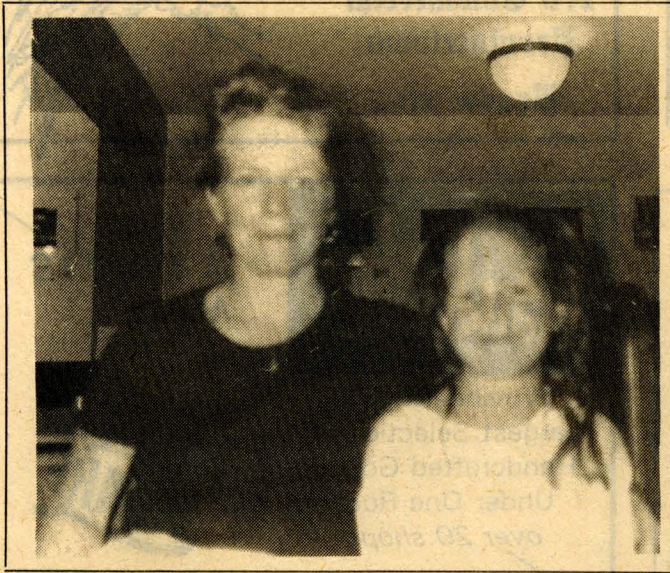
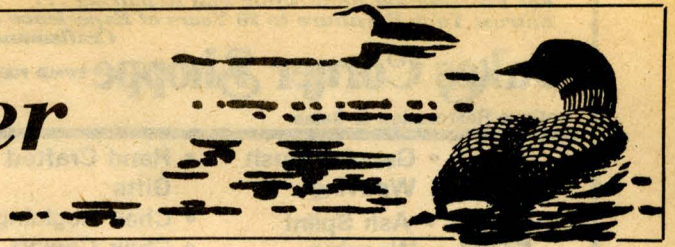


Kelly's Corner

by Jan Kelly



8 yr old Kelly look-alike in Spiritus
Who is Jan Kelly, who is Colleen Royce?

That torrential rain was a boon to local mycologists. The abundant and gastronomically useless *Russula foetens* was everywhere, of course. The beautiful and dangerous Amanitas also. There was a cleft-footed Amanita of particular interest and a well-defined *Amanita virosa*, white and deathly alluring in the dark and damp woods. Name anglicized, it is the "destroying Angel." Close to it was a clump of green-headed jelly club. First time I've seen it in that part of the woods. The yellow clubs of the *Clavaria fusiformis* rising straight and firm out of the low lying green mosses a study in sameness and contrast, two plants of high moisture content so different in appearance and lasting power. I walked out of the damp and moist to check Trullisatas across the dunes—none in that section—so I checked the fox I tracked in February's snow, when it's so easy. Deep dark footprints in white soft snow is a vision—but the fox duped me again. Yes, I found her in February, but now the located den is abandoned and that vixen will tax me greatly with secrecy until the next snow storm. It's all a game, the daily check of the woods and winning is being there.

Augustitis had a good hold on me. It effects me like jet lag, self clock off because of so little sleep and so much activity. The first sound from the radio one six am was "The Pope is trying to close the rift" (my ears heard). What!? What Moses parted from Egypt right down the continent, in miracle form in order for his people to escape, would be filled likewise or with John Deere, Caterpillar or Yumbo. Relax. The sentence

finished. The rift was between Moslem and Catholic, not a gaping gash in a continent. Now it's September and things will right themselves again.

The pace is slowing; the tourists thinning. Their waistlines too, away from the gourmet and fast food of Provincetown. Somehow the gourmet gut looks better, you know the owner has invested time into it. Slow food, I like slow food.

The Fall Arts Festival is always fun and interesting; it brings a diverse crowd. More states seem to be represented during this time, or maybe the pace allows more conversation. Open artist studios is a big draw. A glimpse of how a person lives and works is more interesting than a Commercial Street glimpse. it gives more understanding of the individual artist and the sub-culture as a whole.

