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# KELLY'S CORNER

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by Jan Kelly

It has been a busy week for wild life. The Dolphin spotted a badly mutilated right whale about 10 am, August 7th. The Coast Guard was notified and the whale was towed from east of Stellwagan Bank towards Provincetown. Johnny Woods of the "Dixie" took over the towing and by late evening, 9 pm, the unfortunate animal rested, floating on the Coast Guard buoy out from the West End parking lot.

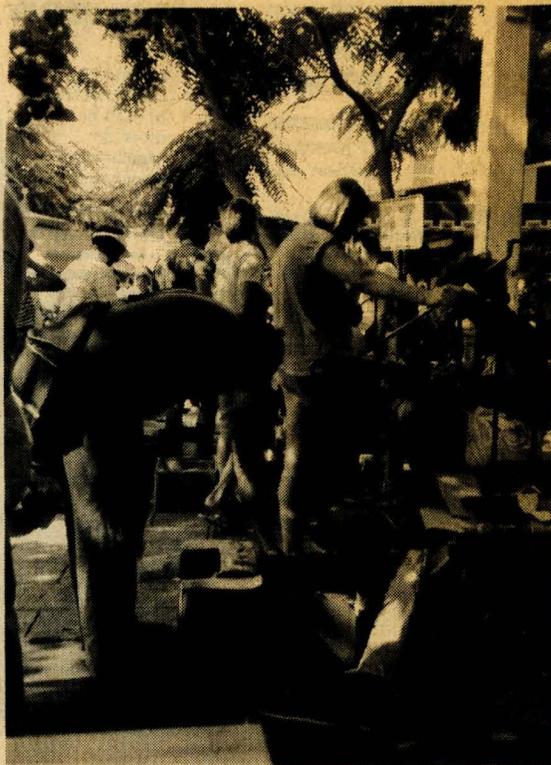
At the full tide, 2 pm next day, the carcass was floated to the far side of the point. As the tide receded, the body lay exposed for Stormy Mayo and the staff of Coastal studies, for Greg Early and Jeff Boggs of the New England Aquarium and for Doug Beach of the National Marine Fisheries Service to perform a necropsy. The whale was a 3 year old female, 35 feet long. It had 2 gashes on its underside which exposed and let loose the entrails. The third gash on its back, nearly severed the whale in two. The consensus is that a propeller of a large vessel caused the fatal damage. Photos were taken of the callosities or the patterns of barnacles on the head as a means of identification. These photos will be compared to other photos on record in an effort to trace the individual's identity. Along with the identity the mouth was studied. The feeding strategies and energetics of the right whale are of particular interest because the feeding area of this species is small in proportion to such a large body.

The right whale is a plankton eater, sifting plankton from tons of water filtered through horny plates called baleen. Plankton is from the Greek word "wanderer" and denotes that the billions of drifting minute plants and animals that make up plankton have no fixed abode but can be trapped by a whale swimming through masses of these cells simply by opening its mouth and filtering. Plankton is low on the food chain and is a basic food supply of the sea. The necropsy will entail a study of mouth parts to understand more about this feeding process. Also, the rings in the ears can give an indication of age. Much was learned in the intense and brief period of study.

One of my tenants, Didi Begus, was on this particular whale watch and she described the silence of the onlookers to me. "Instead of the usual oohs and ahs and general verbal excitement of looking at a whale, the observers were struck silent and sad. I felt sad for them as well as the whale. Sometimes there is no language."

This species of whale was dubbed right whale by the early whalers, since when it was harpooned it floated and was easy to keep track of until the cutting and also because it had the most oil. There are approximately 200 "right" whales in the north Atlantic population. The loss of even one is drastic.

On the brighter side of the wildlife this week is the



bald eagles being spotted. Six are regulars at the Wellfleet dump, two at Hatch's Harbor. They have been spotted at Long Point, too. The two at Hatch's Harbor fly up from behind the last hill whenever any bluefish cleaning is done at the beach. Their presence is also the reason for the lack of gulls at Hatch's Harbor, a place usually crowded with various species of gulls.

Eagles are dangerous company for gulls. These eagles came from the south, are at their most northern point and will return south soon.

The absence of DDT and sufficient coverage as protection are the main reasons we are seeing more eagles. The protection bylaw and public information guide not only the survival but the increase of eagles and many other endangered species.

