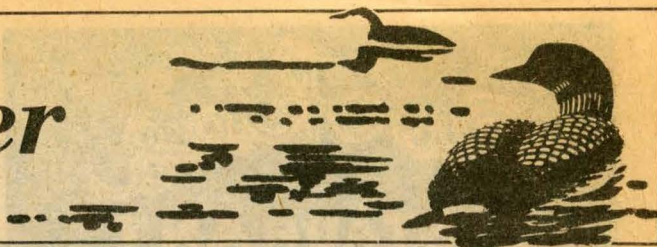


Kelly's Corner

by Jan Kelly



Despite a dry spring we have had mushrooms for three weeks running: Trullisata, Russalae of various tints, and Amanita muscaria, (who cares about them but the flies?)

I found the larger half of a tiny greyish eggshell, after transporting it ever so carefully home, I identified it as a kinglet's egg. There are so many catbird and robin eggs in the Beech Forest; bright blue and discarded once the tiny birds have hatched. I've been hunting for the geese and duck egg shells of all these broods we have in the Beech Forest. While standing on the shore of Great Pond, I spied a family of Canada geese and then they spied me. No shyness, we know each other well. Poppa started the swim line, three goslings between, then the momma. They took a direct line of swim to me. They love to show off their family. Out of the water and up on the shore to greet me. They pull grass and peck at each other's feet. They pecked at my feet, probably found them dry and lumpy. I'll get a photo of them for you. The young are just starting to get their markings.

I heard something today I have never heard before. A piece of music composed by Francis Xavier Wolfgang Mozart, the second son of Mozart. Wolfgang and Stanzi Mozart had several children, but only Karl and F.X. Mozart survived. Francis did compose some "undistinguished pieces" as musical historians put it. Well, the piece **was** undistinguished, none of his dad's originality and perfection. I guess all is not wrapped up in genes.

Science has so many problems to solve, I wonder why they got involved in this one. There is now a blue potato on the market. One idea is that it will make the lowly tuber "the center of attention instead of being taken for granted." Blue food has a history of being shunned by diners. Only a frozen royal daiquiri with l'amour parfait and blueberries pass this gastronomic barrier. Even blue cooking utensils suffer this prejudice. Le Creuset makes some of the finest pots and pans in the world. The flame and yellow colors never stop moving. Brown comes in third and blue is on the shelf with dust. That's your best chance of getting exactly what you want on a fifty percent off sale. I think most full price blue cooking utensils are bought by people who put flowers in them. Blue is just not a kitchen color, for food or equipment. The cooking flame is a warm color and most of what follows it too. I wonder how Ireland would feel about blue potatoes? They'd probably figure the crop was dedicated to the Blessed Mother. Blue French fries, blue mashed potatoes, blue vichyssoise? I think most people would opt for a touch of paprika for color, or switch to pasta.



Barbara Rushmore, Jan Kelly, and Gee Patrick

The Regreening of Provincetown Committee started at 7:30 this morning on an ambitious project of planting one hundred trees around town..Fifteen are done so far and you can be sure the project will go on until all one hundred are planted. We always need volunteers. Call Barbara Rushmore at 487-1789, if you would like to help. Gee Patrick, Barbara and I asked extra help from passers-by when we needed it. Bob Moore and Thad Snow were a great help to us moving a Bradford pear to the spot at the Painted Lady. Well, it's a Commercial pear now. Please call Barbara if you can give any time. Neither the time nor the labor is onerous and you'll help your town look better.

The Heritage Museum is open from 10 am to 9 pm, the desk completely volunteer operated during those hours. If you have a business, please promote the museum with pamphlets available or a sign noting exhibits, address and hours and tell visitors about it. Visit it yourself also. Besides the regular exhibits you can check the progress of the Rose Dorothea.

I forgot to tell you when I was in Philadelphia, many people were curious about this "quaint fishing village, Bohemian art colony" at the tip of the Cape. I told them many of the wonders and beauties of our town and also told them that our town was unique because everyone has the same first name. "Really!?", they asked. "What is it?" "It's Dahlin' ", I told them.

