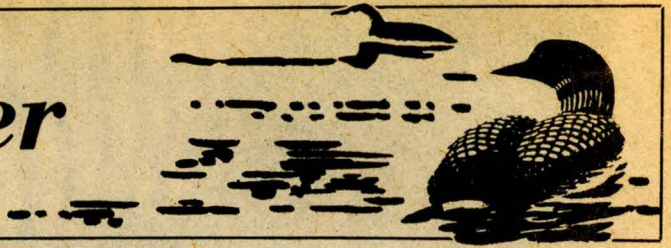


Kelly's Corner



Did you see the balloons floating from the corner of the Mariflor on Freeman Street? So whimsical. This was the drifting remnant of perhaps the greatest bridal shower in history. The shower was engineered by Marianne Mendoza for Lane Peyton, who will marry Philip Casselano on June 9. Twenty happy women met at 5 pm over vodka-champagne punch amid movie-set decorations, most of them carrying a beautifully wrapped gift box of intimate apparel. Not a towel or pot or pan in sight. This should be some marriage. At 7:30 the entertainment arrived. Noreen, barmaid at the Mews, arranged to have Bart, an exotic male dancer, arrive, dazzle the ladies and complete the surroundings. By 11 pm the estranged males could restrain themselves no longer. They crashed the party and the dancing and partying went on till 5 am. A marathon bridal shower—12 hours. Aunt Annie Kenney was blushing chaperone and didn't miss a bit of it.

I seem to be walking dogs for the healing these days. Taffy Silva's beagle Misty turns her muscles to whipped cream upon my arrival. She can see me as well as hear me. But my new tiny charge leaps to the voice. Chum Lee or better known by his American name "Squeaky" is a charming and blind, I should say eyeless, Pekingese sharing his life with his mistress Marion Williams, a beautiful tiny white-haired woman of much painting talent. Marion received Chum Lee ten years ago from Mr. Kenneth's famous royal Pekingese couple. She named him "Chum" because he is her chum and "Lee" for her late husband, Colonel Lee Meade Williams, descendent of General Meade, hero of the Civil War. Hence, the name comes out Chinesey, Chum Lee. This little guy's disposition is so sunny. He's a natural for a scapegoat. First one little pop eye was lost to a barbaric jump from a larger canine colleague and Chum Lee resembled a pirate for a few years. Having food snatched from you as a tiny dog is one thing, but food and your single eye, leaves you with a set of strong ears and one great nose. No pity please. Chum Lee manages just great. He follows your voice all the time you are walking with him. The fetlocks on his tiny feet precede him, so the fur looks more like fins than dog fur. He bounces along to make you believe it's fins. Marion Williams draws lovely greeting cards, some with cut-outs and watercolored. Marion's Christmas card one year was Chum Lee. At a later date she used the same card, dark glasses added. Note illustration. He can be viewed at his home at Nelson's Riding Stable. Marion is the great aunt of Robin Garran, also.

Last night, I enjoyed the best Indian meal I have ever eaten, either in the six months I lived in India or any meal served outside of India. Pat Shultz and Lenore



Chum Lee

Ross prepared an authentic Indian evening as one of Donn Hagerty's several birthday celebrations. Lamb chunks and braised spinach, shrimp with cashew sauce, Brinjal (eggplant), and cardoman seed, mushrooms in peanut sauce, an undressed collection of three colors of peppers, cherry tomatoes and mint leaves to clean the palate in-between, raita, (pronounced long "I") of yogurt, cucumbers, and dill as a digestive relish and Pampadom bread with Dahl or lentil butter. It takes a long time to savor all those flavors and good company. We had it. Donn's cronies were fattened to pleasure right along with him. Why is Donn so popular? No mystery. On first meeting you are sure to be added to the list of his fan club. Not only is he charming, gentlemanly, generous and sincere, but he also demonstrates dust-dry, with belly laugh, humor. He's also handsome. Donn first arrived in Provincetown in 1946, just after the war. He was let out of the service, at the Presidio in San Francisco, as an "American worker" making time and a half. He was young, alive, loaded with money, and the war was over. So after "two drunken weeks" as Donn calls it, he realized he was broke and on the wrong coast. He headed home for New York and family and still in the clutches of celebration met John and Frank Atkins in a Second Avenue bar. Donn tells me this was an era of instant friendliness. "Kiss me, quick! I might die! I'm off! Good bye!" and it worked. Anyway, Donn came on to Provincetown in 1946 on the invitation of the Atkins, became bartender at their Ace of Spades bar (which is now the Pied Piper) and godfather of their son,

Johnny. Donn has also worked at the Moors six or seven years, and the Flagship six or seven years. He never can remember which is six and which is seven.

