

Kelly's Corner

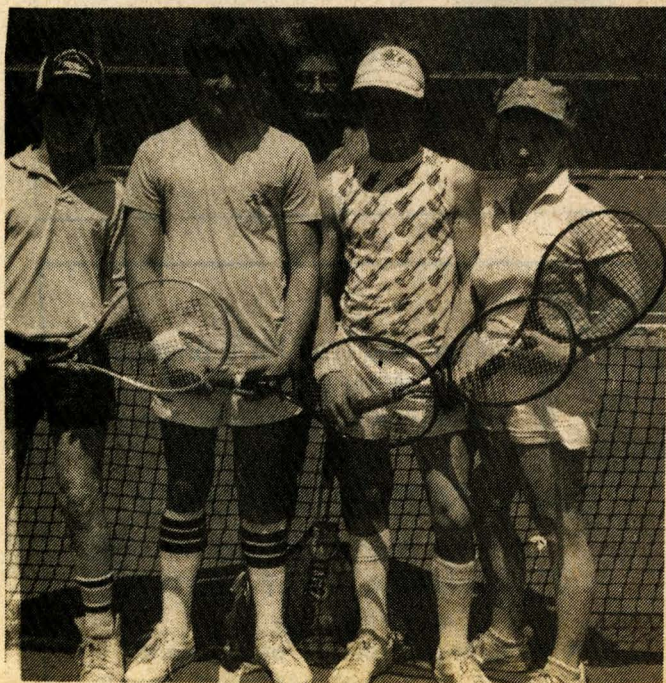


Jan Kelly

The tennis season has unofficially opened. That means we can play tennis any day it isn't raining. The clay courts will be ready soon and the first tournament will commence June 15. We've had a new wave at the club. Several of the junior high boys have developed an interest in tennis. Enough interest to be commanded to the courts each Saturday and Sunday by Mae Bush for coaching and drilling. Mae is a natural born teacher, loves the game, and is good with people. She can pick out the weak points and strong points of anybody in a short session. She sets the lesson plan: this one's serve, that one's backhand; and teaches it all through doubles. She's on one court with three, has me on the other court with three. The learning and fun go on. The progress of the boys at this age is so fast. They're eager to learn, their reflexes snap-to like an elastic band, and they will all be good tennis players. Mischa Richter is not in this photograph because he had to run off for a haircut. Groomed and gorgeous, he was back in half an hour.

Nute Reeves, club manager, has been teaching all winter. He starts his "munchkin tennis" as he calls it at 7:30 am. It's nice to know we have a new generation of Provincetown tennis players coming up. Now, where are the girls? Urge them out there next. Next year Nute could have a complete winter tennis school.

The dinner party I gave this week must have been



teen tennis taught by Mae Bush (center) and Jan Kelly (right)

more fun than usual. Lots of food, lots of wine, talk, and laughter but it needed all eight people together again to piece the conversations together. It was like piecing a dream together or stained glass.

The warblers are still flitting through the Beech Forest. Rhode Island Audubon sent its brochure for fall warbler migration today; October 4, 5, and 6 at Block Island. Block Island is a good spot for fall migration because there are so few trees on the island that vision is unimpaired. It's \$182 for the weekend. You can go for no cost to the Beech Forest. Spring is better there because there are no leaves yet. But every day they bud and grow more, so get yourself accustomed before full growth. By June most of the warblers will have passed through.

Many hawks and vultures are going through also. Turkey vultures are referred to as TV's which is funny and disconcerting in Provincetown. Vultures are numerous in so many parts of the world. One place they may shock you is at the Temple of the Dead in India. The Temple of the Dead is a Parsee temple. The Parsees are refugees to India from Iran, religious refugees of the Zoroastrian faith. They are fire worshippers and have a perpetual flame in their temples. When a Zoroastrian dies, the corpse is hung from the Temple of the Dead for the vultures to clean the bones. It is bizarre the first time you see it, but if it's a person's belief, you take it naturally as they do once it has been explained to you. Not being Zoroastrian, I could not enter the temple. I did want to see the symbolic flame, though. You can always identify a Parsee by their pale complexions. They are in contrast to most Indians. Parsees are mostly commercial people, merchants. Tata, one of the largest cosmetic companies in Asia, dealing in the much-used coconut oil mainly, is Parsee.

In Brazil, when you reach Belém, at the mouth of the Amazon and eighty miles from the equator, the sky can be darkened above you with vultures. They have vultures like we have sea gulls. These are the carrion eaters, the garbage collectors. In many Third World countries vultures, crows, and wild pigs do that work more naturally than our sophisticated sanitation departments. The vultures of our area have to work harder to get a meal, but they survive so they must find enough to eat. Next time you see a large black bird with two-toned wings, with dihedral flight, primary tips spread, you may be seeing a member of the family who aid the Zoroastrians and keep the refuse of the Amazon in check. Route 6 between Conwell Street and Snail Road is always a good spot.

