment with. Well, we'll just see about that! I guess it's my skin, and I don't intend to be cut up by any biology class.

I'm awfully glad there are stairs around here. 'Cause I can run down them and get out the door before they can catch me.

You're a keen school, Fillmore, but you're a good place for a little mouse to steer clear of.

## JAKE'S BLUNDER

In a small glade protected from the cold Canadian winds by tall evergreen trees, the glowing coals of a camp fire threw a dull red light on the figure of a man engaged in cooking a much belated supper.

The sound of voices and a great deal of thrashing about in the underbrush caused the cook to lift a heavily bearded visage in the direction of the seemingly approaching army of plow horses. At length a tall figure, also heavily bearded, broke through the last tangle of brush and strode into the camp. In his wake trudged two very tired looking tenderfeet, who were in the Canadian Rockies in quest of big game.

"Supper ready, Jake?" asked the newcomer who was the official guide of the party. "Yep," replied the cook in a thunderous voice, "but somethin' is shore wrong with them dern biscuits, they ain't riz none at all, an' they are harder than any rock in these here mountains. I bet you a dollar you can't bite inter one o' them critters, Sam." Supper was being served, all the time this conversation was being carried on, by the cook.

"Trot out yore jaw-busters, Jake," challenged Sam. "I ain't seen a biscuit yet I couldn't bite inter if I was really hungry, and all anybody can do is to try ter put himself outside of one of yore biscuits." Jake produced from the Dutch oven beside the fire a plate of brown discs about half an inch thick. "Is that them?" demanded Sam. "Shore," answered Jake modestly, "them's the jaw-busters." Sam tried to bite into one of the biscuits, but his teeth only bounced off as they would if he had bitten into a rock; a second trial was as vain as the first. He gave up in disgust and tossed the biscuit across the fire and hit Jake on the head. There was a dull thud followed by a roar from Jake.

"Sufferin' tom cats, Sam, my head ain't as hard as that blamed biscuit. You broke my skull instead of that rock."

After the meal, all hands turned in and were soon fast asleep except Jake. Poor Jake's head hurt so badly that he couldn't sleep, and the blot on his reputation as a cook sort of hurt him, too.

In the morning, Jimmy, the youngest tenderfoot, was shaving before the mirror. Having finished, he hunted about in the several boxes scattered around the fire, and finally produced a small jar and a flat tin can. Removing the lid from the jar he applied some of the contents to his face and neck. Jake stood looking at Jimmy rubbing the cold cream on his face. At last Jake burst out, "That's the first time I ever saw a man put lard on his face!" The tenderfoot next applied some talcum to his face. This act brought forth a much louder exclamation from Jake. "Hey, kid, yore usin' that bum bakin' powder on your face. Hit wouldn't raise them biscuits last night, an' by golly hit wouldn't raise no whiskers on your face, neither! By gum that lard an' bakin' powder is sure bum. I'll be goin' to make sourdough after this.

DOROTHY ELKINS.

## "LIGHTNING JOHNNY"

In old Kansas City the sun was shining brightly, the birds were singing and everything seemed happy except Johnny Richards. It was his day for departure for the west, and he lacked his usual happiness. He went over to bid his only playmate and friend goodby, and Johnny hated his job. Joan Jackson, his little playmate was ten years old, while Johnny was twelve. At their farewell Johnny and Joan couldn't keep back the tears, and as a remembrance he gave her a small ruby ring.

After eight years of hard labor in the west as a cow hand, Johnny Richards became quite a man. His dark brown hair and his cold blue eyes set off his fine shaped body. At his side he wore his now famous six guns, and he earned the name of "Lightning Johnny." Johnny's father had done fairly well in the cattle business, and Johnny prepared to take a bunch of cattle up trail to the shipping point. On the trail Johnny was boss; his men obeyed him because his word was law and they knew it.

While Johnny was away an outlaw gang led by a notorious badman and gunman raided his father's ranch and killed his father.

Upon Johnny's return he found his father lying on the floor of the living room of the small ranch house. Johnny took it hard, but his cold disposition kept him from showing his sadness. He cleaned his guns and practiced shooting until he was more dangerous than ever. Johnny now looked the part of a killer; his blue eyes were afire with vengeance. At his father's side he had said, "I'll get him, dad." And now he was to make good his promise, although his case seemed hopeless against this outlaw. Away down in Texas in a little cow town's largest saloon, the Golden Eagle Saloon, lounged the killer. Two Gun Stevens seemed worried, he lacked his coolness which he had on the night of the murder. He had heard that this young man of twenty had taken up his trail, and he knew of Johnny's ability. Stevens had another enemy who was dangerous, and that was Joan Jackson's father, who had likewise come west after Johnny and his father had. Living in a different part of the country, Johnny had not heard from his friends since his departure from Kansas City. "Some day," thought Johnny, "I'll go back and see my little friend," but Johnny little realized that he was now riding into her father's ranch.

Johnny knocked at the door of the house which was a two-story structure, and to his knock, there appeared a young woman. Johnny was struck by her unusual beauty and he found himself interested for this was the first time he had been interested or paid any attention to any young lady.

"Is your father at home?" he asked.

"No," replied Joan, "he is out riding, won't you come in?" After some seconds of hesitation and embarrassment, he replied, "No, thanks, ma'm, guess I'll be riding." And with that he rode off. Joan watched this seemingly familiar stranger until he was out of sight.

That night her father, known as Jackson, was in town and in the Golden Eagle. Everyone looked for trouble with these two enemies in the same saloon. The crowd consisted of mostly Steven's Gang, while there were a few ranchers and cowboys.

Joan's father had tried to catch this slick rustler with the goods, but it seemed impossible. As he stood leaning against the bar he fixed a gaze on his enemy. Stevens lost his temper when Jackson continued to gaze in his direction and he came forward, his dark swarthy features drawn into a sneer. "Whatcha lookin' at, huh!" he drawled. To this Jackson replied, "Looking at you, you dirty lowdown rustler!"

The words were shooting words and Steven's hands were hovering over his guns when the saloon door opened. Seconds passed and no one entered; finally the spell-bound crowd saw in the door the trim figure of a gunman and now a killer. Johnny walked forward until he came in front of Stevens. His eyes glinting, Johnny said,

"I'm Lightning Johnny." It was enough, Stevens had suspected that this young man was Johnny, and at his words his hands dropped to the guns at his side. There was a shot rang through the old building, and Stevens was too late; Johnny was avenged.

Johnny could do nothing but stare at the prone figure of his father's murderer. Finally Jackson stepped over and laid his hand on his shoulder and asked him his name. Johnny replied, "Does it matter?" "Yes," said Jackson, "you have helped me, and I would be pleased to know your name." To this Johnny said, "They call me 'Lightning Johnny', and what may yours be?"

"Jackson is the name," said Jackson.

"I once knew a Jackson and you remind me of him, but it is hardly possible." So pleased was Jackson over Johnny's work that he invited Johnny home with him and Johnny accepted. Upon arriving at the ranch he was shown his room and they went down to the living room to talk.

Joan busied herself at some sewing when she saw the stranger.

Mr. Jackson came forward and said, "Daughter, meet the fastest, cleanest, gunman in the country—the man who this evening saved my life."

Joan was a little timid, but she offered the hand with the little ruby ring and said, "Glad to meet you."

Johnny stood there holding her hand and said, "You have changed, Joan."

