

# Kelly's Corner



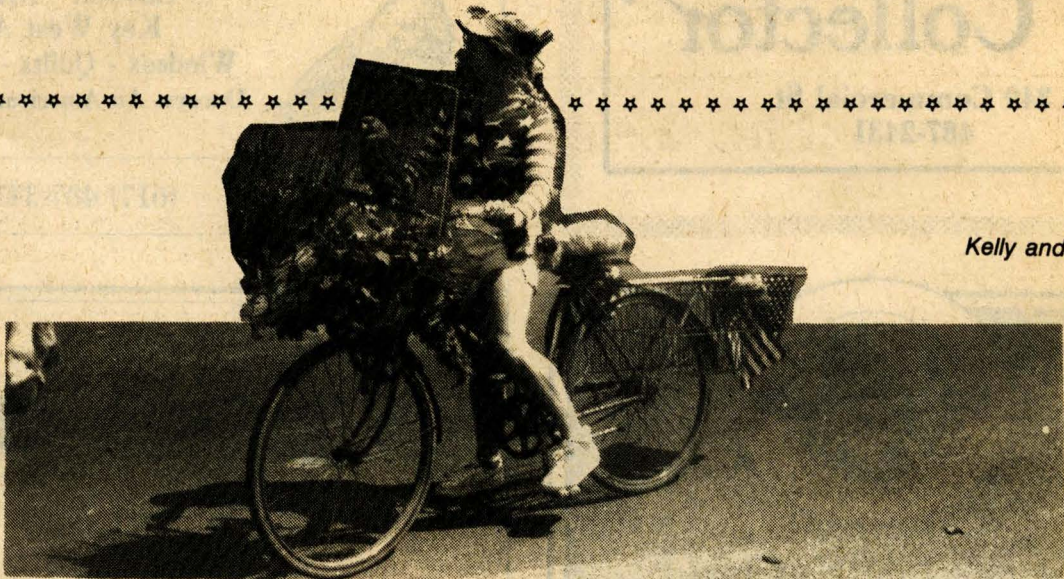
by Jan Kelly

Do you see your neighbors heading off with long pants and sleeves no matter what the temperature, and bucket in hand? Blueberries, the little buff blue globes are arduous picking; they're small and the work is slow. The limbs are covered because of twigs, thorns and insects. And is all this worth it, you wonder? Pies, muffins, cobblers and ice cream sauce please most people. I prefer them plain or blueberry wine. Rivals Medoc. So the season is on for high bush and low bush, but do cover up. You can pick faster when you're comfortable.

walks, heron watches, bird banding demonstrations, sunset hikes, night hikes, a full children's program and a Tuesday night lecture series. There is a natural history day camp organized into three different age groups: ages 5 & 6, 7 to 10, and 10 to 12. Visit the Audubon sanctuary; it's a beautiful spot. If it's your first time, it won't be your last. Birding or just enjoying nature's complex views in a simplified form can start at any age of life. It's calming, enriching and free. Call 349-2615 for information. Bob Prescott or Diane Reynolds will be glad to give you any desired

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Doug Trumbo and Susan Lyman are now Doug and Susan Trumbo. The wedding reception was a wonderful garden party with enough champagne for even Provincetowners. Suzanne Sinaiko's garden was the perfect Sunday afternoon spot and the people of Provincetown cooked a variety of the tastiest food possible to buffer ourselves against the bombastic bubbles we imbibed. Well, we couldn't be gluttons, so the champagne got us. A summer garden party is wonderful. That way it is easy for you to see and chat with one hundred of your most intimate friends. The happiness of Doug and Susan was genuine and contagious. Good luck, newlyweds.

A group of sloths were hanging in a tree. The leader turned to the others and said "take five."

There were two turkeys in a barnyard. One turned to the other and said with disdain, "Person!"

The Wellfleet Bay Wildlife Sanctuary or Audubon in Wellfleet has a full summer program of activities: bird

information.

The Blessing of the Fleet was more quiet than usual, but everybody got blessed and that's the important part. Sometimes it does get too hectic for most on that main street, so just as well we have a tamer season. Everybody will do well in their business anyway. Maurice Enos didn't join in the parade, he and I were discussing parade participation. Maurice, "Popeye," prefers the big parade, loves to get his sailor suit on, pipe in jaw, and cycle along with the band of his choice; Helen is his proud cheerleader. Anne Kane checked too, "Joining the parade?" Anne has switched from her dogless leash to a Stars and Stripes top-hatted Cabbage Patch doll in a stroller. Name? Anne Kane III.

