

KELLY'S CORNER

by Jan Kelly

August could be called the month of insects. The insect population is more dense than other months but the heat and the stillness makes their presence more obvious. From spring, the hatches are on. July intensifies with the adulthood of many species and August must orchestrate them all in what seems one small world. There are two points of view on that world. *The meek shall inherit the world*, or, *The insects shall inherit the world*. The 17 year locust inherits it, temporarily anyway, the longest. Cicadas depend on temperature for their pivotal cues. Cicadas have sharp forelegs for digging, even when just hatched. The eggs are laid and hatched in the fall and the immature Cicada buries itself and remains dormant until the temperature is correct—usually early July. But the 17 year locust or the periodical Cicada remains quiescent for the full 17 years. Some closely related species do it for 13 years.

After all this preparation the life span is only a few weeks of noise and egg laying. Once again the temperature rules all. The 17 year Cicada could remind you of the hermit crabs. Living in a self-fashioned burrow underground and peeking out often testing the elements, the 17 year locust even builds a chimney to get a truer aspect of the temperature. Several times a day when ready to fly free, the Cicada travels up and down the shaft. When the true temperature is sensed, the Cicada climbs out of the shaft, crawls to a tree and bursts its skin. The wings expand and the busy and productive end of 17 years of slumbering is underway.

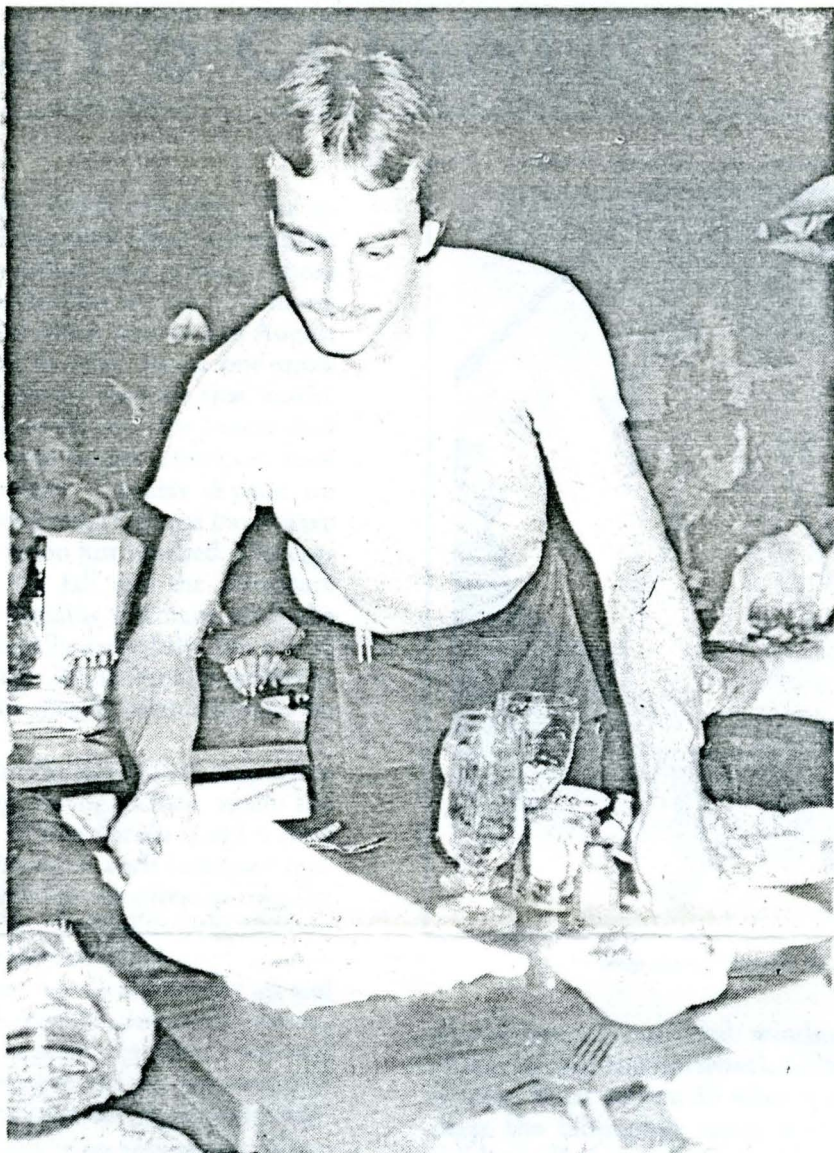
It is not rare to see this as a mass emergence. Vying for the same noise space is the Katydid who sings through the night "Katy did? Katy didn't?" The Bush Katydid has a high-pitched, wiry "tseep." The meadow cricket is the merry day time singer. The field cricket is the chirper who is alright as long as he stays on the hearth. But because he is in your closets and rugs as gourmet of the cricket world, he is really unwelcome. Then the snowy tree cricket is much less visible than the other family members, he is whitish and lives in shrubs. His call is an unmistakable whistle. He throbs. If you count these throbs by a formula you can ascertain the temperature of the weather—Fahrenheit. Count the number of sounds in 13 seconds, add 40 and you have it. This family of insects is tuned to temperature for all their life patterns.

