

Kelly's Corner

by Jan Kelly



Do you see tiny people, towels dragging over arms struggling to hold the cotton Turkish above sidewalk level, a bag of some unknown treasure clasped with knuckle-white anxiety, the other arm dragging low, a lunch pail of kid food contents displaying some marvel of TV or Hollywood. The graphic pictures of *ET* or the *Hulk*, or of *Miss Strawberry Shortcake* or *Cabbage Patch* are not what I would consider conducive to a gusto appetite. But I'm not six years old and I'm not media ridden. They love their lunch and the green-skinned or ultra placid creatures aid them in digestion. With us it's VSOP.

Well, these miniature adults struggle with all their equipment for the day, maneuver Commercial and Bradford Street traffic, solo or in twos, converging on the Community Center. For the bulk of the day they will be in company, part of a group will be instructed, coddled, single-lined, Pied Piped around Town and bussed to interesting happenings on the Cape. These are the children of the Provincetown Recreation group. They meet each day at 9:00 am at the Community Center and are dismissed at 2:30. The cost is \$15 for eight weeks, Monday through Friday. The ages are 6-12 years old. The youngsters have many experiences and are taught crafts and skills. Swimming is one of the more important skills taught. They have field trips to Sealand in Brewster, the Dennis Playhouse, a whale watch on the Ranger V and a dune ride with Art's Beach Taxi. A movie is shown once a week and at the end of the summer session, the children, parents, and coordinators join in a cookout at Herring Cove Beach. The Recreation Commission has had an active program for more than twenty years. Munro Moore activated the program and Arthur D. Roderick followed him. David Oliver was strong on the post but relinquished it to John O'Buck when David joined the forces of private enterprise. Wayne Perry finished out O'Buck's summer. Marty Menengas stepped into position in August, 1980 and very capably has held the fort since. Cathy Burdett is the assistant director, Dana Lillie is a full-time recreation aide, working thirty hours, at a new position which was adopted at Town Meeting. Marty Menengas is also assisted by four part-time workers: David Hirsch, Beth Silva, recreation leaders, Cathy Perry, junior recreation leader and Thaddea Wheeler, Jr., recreation leader, town position. This cohesive group manages and instructs thirty to forty town children. A needed function, they are part school, part camp, part day-care center. So for years you've seen those sun-kissed munchkins struggling with their equipment in the early morning hours, the recreation kids. What set this off in my mind was T.C. Burris clutching a day's worth of food, towels,



T.C. Burris

toys, wearing his diving mask on Commercial Street. He was so fogged in after two blocks, he couldn't find his way. So, no more masks. They're risky equipment for six year olds. I imagine T.C. is using his in the bathtub these days.

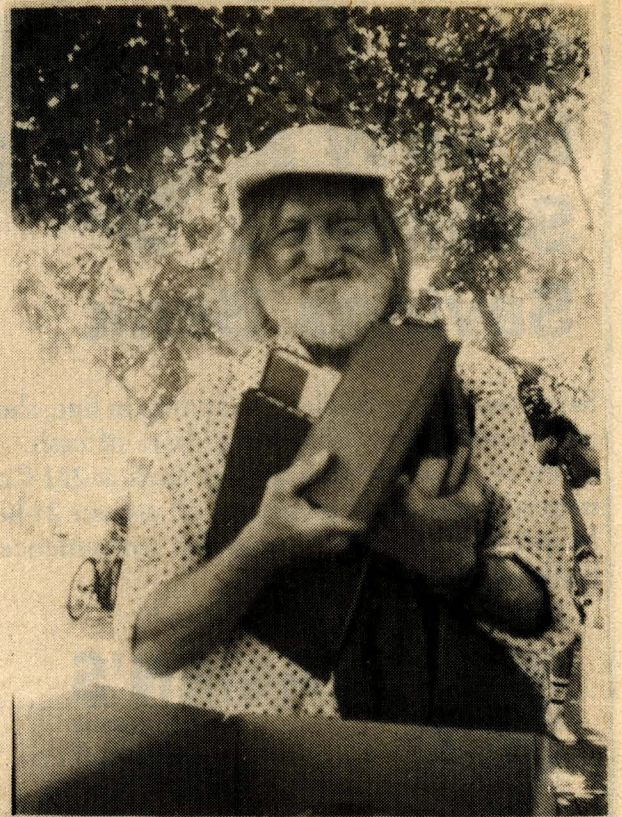
Saturday summer nights are always fun in Provincetown. You usually begin the evening in a group situation: Gallery openings, cocktail parties, a view of the end of the day from a deck or the beach or just a pre-dinner stroll down Commercial Street. This last Saturday was special. A lucky and joyful group of people were invited to the home of Hersheldon, Hersh and Sheldon Schwartz, to celebrate the nuptials of Milton and Jane Isserlis. Dick Solberg, the Sun Mountain Fiddler, who plays nightly at The Post Office Cafe, was the entertainment, with and without his fiddle. Dick has returned from a tour of China, not his first. Dick worked for the state department for ten years, is fluent in Chinese and was an interpreter for his dad. But bureaucracy frustrated Dick into switching to a full-time fiddler. Streets and parks for coins was the first step, but Dick was free and away from the office. Now he plays where he wants, cuts records, does concerts and has a following.