"How do you know," she stammered, taken back at his statement.

"I am 'Lightning' Johnny Richards," he said, smiling, "of Kansas City."

Their love and friendship continued to grow. Six months later Joan rode home from Mesquite, the wife of Johnny Richards.

HAROLD ROBINSON.

## HOW CAN I FIND THE TIME?

I'm in an awful hurry,  
It's really almost nine;  
I oughta do this History,  
But—how can I find the time?  
I oughta do my Spanish,  
I've only done five lines;  
And English—say it's awful,  
But—how can I find the time?  
For when it comes to cuttin'  
And jazzin' all the time;  
You gotta let your lessons go,  
How can you find the time?

—DOROTHY ELKINS.

## A WINTER AMBLE

Have any of you tried walking on a rainy day? If you haven't, you've missed a treat. And if you're not interested you are not compelled to listen to my account.

One gladsome Sunday afternoon, just after a nice little shower, when the sky still looked foreboding, my maternal parent and I, feeling dissatisfied with domestic duties, decided to take a walk for a change.

We bundled up in our winter flannels, so to speak, since we expected it to rain. I was attired in hiking clothes and a raincoat (at least not anything in which I would care to be seen in at a formal tea-party), while mother had on an assortment of garments which gave the impression of a rummage sale, the kind that are forever occurring in Fillmore. Her hat was white with pink and blue flowers; her dress brown and green; her sweater brown with black and red stripes an inch wide. To complete the color combination she insisted on taking a wine-colored umbrella and a small square of tan canvas (in case it *should* rain). I suppose she expected to set them up as a tent for shelter.

Well, we walked a mile and during that time felt hot and cold by turns. Just when we were expecting rain, the pesky clouds cleared away, and there we were in all our glory, umbrella included.

We finally decided that the best way to carry the parasol would be to open it and use it as a sunshade. The theory was all right, but the application was all wrong. In the first place, the mountains shaded the whole road. In the second place, it was too conspicuous (the umbrella).

Anyway, there we were, with umbrella held high in the air. Several cars passed. The occupants all turned around and stared; now that I think of it, I really don't blame them. Just fancy two females on the Sabbath day, decked out in all their splendor (such as it was) tramping along with a wine-colored umbrella held skyward. I for one, if such a spectacle presented itself to my view, would have thought the two people good candidates for a nut factory.

After walking some time in such a fashion we arrived at our destination, stayed for awhile, then turned to go back home. Home, what a good place that is after all! However, it was time that we did, for night began to fall (though I didn't hear it crash). It grew dark, and shadows commenced to close in around us. The question was: How were we to get home without a light? Besides the thought of staying out all night with just an old umbrella for a pillow did not seem particularly inviting. Just at the critical moment (like most movies) we heard a panting, hissing noise. Two eyes appeared. It (whatever it was) looked like a cat and roared like a lion. But our fears were soon put at ease, for who should sputter into view but old Hepsy, our Chevrolet. Dad had come to get us. We were saved.

MORAL: It's good to know when you're well off.

## ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

<i>President</i> . . . . .	ALBERT BARTELS
<i>Vice President</i> . . . . .	RONALD RITCHIE
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	IRMA MALTYB
<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	GERTRUDE ROOT

This is the thirtieth year of the alumni association and we hope it has not been entirely unsuccessful.

The main purpose of the association is the scholarship fund, which has been added to each year by the presentation of a play. "Loose Ankles" was chosen this year and presented March 21st.

A reunion banquet is given each year to elect new officers and to greet the new members of the graduating class. The reception for the Class of 1930 will be given on Saturday, June 14th.

### 1 9 2 7

Adams, Leota (Krink) . . . . .	Los Angeles
Anlauf, Mildred (Young) . . . . .	at home, Bardsdale
Bartels, Bertha (Rudkin) . . . . .	at home, Fillmore
Baker, Jack . . . . .	Chaffee J. C.
Burson, John . . . . .	at home, Bardsdale
Corl, Gladys . . . . .	employed, Fillmore
Cornelius, Dorothy (Allie) . . . . .	at home, Piru
Durham, Genevieve . . . . .	at home, Fillmore
Fairbanks, Elizabeth . . . . .	U. C. L. A.
Furey, Francis (married) . . . . .	Los Angeles
Grimes, Aver (married) . . . . .	ranching, Fillmore
Henning, Raymond . . . . .	Piru
Henry, Arthur . . . . .	employed, Fillmore
Hiller, Charles . . . . .	married, Fillmore
Hoffman, Louise . . . . .	at home, Piru
Holzhausen, Carol . . . . .	Armstrong Business College
Johnson, Fred . . . . .	(deceased)
Kerr Franklin . . . . .	Pomona
Lawton, Elizabeth (McDougal) . . . . .	Berkeley
Lehman, Gloria . . . . .	employed, Fillmore
Lopez, Catalina (Garnica) . . . . .	at home, Fillmore
McCampbell, Helen . . . . .	employed, Fillmore
Myers, Noel (married) . . . . .	employed, Fillmore
Reid, Myron . . . . .	Woodbury College
Root, Gertrude . . . . .	employed, Fillmore
Root, Lester . . . . .	employed, Fillmore
Simmons, Myrtle (Henderson) . . . . .	employed, Santa Paula
Stroud, Stephen . . . . .	Pomona
Stewart, Ruth . . . . .	employed, Fillmore
Stout, Mildred . . . . .	at home, Fillmore
Timmóns, Arthur . . . . .	employed, Richmond
Warring, Stephen . . . . .	Pomona

1 9 2 8

Armstrong, Vivian ..... employed, Fillmore  
 Brown, Ira ..... U. C. L. A.  
 Buzard, Virginia ..... employed, Long Beach  
 Campbell, Elizabeth ..... Pomona College  
 Dominguez, Henri ..... employed, Fillmore  
 Eames, Cleone (Riopelle) ..... at home, Fillmore  
 Elkins, Margaret ..... employed, Fillmore  
 Elkins, Herbert ..... Berkeley  
 Greene, Newell ..... employed, Fillmore  
 Hanna, Alice (Fisher) ..... at home, Fillmore  
 Harris, Virgil ..... U. C. L. A.  
 Harthorn, Stella ..... Woodbury  
 Hayes, Nolen ..... employed, Fillmore  
 Hitchcock, Lois ..... U. C. L. A.  
 Hooper, Vesta ..... Methodist Hospital  
 Hulsey, Otis ..... employed, Fillmore  
 Hulsey, Odessa (Kelly) ..... at home, Fillmore  
 Imhoof, Harry ..... employed, Ventura  
 Johnson, Earl ..... employed, Fillmore  
 Jones, Gwen ..... at home, Fillmore  
 Keeler, Dorothy ..... employed, Long Beach  
 Kirby, Robert ..... Santa Barbara State Teachers  
 Lambert, Jordan (married) ..... Ventura  
 Lane, Leona ..... Methodist Hospital  
 Lane, Irene ..... Methodist Hospital  
 Lawton, Edythe ..... Pomona  
 Linkey, Curtis ..... employed, Carpinteria  
 Lowry, Merle (Furey) ..... Los Angeles  
 Moehl, Beulah ..... at home, Fillmore  
 Num, Kenneth ..... employed, Fillmore  
 Oliver, Dorothy ..... U. S. C.  
 Phillips, Catherine ..... Whittier College  
 Reeder, Herbert ..... employed, Fillmore  
 Reid, Janet ..... U. S. C.  
 Robinson, Zella ..... at home, Fillmore  
 Rupert, William ..... Santa Barbara State College  
 Tingle, Helen ..... U. S. C.  
 Thornton, Ester ..... employed, Fillmore  
 Skinner, Margaret ..... U. C.  
 Stoll, Jacob ..... ranching, Bardsdale  
 Swartz, Grace ..... Whittier College  
 Sanders, Harl ..... employed  
 Udall, Adoline (Garrison) ..... at home

