

Kelly's Corner

by Jan Kelly



The first of August, Lammas, Midsummer's Eve, day of the second cutting of hay and the loaf mass—new bread made from the second cutting of hay is used. In six weeks summer will be over and Autumn will begin. June 21 to September 21 is bisected by Lammas Day. The second full moon of July was yesterday. The intense heat of summer theoretically ceases July 23. All clues for migrations are observable. I heard my first Nuthatch July 21st. The warblers will be here soon, confusing us with their indistinct fall colorations. There should be more heron activity. Cicadas will force their motorized-sounding trill into the heat of the day. Grasshoppers will act like Mexican jumping beans. The sun will move to the west; the days moderate their length and human beings will feel the pressure to enjoy all their summer pleasures with the abandonment that youth without responsibilities enjoy. September, Autumn and the real work of life will come soon enough. Just a few more days of hot sand and sparkling salt water, of minimal clothing worn to rag quality, of informal dining and evening walks in white cooling garments setting off warm skin colored by a summer sun. Soon enough it will be leather shoes and corduroy, scheduled work and study, fuel bills and winter storms. This month in the sun seems like it will last forever, as human beings do just what they want at their own pace. Of course, the work force of Commercial Street is exempt from this. They are the worker ants who help make the days carefree and enjoyable for the visitors. Each of them will figure out their reward of rest.

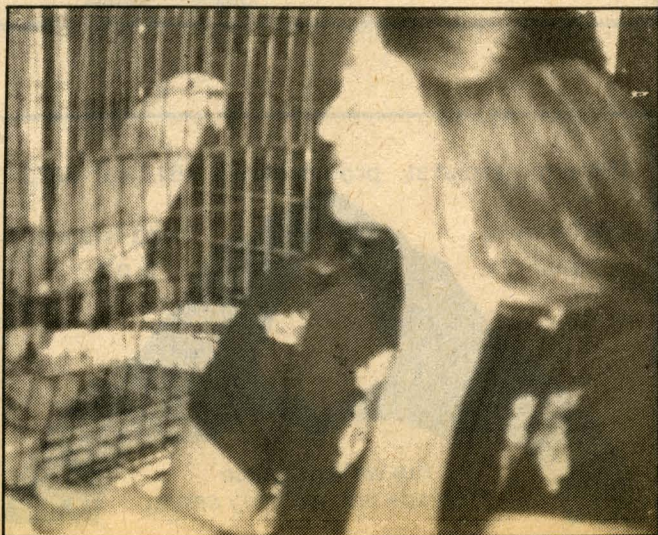
If you want to groom your cats you can broom your cats. I get the broom, call my cats outside and they sit

right down for a good sweeping. They roll over for a belly sweep and then beg for a back sweep again. Excess fur flies through the air and is out of your house. You've saved a vacuuming job and have massaged your cats. Of course, if you have used this domestic object as disciplinary tool, you may have trouble with your pet's adjustment to its new use. Start with a whisk broom in that case.

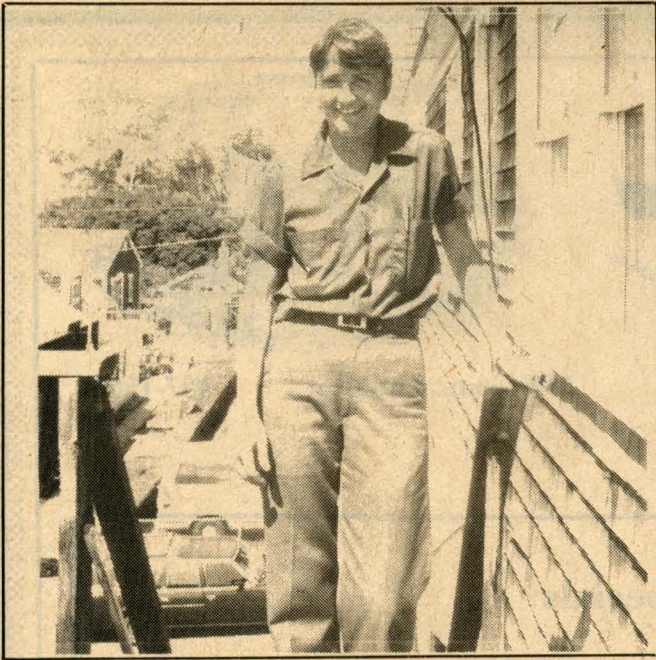
Friends of the Library Annual Book Sale will be Tuesday, August 6, 10 am to 2 pm. Browse, buy, or just come by and visit. Each year the sale is increasingly successful. Any public event is social life. An illiterate would have a good time when the attitude is right.

