

KELLY'S CORNER

by Jan Kelly

"Is it possible that I have a woodpecker nesting in my neighborhood," was the question of incredulous tone asked by David Harris of Thunder Road Jewelry. Yes, it's possible. Our three most numerous species are the Flicker, the Hairy, and the Downy. Flickers are shy and escape scrutiny. You can identify the bird as a Flicker by its single loud call, "Klee Yah", or its four rapid "wk, wk, wk, wk." If the bird should fly off as you approach, look for the diagnostic white rump. Flicker. But, so shy is this bird, uninhabited woods and open fields for feeding are preferred. I suspect the bird that David spoke of is a Downy, smaller and more common than the Hairy at 6 3/4 inches vs 9 1/4 inches. It may be the most sociable of woodpeckers, showing up at feeders and parks. It is as much at home in your neighborhood as you are.

David commented on the drumming, the insistent drumming. For two days it was a curiosity, now in middle range it is akin to noise pollution. But he will get used to it, accept it as part of the sound environment, grow to enjoy it, and miss it when it's gone.

The drumming is three-fold. It announces to other males the territorial range, "Keep out. Keep away!" Nest building is the chipping away of softened wood to enlarge a hole in the tree trunk for inhabitation. Thirdly, woodpeckers drum to peck through bark and to extrude insects from hidden sawdust channels so their barbed tongues can pierce the sounded insect.

You would think the woodpecker had x-ray vision in order to locate a so-small insect under the back of a so-large tree, but that's why there is so much noise: soft vs hard sounds. They are well-fed, energetic birds who enjoy feeding. Besides the powerful beak and agile tongue, they are assisted by strong feet and claws (three front, one back) which grip the trunk. Barb-ended tail feathers support the position by stiffly holding against the trunk.

Quick and unerring, the Downy woodpecker is up and around that tree until satisfied, and then the heavy wing beat: "phut, phut, phut" and on to the next tree. Acrobat, musician, and carpenter, the Downy will be a constant source of enjoyment in your neighborhood. The sound is natural, not unpleasant, and is only one interesting characteristic to study. Of course, we redheads are partial to one another.

46 PROVINCETOWN MAGAZINE



Stephanie Foster

Cape Cod has the international reputation of being a place of leisure and pleasure, and so it is. Physically beautiful, coastal, and anything but 9 to 5. It invites all to a break from dull routine and tedious, or pressuring schedules. When all these visitors arrive, they see a free lifestyle, a non-conforming society interested in the enjoyment of life. What they fail to see, though it is more in front of their eyes than the yearrounders, is the work force. This underlying non-stop layer of people who are posted at restaurants, kitchen and dining rooms, and shops; they stock, sell, and deliver from Cape-wide, Boston, and New York points. Though these workers are in public view at all points and points in time, they may as well be invisible. The tourists come to see the "fishermen", the "artists", and the "eccentrics". Their eyes will scan the horizon of "normal" folk only in the hope of landing a "fisherman", "artist", or "eccentric" for the camera. They don't realize that so many of the workers may fill one of those three categories; and what would we do without them?

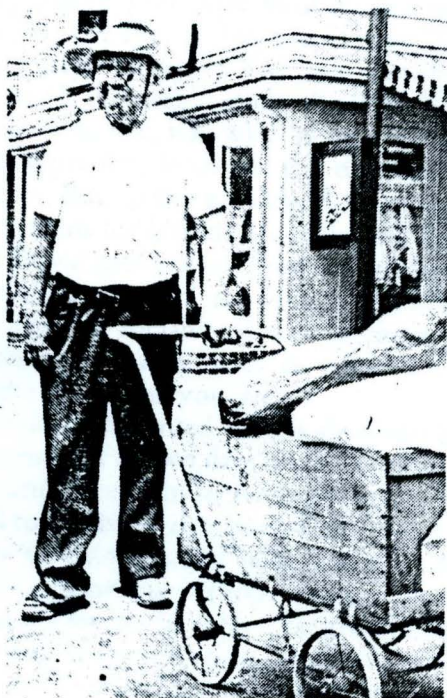
The students come in each April, hunt for an apartment, leave a deposit wearing down coats, and they return in shorts to occupy their living quarters. They are tired from a rugged year at school, but excited about a new job, beach days, and party nights. They are all ready to fall in love, at least until September, and maybe more than once. They will have at least one lobster, one whale watch, one night on the dunes, and one bad sunburn. The rest of the time, they will work and prepare for work.

