

SOUTH WIND

By Heaton Vorse

I take hold of the brass door knob of the Kibbe Cook House. The other side of the door contains a host of problems—pleasant ones. The house is a large one for a lone bachelor to live in but the two of us have been long long acquainted and have remained good friends over the years. I like the place and it likes me right back—so there.

I twist the latch and push the door open. The broom leaning against the bookcase in the hall growls, "Come on, chap. Get with it." The greeting isn't unexpected. I'd left the thing there on purpose. So the broom and I play tag around the place and finally sweep a dozen dunes into the dust bin. I look around only to find Shankpainter Bar and Oak Head still lurking in the corners. Where in the Lord's good name does all that darned sand come from. It must blow down the chimney and here's a pine needle on the carpet to prove my point. I haven't been out in back since just before Christmas. I pick up the pine needle in my fingers and grin. Just before Christmas—that's when this pine needle came in the house and it's been here ever since. For the moment, it brings back to mind the celebration. "Forget about last Christmas," the broom snaps. "There's another one coming up this year. Come on. Get busy." So I bop the broom around some more, water the plants, dust the mantle piece.

There isn't a room in the whole place that doesn't have some kind of odd and end for me to do. A broken chair leg here. There is a paint can and a brush in yet another place—a message to myself like the broom in the front hallway. This window doesn't close just right and the bathroom faucet drips like the tide coming in. I'll have to put in a new washer. The picture on that wall carries a list to starboard—well—that I can fix right now. But just as soon as I get one chore finished another one shows up. It's a relief to get back to the kitchen where there's simply a few dirty dishes. Those I don't mind. The kitchen and the stove have always been my province. I like to cook and I'm a good one but I found out early in life that there's more to broiling and baking than putting the stuff in a pan and waving it over a fire. There's those there dishes and them there pots. I learned to be a pearl diver and how to wallop a pressure cooker along about the same time that I discovered that oregano goes with potatoes.

Now, if you take a cod fish, an onion and a half pint of sour cream—but I'd better skip it. I take my cooking seriously and this is South Wind and its accompanying hot air.

'Most Beautiful Lady'



(Cape Cod Standard-Times Photo)
Mary Heaton Vorse, famous author and one of Provincetown's elder citizens, was selected as the "most beautiful lady" at the Artists' Costume Ball at the Cape-tip, sponsored by the Provincetown Art Association. She is shown with Master of Ceremonies Abe Burrows, nationally-known producer, actor and playwright.

OCTOBER 11, 1961

Mary Heaton Vorse, Provincetown's grand old literary lady, celebrates (celebrated) her 80th birthday today or (yesterday.) Son Heaton seems not certain of the exact date and Mrs. Vorse seems not impressed at all by becoming an octegenarian. The day be it yesterday or today will be treated like most all other, but we know the good wishes of all Mrs. Vorse's many friends are with her on this happy occasion.