The concert of piano and flute music by Michael Horowitz and Elizabeth Rodgers at the Art Association was a perfect bit of pleasure. This is the third year I have heard the two in concert and I would prefer to hear them weekly instead of annually. Classic, Baroque and twentieth century music was played. I was invited to the reception afterwards at Michael's apartment. I walked directly from the concert and I arrived to find Michael opening wine bottles. He had already spread out an array of hors d'oeuvres, cakes, pies and cookies, all prepared and baked by himself. So talented, so charming, and so physically beautiful—ethereal. He constantly amazes you with his humble manner. I don't know if we will have the privilege of hearing Michael play his flute at the Art Association next summer. Michael Horowitz has auditioned for the Denver, the Toronto and the Hong Kong Symphony Orchestras thus far. Michael will go very far in his career, but I think he will never lose his personable ways.

Have you ever seen the UPS truck go by, all heads turning toward the driver? They're all getting a good look at the Cape's only woman driver, Patricia April Kenyon, or Penny, as we call her. Though Penny's birthday is March 30, her mother predicted April and clung to the name she liked. Those boxy UPS trucks don't look easy to maneuver on our narrow twisting streets and they're not. But Penny is more of a driver than most people. Born in California, Penny was employed at Bank of America after graduation. A trip east 14 years ago to visit her brother turned into a change of address and a 14 year long "visit." Penny also changed her job from bank business to a driver of 18-wheelers. Penny has worked with UPS for six years. She liked the 18-wheeler driving, but trips were long and it is a tough routine. So Penny is settled in Sandwich, drives up and down the Cape every day and is the only woman driver on the Cape. What does an ex 18-wheeler and present UPS madame do for fun? More motors. This single lady loads cold beer onto her seventeen foot, five inch



Devil's Birthday Party at the Lobster Pot



Penny, a woman of definite tastes

Stingway Bow Rider, minus cover, starts up her 190 Mercury Cruiser engine and charges away from life's cares at 58 mph. This is a woman of definite tastes.

Well, Divil the parrot has started to celebrate his 25th birthday. He chose the Lobster Pot for his first evening of dinner and entertainment. We were greeted at the door, as thousands have been for the past 40 years, by Felix Catino. Felix is a first generation Italian, his family arrived at Ellis Island from Avellino, Italy. Felix is a musician and played trumpet with Rudy Vallee's orchestra in the 1930s. In 1945 he met Ralph Medeiros of Plymouth and they came to Provincetown, to the Lobster Pot and started a dance band which lasted for five years. Then the Lobster Pot Restaurant came into being and Felix became barker/maitre d'. He is still barker/maitre d'. "Come in and dine on the water, lobster, clams, cool drinks, all served on the water." Handsome John McNulty, owner Joy's son, then took over. Joy and her four children are capable workers. The business is run so smoothly it's hard to believe how quietly and efficiently hundreds of people can be win-

ed and dined. John saved a table for Divil's celebration, on the water, corner table. Divil propped right up there in the breeze. Que Linda was his date. As we drank a Muscadet 1983, we speculated on returning to the Lobster Pot for Divil's 50th in 2010 AD. The wine would be Muscadet 2008 AD, and the food would be seafood tablets and maybe a kelp salad. Divil sang and sang. The other diners were delighted with him. The food was delicious, mussels vinaigrette, smoked fish, the famous Algarve and stuffed shrimp, the breads and salads are always good. Divil ate a bit of every thing and sent his compliments to chef Tim McNulty. Tim has travelled to Portugal to get these dishes just right. Divil is delighted to be out to dinner. I am still without a refrigerator and Divil is the one who suffers the most and he doesn't want doggy or parrot bags, he wants his dinner fresh and when it's ready, he's ready. We were invited to the bar for an after dinner drink. Divil serenaded as we sipped Chambord. A serious note came into the evening. We did notice the beach view of the Lobster Pot very cluttered. Vehicles, a boat which should be in dry dock, and a general disarray of what could be, should be, beautiful, and is Cape Cod's asset—shoreline, beach. Most people are land locked, so few have that precious real estate called waterfront property. Why have it untidy, unattractive and a distraction rather than a pleasure? The owners and the crew of the Lobster Pot are genuinely and righteously upset by their spoiled view. Why can't it be rectified and turned beautiful again.? It's a simple and noble request. I ask you all to take a look at the area and do whatever you can to help the abutters regain their pride in their surroundings. They deserve support.

I saw something today that was my happiest view of the summer. Robin Garran, whom we first feared would die and then feared might not walk again, after a tragic accident on April 26, is perched on the stool at the register at the Head & Foot shop. Her recovery is remarkable and a great relief to all of us. Robin still has much therapy, practice and long patient days ahead but she is in the midst of her recovery. She looks beautiful and sure of herself at her part-time summer job. College will begin in January for Robin.



Felix