All are "on call" in case someone doesn't show up for a shift. They work hard and long hours, but they do have fun. The camaraderie is important at that age. Unattached and fun loving, they can spend hours

laughing and talking about just anything aided bit by inexpensive beer and/or wine. Casual, their lives are casual.

They laugh about their jobs. "I can't believe that I'm waiting on tables. I'm so absent minded," or "I can't believe I'm selling jewelry. I'm so shy," or look at Stephanie Foster here with her burning pot of pasta. "I am the world's worst cook! I can't believe I'm cooking for a living. Look, I even burn spaghetti."

Don't worry folks, no burnt meals in Provincetown. Stephanie is a prep cook. As I took a shot of the smoking pan, what looked like a land-ship sailed down Winthrop Street with four passengers in the front seat. All heads turned and four small waves of salute, "Hi, Kelly." Elizabeth Dekker, Gregg Phillips, and Sarah Anton were being chauffeured by Kurt Phillips in his 1974 Plymouth *Belvedere*. What a picture: camaraderie of transport, four in a front seat.



Maurice Enos, bottle and can man

One of our best workers is yearround and highly visible. Maurice "Popeye" Enos is the bottle and can man. Maurice worked at the Wharf Luncheonette for years, but for the past two has developed a thriving business thanks to the bottle bill, his own integrity, and a suggestion from Gene Poyant. He likes this independent business more than the other. He's in the fresh air, he says, and "not in that hot building cooking." Maurice's business maybe the most orderly in town. He works 9 to 5, six days a week. "You've gotta' rest some time."

Maurice has the same route each day, and his route is supplemented by regular picking calls. Ronnie White calls regularly, so does the chief of police. "I'm on my way there now." Maurice makes \$40 a day average and cashes in at Perry's four times a week. He has upgraded his business. "I take my time. Why do you think I bought this bike? They gave me a good deal at Arnold's. I walk the hills anyway. I don't trust those cars that jump out of side streets."



Maurice "going downtown"

Maurice bought a new color TV from his earnings, too. Winter and summer, weather permitting, Maurice is at his trade from 9 to 5. In winter he wears a motorcycle jacket with a zip-in lining. "The fur lining has a zipper, but I just leave it. It's a nuisance." At five o'clock, Maurice is home for a good bath. "To get all that syrup off." Maurice enjoys this work, and now it's developed into a two-vehicle enterprise. Besides a two-basket bicycle with a shopping cart rigged on the back, Maurice built a pushcart from plywood. He attached baby carriage wheels and on a busy day can fill the large wheeler. That is not Maurice's only job; he also is the clean-up man at the Old Colony. "You gotta pay your bills," he says. "If you don't pay your bills, they'll kill you."

Beside paying his bills, Maurice enjoys his money. He likes to go out to the Mayflower for dinner. He enjoys dressing up and "going downtown." At Christmas time he takes a week off. He goes to Hyannis to visit an old friend, Mary, who lives behind the Mill Hill Club. I always ask how Mary is. This time he told me, "She lost a leg, but she got married anyway. I told her when she had problems with those toes 'we all gotta go to the hospital one day' but she wouldn't listen, so she lost the leg. But she's OK."

So, Maurice Enos of black and gold polka dot socks hopped on his bike to continue his route and work. He was off to a good regular spot which I won't disclose here. "I don't have a phone, so people call Helen Silva if they have a load of cans or bottles for me." I drink homemade wine, so I'm no help, but maybe you can add to Maurice's accounts. I wouldn't be surprised if he were to invest in an 800 number. Maurice "Popeye" Enos, bottle and can man.