



Fairfax Festival Parade

Before the parade, Parlor 307 Brothers gathered around Marty Marcucci's 1920s Model T Yellow Cab awaiting the arrival of flags arriving from The Petaluma-Nicasio Parlor. Then Old Glory and the Golden Bear were unfurled and the march began.



Start walking, lift and pull outward. Pray there's no wind.

Much cheering and applause along the way from young families looking for tradition and civic reassurance in Fairfax, which has become the sunny summer destination for many from elsewhere.

Thousands who saw the American and California flags will remember this tradition carried throughout the years. Great exposure for the parlor from the banner carried by Burt Winn Great Great Grandson of The Native Son's founder, General Winn.



Toddlers today will remember as adults this impossibly huge flag on that sunny day, so long ago.





There is a solemnity to folding the flags properly. Far more difficult than unfurling them.





Contrati Park was way beyond capacity. Hot, thirsty people hit the beer booth oasis.





The beer booth, did land office business. Many hundreds of gallons dispensed.



Biggest challenge, while trying to keep up the pours, explaining to the thirsty the Town's rigid cup bureaucracy. No, we do not accept cards, nor Venmo, nor Apple Pay.

Stella Artois ran out.

Kevin, Shane, Chris, Joel, Fred and others, poured, sidestepped, circled, relayed and scraped excessive foam raised by the rough aluminum cups, pulled in the cash and dispensed happiness at a great \$3,000 return for your Parlor.



