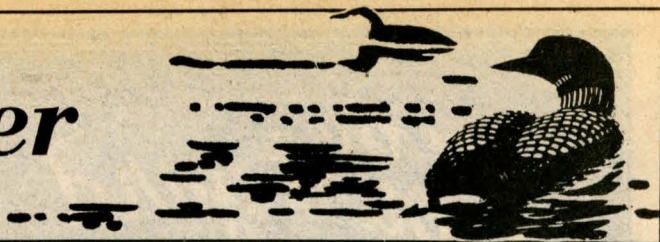


Kelly's Corner

by Jan Kelly

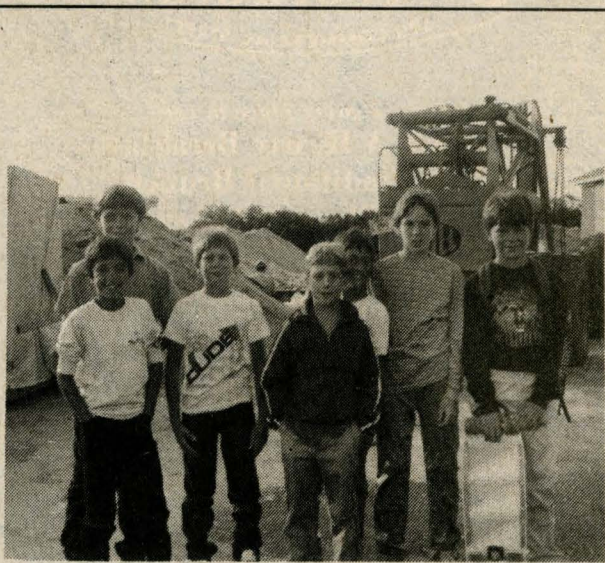


That cold snap put a two-day stop to mushroom growth. Mycelium of some adjusting to the cooler temperature, some gone until the heat of next summer and many of hardier stock welcoming the cold nights and warm days. A new array carpeted the woods for September. The warbler migration is at its peak. Not the drama of spring but a good exercise in identification since the "confusing fall warblers" are more similar than different. There's no need for courting garb since the romance is over, the family fledged and the emphasis is on travel, travel to warmer climes before the hard frost. I've been observing the frogs and turtles these past weeks. They are basking in slants of sunlight, delighting in it before they bury in for winter. The colors around the pond are all blending greens, yellows and browns. One color moving through water reflects these colors, as well as displaying its crop of lily pads. Only the purple *Gerardia* stands out. It's the snapdragon family, trumpet-like flowers and bright, rather like a Californian or Floridian cousin come to visit.

Well, for the first day of school this year part of the regular gear to be added to the plaid, the pencils, the apples and new underwear is a hard hat. The school yard at the elementary school is nonexistent and the high school is referred to as Beirut. Well, Provincetowners start young leaping obstacles, so first day of school seemed regular. The poor teachers are cleaning just one more layer of dust off their supplies and have given up looking for misplaced objects. I had a stranded and banded female wood duck to show Special Needs teacher Wendy Haggerty and it was by voice and echo that I finally found her amidst the paper, books, furniture, file cabinets and machines. The students noticed nothing but each other and skipped along to appointed seats. Youth, youth, youth, do they know their precious gift?

Last Sunday Sal and Josephine DelDeo gave the Tenth

Annual Volunteers of the Heritage Museum luncheon at their restaurant, "Sal's." The back room of Sal's was filled with bussing and chattering. We are all on our isolated outposts or shifts during the season and it is only once a year we get together. The meal was superb, choice of wine, minestrone soup, broiled tomato halves, choice of manicotti, stuffed flounder or rolled stuffed chicken breast, gelati and coffee for dessert. Inside we had a view of the art work of several generations of both sides of the family, DelDeo, Palmer, Todd, Couch, oils, watercolors, silkscreen and charcoal. There's always good art hanging in Sal's. Outside we had the view of our beautiful bay and shorescape. After satiating our



First day of school. Boys and bulldozers.

