

KELLY'S CORNER

by Jan Kelly

(Provincetown) Wellfleet Audubon has two fledgling great horned owls this season. I was passing by on the way to Orleans and was delivering my "road kill." These are unfortunate animals who are struck and victimized by too-fast cars and trucks. If you should find any such creatures, you can put them in a plastic bag and into your freezer until you can get them to Audubon or Brewster Museum of Natural History. Through the years many specimens from my daily trek to the Beech Forest have been transformed to stuffed specimens, suitable for studying, the result of the good taxidermy work at Northeastern University. The specimens not needed to complete the collection were studied locally and fed to the resident hawk or owl at the time. Among my frozen treasures for Diane and Bob at Audubon was a banded wood duck. It may be months before we determine all the banding information, but it is in the works.

Anyway, Roger Everett the handsome and capable bird photographer was there. He had just arrived to take some shots of the younger of the fledglings, the anchor Branching is the step before flying. The parent stays close by, coaxes and aids the young owl from branch to branch until he or she is on her own. This may take several days. Mr. Everett spotted the owl with not too much difficulty. Within 30 seconds the parent owl, the mother in this case, flew past the area. She would land a few feet away in the dense foliage and without our detection would move closer and closer to the brancher and to us keeping a sharp eye. Because of fluffy feathers and a fine-set of feathers cushioning the primaries, an owl cannot easily be detected by sound. After a satisfying look, I went on my way, let Mr. Everett complete his photographic safari and the parent owl in peace. Young owls are larger than their parents and sit quite still for longer periods, so you can get a good view. By next week I would suspect that the brancher will be off with its sibling learning the intricacies of the hunt.

First Communion at St. Peter's went well, tears and smiles punctuating the pageantry. Eliza Fitts received her Confirmation at St. Mary's of the Harbor, a special class, a class of one. Since she was the only candidate, Eliza received personalized lessons for her Confirmation preparation and had a ceremony all to herself. We all met later that same day at our farewell toast to Nicky Wells at the Mews. Ray Martan Wells was so kind and thoughtful to invite Nicky's friends to join together specifically for him. Not a random consolation at the post office, the A&P, or on Commercial Street, but a concentration of living memory in Nicky's own Mews. It was pleasant to be there with

so many mutual friends. Ray hung a photographic portrait of Nicky taken by Molly Malone Cook and we all imbibed and broke bread for Nicky in the restaurant he so lovingly put together. You don't know how many good friends you have in this small town until you meet for a mutual function such as our farewell toast to Nicky. Ceremony conversation is part of June—graduations, weddings, and that day's First communion and confirmation again. Carrie Seaman was remembering her First Communion. That was in 1918. Carrie's mother was a talented seamstress and so made Carrie's dress of white silk, late into the night. Seems Mrs. Storlazzi was of owl temperament, friskier in the darkened hours so late on Carrie's dress, she overslept the morning of First Communion. The snaps had yet to be sewn into the side of the dress, too. Well, brave 6 year old Carrie walked herself to the church minus snaps and forgotten veil. She was a bit late and the church door was closed, and who could hear the rapping of a tiny fist when all were clustered round the altar, far from the church door? When the ceremony was over and the white lines walked to the opening door, there was discovered a small and waiting Carrie minus snaps, veil and First Communion.

The kindly priest took Carrie to the rectory and there Carrie had her very own First Communion ceremony. Eliza and Carrie, singular candidates for singular ceremonies. Candidate comes from the Latin, *Candida*, meaning pure or white, as political candidates are supposed to be. But I do think most of their souls are melanized.

On my way to the tennis courts Don Langley stopped me to discuss the situation of Pollock vs Squid vs mackerel at the wharf. he had an extension cord and a screwdriver in his hand. Tom O'Malley joined the conversation, silver-headed cane in hand, Heaton Vorse, homeward bound, was approaching, large brown bag in hand. Heaton the humorist or journalistic eye noted the tennis racquet, tools, and cane. From the bag Heaton pulled a plunger, drum major style, "Shall we have a parade?"

The news is good, Andrea is cooking again. Your mid-morning slump can be a peak part of the day now. Take yourself to Spiritus, order a variation of their strong and delicious coffee and use it to double taste some of the most delicious pastry and coffee rolls you ever will taste. The baker is Andrea Tasha and all her talents she comes by quite naturally. A beautiful young woman, sure of herself, yet modest, Andrea exercises her talents in all that she does. Her grandmother Sunny Tasha, her grandfather Herman Tasha, and father Carl Tasha, are all distinguished artists of bronze jewelry.



Andrea X. Tasha

Their individual talents stem from there. Each has their own approach to life. The Tasha Family's individual approach to life is a work of art in itself. never part of a crowd, and never to be confused with someone "who may look like them." Nobody does—now Andrea has brought this individuality to an art you can experience every day. She is cooking, live, at Spiritus 8 am to noon, every day. Expect variations in her baking. She can even do special requests. She's got the skill and imagination. Enjoy Andrea's baking this summer. Who knows when the bronze Muse or any of her sisters beckon Andrea. Carl is sculpting, moving from his jewelry base. Andrea will move too. Perfecting one art will move her on to another. River Gamsey and Raina Stefani help Andrea by serving the pastries and squeezing the oranges for your juice. Does Portuguese sausage with spinach and mushrooms in a ring of bread sound good? Banana nut croissants, bran muffins, with raisins? Every day it's different and delicious. Spiritus 8-12 every day.

The Heritage Museum is open for the season—every day from 10 am to 8 pm. You can enjoy a visit back in time through Provincetown's history. Five shifts of volunteers will answer your questions. Visit the Museum several times this summer. You can concentrate on one exhibit at a time. It's a pleasant interlude of your walk downtown. Historic greeting cards, walk-

ing tours and cup plates of the Rose Dorothea are on sale. There's a practical side to all of this, too. It's always cool on a hot day.

The adventures of Jill Richter. It seems each morning when Jill arrives at aerobics, she has an adventure to relate from tizzy point. During that great rain spell Jill was awakened at 2:30 am by an eerie and demanding sound. Raincoat and flashlight only, out Jill stepped in weather reminiscent of Noah's Ark. Was it a neighbor in trouble, a lost child, a trapped animal? Up and down Bangs Street ferreting the sound's direction from all the rain noise, Jill returned to the street drain. She could see nothing, Ever Ready was only half ready. But the sound persisted and demanded all attention. Jill checked her cat and called the police. Trying to describe the sound and its probable location made Jill quite self-conscious. She even wondered whether the dispatcher believed her at all. You can feel very foolish standing wet, bewildered in your own living room at 2:30 am, trying to tell a story in the subjunctive mood. The cruiser arrived; two gallant uniformed of Provincetown's finest assisted Jill. All ears led back to the drain. The high-powered police light caught the culprit in its beam. A thumbnail size peeper frog was conducting his own symphony, down the water pipe and back up. The strength of Godzilla due to acoustics and echo.