1 9 2 9

Ball, Elizabeth ..... employed, Fillmore  
 Bartels, Dorothy ..... U. S. C.  
 Boardman, Bernice ..... at home, Fillmore  
 Boardman, Viola ..... Santa Barbara State College  
 Boardman, Ruth ..... at home, Fillmore  
 Bowie, Jean (Riley) ..... at home, Santa Paula  
 Bowie, Madge (married)  
 Brehm, Marjorie ..... Santa Barbara State Teachers College  
 Case, Clara (Duncan) ..... at home, Fillmore



Casner, Bernard	State Polytechnic
Davis, Gerald	at home, Fillmore
Dresser, Jay	U. C. L. A.
Fairbanks, Katherine	at home, Fillmore
France, John	employed, Fillmore
Fremlin, Guy	State Polytechnic
Gathright, Dorothy	U. S. C.
Getchell, Eileen	Woodbury
Hart, Gwendolen	Whittier
Hansen, Kermit	Pomona
Harmonson, Robert	U. S. C.
Holzhausen, Emma	at home, Fillmore
Howard, Callie (Hitchcock)	at home, Santa Paula
Johnson, Elton	employed, Piru
Kay, Ethelyn	employed, Piru
Kirkham, Edith (Jones)	at home, Fillmore
Macy, Leslie	employed, Piru
Moore, Fred	at home, Fillmore
Mosbarger, Vivian	at home, Fillmore
Padelford, Sumner	Chaffee J. C.
Sanders, Miriam	employed, Santa Paula
Spangler, Verna	at home, Fillmore
Spencer, Martha	Santa Barbara State Teachers
Thornton, Elanor	employed, Fillmore
Trotter, Doris	Armstrong Business College
Warring, Alice	Santa Barbara State Teachers

With friends of manhood, though so dear,  
 One still explains, one is not sure  
 However close, however near,  
 That this or that is for the best;  
 But in the friendships held secure  
 From school-days, all, though unconfessed,  
 Is ascertained, and shall endure.

—JOHN JARVIS HOLDEN

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!  
 Ah, fields beloved in vain!  
 Where once my careless childhood strayed,  
 A stranger yet to pain!

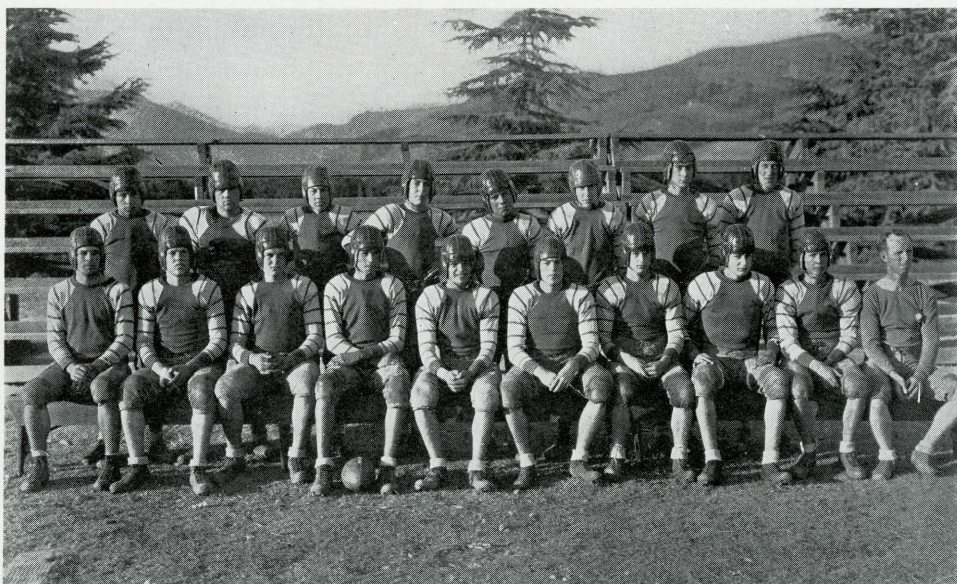
—THOMAS GRAY

This is the word that year by year  
While in her place the School is set  
Every one of her sons must hear,  
And none that hears it dare forget.  
This they all with a joyful mind  
Bear through life like a torch in flame,  
And falling, fling to the host behind—  
“Play up! play up! and play the game!”

—HENRY NEWBOLT



# ATHLETICS



## HEAVY FOOTBALL

Owing to the lack of young gentlemen on the rod, or should I say staff; no. I'm the editor of this section. I'll say what I please. Anyway, due to the lack of students to write the different sections, this was turned over to me (supposedly the society editor). The first game the young gentlemen, representing the dear alma mater, played was with Burbank. Mr. Hull was there and had the nicest new hat. Gail Cochran was just adorable in his new football pants. The young lads looked very trim and neat posed as a football team. Burbank contained one lad who acted very ungentlemanly. He even struck one of our boys to the ground, but we played well. In passing, I might add that Fillmore won, 32-6.

The next athletic activity the young gentlemen engaged in was with San Fernando, a lovely group of lads. Captain Czepinsky had the loveliest new car to ambulate to the field of honor in, and he was even polite enough to take several of the younger generation with him. This game was disastrous. Franklin Dewey had a tear in his pants, and it upset our lads so that they lost, 13-0.

Our next performance was with Van Nuys who, by the way, were league champions. The Fillmore eleven was in the height of its magnificence and severely chastised them, 32-7.

Our league games started with the Lancaster boys. Our lads traveled up there in a terrific heat and played on a sunny field so hot it made them perspire, a thing very unmannerly. Nevertheless, Capt. Czepinsky's boys obtained victory after a grueling battle.

Next we were supposed to meet Oxnard on our field for their honor. But we haven't got a field and they——. Anyway the score was 0-0, in spite of the fact that tea was served during the intermission.

Next we packed up and journeyed to Saint Land (Santa Paula). For the first three quarters all went well. Score, 6-6. In the fourth quarter one of the teams went wild. At the end of the game the score was 20-6, in favor of Santa Paula. We forgot to add which team it was that went wild; we'll leave that to you.

Next we played Santa Barbara, or rather Santa Barbara played us. The vacqueros looked pretty; dressed in suits from the house of Kresske. At the end of the game the score was 21-7 and a cup of coffee.

## LIGHTWEIGHT FOOTBALL

Well, folks, here we are again, but not quite as successful as we might have been. The lightweight team was all busy on a scholarship program (Oh! Perish the thought!) Well, anyway, the boy's first game was with Lancaster and was somewhat dis—dis—it was unlucky. I think the score was something like 21-0.