appetites and each other with chatter, we heard the report. The museum was \$2,814 ahead of last year as of September 7. Four hundred ten visitors was our biggest day and Mary nee "born" Block had the busiest shift so she was the recipient of a new award, the Arthur Markman Memorial Award which is an oversized umbrella with "When It Rains Visit The Heritage Museum" printed on it. Catherine Cadose received a corsage for ten years of uninterrupted service. Catherine, a retired teacher of the Provincetown system, has never missed her Saturday shift in ten years. The work on the Rose Dorothea goes along steadily. With the cooperation of the Historical Society accepting our donations for us we are just starting on the sails. There is a campaign for the sails for the Rose Dorothea. The cost is estimated at \$20,000 and at this writing \$3,000 has been paid and frayed by 1. Sumner Robinson, \$1,000; 2. John Cicero, \$1,000 and 3. Seamen's Savings Bank, \$1,000. The donations should be sent to the Provincetown Historical Association for the Rose Dorothea Campaign for Sails and they are tax deductible. Besides that tax break, each donor will receive a sail club poster. This will be a limited edition collage painting, done on silkscreen, an abstraction of a sailboat under sail done by Salvatore DelDeo. Isn't that a beautiful name? It means "Savior from God." The trustees of the Heritage Museum were also present for the luncheon and the announcements. Nate Malchman, Adelaide Kenney, Flyer Santos, Elmer Silva and Marilyn Colburn, secretary. It doesn't seem ten years we've all been working together. It's gratifying



Josephine DelDeo pinning the carnation on Catherine Cadose

to see the continuing progress and success of the Museum of the Heritage of Provincetown.

One of the side conversations of the day was with Dorothy Curran or Dorothy "Currency" as I call her since she is treasurer for half the organizations in town. Dorothy was telling me about her parents, William Donovan, a spirited Irishman and Julia Hanisko, a woman of Austro-Slovak lineage and of a more stern temperament and speaker of German, French, Slovak, Croatian, Bohemian, and English. Both were in show business and met on the road. The decision was quick. Marriage right after and then the show must go on. Julia to New Orleans and William to Canada. They'd meet up in New York at a later date. They didn't want to miss a good thing, so instant marriage was the solution. Julia was a costume designer for the Victor Herbert Ensemble. William had a quartet, he manning the piano Ray Field Campbell and McDougal backing him up. They loved a good time and Grover Whelan, the official greeter of ocean liners coming into New York Harbor, asked them to join him. Instruments ahoy, they would "putt-putt" out. Sir Thomas Lipton was only one of the thousands who loved being greeted. After one of these jaunts and playing a gig at night, the next morning was headache time for William Donovan and he would ask his "Divil Dolly," our Dorothy Currency to slip around the corner and get him some Pluto water. Julia used to lock the glasses up when she didn't want William to serve a drink to his crony, McDougal. So one day when McDougal was visiting, only little Divil Dolly's

agate drinking cup was available and it was chipped. The drink was delicious anyway and had its effect. Wonderful tales from the memories of Provincetown folk.

Julia insisted William calm down and get a real job. Raising a family would be quite a responsibility. So William joined the police force, but headed up the New York City Police Glee Club to make the burden of normal life lighter. Now you know where Dorothy Currency gets that lilt and twinkle, her dad and an agate cup.

I'm glad to hear that Timbaktu Travel Agency is not only opening a travel agency in town but that they are promoting cruises. This has been quite a year for airline accidents and all of us are getting a little fly-shy. Timbaktu is at 122 Commercial Street (and you always thought it was in West Africa) and is offering a women's cruise, a Portugal Madeira-Azores trip, an Egypt and Nile cruise and a trip to Australia for the America Cup Trials. Of course, you can go to them with any plan or idea of your own. The travel agent is not only free to you, but they are equipped to find the most convenient and least expensive trip for you. Why don't you just visit and fertilize your imagination?

That Cathy "Kayak" Skowron. I think she forgot to open the shutter when I asked her to get some good shots of self and kayak. All that posing, with kayak, with beehive, sans kayak, sans beehive. Well we used the eight-year-old Kelly look-alike in Spiritus for a photo. Now, I'll do a story on bee keeping, Cathy and her hives, then you'll finally get a good look at her.



See this little innocent darling, Allison Freller? Perfect new haircut, crisp new dress, white socks and tie shoes. Who would think the day before that she and Tessa Souza painted Mommy Yvette's floor, refrigerator and washing machine green, and the tablecloth black and yellow? What a surprise for Mommy! Then what a surprise for Allison from Mommy. To us it's funny, but let's give them a couple of weeks.