

Kelly's Corner

by Jan Kelly



The purple love grass is at its peak now. The Truro bike trail has lusty bunches along its route. It is on the sides of highways and other disturbed areas. The purple and green combination is easy on the eye. Humans get their inspiration from nature's color layout. So we artists report it realistically. Others put more of a personal interpretation into what lies before their eyes. Interior decorators and fashion designers also interpret nature's changing colors into their static material objects. It's when the static objects take over the master plan of coloring that we stray from true tones. There are reasons why colors are called Robin egg's blue, jade green and just plain gold. There haven't been any improvements on nature's colors yet in this age of technology.

Gooseberries and choke cherries are ripe this week. I have five gallons of currant wine bubbling in the carboy and five gallons of gooseberry in the primary fermentor. Choke cherries are always more scarce, so I'm off to a third spot today to check what August, 1985 will afford us for winter sipping. I'm pulling a choke cherry 1982 and a Rugosa Rose out of storage for Joel Meyerowitz. I want to thank him for the 8X10 photograph of myself with bike, clamrake and hefty bag of sea clams standing in the July light. The Bay is the backdrop. Wine for photos. My wares for his wares. Thank you, Joel.

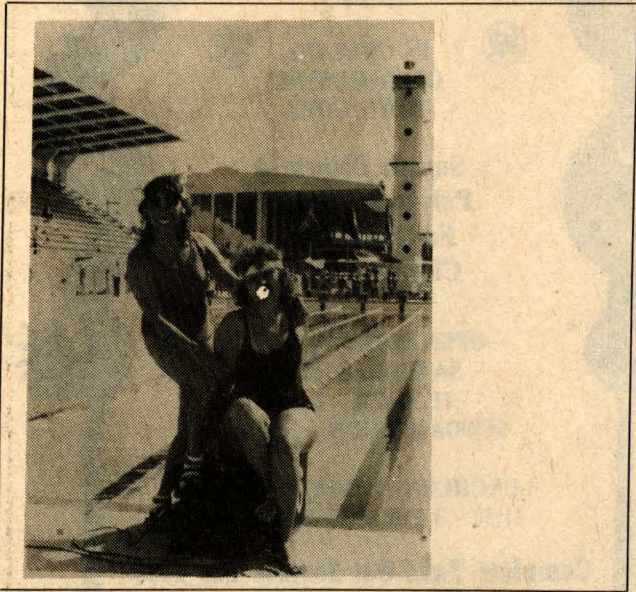
The construction of our senior citizen/family housing clocks along smoothly at Harry Kemp and Aunt Sukey's Way. Arthur Chianese and Paul LeVasseur of Cumberland Construction Company of Rhode Island, Jerry Scallion of South Yarmouth, clerk of the works, Tom Hackenson, construction supervisor of EOCD and of course, our architect and constant guide these four years, David Crawley of Plymouth, are each working their separate roles to bring this project to a successful and timely end. Today it's decision on kitchen cabinets, placement of phone boxes in the family units, framing the sun space for the elderly's building and moving of stones for the leaching field. Each day the site looks more and more habitable. From what looked like a mound of dirt to a lay person, is emerging a neighborhood unto itself. May, 1986 is the scheduled date for occupancy. There's a lot of work between August and May. Let's hope it goes along as steadily and productively as it has these past three months.

When I was carrying some papers back to our office in the old Cape End Manor, the Grace Gouveia building, I stepped into the senior citizens' Wednesday lunch. That's a good hour of stories and chatter. Don't even try to whiz through there. Their days of wrestling with duties and schedules is over and since they're down to trolling speed, they don't see why you can't just slow down with them. Well, they're your seniors so you'd better stop. Charlotte Matta wanted me to share her birthday cake with her. She was eighty-one years old on July 21. She says she's eighteen, not eighty-one. I believe her. When I see her out on her beauty parlor/luncheon day once a week, she can outeat and outdrink me easily. Charlotte has been in Provincetown for fifty-seven years, arriving here as a bride in 1928. Her family is originally English and from Eastham. They then moved to Barrington Passage, Nova Scotia. This is where Charlotte was born, grew up and met Charles Bennett of Boston. Mr. Bennett was originally from Provincetown. So after the 1927 marriage in Boston, 1928 had the couple here in Provincetown. The Bennetts had one child, a daughter, who now lives in Brunswick, Georgia. After Mr. Bennett's death, Charlotte went to work cooking, cleaning, caring for her daughter alone. Charlotte told me she had no trouble finding a job in fifty-one and-a-half years and it was housekeeping she enjoyed the most. In 1946, Charlotte married Mr. Matta of Matta's 5 & 10. The store was split down the middle. Matta's 5 & 10 on one side and Charlotte's home cooking on the other. All fresh vegetables and home baked goods were served. The restaurant thrived from 1946-1951. Charlotte preferred to go back to housekeeping and the entire floor space became the 5 & 10. It is Vorelli's Restaurant now at Commercial and "A-House Alley" or Masonic Place. Great food is in the building again.