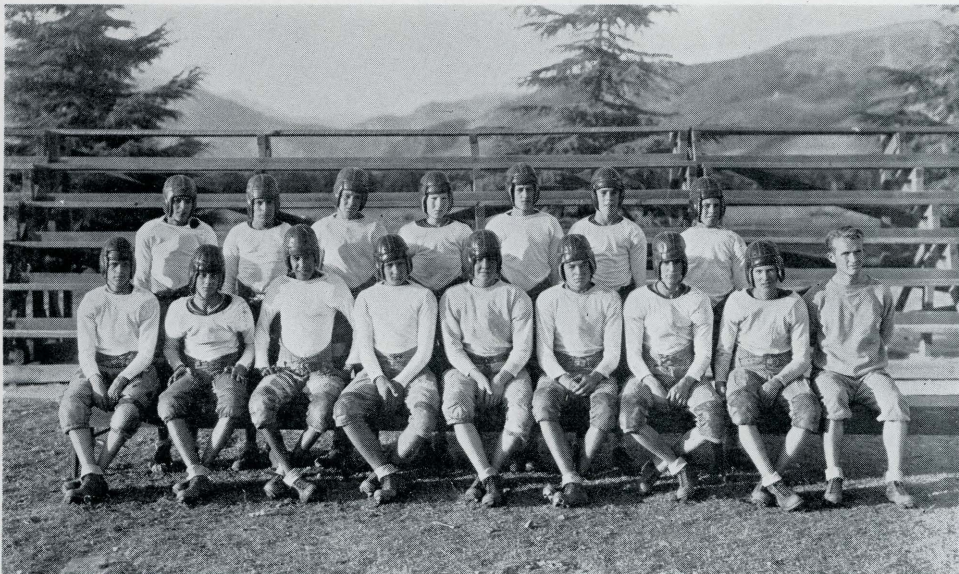
Oxnard was next on the list; the Fillmore boys trained hard, and the score was 24-0. I guess Oxnard trained harder.

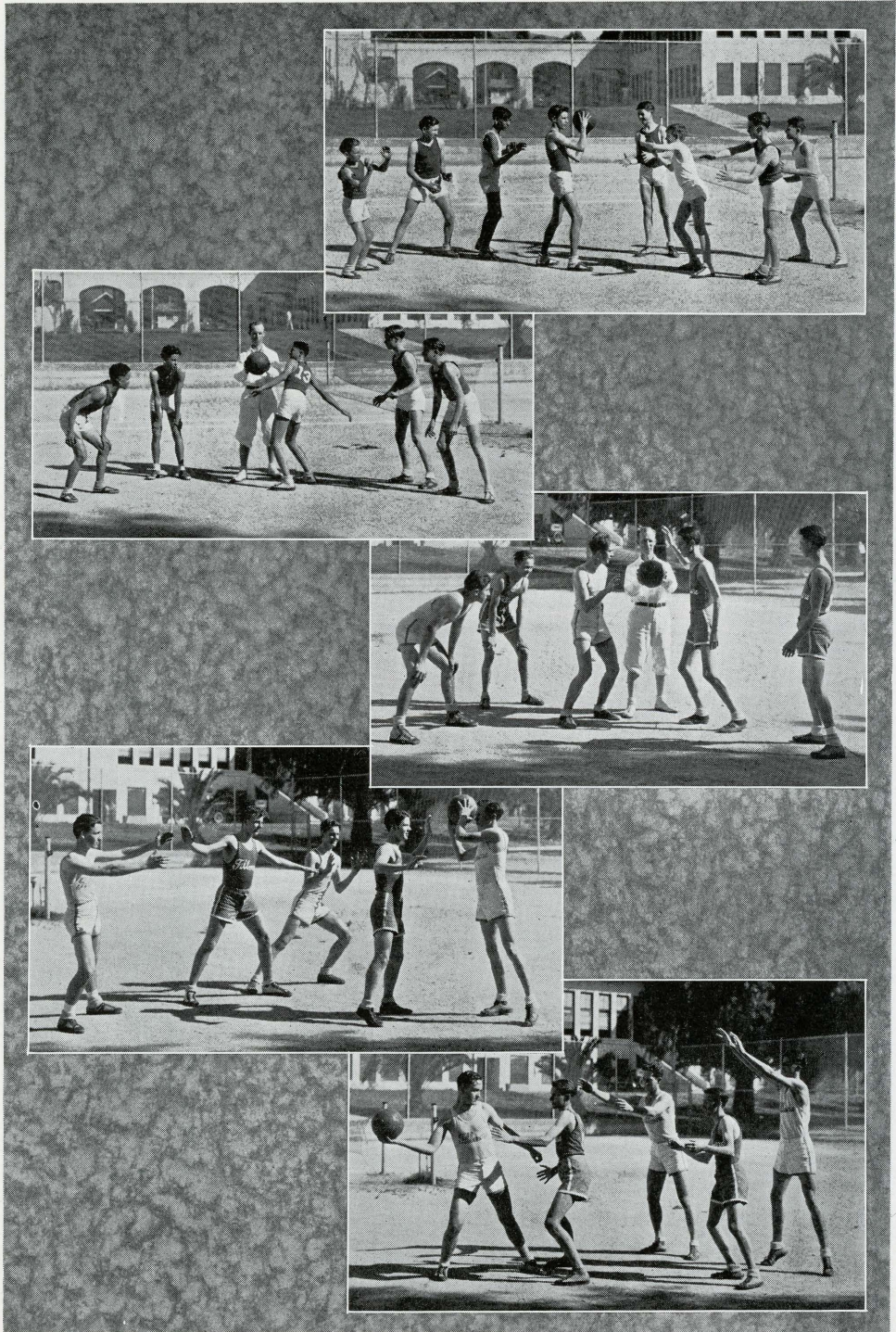
By the above scores, you would judge we had more of a mob than a team; but the other boys were 66 points (by the exponent system) and Fillmore 60 points, so you see the old, old alibi stands good.

We next played Santa Paula on their field, but you know how it was. The weather conditions, including us, were laid up with injuries. They were too big.

Santa Barbara was the next opponent, and we did exceptionally well, holding this second team to 28-0.

Ventura offered us the most competition. They struggled and fought and managed to down Fillmore 6-0. This was a very successful year, but I'm sure that every dog has his day. If Capt. Don Shaw is back next year with those two little sticks of dynamite—Ray and Ed Wileman—I'm sure we will have more success—and a cup of coffee.





## CLASS A BASKETBALL

Fillmore's casaba squads have always been above the average, and this year proved no exception, of course. We didn't get the county, but we only missed it by one game. Our first game was with Santa Paula. This wasn't even close. Fillmore's old standbys just walked down the floor and sank goal after goal. The whole team did some nice work.

Our next game was with Santa Barbara. This was a very exciting game, and it cost Fillmore the county championship.

Next we played Oxnard. This wasn't a very close game either. Fillmore won it in reality.

Our next game will be remembered for a long time by those who played in it and those who watched it. Fillmore was playing Lancaster. Up until about 30 seconds before the game was ended, the score had been changing with first Fillmore, then Lancaster in the lead. *At this the score was tied. Mayfield received the ball, shot on a foul, but missed the goal.* Because of a technicality, Price received a shot and made it. Just as the ball was put in play the game ended, but one of Lancaster's men had a shot coming. If ever there was a time you could hear the said pin drop, it was then. But, lo and behold, the lad missed his chance!

We played Ventura next for the league championship, but were unable to defeat the Pirates.

## CLASS B BASKETBALL

Just like their seniors, the B class got down to the last game for the county and then lost it. This year the boys went to San Diego to enter into a tournament. They were defeated in the first game of this tournament by San Diego high school, 36-16.

