

Anne's Scrapbook:

Our Anniversary Week Is 'Tops' In Santa Cruz Vacation Fest

Dear Sue:

It was almost as if Santa Cruz knew this past week was "special" for Al and me. We've had a wonderful time—and so have Kenny and Kathy.

The week had hardly begun before the children decided on a new career—painting railroad signals. They watched with envy while R. E. Simington of Watsonville put an aluminum coat on the signal on the Southern Pacific line near the beach.

"He climbs and he makes things shiny," Kathy commented with awe.

For Kenny though, the attraction was in preparing for another big Sun Tan special which comes each Sunday and holiday during the summer, bringing beach-goers from the San Francisco area.

"Things have to be kept in good shape for such a special train," he and Simington agreed.

Just when we were feeling a little left out of things as Santa Cruzans began a rush of registering for the November election, we caught a glimpse of Governor Earl Warren of California who hurried here for a few hours at the district attorney's convention before leaving for the east to continue his campaign for the Republican nomination. He's big and handsome, Sue, even nicer than his pictures look. His smile is warm and hearty. It was thrilling to see him.

We toured the gardens around the pretty Spanish-style city hall and walked with Al Verlinde, the gardener, who was tying glads to stakes so the big beautiful blooms wouldn't topple the plants. He has his gardening schedule perfected so that there is something in bloom all the time. We had walked to town but we were so tired we rode the bus back. Kathy and Kenny want to be bus drivers now—like W. M. Stobaugh.

For our wedding anniversary dinner, we went to the Colonial Inn. We took the children along, of course. Al gave Kenny a pencil with his initials on and Kathy an initial pin. There was a baby orchid for her hair, too, matching my big one.

And for me there was a gorgeous choker of pearls. The dictionary says "10th anniversary, tin" but that didn't stump Al. The pearls were packed in a little tin bucket, inside a big be-ribboned box.

Love, ANNE.

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We envy



We thrill



We admire



We celebrate



We ride... to the beach!