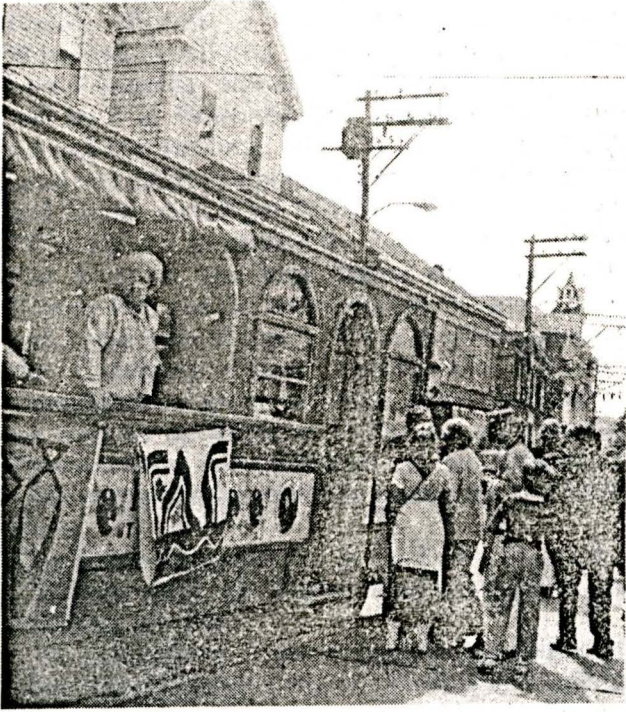


# KELLY'S CORNER



*trolley time*



*Patrick Joseph Russell and Muriel Boyce*

*by Jan Kelly*

The season of heat is over, the migrations of songbirds have only moments. But the migration of hardier stock, the seabirds, continues to ply the seas on all winds. The storm winds affect these birds by pushing them closer to the coasts where from the land, with binoculars, you can get a decent view. This group is called pelagic, or ocean-going. They are on land only to mate and nest and to rear the young unto fledglings. The rest of their lives they spend at sea, a constant flight over the moving volume in search of food, catchable fish. The smaller species, like Wilson's storm petrel, stay closer to the water surface. That, a swallow-like flight and the dragging feet are diagnostic. The shearwaters are larger, like stiff and heavy gulls. The gannet is the aerial diver of this group, easier to identify by size and shape. Depending on the wind, check the beaches after a storm; the wind off the water would drive them in. The gannet is a beautiful bird, all points and tapered, built for economic flight and dramatic diving.

The migration of the gannet is a meandering one. A leisurely flight through the fall gives you more time to become acquainted with this species. They glide and feed along the coast with a tourist-like pace and attitude. Lots of time to spend. Larger than a black-

backed gull, stunning white plumage, pointed bill, flight of alternate flapping and gliding are the signs to look for as identification. The dramatic dive will be the final check to let you know you are looking at a gannet. The gannet's chest is padded with a series of air sacs which cushion the impact of 50 foot dives. Once you see this athletic plunge, you will identify a gannet immediately. Gannets have lusty appetites. "He eats like a gannet," is not quite a compliment. Note the bird well. When you are spotting it in spring again, there will be an orange-beige buff on the head. This is breeding plumage. But, for now, enjoy the winter plumage of this seabird. Long lines or a singular bird, they are easy to identify. If you are having trouble with coastal identification, go out on a boat. Pelagic birds are as interesting as whales.

The open ocean is the habitat of both. The leisurely gannet, like the off-season tourist is easy to spot. And did you go to the wonderful Trash Fish Dinner of Coastal Studies at the Lobster Pot Restaurant? Lots of gannets there.

One of those leisurely tourists we get each year is Louisa Woodhall. You may know her as Louisa Meeks, Louisa Vance, Louisa of Piggy's, but now she is Louisa Woodhall. Louisa loves Provincetown but mostly in September, so she spends that entire month

here. Among her many enterprises in her P<sup>o</sup>Town days, Louisa ran Piggy's from 1971 to 1975. That's when it *was* Piggy's and not Captain John's. Not many of us get used to that new name. Louisa now lives in Naples, Florida, is married to Claude Hopkins Woodhall, (I call him Ch. not C.H. but Ch.). They have 2 beautiful blonde baby daughters, Amy, who will be 5 in November and Victoria who has just entered her third year of life. Woody, handsome husband and daddy is a pilot. When he flew for PBA, he and Louisa met. Now Woody flies DCA 707's and 727's. He is a jet captain for Rich International and Pan Aviation, two large charter companies. While Woody flies and the little ones visit Granma, Louisa and I play a lot of tennis. We're doubles partners in the Cranberry Classic Tournament. The ever-thoughtful and generous Louisa hunts up *Ellesse* tennis wear for us. Abundant in Florida, non-existent in Provincetown, these matchless and matching comfortable tennis clothes make the game a bit of a fashion show.