Charlotte finally retired five years ago at the age of seventy-six. She worked the last fifteen years for Dot Cook. Enough work, now Charlotte Matta does her crossword puzzles, is reading Norman Mailer's *Tough Guys Don't Dance* and the Bible. Strange combination? Charlotte reads the Bible every year these past eleven years. She goes along diligently page by page until the reading is complete, cover to cover. She told me she is "over into Luke" right now. Charlotte is the merriest white-haired lady on Commercial Street. You'll see her,

impeccably coiffed and dressed, proud of her appearance and out for a good time. She'll ask you to dance if the music's on and will sing without prompting. Now, wasn't that worth slowing down to trolling speed?

Now take a look at these two Brazilian beauties and rev right up again. Zilnar Matos Carneiro seated, and



Zilnar Matos Carneiro seated, and Zenaide Cesor Fernandes standing

Zenaide Cesor Fernandes standing, are sisters to each other as well as to Silvia Matos Newman, our local Brazilian librarian and waitron at Vorelli's. Zilnar and Zenaide will be visiting us soon as a side trip to their invitation to the Master's Games in Toronto, Canada. The Master's Games will be held August 7—25. The competitions are international and will include twenty-two types of sports and will member people ages 25—75, many of them legends in the sports world. Athletics doesn't have to be for those 25 and under only. Besides the physical, there is a social and humanistic side to sports. Keeping in shape is a matter of being alive. Longevity comes not only from genes, but from deliberately well-trained bodies as well. Longevity with health is the real combination. It would be fun to be there with these vital bodies and personalities from all over the world. Besides the arduous sports schedule they will have an opening celebration and a mid-games celebration. After all, the letter says: Ora, a vida começa aos 40!

The preparations are complete for all visitors. Names of individual hosts for bed n' breakfast places not far from the stadium are sent to all participants including information such as languages spoken and whether the host smokes or not. Bet not. Zilnar's specialty is the 100, 200, and 400 meter races. Zenaide's son, Paulo Cesor, is now representing Brazil in Hungary and Turkey playing water polo. Silvia is also a champion swimmer and has received numerous gold and silver medals. Silvia has been here ten years. As a student at Boston University, she met Mal Newman of Starv-

ing Artists, married and moved to Provincetown. So check Commercial Street the 11th, 12th, and 13th of August. You will hear Brazilian-Portuguese chatter, three lovely ladies with Beijos e Lembranças a todos.

There are distinct groups in the work force of summer Provincetown. Black and white costuming denotes the floor workers of restaurants, waiters and waitresses or "waitrons." White pants, shirts, and aprons denote the cooks, chef, broiler chef, prep, and salad workers. Smocktops denote the chambermaids and self-made costumes for the variety of other jobs in Provincetown have no limitations. The chambermaids are a quiet, little-seen force. They are usually immaculately dressed, "neat as a pin" local housewives. After they set their families in motion to each of their summer jobs, these ambitious women get beds made, breakfast dishes scaldingly clean, check the animals, adjust the windows for the day's weather, lock up and stand on the nearest corner for the 8:45 pickup. The Provincetown chambermaids carpoled long before the word was coined. Here are Almena Travers and Helen Peters waiting for Sandy to pick them up.

The women love the camaraderie of the job, the jokes, the reminiscences, the sharing of joys and problems. The salary is well used. Bingo money, Xmas club payments made ahead and girl's night out at a local restaurant. Bedmaking barely comes into it, you would think. But ask any motel owner. The Provincetown Portuguese women are the hardest working and most reliable of work forces. I always say I could have my appendix out on any of my neighbor's floors.

Well, after a month without a refrigerator because of back orders, I expected delivery today. Not yet. The trucking company which would deliver the fridge went on strike yesterday morning, no settlement in sight. Anorexia will be my next step.



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