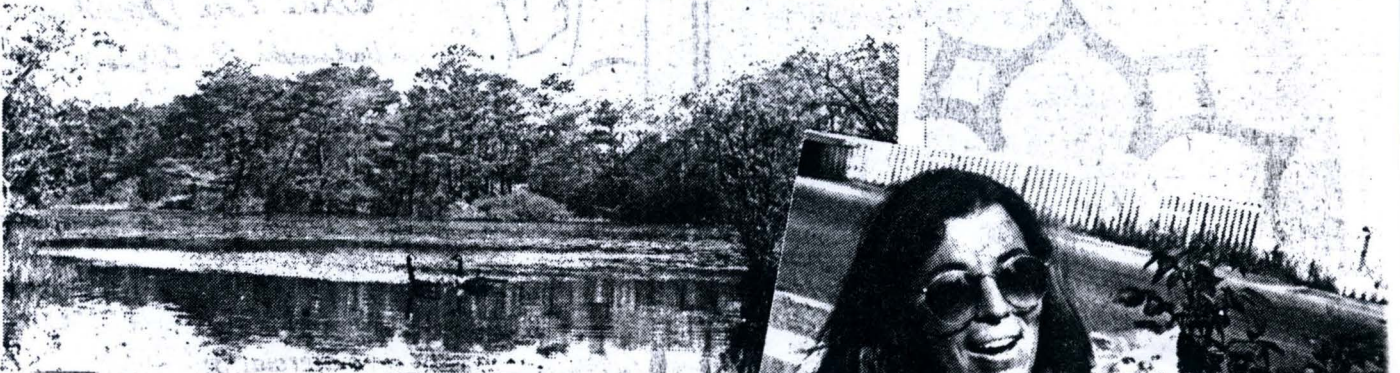


# Kelly's Corner

the pond at Beech Forest



By Jan Kelly

Memorial Day has happened, and we are all in it for another season—for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse, till Labor Day do us part. Everyone will be richer, everything will be better, and Labor Day won't part all of us. We will always have the few who romanticize the idea of a winter on the Cape, the very tip of the Cape. The first snowstorm may do us part, but not Labor Day! Memorial Day... We remember the dead for a few brief moments, and then the rush of the living is upon us.

Doug Trumbull gave a wonderful Sunday afternoon deck party. He lives at the Kibbutz and was celebrating ten years in the East end. I, being a "West Ender," was there illegally, but Doug promised to move directly after the party—to the West End of course—and then in ten years I could be invited legally. Ronnie Motta was down stage left on the barbecue and gained the name of Ronnie Ribs. They were delicious. Molly Moore had a Bloody Mary so garnished I thought it was gazpacho—Ronnie Ribs and Molly Gazpacho. Pot luck was the fare, and it's always lucky in Provincetown. There was enough chowder to float a dory. A white-painted deck, sun, the bay, the easy sound of friendly conversation, delicious food and drink—it does the soul good now and then. The seriousness of life gains perspective.

The warbler migrations are slowing down. The days when the Beech Forest parking lot is filled and 19 species are spotted in one day have finally passed. All of us can get back to shutters that are begging for paint, to gardens pouting to be planted, to laundry, dishes, and vacuuming. The only warm piece of equipment these weeks was the binoculars.

One other important activity has been Nicholas Skinner's participation in Scott Melvin's piping plover survey. Dr. Melvin is a program zoologist of the Massachusetts Natural Heritage Program, a division of Fisheries and Wildlife. Nicholas is aiding Dr. Melvin in the piping plover census and rare breeding bird inven-



Mama Lana Luna and Leo the Lion

tory. The project runs from May 18 to 24. Nicholas is scouting the flats, the point, and the outer beaches, counting individual plovers, noting their age and sex (if possible) and any evidence of breeding. Plovers are threatened by encroaching human activity and the increasing gull population. I will be out with Nicholas tomorrow and Friday on this expedition and will let you know the results.