Then we played Santa Barbara, a team undefeated until it met Fillmore. The team fought hard all the way, though.

Just before the Oxnard game Frederick Padelford got the mumps. Weakened by the loss of one of their machine, the B's suffered their first defeat.

Then we played Lancaster, another undefeated team, but when they got to Fillmore, they received a wallop.

The last game was with Ventura for the league championship, but again we were defeated because it was our off night.

## CLASS C BASKETBALL

C Class boys tied for the league championship, but due to the ruling that the team which defeated the other team wins, Fillmore lost to Oxnard.

Their first game was with Santa Paula. They were easily defeated.

Then we played Oxnard, who defeated our boys by two points. This lost our chances for the championship.

Lancaster was next on our list and was erased by the old Alma Mammy.

Our last game was with Ventura, and we readily defeated her.

## CLASS D BASKETBALL

The D Class was the only one to bring home the bacon. They stepped out and took the county by storm. They also went to San Diego and won the first two games with St. Augustine, 23-11, and Roosevelt, 17-15. They lost the championship to Memorial, 16-9.

Their first league game was with Santa Paula, whom they defeated, 25-3. R. Palmer was high point man for this day.

Oxnard was the next foe, but running true to form, we defeated them with a score of 18-8.

Ventura 9, Fillmore 16, was the way the score board read at the end of that game.

Lancaster 5, Fillmore 41, and Palmer as high point man is all that is necessary to tell about the Lancaster game.

Edward Magginn  
Keewy



## BASEBALL

Fillmore has never been an ardent supporter of baseball, and consequently few turn out for it. Fillmore didn't have any luck on the diamond, losing all their league games by large scores. Maybe next year more boys will take an interest in this sport and turn out a really good team.



## TRACK

For the first time in school history, Fillmore took the county in B and C class track. Jimmy Cook, Ray Wileman, and Calton Easley were the high point men in C class track, while Pat Hawthorn, Bill Johnson, and Chris Broderson upheld the B end of the meet. These boys did exceptionally well and should be congratulated on their success.





### G. A. A.

The girls, this year, have probably accomplished more in athletics than they have in a good many preceding years. Instead of just following the old routine, several new ideas that were carried out helped to make it a vast success.

The most important event was the G. A. A., or the Girl's Athletic Association. Any of the girls could join this association but could only remain in it if they paid their dues of ten cents each month and earned at least twenty-five points each school quarter.

By working hard, the members of the G. A. A. put on a program and made enough money to buy an archery set of six arrows and twenty-four bows, and twenty-eight hockey clubs—two sports were introduced in the school for the first time.

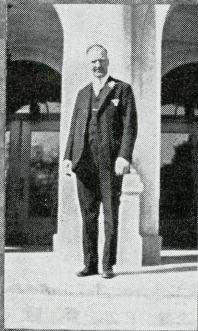
As the girls do not have interscholastic teams any more and cannot earn their letters in that way, a new method of earning points was formed last year and was still carried out this year, so that any girl could earn a school letter if she cared to work for it. For instance, such things as hiking, horseback riding, a place on a class team, and swimming—all helped to win a letter.

Another new idea carried out was the spring and fall tennis tournaments. Any girl entering had a chance in the championship besides earning five points toward her letter. Tennis had been encouraged a great deal by these tournaments and the girls have also really learned something about the game.

Swimming has always been an important event, but the fact that Miss Pitthan, the girls' gymnasium instructor, taught her classes life saving as well as swimming strokes, made this sport much more interesting than usual.

The senior class again walked off with the championship in all the class games that were played. This makes the third consecutive year that they have been so successful, so they must have good teams. The interclass games being played were volley ball and basket ball.

The Lettermen's, or Tabularius Club, was begun last year, including both boys and girls. This year it was a branch of the G. A. A. and although there were not so very many belonging to it, several things were accomplished. All girls having at least seventy-five points or having received a letter in their preceding school years could be members of the club.



Where would Margaret McFar-land if she had her way? In Wyoming.  
 If Edith Warring wasn't near would Gretchen Stew-Art?  
 If his mother spanked him, would Carroll Ball?  
 If Verna Stoll his shirt, then what is Cecil Warring?  
 As the battle waged on, Big Bertha sat on Bunker Hill.  
 If Weston called Evelyn Dear, would Gordon Land-er?  
 Was Hester Bu-sick aboard the S. S. Catalina?  
 When the curfew bell rang was Ed Spragg-in?  
 Gail Cock-ran away when he saw Jimmy Cook him a meal.  
 If Eloise loved Clair Smith could La Rue Steel-Smith away from her?  
 When Peggy Du Brea wanted to go home Harold Le Bard the way.  
 If Frederick Padelford went to San Diego where would Ruth Malt-by?  
 Was ever Lois Young?  
 Oh, what has Sonny Dunn?  
 If Mary ditched would Marguerite Bar-tel?  
 "We play football," says Harold. Says Franklin, "Dewey?"  
 Did Washington hack it? Or did Clarence Hackett?

#### NO FORTUNE TELLER

Passenger: "Do you think I'm going to stand here and be told that my luggage is not on the train? What do you think I am?"

Porter: "I couldn't tell you that, sir, but you might ask at the inquiry office."

\* \* \* \*

Guest (angry at having been kept waiting at the station: "So you had difficulty in finding me, huh? Didn't your master describe me?"

Chauffeur: "Yes, sir, but there are so many bald-headed gentlemen with red noses."

\* \* \* \*

Traffic Cop: "Say, what do you mean by racing down Main Street like a mad-man? You'll kill somebody. Why don't you use your noodle?"

New Motorist: "Noodle? Noodle? Where in heck is the noodle? I pushed, pushed and pulled everything on the dash-board and nothing would stop her."

\* \* \* \*

Kirkham: "Did you know that knee-length skirts have reduced street-car and automobile accidents 50 per cent?"

Dub Strickland: "Yea, and wouldn't it be great if they could be prevented entirely?"

\* \* \* \*

Kathleen Ayres: "My Scotch uncle sent me his picture this morning."

Edythe Earhart: "How does he look?"

Kathleen: "I don't know. I haven't had it developed yet."

\* \* \* \*

Fredrick P.: "The girl I marry must have a sense of humor."

Harry L.: "Don't worry, she will."

\* \* \* \*

Dick E.: "I certainly have got a load off my shoulders."

Earl M.: "Well, for goodness sake, you must have washed your ears!"



Lois Young: "Whatcha got?"  
A Less Brilliant Senior: "Nothing."  
Lois: "Well, I notice you've got it wrapped up!"

\* \* \* \*

Vernon N.: "A guy just about got away with my Ford yesterday."  
Ralph L.: "Did you notify Humes?"  
Vernon N.: "Gosh, no! He was the guy."

\* \* \* \*

Franklin Dewey: "They say all the great men are dying off. I don't feel so well myself."

Mr. Stull: "Turn over in your texts to page 176."  
Vernon N.: "I can't, mine isn't here."

\* \* \* \*

Would someone kindly tell us why Spencer Stroud insists upon keeping a fire extinguisher in his car?

\* \* \* \*

Gail: "Yep, I had a beard like yours once, and when I realized how it made me look I cut it off."

John: "Well, I had a face like yours once, and when I realized I couldn't cut it off, I grew this beard."

\* \* \* \*

Seen on the board in English room: "Reformation: A new football play."