Did you hear about the dream I had that I was a brain

donor? When the recipient woke up after the operation they yelled, "get it out!, take it out!"

The Art Association is opening for its summer season on May 24, at 8:00 pm. In both the Richmond Gallery and the Murchison Gallery there will be a young artists show. In the Hawthorne Gallery, Elspeth Halvorsen Vevers will show, and, in the Moffett Gallery, the permanent collection is hanging. The Art Association was open this winter and, under the very capable direction of Ellen O'Donnell, it sponsored many functions which made our winter more fun and social. We had jazz, films, live music, our Christmas pot luck dinner, and lectures, as well as many painting and sculpture shows. The crafts fair was held there, too.

One of the talks I enjoyed so much was that of cartoonist Mischa Richter, not the little tennis player, but his grandfather of *The New Yorker* fame. Mischa gave a most interesting and amusing talk with several of his cartoons displayed and wife Helen prompting from the audience. But winter is gone and it's just good memories now.

If you don't visit the Art Association regularly, come Friday May 24 at 8:00 pm. You'll find it's a pleasant stop off before or after dinner, music, art, or company, that's a fine "end of the day" sport.

The Provincetown Housing Authority had its pre-construction meeting on Monday with architect David Crawley, contractor Arthur Chianese, clerk of the works and the principle construction engineer of EOCD, Gerry Scallion, and the subcontractors. The two-and-a-half hour meeting went smoothly. They took the deliberate no-nonsense approach of, "Let's get this work done on time, quality stated, and see your problems before they happen." It is obvious that Tom Hackenson is a valuable veteran who believes in no waste, no extra, no special. It's all on the working drawings and that's what it had better be when it's inhabited wood and stone.

The land is grubbed and is looking like a human gum with a wisdom tooth extracted. You might enjoy watching the step-by-step-progress. It's at Harry Kemp and Aunt Sukey's Way. The ground-breaking should be within the next month. You're invited. If you take that as your first view you may grow more interested in watching the progress of the construction. If we were in the city we would have plywood boxing the site and cut peep holes. Then you could all be sidewalk superintendents. But this is Provincetown and the project will be visible 360 degrees at all times.

The fog, the mist, the damp of the ocean, jazz, champagne, and some of the earth's best people made up the party of the new mutual boat ownership, whale-watching business of Suzanne Carter and Johnny Merrill. Dana Henrique's band involved us once again in merrymaking and that "glad to be alive" feeling. Get Dana, if you can, for your next function. It will make the affair all the more fun and memorable.

The champagne and the spread of food were like omens of a bountiful summer. The Provincetown practice of annual openings gives all the town a general feel-

ing of well being. Parties like this opening will be going on five nights a week from 9:30 pm to 11:30 pm on the Portuguese Princess. There will be a bar and home-cooked Portuguese delicacies.

Suzanne states the Portuguese Princess will be more than a floating hot dog stand. The whale watches will have Craig Newberger of the Museum of Natural History, John Conlon of the Provincetown Center for Coastal Studies, John Berrno and Marcia Jacquith of College of the Atlantic Ocean studying under Steve Katona, the Pope of whale research.

Besides business as usual, Suzanne has sent 30 letters to non-profit organizations on the Cape. June 9, at 5:15, will be the youth hockey benefit, June 12, the Provincetown Business Guild will have a luncheon meeting serving Portuguese food, and on June 17, WOMR will hold a benefit. The benefit groups are expected to pay fuel and crew expenses only. The music will change according to the group, but daily the folk music of Joe Bones and Maggie will make the trip even more pleasant. Good luck Suzanne and Johnny.

Openings, openings. Sal and Josephine DeDeo are back from a 3-month trip to Italy. Tommy De Carlo has all in readiness for a great season at Sal's Place. Susan Renehan, capable *Femme Fatale* at Cafe Edwige, is in gear. I met her at 6 am in the Beech Forest walking her gentlemanly 16-year old black lab, Boston. Boston is the original bandana handkerchief dog. He always had one around his neck, different color and pattern every day. Susan has a series of slides showing a proud and panache Boston with a seemingly endless array of bandanas. He also highly approves of his mistress' stringent menu of nothing frozen, nothing canned, great for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Oh, first dog he saw with a bandana made him less enthusiastic about that garb. Well, can you imagine a second bike with poinsettias? I don't blame him.



Susie Renehan and Boston