Que Linda shops for *Fila* in California to outfit us. Then she steals my Marine Specialties sports garb, thinking it's chic.

So Louisa loves Provincetown in September. Her close friends have post-season time to spend with her. Mitcham loves September and arrives from New Orleans so they can visit again. Tennis weather is perfect. Cranberries are ripe. The Trash Fish Banquet is held then. Boating is not crowded and the light is only here. She gets to enjoy the Fall Arts Festival; to play a tournament, to sample all the good restaurant fare, the beaches, the dunes, the bike trails, and Commercial Street. Louisa in September, as close to heaven as she can get in a 12 month span. Doesn't she look like she's enjoying it all?

A bit of interesting mail this week was a gift membership in *Redheads International*. This is a national club based, of course, in California. I have received a pin which is in the shape of a rose and is red cloisonne with *Beau Monde—Redheads International* printed. "Beau Monde" is French for beautiful people or an elite group in society—onto the engineer cap immediately.

I also now have a bumper sticker—no car—a window sticker, a membership card and an invitation card for the induction of yet another redhead - Red Soult's demanded that and will get it today. We can compare notes on the newsletter, *The Redheader*, maybe contribute and maybe even start a branch here. Most of the newsletter seems to be about beauty pageants. Redheads have big egos. Well, Red Soult's can be a judge. And, oh yes, only natural redheads, Red Soult's is an expert.

While alternating between being buried and digging

out of Fall repairs, I had a pleasant interruption. Howard "Rick" Cahoon, our State Representative, dropped by. Rick keeps a close eye on all his constituents, but Provincetown is close to his heart. He is aware of total town progress as well as the progress of many individuals in town. Rick Cahoon was such a help to the Housing Authority. Whenever we would stumble in that circuitous bureaucratic route to construction we would cry for help. Rick was there for us to personally drive us to Boston for important meetings and sit in to protect our needs and demands. We would not have reached our goal yet without him and many, comfortable at last in a secure home of their own, can be grateful to him. Rick is a politician with people in mind. He joins in water problem discussions also. He is interested in our quality of life. His skill in helping organizations and committees through the bureaucratic road blocks is invaluable and ever-offered. Rick is a Republican, yet Democratic Provincetown loves him. He gains 50 extra votes each election; he's pleased with that. He strengthens the meeting of upper Cape and lower Cape; he is our Boston link. Don't forget him Election Day—Rick Cahoon.

The Fall Arts Festival is enjoying its most successful year. Every year gets better, bigger and more interesting. This celebration envelops so many aspects of Provincetown. Yes Arts Festival, but history, ethnic celebrations, Indian and Portuguese, and a steady flow of customers for the merchants, too. When people are sated with drama, dance, music, crafts, paintings, sculpture, silk screen, batik, and jewelry, when their feet demand a stop and a seated position, they enjoy the fine food of Provincetown restaurants. Unlike the crush of summer, there is stretching room for everybody and it's seldom you'll see a face that's not smiling.

My contribution this year was to be a historical guide on the trolley. I love this Town and I could talk about it for hours. On the trolley you have to keep pace and talk fast. Traffic is understanding, but it is there. Patrick Joseph Russell was the capable driver, a veteran of 18-wheelers. Muriel Boyce accompanied him. They live in Kingston and the trolley's base is Plymouth. The passengers came from various parts of the country. About one third of each ride was Provincetowners. Questions and comments abounded at the end of each tour.

The most frequent was, "Couldn't we have this trolley or a similar vehicle instead of the school bus as a shuttle?" The loudest argument against it was expense but the romantics pleaded on and insisted that there must be a way. Jitneys as many places in Florida use, a doctored and painted school bus, some solution bending the practical to pleasant. Deliberate people, Provincetowners. I hope they get their way.