

# Kelly's Corner

By Jan Kelly



The tupelo tree has turned to its auburn-burgundy tones, its delicately shaped elliptical leaves touching ground before those of the oak, maple, cottonwood, or beech. It's the warning sign of the fall equinox and autumn. The sun has completed another quarter of its annual arc. Look to where the sun sets on September 21; the sun is on the center spot of its route. On December 21 it will be far to the south, and on June 21 it will be far to the north. It's comforting to know this same celestial journey takes place on schedule each year. You can depend upon it like the taste of an apple, the feel of water on your skin, and the smell of grass being cut. Nature in its diurnal course is needed by the human psyche for trust in the environment—no adjustment is needed. Its accidents, like storms, volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, and temperature extremes, make us adjust and realize the treasure we take for granted most days of the year.

As the sun glides to the southwest earlier each day, it loses its heat, its length of day and light. It's a time to turn inward. There's no more swimming, so fill that gap with a good daily walk or, for the ambitious, aerobics three times a week. Don't lose that summer figure, that matchless body that makes heads turn. Keep it. Marianne Maloney's aerobics will even improve it some, will find your weak spot and strengthen it. Self-satisfaction is probably the best side effect of aerobics—the discipline, the activity, and the results. Everybody needs a physical activity, and everybody needs a mental activity for that constant toning. Aerobics classes are still being held at the Provincetown Inn on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8:30 in the morning. Signups for winter classes are taking place now. Classes will be held at the Art Association starting October 29 at 8:30 am and 5 pm on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. The afternoon class can accommodate the working people. The school teachers

are very happy that there will be an afternoon class this year. For further information on P-town Pulsations call 487-0435.

Our cobblers, Ceci and Jamal, have a new business. Well, two new businesses. They are pregnant, expecting in January, and they have opened Hog Wild at 193 Commercial Street. It's in the Pied Piper alley across from Spiritus Pizza. Hog Wild is selling Tony Lama western boots exclusively. They have more than fifty styles to choose from, from conservative to exotic, using hides of elephant, anteater, boa, anaconda, and eel. Ceci and Jamal want to sell a top-quality boot because not only do they look the very best, but they're also a pleasure to repair when the time comes. They are truly handsome boots and will be available year-round, and they are on sale through September. Tony Lama has made a lifetime career of just bootmaking, and the product makes you aware of what the skill of a self-demanding person can produce. They are an investment. You will be tucking them under your bed when you are finally at the Cape End Manor. Ceci and Jamal run the Lower Cape Shoe Repair shops in Orleans and at Johnson Street in Provincetown. The Johnson Street location will be open through November. The hours are from noon to 8 o'clock. The Hog Wild Tony Lama boot shop is open from 5 to 10 in the evening.

This past week has been dominated by elderberries. When a crop falls ripe, it demands full-time activity and



will not wait for you. So, for hours daily, you find yourself fussing with one of nature's products, inundated, swamped, flogged by the labor of it all, and then, as abruptly as it started, it's over, and it leaves you looking forward to the next year's crop. It will often leave you that way if you do what I do with elderberries. I have 18 gallons of wine perking. 16 of claret style and 2 of port. Elderberry wine is a classic and stands up to most cheeses and meats—a full wine. I must order more wine yeast before the cranberries are ripe. I have just enough to get through the wild black cherry crop. More days of purple fingernails. I get a lot of company while I'm doing these homely chores. Maybe it's the only time they get to see me when I'm sitting down, quiet, and at home. All the neighbors check in, curious about the process, but more curious as to when the wine will be ready. It gives me a "Little Red Hen" feeling.