Lana Luna (because she is "in the moon" as the French say) Barbaro is now Mama Lana Luna. We are all still on the search for her missing cat, Pudding, but in the meantime, Lana has adopted a three-week-old marmalade who looks like a miniature lion. Leo the Lion is a wild cat. He was born outdoors in Truro to a wild mother. The mother and all the litter except the lion cublet were destroyed by an animal. Zorilda von Kleist commenced the nursing program which Lana, a health-food addict, revised. He is bottle-fed on a mixture of soy milk with carob, yogurt, and brewer's yeast. It's a doll's baby bottle that contains this volatile mixture, and perhaps he will grow up to be a lion. This is a case where two losses make a gain. Lana Luna and Leo the Lion.

Don't tell anyone you're going up Cape. Your shopping list will grow and grow. Most items seem to be specifically vanity items, secret little drugstore things





to enhance the appearance. Vanity is a part of every human being. If you can catch a person's vanity, you have a piece of their soul. Provincetown doesn't seem to have all these vanity products available. It's glitterati up-front openness in this town.

The Moors' 45th anniversary buffet was the most delicious and pleasant possible. There was a replica of the Moors in cake form, baked by Christine Roderick; it later became everybody's dessert. Lobster diablo or plain roast beef carved to your precise taste, porco em pau, and the most delicious seafood casserole in a fish-shaped pastry puff were all washed down with copious amounts of vinho verde and dao red. You couldn't find an unsmiling face in the room. The Moors has such romance. Besides looking romantic, the tale of its rebuilding is a romance. In the 50s the Moors burned. Within the day all the carpenters, electricians, and plumbers arrived at the scene, tools in hand, eager to build. Maline Costa was able to open his restaurant on schedule and not lose the season because of the genuine help of friends—working friendships: no insurance company claims, no lengthy time-wasting investigations, no fretting, no time for sadness over the loss. The rebuilding of the Moors was the spirit of Provincetown when it was a simple fishing village. I hope we don't lose this spirit in our race to become a tiny Manhattan. People slept better then; they had things to dream about.

There are so many condominiums popping up with the urgency of mushrooms, but they don't fade as quickly and methodically in turn. It makes me nostalgic for the scenes which will be fading with the humble well-worn dwellings of our rustic Cape. A not-too-well-puttied window with a not-too-pedigreed cat perched next to a geranium under a piece of crochet will be replaced

the Darling Couple Award goes to Mae Busch and Frank Milby!

by the unlive-in bare glass of winter. The children's toys scattered at the end of a long day's play will be replaced by name tags noting the boundaries of individual parking spaces. The clotheslines will be replaced by laundry rooms, the apartment numbers and assigned days cited on the wall. . . . To see a stretch of grass and open space we will have to go to the cemetery.

Gary Bookstore Budlong has a new home for his nostalgia: the rare books, old post cards, and photographs. The new premises of these printed treasures is down the lane next to Pilgrim Variety. Antiques and memorabilia have been blended with the books, and visiting the shop is a tour in time and geography. Besides the quality of bygone days you will have the delightful conversation of Gary Budlong to enrich your day with charm and facts. This is the only antiquarian bookstore in town and, as well as shopping for yourself, it is an ideal place to shop for gifts. You really can find something for everyone in this shop.

The tennis courts of the Provincetown Tennis Club are ready to go. All five clay surfaces have been expertly prepared thanks to the planning of president David Nicolau. They will stay in this same good shape thanks to the management of Nute Reeves and Bernie the Wonder Dog, our tennis club mascot. The courts are open and available daily, and practice for the first tournament is on. Join us.

Most tennis doubles teams wear matching outfits or at least matching colors—normal teams, that is. If it happens in Provincetown, it is an accident! Immediately, we all shout "The Darling Couple Award goes to . . ." and add the names. So, I will run a Darling Couple photo each week. Not just tennis twosomes, but any couple to strike the fancy of the world, like a tiny twosome parade. You might be snapped yourself.