
KELLY'S CORNER

by Jan Kelly

The redwing blackbirds are back. They are the true clarions of spring. The males arrive first and with loud clucking and trilling establish territorial rights with such frequency and endurance, you'd wonder if they save enough energy to mate. The ladies arrive a couple of weeks later. The idea is that the male will have staked out the homestead and would have a nest fairly well ready. But those first-comers always get a couple of blasting spring storms and often have to start nest building anew. And all those Mrs. Redwings arrive anxious and nagging, "What do you mean you don't have the place ready? I've got to measure for curtains!"

I heard my first redwing on March 10th, a visiting robin on March 2nd, and daily await the sound of peepers. The odd little woodcock has started his nuptial flight and that is an experience no one with any possibility to observe it should miss. Bob Prescott usually runs a session on it at Wellfleet's Audubon, if you want an introduction: 349-2615. The great-horned owls have young now, so they are very busy hunting. This is the best time of year to spot or hear them. Salamanders are on the move. Equinox is here, March 21st, first day of spring. It's all right to fall in love now.

March is work month, though. Taxes needed to be done, Town Meeting, C.P.R. renewal, election campaigns under way, and clean up, paint up, fix-up begins. Though clean up, paint up, fix-up is becoming build anew or gut and build.

March has Saint Patrick's Day, too. St. Patrick's Day is a wild time in the U.S. But in Ireland it's a holy day and a family day. Saint Patrick, a 5th century saint who is the patron of Ireland is credited fancifully with the evacuation of snakes from Ireland and preaching the Blessed Trinity with the use of a shamrock.

He is credited historically with more conversions to Christianity than any other missionary of the misty isle. The Druids were coaxed and coerced from their pagan ways by a tricky Patrick who knew the power of magic. I think the Druids had a fine religious set up, omitting the human sacrifices. Christianity superimposed itself on the pagan beliefs. Planting days became ember days; solstice became Xmas. Solstice is the birth of the sun, the shortest day of the year, marking a strengthening sun on its way, December 21st. That became the birth of the Son, Xmas Day, December 25th. Spring equinox became Easter, and resurrection of nature's land and creatures became the Resurrection of Christ. What could be more suggestive of birth than the prolific rabbit, or the symbol of the egg? Christianity put a see-through guise on paganism. The Irish always remain Irish. They believe things fiercely, to the point of superstition.

But everybody's Irish on Saint Patrick's Day, a good excuse to drink. The drink is good: Guinness, Harp,

Bushmill's, Paddy's, Powers, and Jameson's. But the food! I learned to cook in self defense. I thought I would starve to death if I didn't have neighbors of other ethnic backgrounds. I swear the Irish live on the Eucharist alone and if there were an Irish cookbook, the pages would be blank. My brother-in-law, Bruce, was preparing an apple pie one day. My sister, Norita, was consumed with curiosity. "Didn't your mother ever bake apple pies?" Bruce asked. "No," Norita said, "you couldn't boil it." My cousin Noreen even boils steak. I suppose a bit of Guinness makes the food more palatable. But I heard God invented whiskey so the Irish wouldn't take over the world.

Thank you for all the cards and flowers. My family in Galway sent a card of love, valour, and wit, 3 symbols for the 3 leaves of the shamrock, but they wrote that it was "cool, breezy weather and no shamrocks were to be found in the fields." So I had American supermarket shamrocks this year.

We may have seen the last of the snow for this season. But if you have another chance, entertain yourself and the person of your choice. A snow walk is always beautiful, fun, relaxing, and memorable. This time take along a bottle of your favorite champagne and 2 glasses. Not plastic glasses, but glass glasses. Find a suitable spot at the beginning of your walk where you can tuck the bottle and glasses under the snow. Take your walk, enjoy the whitened and heightened beauty of the dunes, the woods or the beaches. At the end of your walk, your champagne and glasses are chilled. You've earned your libation. It will have an extra taste and sparkle in this setting. Timing for sunset is optimum. I hope we do have at least one more brief snow storm so you can enjoy this ritual of civilization and nature.

How long has it been since you've had a good cup of coffee? Last time you were in Italy or France? Probably, unless you are a member of Provincetown's coffee connection. For years we've burdened anyone travelling to New York with a Zabar visit. Zabar's blend, Kenya double 'A' are the favorites of their many roasts, but recently, the Provincetown Post Office has noticed that by the third week of the month there are more and more dark brown rectangular boxes arriving. That's enough to pique that crowd's curiosity, but it's the glow in the eye of the receiver that really makes them nosy. Only Gevalia is pronounced Jukalyuh, and is the Latin word for Gavle (Yevlay), a merchant city 120 kilometers north of Stockholm, Sweden.