Kelly Higgenbotham celebrated her sixth birthday during the elderberry labor. She and her Cabbage Patch doll chatter on and on to let you know just what's going on. Do you know that Kelly received a typewriter and a "pecuter" for her birthday. She can press a button on her "pecuter" and see a rabbit's bones—that's a computer if you haven't caught on yet. She had to leave me because she had nine "bucks" and had to get her mother, Nora, some "mental" cigarettes. Kelly's grandfather is Jack Edwards, a fine carpenter, who plays tuba so ably with the Lower Cape Concert Band. Jack served in the army during World War II. He was stationed at Foggis, Italy, where he met his wife, Antoinella, now working at the Cape End Manor. Ever the musician, Jack played tuba while in Grottaminardi. Jack went back to Italy this summer, his first trip in forty years. He saw many people he had known during that 1944 stay, and he has decided to buy a house there so that another forty years won't lapse before he sees them again. Adventuresome hearts never grow old.

Wasn't the US Open a splendid display of tennis? I think Saturday's eleven hours of brilliant tennis is unsurpassed in the history of this sport. Champions vs champions, with no lessening of quality, tension, or performance. People could have watched even more. There was no fatigue for the spectators because there was no boredom. Competition is a natural mental-physical activity for human beings, whether it's sports, grades at school, or promotions at work. Competition is a means of keeping active if you are a member of a group. For the artist, it is different. The artist sets his own guidelines of competition. He must work inward-out where most of our competition is outward-in. Daily life is competition. You can't avoid it. Darwin knew it. Schools know it, and jobs know it. Parents see it in their children and survive it—that unconditional love.

Bicycle riders, watch out! This is the most difficult and dangerous time of year. There are so many senior citizens on Commercial Street who are a little slower moving and a little more fragile than the average tourist. Slow your bike down and watch for white hair. Looking down the length of Commercial Street, you may think that a dandelion has gone to seed and been blown to the wind with all that white fluff bobbing in and out of shops and up and down curbs.

Almeida Segura will be 89 years old on October 2. Almeida is very visible, taking her morning and evening constitutionals on Commercial Street. Have you seen her in her new warm-up suit? She's 89 years old and has her first sweats.

Well, the Fine Arts Festival is under way, and what a lot of planning and organizing for one weekend. I repeat, a month would be better, and it would give participants and observers more time to enjoy it. The other factor is to encourage the festival on an international scale. It wouldn't be the crowds of summer, but a more select group with specific activities in mind. It would balance Provincetown from fast food and T-shirts. We are moving from the fishing industry, so we must choose a direction and not let one happen to us.



The schedules for the weekend will be conspicuous. Choose what you especially want to see or attend. Enjoy it all—it's a long winter.

Howard Mitcham's show will open at the Eye of Horus gallery on Friday, September 21, at 5 o'clock. It will be a retrospective exhibit of thirty years of woodcuts and other works, as well as copies of his five books. Mitcham will be there from New Orleans especially for this exhibit. You'll hear his southern accent roaring from Bradford to Commercial Streets, greeting the friends he hasn't seen since last year (who will need the coming year to recuperate from his visit). Mitcham always likes a party, and he'll be in the midst of a few dozen before he wings it home in front of the first snowflake—sho'nuff, sho'nuff.

The Provincetown Craft Guild will be participating in the festival for the first time. These craftsmen will be offering their unique products at the Bas Relief daily from 11 to 5. In case of rain, they will be in Town Hall. There will be food (the best homemade goodies) and music, of course. It's like a party, and you can even start your Christmas shopping early. The atmosphere at these crafts fairs is always merry. It's a more natural way to shop than department stores and Muzak—you'll be pleased to spend time with this talented group of people. You can use their wares daily for years, and so can the people you gift with them. The personal touch is an important part of gift giving. Everything offered at this fair will be perfect.

The Center for Coastal Studies' Trash Fish Dinner is tonight, September 20, at the Red Inn. Fish dishes of all descriptions will be enjoyed by anyone with the common sense not to miss this great meal. It's becoming a major event by a great leap each year. This is the sixth annual banquet, and each one has been a delight. The fish is donated, the cooking is donated, the time is donated, and the Red Inn is donated. The only thing left to donate is the price of your ticket: \$25 for the general public, \$15 for members, and \$10 for children twelve years and younger. The bar will open at five, and there will be four seatings starting at six. Call 487-3622—the Center for Coastal Studies—for more information.