

KELLY'S CORNER

by Jan Kelly

Our schedules are packed, as tight as unopened playing cards. Rain for the *Bed & Breakfast Rolling Bed Race*? It was held on Monday... Openings and concerts and celebrations mark every day on the calendar. What a contrast to a self-paced reflective winter.

Tennis For Life was a great success. We raised well over \$5,000. and monies are still coming in. Players joined into a highly social, mixed doubles, round robin. The Culinary Arts Class at Provincetown High School prepared muffins and coffee cakes. *Georgie Porgie* donated bagels and *Kiehl's Pharmacy* of New York donated sunscreen. *Dunlop* donated the tennis balls. Peggy Bissell and Jon Van Rider donated the tennis courts and many donated money. The Academy at the High School, Helping Our Women and PASG benefitted. Thank you to Kim & John Medeiros of the *Moors Restaurant* for the opening reception cocktail party on Friday night.

It was fun to see elementary school principal Bill Rokiki and the high school principal and superintendent, Susan Fleming out on the courts enjoying the sport of the day. John Gilbride was the top fund raiser with \$1200 and Susan Culligan with \$950, Susan Goldsmith came in third and Jane Donogue, fourth. Sheila Stackhouse came in with first place in the tournament with 22 games. Quelinda Shea and John Gilbride tied with 21 games each and Linda Davies was fourth with 20 games. Stackhouse and Davies paired against Shea and Gilbride for the finals, Shea & Gilbride winning. Priscilla Jackett and Roger Li won the "Finest Kind" award. Everybody received a certificate. Ribbons and prizes went to the top fund raisers with the top two receiving a round trip, Boston-Provincetown flight, courtesy of *Cape Air*. This was our Second Annual Tennis For Life. A great success! Make sure you are part of the Third, next year, same time.

We roll on to the Portuguese Festival and Blessing of the Fleet. There hasn't been such a great party in town since the First Year Rounder's Festival. Paul and Mark Silva, our insurance brothers, constantly surprised us with not only fun, but interesting fun. We were learning and playing and very often helping out the cause. One mantle must be passed each year. The Golden Panella trophy for the Best Kale Soup.

Twenty-three styles of Portuguese soup were tasted at the Lobster Pot Restaurant to a soup-hungry winter crowd. Three were selected for the finals to be held during the Festival weekend, voted by numbers—no names and no stacking the votes.

Curious outcome last year: Julia McGrady came in first with me, Kelly, serving. Tim McNulty came in second and finally, a Portuguese lady, Karen Roderick, coming in third. The big day arrived at the Bas Relief, tourists and locals gulped cup after cup and Julia McGrady won again. So, Julia got possession of the Golden Panella for the whole year. Jackson Lambert painted and lettered a 20 gallon stockpot. Julia's name leading the future list.

Well, Julia had a bit of surgery this winter and has put the Golden Panella to good use. Not for cooking, but it has been a reliable shower stool. "What will I do now?" queries Julia. I'm curious as to what use this year's winner will make of the Golden Panella.

The Fourth of July now breathes on the neck of the Blessing and we'll all keep up because there's no place like P'town for people having a good time. Floats and parades, bands and fireworks all look so natural in this setting. The hardest workers, the most serious and the stay-at-homes all come out to celebrate.



Hard working Maurice Enos, lovingly dubbed "Popeye" will rest his arduous, seven days a week, length of town, bottle and can business, to don his sailor suit and march in the parade. Maurice "Popeye" Enos is our local bottle and can man. Winter and summer, you can see Maurice pushing his A&P cart hauling in the five-centers on a daily route that spreads from the Holiday Inn to the Provincetown Inn. The length of town, seven days a week. I thought Maurice was looking very fit this year. he used to work six days a week telling me "you gotta rest sometime" and his route covered less territory. But now with his friend Helen gone, Maurice tells me he's "gotta keep busy. Hangin' around the house is no good. It'll drive you up the walls. You know [how it is], I see you get out on your bike."

Maurice and his business have gone through transitions over the years. He left a good job in Attleboro at the *Brook Manor Restaurant*. There, Ann & Jack Leito befriended him and it was Jack who nicknamed Maurice "Popeye." Maurice used to love to direct traffic on parade days sporting his sailor outfit and chewing on a corn cob pipe, hence "Popeye."

Friends in Attleboro were fine, but Maurice was homesick and came back to Provincetown to live with his sister Margaret on Anthony Street. Maurice brought the name "Popeye" home with him and so displaced his childhood nickname "Cap'n Funder." He was dubbed that moniker because he had an aversion to thunder.

Ever the worker, Maurice was off to the Wharf Luncheonette. We called it the "Barf Luncheonette" and the stories are many. One day a customer complained to the counter waitress Dahlia, "Can't you do anything about the flies in here?"

"You should see the kitchen!" she retorted.

It was our greasy spoon, open at 3 am for the fishermen to grab a bit of ballast and java before heading out. Maurice was cook and clean up man. It was the mid 80's that Gene Payant "cornered" (that's how Gene Payant talked to you) and laid out what he thought was Maurice's great future. Maurice seized the idea, kept his clean up job at the Old Colony Tap as a buffer and began his career as bottle and can man. The Massachusetts Bottle Bill launched his career.

He liked the independence, the walking, the fresh air and the constant contact with others. "Nice talkin' with folks, they all got somethin' to say. Glad I'm not in that hot building cookin'." The business has always been orderly, 9 to 5, and began as six days a week. In those days, Maurice used to say "ya gotta rest sometime," and he and Helen would take a block of A&P cheddar, a box of Triscuits and sit in the Old Colony (O.C.) window watching the crowds that were watching them.

A busman's holiday suited Maurice well. He loved strutting around the O.C., greeting locals and tourists telling them not to spill too much beer because he'd be back early morning to clean it all up. In those days, Maurice rode a 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." That bike had a shopping cart rigged on the back. The next vehicle was a pushcart assembled out of scrap plywood with baby carriage wheels attached.

On a busy summer day, Maurice could always fill the large wheeler. Now, he pushes a ready-made A&P cart. "Let someone else do the work. Rain don't bother this one." Now we can hear Maurice a block away. He may be a long time coming that block though. There are so many people to converse with, all of them with a story.

When Helen first became ill, Maurice cared for her, but eventu-

ally, the Cape End Manor was a better solution. Maurice visited every day, fed Helen lunch and would return to his busy work schedule. "She don't know nobody but me, only me." "Oh, sorry Maurice. Helen has Alzheimer's?" "No! She don't got that! She's got old timer's disease, old timer's disease!"

I witnessed a touching scene outside Adam's Drug Store. Maurice used to take Helen on outings, pushing her wheelchair past familiar sites. This day had a stop at Adams' and Maurice was spoon feeding Helen ice cream, hovering with loving concern as she sat in the sun, clearly enjoying the day, the ice cream and Maurice's attention. "I bought that wheelchair," he told me, "Hell, she's gotta get out sometimes and see the old places and get some fresh air."

Maurice misses Helen. "But whatcha gonna do?" he quizzes. "You gotta work. You gotta pay your bills. If you don't pay your bills, they'll kill you." And off Maurice "Popeye" Enos goes, rattling away with another load of five-centers. Many of us save bottles and cans for him. Each property has a spot set aside for Maurice to come in and pick up every day. If you have bottles and cans regularly, just let him know and you will become part of Maurice's daily route and soon you will have a lesson in faithfulness pass right through your life daily.

Happy summer to you all!

