

# A parade where anything goes . . .

By ANN CONY

It's hard to say whether observers or participants got a bigger kick out of the Aptos parade yesterday afternoon, as there were nothing but happy faces as far as the eye could see.

Soquel Drive and the small side streets around Aptos Village where the parade was to wend its way were packed with anxious viewers a good half hour before the scheduled start. Some brought lawn chairs or blankets, some plopped down on the sidewalk and others stood. The young and the old alike came in big groups and little groups to take part in what has become a small-town tradition.

Among the hundreds waiting patiently for the parade to begin was 11-year-old Robyn Morales, of 1555 Redwood Drive. Like many others she has been faithfully attending the parade for years. And she was back again this year, like many others, to see her friends. Robyn explained she had one friend who would be riding in a car and another friend, Pat Halloway, who would be riding her buckskin pony. Robyn came with her father and the two of them found a bit of patchy grass on Trout Gulch Road.

The Aptos parade can even boast of out-of-town fans. Former resident Tony Kirby, 22, who now lives in Santa Clara, wouldn't miss it for the world.

In fact Kirby and friends arrived at 11 a.m. to jockey for position along the parade route. They didn't find much competition and selected a sunny spot on Soquel Drive in front of the Bayview Hotel to park Kirby's 23-foot recreational vehicle. Shortly after noon Kirby and six friends were sitting 10 feet high on the roof of the trailer, all lined up for a good overhead view of the procession.

The parade, Kirby said, is a "good excuse to sit in the sun, drink a little beer and look at all the people." It's also an opportunity to "get together with friends," one woman added.

Among those with Kirby were Kurt Talley of Aptos and his fiancee Alma Donato of Capitola. They too are veteran parade-goers. They talked about what they liked in the parade — its informality, openness, and "anything goes" outlook.

The rhythm of Taj Mahal floated up from the tape deck below as the small

circle of friends sipped their beers and surveyed the goings-on down in the street. They were obviously into the festive spirit — wearing red, white and blue stars-and-stripes cardboard top hats, shorts, no shoes. The night before they'd watched the Capitola fireworks from Kirby's boat. It had been a good weekend.

The actual parade came and went in about half an hour, most of it proceeding on wheels. The large fleet of antique cars with many occupants dressed in dated garb was a crowd pleaser. Fine old horseless carriages, roadsters and valuable classics rolled by, horns tooting and riders waving. Many threw candies and bubble gum to youngsters who scurried for the treats at the side of the road.

One of the more unusual four-wheeled vehicles in contrast to the rest, was suffering from a bit of body rot. But the 1924 Lincoln-powered Motorstage, which could easily seat 30 people, is a bus with more than a touch of class, funky as it is.

And there was the work of another car freak that drew oohs and aahs for its unusual finishing touches. After all, it's not every day one sees a Jaguar with a body of home-made redwood veneer.

Spaced between the autos were dozens of kids on bikes, red-white-and-blue crepe paper woven through the spokes, little American flags in hand. A number of tricyclists peddled furiously and a couple of unicyclists showed off their talents.

Groups of horses and riders added an extra touch of spirit, with the equines set a-prancing by mischievous boys and their firecrackers. The horses came in all sizes and colors, from Shetland pony to massive quarter horse, bays, chestnuts, grays, roans, palominos, appaloosas and buckskins.

One woman rider with a good sense of humor sparked some chuckling when she paraded through the streets seated firmly in the saddle and facing her horse's tail.

And the horses weren't the only four-legged entries. One cow paraded with her mistress and a couple of goats, not to mention dogs, also got in the act.

Many clowns helped fill out the ranks and there were a number of pretty



Karen Tipstra of Aptos beams out a liberty smile for Independence Day parade-goers.

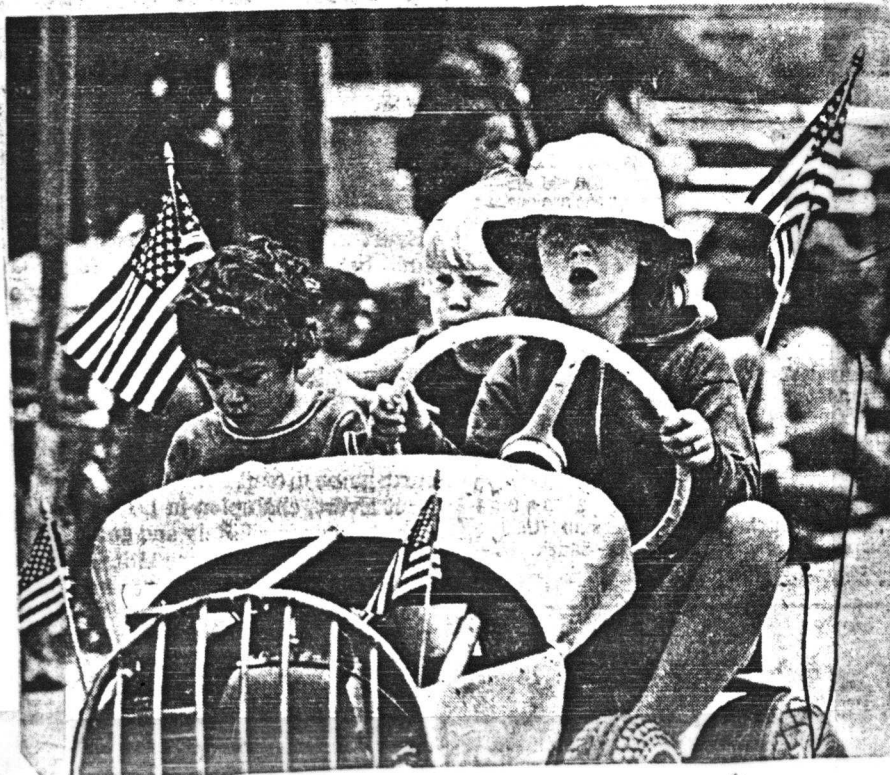
original entrants to draw the crowd's applause. What sounded like the loudest, most appreciative roar from the sidelines went out to an entry called "Son of Jaws."

Down the road came a frantic looking adolescent boy toting a surfboard. He was being chased in a circuitous path by a two-foot gray protruding dorsal fin, marvelously realistic in its simplicity, carried by a well concealed, self-propelled mechanism with four small wheels.

The fin was followed by a very toothy shark with an upside rubber canoe for a supporting skeleton. The shark itself was effective enough that one could overlook the four human legs by which it travelled.

Barbara Bowen of Aptos, Miss Santa Cruz County and first runner-up in the recent Miss California pageant, rode in an open car and waved to the onlookers. The Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Cabrillo Lions Club and various other groups took part in the march also.

The Highway Patrol was on hand and helped direct traffic. It reported no disturbances or other mishaps, as the Aptos parade chalked up another annual success.



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Photos by Jack Hancock

Clyde Moon of the Santa Cruz VFW, leader of the parade processional, holds a map along with his flag and receives directions from Lucile Aldrich, Grand Mistress of the parade, on where to lead his many and varied followers.