The Muse series of Chamber music has its programming set for the 1985 season. All programs will take place at Provincetown's Universalist Meeting House at

8:30. The Provincetown Consort, the Cantabile Trio, Folger Consort, Cape and Islands Ensemble as well as Marie Marcus, Bob Wilbur and Pug Horton will be performing. Both jazz and classical music will be featured. Last summer we had the opportunity to hear, then sixteen year-old, Joshua Bell play violin for us. This spring Joshua played a solo performance with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. His aunt, Sandy McGinn joined with the rest of the family to be present at Joshua's triumphal moment, as well as to have a family reunion.

If ever you want to know just how many species of spiders there are, paint the foundation of your house. It's also a way to get a lot of company—neighbors, tenants, passersby. They are all eager to engage in a job of no work, that is, to watch somebody else work. I heard the history of each foundation of those who have them, various paint jobs of those who don't, and general gossip from the rest. I had one small helper during these days, Danny Kanis, almost age six. Well, he was days away from age six when we started. The day he asked his mother Diane if he could get his "bruff" and help me, his "bruff" was a water color paint set type, not all bristles remaining. Oh, how Danny could work at three minute spells, tapping that brush vigorously on the side of the paint can to shake off excess. The excess was collected by my left leg over and over. Black freckles replaced the brown. I was beginning to look like I had been sprayed through a screen. Danny Boy and I discussed several topics as we worked. I asked him what he thought Reagan should do about the hostages. Danny said Reagan "would have to do what his mother says." Well, Danny was pretty excited, days away from being six can do that to you.

First present, a walkie-talkie. That slowed the second work day as I had to continually report to the front of the house how many bricks I had painted at the back of the house. The afternoon of the second day brought the grand opening of the Robot Bike, a plastic wonder in eighty-nine pieces with an assembly manual the size of a Manhattan phone book.

Pretty Pamela, Danny's "auntie," had some choice expressions to describe the toy. The next day sixteen children would come to celebrate Danny's birthday with him. Oh, paint brushes away, a stronger force is coming.

Well, the day arrived, June 19. With his Robot Bike, walkie-talkie, silver glasses, kindergarten-made carrot hat, Danny posed for me. Diane Kanis, Pamela Maguire and Lisa Wiley bustled marble cake, ice cream, popcorn, M & Ms, balloons, paper hats and noise makers to the constant play of a 45 rpm record of a space man singing "Happy Birthday, Danny." Then the cascade, sixteen Munchkins like fiddler crabs at your feet. They played "Pin the Tail on the Donkey," freeze tag, bobbled for apples and dropped clothespins in an apple juice bottle. The bottle broke, no one knows how. "Pretty Pamela" became "Peroxide Pamela" for all the cuts, scrapes and bruises. Robby Gray lost a tooth. He had it stored in his Hawaiian Punch glass for the tooth fairy. There was noise with a "y" and a "z" NOYZE! Loud



"How many bricks have been painted in the back of the house?"

and fun. These babies were so happy and three frazzled adults attended them ceaselessly. Their curls got tighter and tighter as the kids accelerated. The hats, the napkins, the M & Ms, the popcorn and the wonderful birthday cake were everywhere. The spaceman's song went on and on. An unknown dog barked from start to finish. Happy birthday was all you could hear, breathe or see. Danny was a sharing gentleman through it all. Delighted with all the fuss about him, he hugged and kissed and laughed with all present. Such happiness, the **world** should have seen it. Jesse Cartwright and Danny pledged an eternal promise of mutual birthday party invitations. Can you see them meeting at the coffee shop on their seventieth or eightieth? Robbie Gray carried his tooth out like a goldfish in water. Mommy Diane, Pretty Pamela of peroxide fame, Madame Torturer, and Lisa of undying friendship carried the bulging plastic bags to the sidewalk, saying, "thank God it's garbage night."

Happy birthday, Danny Boy.

All of town is looking forward to the Blessing of the Fleet. This weekend is Provincetown's most varied weekend. So many activities performed by so many types of people, it's a wonder our tiny town doesn't sink into the sea or bulge across to Boston. Enjoy yourself this weekend; that's what it's for.