

# KELLY'S CORNER



*the group*

*by Jan Kelly*

Have you been noticing birds flying back and forth, repeating a flight path over and over? Notice also that they are almost always carrying something. A blade of grass, a twig, a piece of string or even a piece of plastic in one of its many forms. Plastic wrapping of any type, cigarette filters or even molded plastic are part of this freeway of flight. It has all got to do with nest building. Those birds, once they make a commitment to one of their species, never stop working until the hatched egg can be left on its own. You can help them out. On the branches of a tree or shrub, far from harm's and cat's way, place pieces of string, yarn or other suitable materials for nest building. The color doesn't matter. It is only important that it be of a size and weight that a bird can carry. I've seen sparrows struggle with grackle-sized pieces of nest material, but they, like starlings are survivors. A mourning dove won't bother with your efforts. A slap-dash bunch of twigs and straw on a branch has to "make do" as a nest. It's a wonder the eggs don't fall out. But for the rest of the population, they would like a helping hand and you'll enjoy their constant return flights to pick up your thread and yarn offerings. Audubon at Wellfleet is having a Bird-A-Thon May 16, 6 pm to May 17, 6 pm. If you want to help by being a sponsor or a birder, call 349-2615. You'll enjoy it, so call Bob Prescott and get yourself involved.

Provincetown is opening up little by little. Like Xmas lights in a neighborhood or lights around a harbor or the stars themselves, the shops prepare and present themselves for the summer viewers. Everybody is so helpful this time of year. All their energy is on the future. They may as well have this time. Once the season starts, they will have little time for reflection. It all seems so far from a nuclear disaster in Russia, almost myopic in contrast. But the quickened pace of nuclear living may be just a bit too fast to be safe enough not to lose people along the way. Sometimes the force of competition can make us miss the smaller joys of day to day living. We may be developing our own "big

boom" to end the universe. It happens individually; it can happen globally. Too much pressure and boom! It's over.

Daylight Savings—you hear yea, you hear nay, but you almost always hear a funny story about it. Sunday morning was a good sea clamming tide. A little before 6 am was the time that Taffy Silva, Lillian Howard and I agreed to meet and set off to the flats. Lillian Howard was confused as to which way to set her clock. Forgetting "Spring forward, Fall back," she set her clock back and so was an hour early. Taffy doesn't believe in Daylight Savings so he left his clock "as is" and was one hour late. I don't use a clock and I was the only one on time. I had to wait the hour anyway since Taffy has the car. Maybe by this month's tide we'll have Taffy convinced to synchronize with the rest of New England.

The weather has been so dark and rainy you wouldn't know the time anyway. The dark afternoon demanded lights on. It cleared up two hours before sunset. So bright and first night of light, you had to shut the lights off. Full moon weather in New England spring.

All of us have more bumps, scars, splinters, and blackened nails this time of year. Seems like we do the same chores by the season. Spring is paint, move furniture, plant and build a new whatever the new demand is. I always get nostalgic when I'm painting floors. Year after year, same lengths of wood, new imperfections added to the old to be sanded and licked with a brush of deck and floor paint. On your knees is a praying position, so that may have something to do with it. The floor is like an old friend you camouflage in spring and won't see for the rest of the year. "Someone will scuff and scratch you," you tell an immovable flat surface, "but I'll be back to repair it all."

The physical fitness craze is still on and ever growing. All ages, all types realize they can do something to improve their bodily frame and frame of mind. Aerobics is one of my interests. The growing, spreading and evolvment of it is encouraging. It used to be thought of for only the center group in life, those already in shape and in their prime. But



*Pearl, the Polish Chef*

now the fun and good results of aerobics are there for almost everybody. I was exposed to two different classes this week. The first was that of Marianne Maloney of "P'town Pulsations" visiting the Veteran's Memorial School to teach three sixth grade classes back to back. The classes were videotaped and it was most interesting to observe how much the children enjoyed themselves and followed directions. They caught on very quickly and concentrated well.

Stephanie Menangas could be noted immediately as a well coordinated and apt aerobic student. Perhaps she'll be teaching it one day. Marianne loved teaching them and would enjoy being part of the curriculum. She stayed for lunch and enjoyed her fishwich. Good sign since Marianne is also a prep cook at Front Street.

My next stop was the Council On Aging at the Grace Gouveia Building on Alden Street. Every Monday and Friday at 1 pm, Bonnie Robicheau of Wellfleet leads a merry group of women in movements to increase physical fitness. Senior aerobics, with Edith Thomas, Ruth Greenblatt, Mildred Bent, Pearl Parcels, and Schatzi, and a few other fun lovers in the same room. There can only be a good time. No grunt and groan boring exercises, but a laugh at every comment. Schatzi has layers of clothing and progresses from Eskimo attire to beach attire through the hour—onion dressing. They even have to put her by the door, she gets so heated up. I would love to see Schatzi play her drums at this class. Ruth Greenblatt is a veteran song 'n dance man and is ready to break into one of her old routines at any minute, sequined suspenders and all. Mildred Bent had a so attractive new pink and white striped workout suit. Pearl Parcels, the Polish chef, just laughs for the joy of feeling good while she's exercising. Pearl is the chef for Meals On Wheels as well as the Wednesday communal lunch so we call her "Pearl, the Polish Chef." All the women said they feel so good, so exhilarated after class that they would never miss it.

All this fun and laughter is easily guided by Bonnie

Robicheau of Bonnie's Body Shop. The Body Shop of Wellfleet celebrated its tenth anniversary on Monday at the Wellfleet Congregational Church. Bonnie follows the teaching of another Bonnie, Bonnie Prudden, who is now 72 years old and still teaching. Bonnie Prudden was on President Eisenhower's physical fitness council, is the author of several books on the subject and is at present the founder and leader of the Institute for Physical Fitness at Stockbridge, Mass. Bonnie Prudden suffered a crushing ski accident in her youth. Told she would never walk again or bear children, she worked and forced her body to recovery. She was trained as a ballet dancer and knew the effects of determination and discipline. Not only did she walk again and bear children, but became an expert in the field of mobility. She started with the training of her own children and moved on to develop programs aptly suited to prenatal, infants, children, senior citizens, the blind, and the mentally handicapped. Her books can be found in most libraries. Bonnie Robicheau and her students couldn't praise the woman's work enough. The emphasis in the class I visited was on flexibility and balance, important to senior citizens. Records and props help keep the class lively and far from boring. Besides Schatzi's strip-tease act, Ruth Greenblatt's show biz and Pearl the Polish Chef's complete self-rapture, the easy flowing conversation is really funny. One is wearing her husband's sweat suit. That's the only outfit in her house that's comfortable. "The day I can cross my legs I'll know I've lost weight." "Schatzi! Close that door! Did you drink coffee? Your blood pressure must be up!" "C'mon, bones, do your stuff!" "I got caught doing this movement in my kitchen all alone." The laughter is non stop. No wonder they feel so good afterwards and look forward to each class. Bonnie Robicheau enjoys her students as well as her teaching. She spans 2 year olds to senior citizens. Her business is in Trotting Park, Wellfleet where she teaches 9-10 am 5 days a week. Her number is 349-3528. One way or another you may get to enjoy the expertise of this young woman so committed to an athletic caring of all.