The vacationer, the tourist, the traveller. This is an optimistic human being ready for the planned, looking for the unexpected, the adventure, the experience and usually headed in the direction of the sun. Most of the daylight hours would be spent in bathing suit, sun suit, tennis clothes or loose, light, flowing wraps. But what do you do if it rains? The parade is cancell-



shop soaked tourist in poncho with bags, etc.

ed, the beach is cancelled, windsurfing, waterskiing, tennis, biking, and horseback riding are cancelled. It's raining. What do you do when it's raining? The tired sleep, the bibliophile reads, mothers pull squalling children off of one another, as far as she can in a one-room cottage, lovers walk the beach one small portion of that day, the bars fill up, the restaurants fill up, the shops fill up. Commercial Street becomes a clot of ponchoed shoppers. Plastic bags declaring the origin of each article dangle from both hands. Mostly the shopping was done and put away, but what else to do in the rain? Buy just one more Cape Cod sweat shirt, just one more tee shirt with a whale displayed. Just one more stained glass window ornament and one more pair of earrings. Maybe just 2 or 3 more Xmas presents. You can figure out who to give them to when the time comes. In and out of the narrow doors, sideways like crabs, the dripping yellow and orange ponchos pass. Wife with curl dripping of rain, husband with the damp clamped pipe in jaw. Salespeople whirling like dervishes, sending out for more Espresso and Coke to keep up. Commissions as well as sales will peak this day. The oohs, the ahs when a selected piece is shown. The passing of the plastic card. "Sign please." The tissue, the box, the deliverance, the "thank you's" and onto the next shop. A flipper between these two. A slice of pizza between these two.



Michael Potenza at the Lobster Pot

An ice cream between these two and appetite is gone for lunch so you're condemned to the street for two more hours of shopping. The bags are getting numerous. One is being put inside the other not to be dropped and lost. You wonder if it would ever be noted as missing. The territory conquered is impressive, you're as far as B.H. Dyer and the Gazebo.

The husband says, "Well, that's the end. Only banks and hardware stores from now on." "Oh, no, I think I see a fish kite flying there, must be a shop," trills the wife. And off they are again—dual squish tennis shoes heading for the next display of wares. What do you do in the rain? Shop, shop, shop with the vengeance of a New Jersey housewife?

The Lobster Pot is always such fun. Not only is the food delicious and the service good, but Joy McNulty and her hard working charming children ensure your appetite's destiny. Joy works hard, but easily. She and her crew handle stress with action. They

mouth it away and work it away. Nothing gets hidden or buried. All problems are chased away. The staff is receptive no matter how long the line gets or how often the tables turn over. Magnolia at the bar whisking Margaritas and pina colodas out of bottles that surround him. He works so fast and well, I think he's disappointed when someone orders a draught. Our treat for a waitron was Mike Potenza. It was so good to see him. Mike grew up with Joy McNulty's children. As he says, "I'm sandwiched in between Shawn and Timmy." Michael looks well and is doing well. He is a 1981 graduate of Provincetown High. From here, Michael went to University of Southern Florida at Tampa for two years. He is now a TV Production Major at Emerson College. Michael is in sports production and is learning methods of equipment set up. Summers, Michael is a volunteer for the production work at Cable Channel 8 in Provincetown. He's enjoying his education and his summers. His plans at graduation time? "Wherever the best offer takes me."