



Tribune Photo — Chris Hunter

The Reactor himself, Paul Azevedo, with the Democratic Donkey in Saturday's Fog Fest Parade

The Reactor

Paul Azevedo



Where was the elephant?

In the words of my wife's distant cousin Will Rogers, "I am not a member of any organized political party. I am a Democrat. Being the person I am, I don't always agree with everything my fellow Democrats favor. Since they are tolerant souls, they have allowed me to remain in the Democratic party, at least so far."

Which brings me to Harvey. It was decided at a Pacifica Democrats meeting that we would march in the Fog Fest parade. Some foolish soul (I think it was me) suggested we spice up the march by bringing a Democratic style donkey. The idea was not immediately shot down, which may give you an idea how we elected Bill Clinton president.

I was appointed to the donkey finding committee. Now you tell me. Where would you find a donkey? Think as I might, I couldn't figure that out. Call 4-H? Now why would they have a donkey? Go on a random donkey search? Uneconomical. Get

a government grant? Not likely these financially short days.

Then Lydia and I came home from San Mateo via Half Moon Bay. We passed Sea Horse-Friendly Acres ranches on the highway. Lydia thought the whole idea was foolish, but I turned the car around and went back. Friendly Acres rents horses for riding, sometimes on the beach or elsewhere in the neighborhood. Did they also have a donkey? Turns out they did. Would they loan same to a Democrat? Turns out they would. All we had to do was transport the beast both ways.

Club president Jim Heldberg was equal to the task. He found a trailer big enough to haul donkey and elephant together if need be. Last Saturday morning we drove to Sea Horse-Friendly Acres in the densest fog in months, got our donkey (his name was Harvey) loaded him and took him to the parade.

Since I had suggested the idea, I

was appointed donkey follower, with dustpan and bucket. Jane Velasco had prepared an appropriate sign. "Democratic Clean up crew. After Bush, this is a breeze." Jan Dutton's granddaughter Valerie carried the broom. Harvey had messed the trailer, and also left one small deposit on the street before the parade started. Otherwise he was as docile, cooperative and pettable as you could expect a donkey to be, Democratic or otherwise, with the exception of that one small cleanup. After the parade was over, however, we discovered he had an aversion to red, white and especially yellow lines in the street. For some reason I don't understand, he was reluctant to cross them. He also showed his keen intelligence by displaying an aversion to loud music and crowds. Jim and I decided to avoid the crowd and the music, and walked back via Beach Boulevard, where Harvey wasn't quite sure how to handle the noise of the surf.

Jim and I drove him back to Sea Horse-Friendly Acres, where his pal the shetland pony greeted him noisily. We cleaned out the trailer and returned to the fog fest.

The donkey was a great success, all things considered. However, we were a bit disappointed the Republicans didn't bring along an elephant. Wouldn't that have been a sight?