At *Ciro's*, *Plain & Fancy*, *The Mews*, and even one winter at the *Fos'c'sle* which I now call the *Fossil*, Donn never quite adjusted to being called "nice boy" at the *Fossil* or to the expression "tyk a shee", something about the thickness of the fog. All fisherman talk. Now he is working at *Selma Dubrin's Jewelry*, lucky *Selma*, wise *Selma*. You noted the spelling of Donn's name. Yes. Two "Ns." Donn's father worked with Donn Byrne, novelist, at the *Herald Tribune*. One of my favorite books is by Donn Byrne, **Messer Marco Polo**. The



Donn Hagerty

Travels of Marco Polo is one of my favorite books, so as a junior in college when I saw this Washington Square paperback of a whimsical report of the journey, including a love affair with a Chinese princess, *Silver Bells*, I bought ten copies and spread them around.

I also read **Blind Raferty**, an Irish poet and story teller. How pleased I was to learn that one of my dearest friends is named for an author who touched me so much. And the one "g" in Hagerty? Only one I ever knew. Those of you who remember the Eisenhower presidency know the name. Jim Hagerty, Donn's brother, was Eisenhower's press secretary. Charming Bobby is the third brother. Did I tell you the one time Donn was fooled as to a customer's identity in all these years of bartending?

Many years ago into the *Ace of Spades* slinked a person in high-heeled golden slippers, slithery gold lame

dress and long blonde wig. In an altered voice, "Martini, please, straight up." Who? Who? Who? Donn thought. Who? Mae Bush.

Happy birthday, Donn, again. Next celebration is lunch at *Pepe's* Wednesday.

Everybody involved worries about the weather on graduation day. This year's concern over the weather was for more than spoiled hairdos or soaked clothes or murky photographs. If it did rain, Robin Garran would not be able to attend her graduation exercises. Robin was victim of a tragic accident on April 26. She was hit by a 4-wheel vehicle drive speeding 60-80 mph. Instead of a brief trip from her home at *Nelson's Riding Stables*, Robin had a dramatic helicopter flight from Boston's *New England Medical Center's Kiwanis Pediatric Trauma Institute*, accompanied by her mother, *Charlou*; *Dr. Berkman* attending, *Scott Hibbs* piloting and *Richard Murphy, P.A.*, assistant director of the *Trauma Institute* coordinating. Robin landed at the *PBA* airport. She was greeted by *Phil Roderick*, *Ronnie White*, *Doug Trumbull*, and *Mark Roderick* of the *Rescue Squad*. Her grandparents, father, brother, aunts, uncles, cousins, and *Emilio* greeted the craft. The expertise of our *Rescue Squad* always amazed me. They make the difficult seem so easy. *David Lockwood*, who gave up private business to work fulltime for *Kiwanis*, and *James Glover*, drove from Boston transporting the special reclining wheelchair Robin would need to rest in during the ceremony. *Gene Burman* of *Hyannis* and *Jim Eldridge* of *Falmouth*, both of *Kiwanis*, joined *Lockwood* and *Glover* on the *Cape*. The *Provincetown Rescue Squad* transported Robin and *Charlou* to the shell at the *Visitor's Center* where standing-room -only, concerned, cap and gown classmates waited. *Philbert* yelled "She says let's go!" "*Pomp and Circumstance*" began. Slowly they wheeled Robin to the stage. Then the normal graduation steps took place, speeches, awards, scholarships, flowers and music. *Dear Elmer Silva* received a standing ovation for serving years as principal. His retirement was graceful and warm and will leave an emotional vacancy even after the office is filled. *Elmer* looks good, fit, and as if he's out to gain another measure of life. We wish you luck *Elmer*; it's rather like your graduation, too.

After receiving a \$1200 scholarship and being part of a group of seven students who received \$35,000 from their future colleges, and her diploma, Robin left the amphitheater for the delicate switch to stretcher to ambulance, to airport, to helicopter and back to where she has been since April 27, the *Trauma Institute of Kiwanis* at the *New England Medical Center*. Along with expert and constant medical care, Robin will thrive because of the great psychological boost of friends and family, of *Kiwanis* with their emotional concern, their elaborate and detailed planning, and the cooperation of our *Rescue Squad* working together to make the wish of a high school senior come true. Next trip home, Robin, stay with us.