\* \* \* \*

Mary Balden: "I sing a little just to kill time."  
Margaret M.: "You certainly have a good weapon."

\* \* \* \*

One summer's night to a carabet;  
Young Romeo took his Juliet  
Of cash bereft  
In debt he left—  
What Romeo'd, his Juliet.

\* \* \* \*

Little words of dumbness  
Said in class each day  
Make the flunking student  
Homeward wend his way.

\* \* \* \*

Dean Lowty: "Shay, frien', help me fin' my chat."  
Harold Le Bard: "Why man, it's on your head!"  
Dean: "On my head? Zatso? Well, then, don't bother. I'll loog for it myself."

\* \* \* \*

Rastus: "Dat baby of yourn am a perfect image of his daddy."  
Rasta: "He sho am. He am a perfect carbon copy."

\* \* \* \*

Dorothy Elkins: "You were born to be a writer."  
Merlin Dipple: "How's that?"  
Dorothy: "You have a splendid ear for carrying a pencil."

The schoolboy spot  
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

—GEORGE LORD BYRON

Edythe: "He is certainly robbing the cradle."  
Howard: "How's that?"  
Edythe: "Why, that Freshman girl he is going with is only ten years old according to the psychology test."

\* \* \* \*

Maude Stroud: "I really believe that people descended from monkeys."  
Mary Balden: "Aw, quit braggin' about your family."

\* \* \* \*

Jim C. (in cafeteria): "Hey, there's a fly in my ice cream."  
Juanita: "Serves it right. Let it freeze."

\* \* \* \*

Leonard A. (in cafe): "Do you serve lobsters here?"  
Waitress: "Sure. Sit down, we serve anybody."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Hull: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."  
Ralph L.: "That's why I always flunk my examinations."

\* \* \* \*

A tramp who had lost a leg approached Mrs. Jarretts' back door for something to eat: "Lady, I've lost my leg."

Mrs. Jarrett (slamming door): "Well, I haven't got it."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Stull: "Great heavens! The engine is terribly over-heated."  
Olive: "Then why don't you turn off the radiator?"

\* \* \* \*

Glenn F.: "Mother, was George Washington an honest man?"  
Mother: "Yes, my dear."

Glenn: "Then why do they close the banks on his birthday?"

#### TINDER SPOT

Marie H.: "What's the matter? Has riding the bronco given you a headache?"  
Evelyn D.: "No, just the opposite."

\* \* \* \*

Beryl: "And did you object when he kissed you?"  
Elizabeth: "Every time."

\* \* \* \*

"Black man, can't yo' play honest? Ah knows de cards Ah dealt yo."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Schibsby: "I met your sister on the street the other day. She looks shorter."  
Verna A.: "Yes, she's married and is settling down."

\* \* \* \*

Mutt Corl: "Can you dance?"  
Paul Morris: "No, but I can hold them while they're dancing."

\* \* \* \*

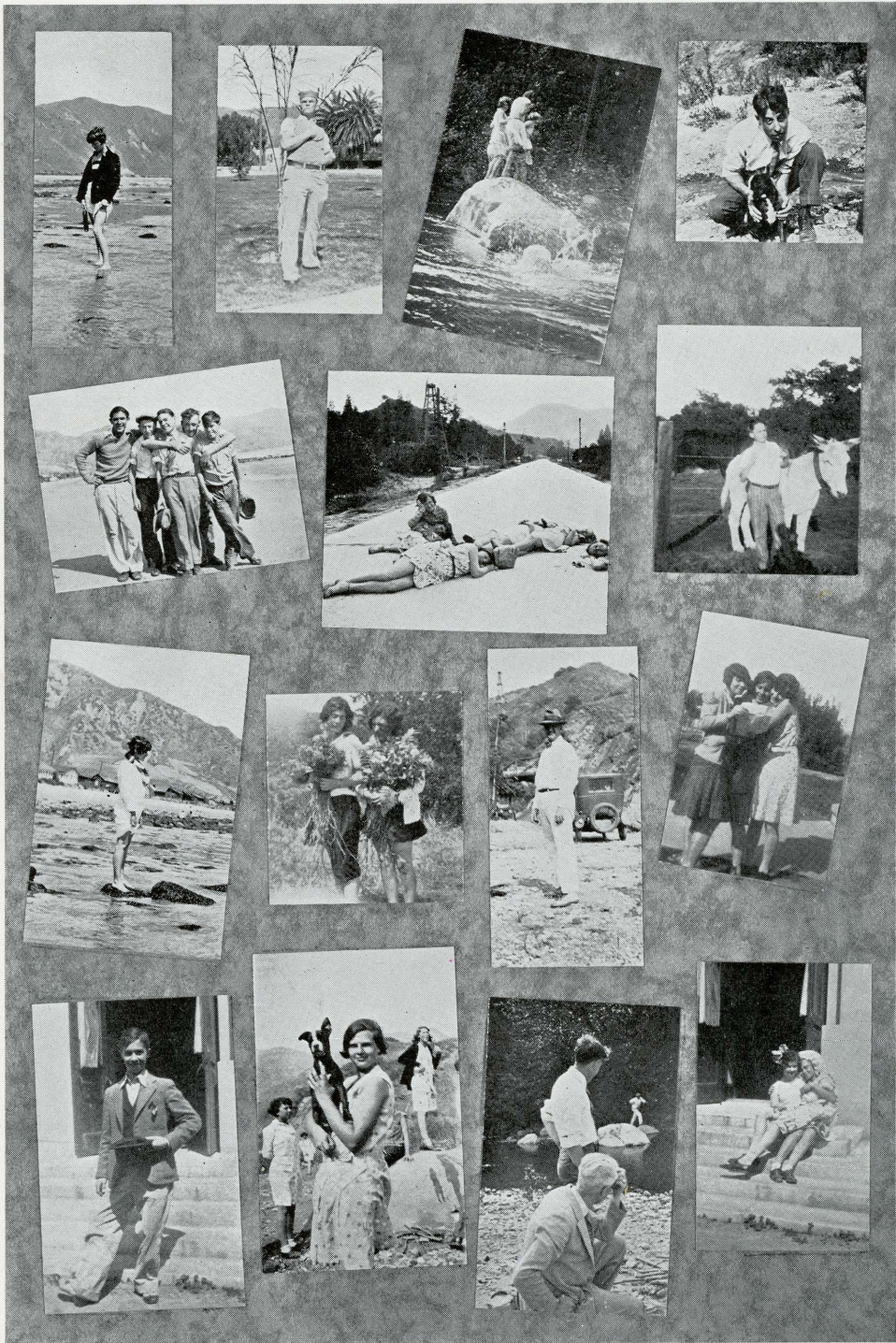
Mr. Stull: "Let me give you a concrete example. Now, for instance, Vernon is one."

\* \* \* \*

James Cheesebrough handed Marie Hastings a booklet entitled "Sugar in the Making."

\* \* \* \*

Holidays have come, and Summer  
Opens wide her golden arms,  
Welcoming each gay newcomer  
With a myriad smiling charms; ;  
There is baseball and there's boating,  
Tennis and its sunny joys,  
Shady woods, and white clouds floating.  
Over happy girls and boys.





