

Dining on a serving of crow

I'll have to keep this short because it's election season and the local politicians are hogging all the space.

After my last column, in which I vowed never to ride in a parade again, some of you may have been surprised to see me in the recent Tiller Days Parade, so I figured you deserved an explanation.

I was watching the parade pass by at the corner of First and Prospect, wondering if I had missed the Tustin News team, when they finally showed up in the back of the last car in the parade.

I followed until the parade abruptly halted and stood still. I approached the car.

Editor Jill explained that their ride was late, which is why they were last, and my buddy, Rescue Mission Jim, had volunteered the use of his electric car, before their car finally arrived.

I looked up and there was Jim, who had followed along in his electric car just for the heck of it.

He gestured me over and offered me a ride.

Never one to walk when he



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can ride, I hopped aboard.

I figured, since this wasn't an official part of the parade, I was OK.

When Jill saw this she started taking my picture like some crazed paparazzi.

Impatient with sitting still in the street, we cut around Jill and the Foothill Marching Band, but then the procession started again and we had to cut in between the band and a bunch of Cub Scouts.

We were now definitely in the parade.

To make matters worse, as we passed the judging booth, my buddy, Pat Sanchez, head of the city Parks and Recreation mob, was on the microphone for the cable TV coverage and recognized me as I

was attempting to make myself small, announcing to heaven and everyone that I was in the parade.

It occurred to me that, if you want to sneak into a festival incognito, a parade is not the way to do it.

James Bond I'm not.

To my horror, people began to recognize me and were pointing, waving and calling my name.

I had no choice, despite the fact that I hadn't practiced my wave in years and was unequipped with a cigar, I felt compelled to wave back. Someone later told me I didn't look very enthusiastic.

Of course, when I got to the office on Monday, Jill had plastered her photographic images of my blunder everywhere, hitchhiking onto a parade.

How she posted it inside the men's room I don't know.

Eating crow was particularly unappetizing with the West Nile sauce.

It's to laugh.

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