A friend and excellent guitarist Bob Reid joined Dick. Sheldon played guitar and sang a loving solo for the bride and groom. Joyce Jaffee played her sparkling touches on guitar and Jane Bloom played the spoons. Jane and Joyce have known each other for years from the tennis club but never realized that they had so much in common. Both worked their way through college playing for bluegrass bands and both work in the field of gerontology. It all made for great music. The spread was grand. Cherry stones enough to please the world, stuffed mushrooms, boiled shrimp, chicken wings, quiche and fruit salad. The display was equal to the tastes. The fun food was a personalized cake made by Leonard and Kathy DiPaulo. The cake caricatures Milton running, tennis racquet in hand and birthday-suit Jane in hot pursuit. The Benedict and his bride. A Benedict is a newly married man who has been a long-time bachelor. It looks good for both of them. Milton is mellow and Jane is beaming. We joined Jane's sons Joshua and Jonathan for a game of pool before setting off for the next stop of the evening. I dropped into both of Hersheldon's shops to thank them for their generosity. Sheldon's Leather Shop is across from Cafe Blase and Hersh's is across from Marine Specialties. Hersh is a nickname. She didn't like her given name, so years ago she was dubbed "Hersh" because "she's so sweet" she was told.

The Friends of the Library Book Sale was a great success. it's a lively four hours of strolling browsers and heated bibliophiles scanning box after box for their serendip of the day. Henry Rothman is always first and always successful. Ray the dishwasher works every box and is always with us for the duration of the sale. He had to make five laden trips to get all his goods home. Ray first came to Provincetown in 1959, and has come regularly for the season for eight years now. He washes dishes at Joanne and Henry Rose's Old Reliable Fish House Restaurant and reads the balance of the time. His interests are myriad, but his preferred subject matter is the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, the Renaissance. So, now I call him Ray the Dishwasher—Quattrocento; as one word, it is the Italian chronological expression to denote the fifteenth century. When the last dish is stacked, Ray is off to his Tomes. Man of content.

A lucky find was made by a man who found the beloved novel of his childhood, *The Swords of Anteitam* by Joseph Altsheler. His voice cracked and goosebumps rose on his flesh when he explained what this book meant to him. It was fifty years since he'd read it and he wasn't going to let another hour go by. Jean Green of 2913 Spring Hurst Street, Yorktown, New York 10598 has been looking for *Girl of the Limberlost* for twenty-seven years. If you have or ever find a copy, please send it to her. Bloodlips bought *A Concise History of the British Empire*. I'll await some good stage jokes from that one. They could say: "Britain conquered two-thirds of the world but still has not mastered central heating."

Keith Hodge purchased children's books rather than his usual math and computer books. Keith stayed on and helped as wife Patricia left early to go home and



Ray, the Quattrocento Man

rest due to her delicate condition. I hear Jeremiah Bullfrog is to be the name. Georgia Coxe helped before and after her volunteer shift at the Heritage Museum and Dorothy Currency counted up the dollars, all \$442. This amount will be added to the account of Friends of the Provincetown Library. This money is used to buy extras which can not be fit into the town budget and to pay for the Xerox machine. Take advantage of that machine. Fifteen cents a copy, best price in town.

The charming and talented William Byron Smith is in town this year as director of the Mask Theatre Workshop. Bill taught dance at the Art Association for two years and teaches theatre arts at the University of Ohio, winters. The Mask Theatre Workshop is a non-profit theatre company working with children who have developmental handicaps. The half masks aid the children in the suspension of reality and allow them imaginary roles. Bill uses the play form as a therapeutic tool guiding the children through triumphs and failures and accumulating self worth.

Please see Frank Milby's wonderful paintings at Cafe Edwige—buy one. Towanda's chauvinist pig dolls are on display at Ocean's Inn and they are funny. Dolls with the animal form of a pig and the attributes of the rougher Homo Sapiens. You may recognize a few people you know despite their peccarine form. Watch out for Augustitis. It is rampant and catching, subject to individual cures, and not worth having. Enjoy the summer. It won't last and you will miss it when gone.