## PATHETIC FIGURES

Earl Maltby as a pool instructor.  
Ralph Latsky trying to assimilate physics.  
Gertrude Bowdle trying to preserve order in the library.  
Vernon Schumacher demonstrating his ability as stage manager.  
Franklin Dewey trying to appear interested in Civics.  
Olivia Eames and her debutante slouch.  
Leo Harmonson being consulted by Mr. Stull on banking matters.  
Robert Faulkner launching into a big discussion.  
Ruthie Wileman disturbed from her even temper.  
Arthur Mayfield posing as Piru bank president.  
Sonny Dunn when his stock went down 15 points.  
Vernon Nelson defeated by Margaret McFarland in an Economics argument.  
Virginia Wammock (our only red-haired beauty) after receiving 5 demerits in Econ.  
Dick Elkins after discovering a hole in his brand new pants (last summer specials, marked down to \$1.98).  
Mary Balden upon discovery of the newly installed demerit system.  
Verna Stoll coming down hill in Hesperis.  
Marguerite Bartels trying to walk dignifiedly down the aisle half-way to Catalina.  
Our Student Body president caught stealing watermelons.  
Maude Stroud confined in the insane ward of the county jail for stealing signs.  
Raymond Nelson posing before the Student Body in Mr. Stull's rompers.  
Mud Stearns giving the English class a solo.  
Donald Durnford when he quotes Shakespeare.  
Wilma Felsenthal in the lab. looking for an inverted test tube.  
The English IV class at mid-year, as it slowly dwindled away.  
Gail Cochran with an incoming wisdom tooth trying to argue with Mr. Stull.  
A group of junior boys stooping so low as to throw water out of windows on senior girls.  
Raymond Nelson being ousted from the Casino at Tia Juana because of his age.  
Edythe Earhart being deprived of her nickels in Glee Club.  
Howard Price as he fans out the Santa Barbara baseball players.  
Fay Moorehouse walking home at noon because Shtroygreen's bearings burned out.  
Madge Wileman and Lois Young debating about whether short jackets should be worn this summer or not.  
Sonny Dunn trying to start the Club motorcycle with no one to push.  
Earl Maltby being complimented on the order during senior class meetings.  
The most pathetic of figures will be when the school discovers that she just can't run without the class of 1930.

\* \* \* \*

Mary Balden: "I don't care. I'm my mother's pet."

Maude: "I didn't know that your mother made pets out of elephants."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Ross: "They say that if there is anything in a person travel will bring it out."

Verna Anlauf: "You tell 'em! I found that out as soon as I got on the boat for Catalina."

FIRST NATIONAL

VITAPHONE PICTURES

# STEARNS THEATRE

FILLMORE

*Western Electric Equipped*

The finest equipment money can buy. Reproducing the most natural sound in the country. Showing the pick of pictures.

FIRST NATIONAL

VITAPHONE PICTURES

# PEOPLE'S LUMBER COMPANY

"EVERTHING FOR THE BUILDING"

Plan Services

Phone 34

# PHOTOGRAPHS

\* \* \* \*

Southland Studios

FILLMORE, CALIFORNIA

JAY F. STORK, *Proprietor*

CONGRATULATIONS TO  
CLASS OF '30

Bardsdale  
Queen  
Esthers

Hull Bros. Lumber Co.

BUILDING MATERIAL

Phone 9

Fillmore, Calif.

NUNN  
&  
STRICKLAND

Quality Merchandise

and

Service "Right Now"

BLUE & WHITE GROCERY

*Greetings and*

*Best Wishes*

CLASS OF 1930

FILLMORE LIONS CLUB

*Coollest Place in Town*

# The Rexall Store

*Prescriptions Carefully Compounded*

SHEAFFER'S PENS AND PENCILS

EASTMAN KODAKS AND FILMS

WHITMAN CANDIES

TOILET CASES

CIGARS

TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES

*The Cleanest Fountain in Ventura County*

FOUNTAIN LUNCH    :-:    WAFFLES    :-:    SANDWICHES

Hours—Weeks Days 7:30 a. m. to 9:30 p. m.

## JOHNSTON DRUG COMPANY

Sundays and Holidays 8 a. m. to 1 p. m.—4 p. m. to 9:30 p. m.

Phone 2

334 Central Avenue, Fillmore, Calif.

It is possible to dress badly and still be a success, but  
why handicap yourself?

## GOODENOUGH & COMPANY

CLOTHIERS FOR MEN & BOYS



E. O. Goodenough

Champ C. Cochran

## T. N. RUDKIN

SERVICE STATION

INDIA TIRES

## CLOUGH'S PHARMACY

*THE PRESCRIPTION STORE*

---

Telephone 130

Fillmore, Calif.

*Compliments of*

Fillmore Amusement Parlor  
Famous For Cold Drinks

JAMES IPSWITCH, Proprietor

MUMME & STRICKLAND

COMMUNITY SERVICE STATION

GOODRICH TIRES -- SEASIDE GASOLINE -- OILS

BRAKE SPECIALISTS

*We believe—*

That our meats are the best;  
That our Service is unequalled;  
That our Prices are right;  
Seeing is believing—Come and See!

COLMAN'S MARKET

ALWAYS OPEN FOR INSPECTION

# Ray's

## MENS SHOP

### BROOKS SHOE STORE

*"Footwear That Fits"*

Fillmore, Calif.

### JONES & JONES

*"The Gift Shop"*

STATIONERY, OFFICE SUPPLIES, GREETING CARDS, GIFTS

Fillmore

Santa Paula

PAINTING

PAPER HANGING

MAUCK'S

PAINTS --:-- WALLPAPER

OLD FURNITURE REFINISHED

Phone 185

321½ Central Avenue

WINDOW SHADES

ARMSTRONG LINOLEUM

STOVES

RUGS

GOLDEN RULE FURNITURE STORE

Come in and see our new line of

DRAPERY MATERIALS

330 Central Avenue

Fillmore, Calif.

HUB'S PLACE

GOODYEAR TIRES

GOODYEAR TIRES

SHELL, RICHFIELD, TEXACO GASOLINES

Engraving Done By

GARNIER ENGRAVING CO.

LOS ANGELES



HI WAY

MARINELLO  
SHOPPE

*All Lines of Beauty Work*

C. FREDONIA JONES

J C WALLACE  
& SON

FRESH and SMOKED MEATS  
POULTRY

Phone 69

Class  
of  
1930

CONGRATULATIONS

Class  
of  
1930

JONES BROS.

FILLMORE VULCANIZING WORKS

- 1 Federal Tires and Tubes.
2. Vulcanizing and Retreading that Pays.
3. Sunset, Gilmore, Texas, General and Standard Ethyl Gasolines.
4. Sixteen quality grades of oils.
5. Complete Lubrication, High Pressure Equipment.
6. Battery Charging and New Batteries.
- 7 Accessories.

*Service*

*Service*

*Service*

PHONE 83

WM L. MORRIS

*Authorized*

CHEVROLET DEALER

New and Used Cars

Genuine Chevrolet

G. M. A. C. Terms

Parts and Service

Fill Your Car With Union Motorite Oil

200 Extra Miles of Lubrication

25c Quart

*Polish Your Car*

*Wax Your Car*

PERRY IRWIN

UNION OIL PRODUCTS

Corner Central & Sespe

PICKWICK STAGE DEPOT

Phone 40

First Cannibal The chief has hay fever

Second Cannibal Serves him right, I told him not to eat that grass widow

\* \* \* \*

John Cummings Honestly, now, you wouldn't have thought this car of mine was one I bought second-hand, would you?