The Friends of the Library Book Sale was successful and fun. It didn't start off that way. The innumerable boxes of books were delivered to the *front* of the library the day before. Time was right, place was wrong. The goodly and reliable Dan Lewis moved each and every box inside, safe for the night, only to be carted out 12 hours later. That was really the only snag. Georgia Coxe is always there from start to finish and can fill any post. Robert Frank kept our stock moving efficiently, all the while choosing personals as he worked. This 17 year old may be the best read young man you know. Poised, articulate and so very hand-



*Divil's handknit jacket*

some. He even know how to work—smilingly. We call him Bert, he's so mature, and feel sad there is only one of him, but glad that we know that one. And we had another special helper this year. I didn't expect it, but I got the knowledgeable and capable help of Pat Jackson. Pat could stay just for company, she's so optimistic and Britishly funny. Her turn of a phrase makes an ordinary comment entertainment. Mystery books were "deliciously creepy" and when Ruth Greenblatt showed up at the sale wearing blue shorts, yellow top and red bag, Pat jumped up and said, "You've got to have this, now!" *The Burglar Who Painted Like Mondrian*, the Mondrian-like cover was variously sized rectangles of red, yellow, blue in the white. Pat managed to get Ruth to whip it right out of a peruser's hand. "And now you've got to carry that book for the rest of the summer!" A blank-faced man looked at Ruth and Ruth equally as blank just went along with it. I, in the background, laughing. That Pat is quick and funny. "With that outfit, of course!" she added. Then the puzzle fit for the rest. One woman asked Pat, "Are there any cookbooks?" "There's one over there," and dropping her voice to apology level, "Food for the freezer; it's green." The woman laughed, "It should be." Anthony Souza came by, bought half a dozen volumes, no two subjects remotely alike. "Takes me two years to read a book. I put it down, forget it, read it again. Eventually I'll understand it."

Suzanne Sinaiko attempted to buy a small cartoon-like book for her grandson, Stefan, *Happiness is a Rat Fink*. Large print, simple cartoons, small pink-covered book. When I opened for a look, the mildest line was "Happiness is when that little warning voice inside you gets laryngitis." Pat, Georgia, and I read it all and were silly for the rest of the day. Not a book for Stefan—on the children's table by color and size alone.

Arthur Rose of the Cutty Sark came by to buy "6 boxes of books - any books." We do get requests. Arthur wanted to complete his stage at the Cutty Sark. "Is it a theatre?" We were so intrigued. Yes, there is a stage. It is used for the actual performance of plays. Charles O. Smith is the guiding writer. Last week they put on a Neil Simon play and when there isn't an actual rehearsed piece, they use the stage for readings and adlibbing. It's an alternative to a small-talk cocktail party.

Georgia Coxe was doubly delighted since it was she who personally carted leftover books to other libraries for their sales—Cobb of Truro, Brewster, The Chase, and the Wellfleet libraries are the next sales coming up. I noted that one woman had a Linda Ditacchio eyeglass holder around her neck—paisley velvet cat moon-face and bum back. These delightful neck purses and eyeglass cases are Linda's personal creation of "far-out folk." "Oh, you know this," the woman said? "Where can I get more?" Well, Linda's in New Hampshire at present working at her art, but you can buy them at the Art Association. You can buy lots in their store. You can also buy paintings. I got a book to send to Howard Mitcham: *How to Read Lips for Fun and Profit*. I'm sure Mitcham will have some raw comments on that one. Everybody got their special buy. Victor Manso got a gardener's *Study of Art*. Richard Goldman got a leather bound gold-gilt *Naval History of the Civil War*. We all had fun. We made about \$300 and 600 friends. See you next year.

Divil the Parrot received mail from Germany today. Gemma Feth, whom I met in Sicily and who summered here 3 seasons ago, knit a handsome red jacket for Divil and knitted his feathers throughout. Each time I write to someone I enclose one of Divil's feathers. People suspect Divil is bald and bare by now. Not at all. Parrots molt year round, more so in the Spring, of course. After 21 years, I have drawers and jars of feathers. I can't bear to throw one away. Gemma thought Divil would be in need of a warm colorful jacket, looking at her personal feather collection in Munich.

Well, clothing again—Que Linda and I did wear our Minnie Mouse outfits for the club's women's doubles finals and we did win. Kloz make the tennis player. We had a different outfit for each round. One was funnier than the other. Distraction is a tactic.

When I heard that Terry Johnson was leaving town to live in Ohio, I just avoided her. I didn't want her to see my miserably sad expression. Terry's leaving town would be like ripping up Lopes Square, putting that in Ohio or elsewhere and leaving the strip blank. Joy again, she is not leaving. She will switch jobs though. Terry will leave her post of 5 years at the Cape End Manor and will be at the A&P. We will be seeing a lot more of her. Everybody at the Manor will miss her humor and her working talents, but the A&P will be happy to gain them.