I had a pleasant invitation after aerobics on Friday. Cathy Skowron asked me to join her for a spin around the harbor and breakwater in her new kayak. The kayak is a two-seater, a flot boat which comes as a kit and costs \$400. It's quite a toy. Fun, exercising, birdwatching, sunning and good company. The breakwater was busy as it is a usual "hangout" for gulls, cormorants, mergansers and herons, black crowned and green this day. The adult black crown night herons look so punk with their topnotch feather fluttering behind. For the most part the bird population seemed undisturbed by us. The unfortunate Eider duck population was the exception. Our proximity was a threat. The Eiders jumped the rocks to the water and splashed in a most

awkward way with too-short wings. A genetic aberration affecting the entire colony of Eiders viewed that day. It was disturbing to watch their pathetic and frantic attempts to escape our non-aggressive presence. What could have happened to this isolated group of Eider to render them flightless and defenseless? The rest of the bird population flew off or remained depending on their whim. Three young mergansers did swim hastily from us, but in a normal fashion. We paddled on to check the tern population. It's comfortable and leisurely floating over the harbor propelled by double-ended paddles. Talk is random and easy. Though I've known Cathy for years, I never knew she and Tommy keep bees. They have three hives and are doing so well that they will be ready to sell some of the bounty this fall. I thought Cathy would be interested in the book I am presently reading. Coincidentally, I am reading *The Queen Must Die*, the story of bees and their habits, written by William Longgood and illustrated by Pamela Johnson. "Oh Bill is my neighbor; he's a great help to me and my bees," Cathy retorted. Small world, even

on the ocean. So Bill Longgood who has written this eminently readable work lives in Truro. The dust jacket says Cape Cod. Why do we always think that if we don't know the person, they must live way up Cape, Dennis, South Yarmouth, good as India since we'll never see them. Well, Cathy will be paddling late afternoons or weekends now in the blue-for-two kayak. She's back in the first-grade classroom now striking order into the lives of our six-year-olds.

Look what my six year old cousin sent from Ireland. Sweet. You pronounce that name Fionnuala. There is a fairy tale of a maiden named Fionnuala who had three brothers. My cousin Fionnuala one-upped the fairy Fionnuala; she has four brothers. They live in the countryside at Rath Cosgrove, Adrahan, County Galway. My cousin Honore, or Doreen as we call her, does the writing now. My aunt Mary Kate relinquished the task a few years back. When my auntie wrote, any good piece of news was followed by T.G. People reading my mail were always curious what the code was—T.G. "Thank God."

The Muse Series was successful this summer and if you didn't squeeze an attendance into your busy schedule, you can do so on September 12, when song stylist Maxine Sullivan will perform. Maxine Sullivan's career is legend. She recorded her famous *Loch Lomond* with the John Kirby Band in the 30s and has been going on like a bottle of Lafite-Rothschild since. This will be part of the Fall Arts Festival. The concert is under the sponsorship of the Provincetown Playhouse and will be given at 8:30 at the Universalist Meeting House.

Dear Jan
Daddy
bought me a new
bike. Enda eat the
feather you sent
Dermot. I am six
years. Missed only
three days from
school last year. I
like going to school.
Flood bought me a
story book. Goodbye
from Fionnuala

There is also one more walk left on the coast watch schedule of the Center for Coastal Studies. It is a dunes crossing beginning at 9 am, September 13th, leaving from the Cape Codder Guest House at 570 Commercial Street. While you're on that walk, you'll get all the information on the Seventh Annual Trash Fish Banquet to be held September 19 at the Lobster Pot Restaurant. The Trash Fish Banquet is a benefit for the Center for Coastal Studies which is engaged in research and advisory services. There will be three seatings: 5:30, 7:00, and 8:30. There will be a cash bar—keep Tommy

busy—and the most delicious and no longer esoteric platters of fish. The variety is too much for one glance. I would suggest to proceed slowly, look at it all and then go back choosing your distinct preferences. The price is \$25 for non-members, \$15 for members, and \$10 for children under 12. Why not become a member and a Trash Fish aficionado at the same time—Thursday—September 19.

Cape Cod Kids Build Boardwalk For The Disabled



(Provincetown) "They did an exceptional job and we are all delighted and pleased with the results", said National Seashore Superintendent Herbert Olsen, praising seven Cape Cod youths who recently completed the construction and installation of a visitor access boardwalk to Old Harbor Life Saving Station at Race Point near Provincetown.

The seven teenagers—Paul Champlin (Provincetown), Guy Daniels (Wellfleet), Anthony Hurt (Orleans), Tina Masciangioli (Wellfleet), Scott Ritz (Harwich), Tanya Stramowski (Brewster), and Myla Thomas (Wellfleet)—are members of the Youth Conservation Corps (YCC) who worked at Cape Cod National Seashore this summer.

The new walkway is 8 feet wide and nearly 700 feet long, and will facilitate easy access for the physically disabled. According to park personnel, some 500 square feet of decking weighing fifty tons was hand-carried to the work site by the seven youths. Long, hard hours were spent digging holes for support footings, cutting lumber, measuring, hammering nails and occasionally correcting mistakes. According to Superintendent Olsen, "The construction and effort of these teenagers resulted in work that would not have been accomplished without their help."