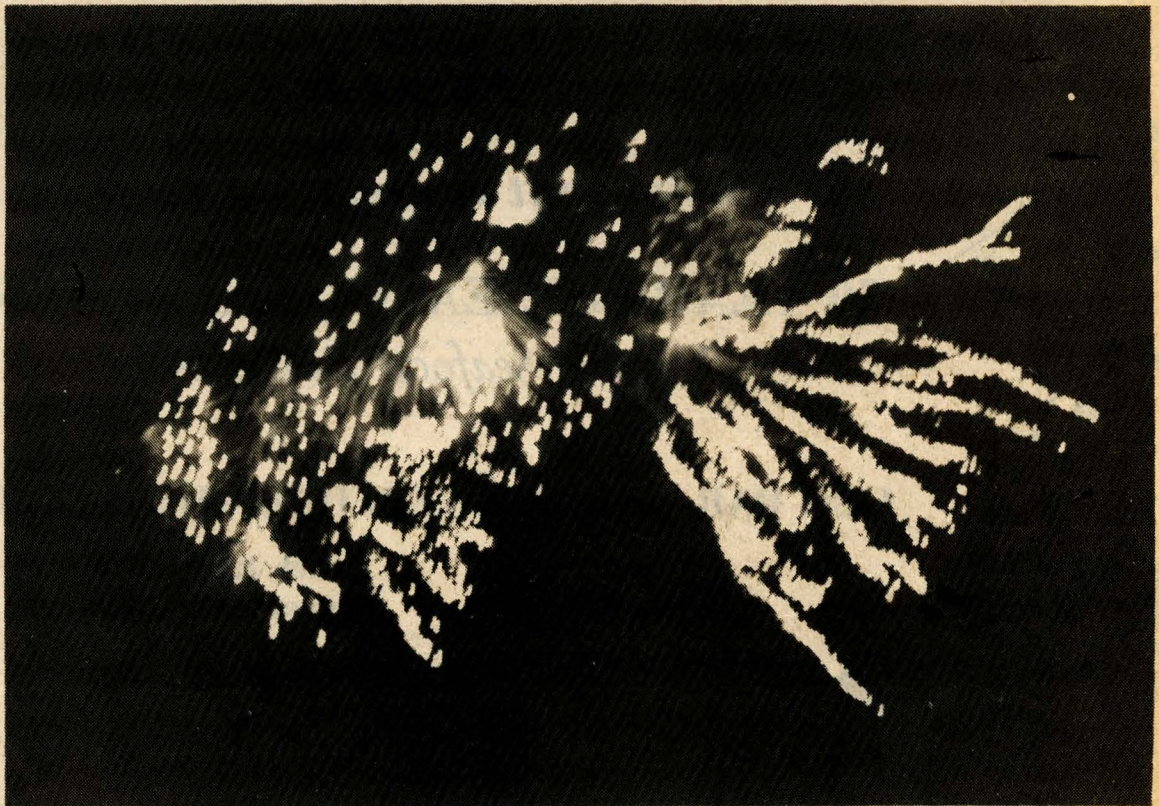
It seems the better the weather, the better the fourth of July celebration. Of course, it has to be sunny for the picnics, BBQs, tennis, baseball games, sailing, and all other outdoor activities. The parade is the first full action of the day, extroverted and engaging to all who



gaze upon it. The bands, the horses and the floats trot by in a brief mosaic of fantasy. The nuclear freeze float was beautiful and put a note of sobriety into the day. Devil, the parrot, was the dove of peace for them, green though he is. The fire trucks had their regular competition of truck decoration and Pumper number 2 won this year. The children love being on those fire trucks but the ones who love it even more are the firemen. The pride they have in their individual fire houses as well as being part of a full town-fire fighting force—well, our good men had plenty of opportunity to exercise their expertise as well as their pride on this fourth of July. Five fires erupted during the after-parade parties held traditionally at each pumper. The brown-out which caused sporadic lack of electricity was the indirect cause of four, a grass fire was the fifth. One was explosive and fatal. The Provincetown fire department left their festivities and never got back to them. A hydrant down at School Street and Bradford retarded their efforts. Onto the next hydrant. The responsibility of these individual men grouped into one force is remarkable every time they work or drill or answer a minor threat of fire. But the fourth of July, they were all giants, personal concern gone for public good. None of us know what we could do without them. Imagine being in such a life-threatening situation and a familiar face is your savior. That's a gift in life.

To walk downtown with some lights on and some

lights off was like walking in a dream. You were a somnambulist. The bulging full moon made the lighting more eerie. The noise level was low. Many places were closed having tacked signs "Closed. No power." So the streets were more crowded. Slow and crowded. No video sounds, only human voices. At Harvey Dodd's where all are so welcome to dance and sing to America's birthday, it was different, too. This year we, the revelers, did not crowd the street with dancing to stop traffic. The street was people bound. With a silver magic wand I made a wish. All humorous, of course, on as many passers-by as I could. Marcy blew bubbles on them. The Boston Pops played, Ruth Greenblatt did, oh so funny imitative ethnic songs. Jill Richter's mother, Bianca, visiting from England was fascinated by our enthusiasm over Independence Day. We were quite fascinated by her joy in it even to joining the color scheme. And weren't the fireworks the best you've ever seen in Provincetown? That anticipated color, light and noise in the sky that makes us all as children again. A slight imitation of the stars, the universe. A holiday and especially fourth of July is a day apart from reality and routine. The fireworks is willful suspension from rationality. It's just pretty, it's just exciting, it's just wonderful. Political Heaton Vorse had the only stabilizing line in it: "That's what gunpowder should be used for." You're right, Heaton. Now let's get on with the rest of July.



*"That's what gun powder should be used for"*