Vernon Nelson Never in my life. I thought that you had made it yourself

\* \* \* \*

Ed Spraggins We had a fine sunrise this morning. Did you see it?

Viva Harris Gosh, no. Why, I'm always in bed before sunrise.

\* \* \* \*

"I pause to ask myself a question," said a tiresome speaker

"Better not brother," spoke up a heckler "You will just get some fool answer"

\* \* \* \*

#### INFORMATION BUREAU

Traffic Cop Say, lady, do you know how to drive a car?

Ona Wallace Sure! What did you want to know?

*Compliments*

TO THE

CLASS OF 1930

ROTARY

# HUTCHINS BROTHERS

Cleaners, Dyers and Tailors

*Odorless Cleaning*

SHOPS AT

916 Main St., Santa Paula    404 Central Ave., Fillmore  
FILLMORE, CALIF.

As evidence of our most hearty appreciation for the very liberal patronage extended us during years past, we wish to thank you for making it possible for us to feel warranted in making a large investment at this time in order to enable us to serve you better.

Soon we will have completed one of the most modern buildings known for our line of business—complying strictly with the State law governing such buildings. Space forbids giving details,—so we cordially invite you to call and inspect it when completed and equipped with the most-up-to-date machinery for the business of dry cleaning and pressing of all kinds of wearing apparel, draperies, etc.

Our “odorless system” is 100 per cent perfect. No garment leaves our place with a single trace of odor.

We also clean rugs and carpets (shampooing process) making them look like new.

By giving strict attention to business, and with prompt and reliable service, we hope to merit to a greater degree your patronage.

: : CALL AND INSPECT OUR PLANT : :

FURNITURE

GAS HEATERS

RANGES

G. M. RADIOS

NEW and USED RUGS

J. P. Tingle Furniture Co.

Santa Clara

California

6% - *With Safety* - 6%

FIVE IMPORTANT STEPS TO SUCCESS

1. Work and Earn.
2. Make a Budget.
3. Have a Savings Account
4. Own your Own Home.
5. Invest Safely.

Ramona Building-Loan  
Association

Fillmore, Calif.

6% - *With Safety* - 6%

*We Extend Our Best Wishes*

*to the*

GRADUATING CLASS

OF 1930



Veteran's Service Club  
of Fillmore

W. E. McCampbell

REAL ESTATE

*and*

INSURANCE

## EQUITY

After terrific struggles, Donald Boardman finally finished his examination paper, and at the end, wrote:

"Dear Miss Carlson: If you sell any of my answers to the funny papers, I expect you to split fifty-fifty with me."

\* \* \* \*

"Papa," said the small son, "what do they mean by college bred? Is it different from any other kind of bread?"

"My son," said the father, "it's a four-year loaf."

\* \* \* \*

## CONSISTENCY COUNTS

Doctor: Did you follow my advice and drink hot water one hour before breakfast?

Patient: I did my best, but I couldn't keep it up for more than ten minutes, doctor.

\* \* \* \*

"I have been on this train seven years," said the conductor of a slow moving train.

Passenger: "Is that so? Where did you get on?"

GOLDEN GLOW HATS

HOLLY-VOGUE HATS

*The best Quality in Ladies*

READY-TO-WEAR HATS, SHOES, HOSE, DRY GOODS, ETC.  
At Lowest Prices

Remember, you can always do better at—

**THE FASHION**

C. B. SMITH, *Prop.*

CENTRAL SHOES

ROBINHOOD SHOES

GENERAL AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE

-- AND --

REPLACEMENT PARTS

**PEYT'S GARAGE**

Phone 28

Fillmore, Calif.

# RADIO

ZENITH      ECHOPHONE      CROSLY

-- Also --

A Motor Radio for your Car

Moore's Electric Shop

Phone 113

Fillmore, Calif

*Congratulations and Best Wishes to the*

*Graduating Class of 1930*

TOM WALSH

*Compliments of*

BEN'S  
AMUSEMENT  
PARLOR

School Day Memories  
include the thoughts  
that - -

# HARTHORNS

-- ARE --

*"Famous for Food"*

Telephones: 80-81-82

Fillmore, Calif.







Marie Hastings  
Autographs

Rev. Mr. Hooper

Bliss  
Wadsworth

Gordon Lander '91

Dorothy Atkins '31

Patricia Alden  
Alice Eakin

Ona Wallace '31

Christina Murphy

Robert W. Hutelaw '33

Raymond Wilman '31

Billie Reed '33

Lucius Spencer  
"Freshe"

Frank Hill '31

Majorie Swearing

Willa Lynn

Jillie Young '31

Ralph Fisher

Frances Faxon

Billie Thackeray

Janita Fawcote '31

Lucretia Tucker '31

Margaret Foster '31

Margaret Beckmann '31  
Don. Shaw '31  
Barbara

Harry Jones

Frank Y. Sedgwick

Ruth  
Stacey '31

Miss Strickland  
Love  
Miss Strickland  
(Miss Strickland)  
(Miss Strickland)

May Lanning  
Emma Lanning

June Rose Winkler  
M. Castro's

Grace Lee '32  
Roma Burton '32

Edna Lee '31  
Chur School  
Eleanor Deeder

Pauline Benner  
"33"

Harriet Garrison '34  
"34"

Marie Currier  
"33"

Grace Ketchum '35  
Lola Latta  
Clair Smith '32  
Evelyn Mendenhall '32  
Nancy Durham '32

Jean Sturgeon  
Kilmattell '31  
Majorie D. Waters

Harriet Garrison '34  
"34"

Marie Currier  
"33"

Grace Ketchum '35  
Lola Latta  
Clair Smith '32  
Evelyn Mendenhall '32  
Nancy Durham '32

Chloe Buckner  
George Moore  
Elmo McLean

Dodie Kirk '31  
Archie Tanner '33  
Lucille Navarre

Phily Macy  
Salada Nunn  
Harvey Felenthal  
Paul Messer

FINIS "mush"

Frances Waring '33

Lucille Navarre

Phily Macy  
Salada Nunn

Harvey Felenthal  
Paul Messer

Allen Brown  
Alice Lynn

Dr. Foster  
Barry

John Sturgeon  
"32"

Harriet Garrison '34  
"34"

Marie Currier  
"33"

Grace Ketchum '35  
Lola Latta  
Clair Smith '32  
Evelyn Mendenhall '32  
Nancy Durham '32

Chloe Buckner  
George Moore  
Elmo McLean

Dodie Kirk '31  
Archie Tanner '33  
Lucille Navarre

Phily Macy  
Salada Nunn  
Harvey Felenthal  
Paul Messer

Handwritten text on the left edge of the page, possibly a page number or reference mark.

A small handwritten mark or character in the upper right corner of the page.

Dearest Alvin,  
 Remember kids that  
 ride in the rumble seat  
 to Ajai, and how! And don't  
 forget June, 9 1930 and "Come on  
 Baby lets have a kiss." "Forget St Baby"  
 I laugh every time I think of those  
 Santa Barbara kids and come!  
 News happening kids we go again to  
 Donald and see "like that Sunday"  
 Don't forget those "bricks" J. D.  
 the empty no more to think of kids & capt  
 of always. Yours  
 Evelyn M. Mainer

May is the month of spring  
 I love to hear the birds sing +  
 Kiss the flower on the vine.  
 You will in this a question find.  
 Don't take me seriously  
 Marjorie Williams