The Gevalia brand of coffee has been around since 1853, but only the past year or so has it become so popular in America. This is due to the major advertising campaign that Gevalia's P.R. Department has successfully executed in magazines such as *Gourmet* and *Smithsonian*. With the offer of a handsome, classic, and



in the snow a possibility

silicone-seal tight container and two half pounds of their toted coffee for \$5, it became an irresistible taste experience. You're sent coffee automatically once a month. If you want delivery more frequently or less frequently or a change of blends, that's all possible, too. Decaffeinated types are also available using a European CO2 method, so you won't have to sacrifice flavor to save your nerves and blood pressure.

You get a well-written and interesting newsletter and recipes with each shipment. And this month, news of expansion. Willy Pettersson, a Gevalia tour guide and coffee expert has travelled to Kenya, Guatemala, Colombia, and Costa Rica to choose and offer an even more limited group of coffees to Gevalia customers.

The taste and use of a coffee such as Gevalia offers is an experience. It is satisfying. One cup and its lingering satisfaction is a real coffee drinker's desire. It is hard for a Gevalia coffee drinker to understand people who drink coffee with the frequency they should be drinking water, bottled water, that is. Gevalia is so satisfying that frequency would clash with the pleasure. I'll bet my shipment of Gevalia next month will be begged right away from me in the post office.

I received a post card from Morocco, land of mint tea, along with the coffee shipment. It was from Marrakesh and spoke of a spice merchant trying to sell Spanish Fly to the writer and a wonderful new diet plan for weight loss due to Moroccan Trots, that's a lot of walking and the Trots. It was signed "Fatima and Akmed." A thinly disguised Lynne and Lacey Carter.

You still have the opportunity to get a glimpse of Halley's Comet, from mid-March to the first week in April in the southeast one-half hour before sunrise. The second week in April, the quickly fading comet will be visible in the early evening. Remember, be far from

electric lights to reduce earthly glare and aided by binoculars or a scope, you just may catch a glimpse of the Solar System's most famed comet. If you should miss it, don't worry. You'll have another chance in 76 years time.

Speaking of star struck, Sheila Silva, our Town Clerk, had a pleasant task to perform this winter. One of Sheila's jobs is marrying people. When this particularly attractive couple filed their marriage intentions in our Town Hall, Sheila thought they looked vaguely familiar. The couple were Robert S. Woods and Loyita L. Chapel. Both are actors. Robert plays Bo Buchanan on the soap opera *One Life To Live*. Robert and Loyita wanted to be married for the second time to each other. Their first marriage was on the Pacific coast. It didn't work out and they divorced. Now, 6 years later, they wanted to try it on the Atlantic coast. So Sheila Silva put on her Justice of the Peace hat and led Robert and Loyita to the top of the Monument. A cold and beautiful day, the wedding was brief and wonderful, wrapped by such a panoramic view. The newly-married again couple celebrated the occasion with lunch at the Red Inn. They stayed at the Asheton House on Cook Street. Sheila, beaming as a result of this pleasant duty, has received photos with personal notes to her and her daughters from the newlyweds. There was an extra buzz in Town Hall that day.

It's nights that Town hall is buzzing these couple of weeks past. Town Meeting evokes as much emotion as any soap opera. Developers versus conservationists is a blunt way to put it. More teachers, affordable housing, a room tax. In our small town, we have many eloquent speakers. But it never fails, emotion can upset the logic. There's plenty of that still, but Town Meeting is much more orderly than the swashbuckling verbiage of years past. The Burger King hearing won the prize for flamboyancy and drama this year. Calling everybody by titles at Town Meeting seems to help in maintaining sane order. Any boring parts to the meeting and you become an expert on the backs of heads. You start with hair, long, short, curly, straight, abundant, sparse. If the boredom continues it goes to ears, necks, and flashing profiles.

I want to thank all of you who helped me keep my Beech Forest feeding station stocked through the winter. Those little creatures are so grateful and as friendly as you could wish. It is a pleasant part of a daily routine. A suggestion: chickadees don't eat millet. Of that "wild bird food," only the sunflower seeds are of interest to them. The bulk of the feed drops to the ground where the doves pick it up. It will eventually make a bald spot there. There is a controversy whether the chickadees prefer black sunflower seeds or striped sunflower seeds. I don't think the chickadees have heard about the controversy, so use both.