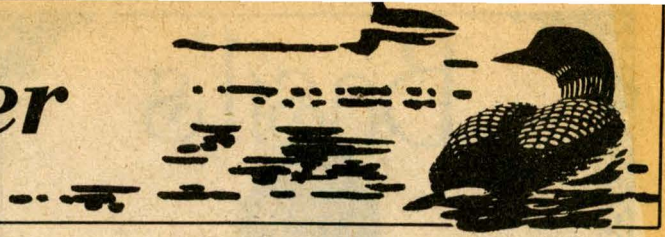


Kelly's Corner

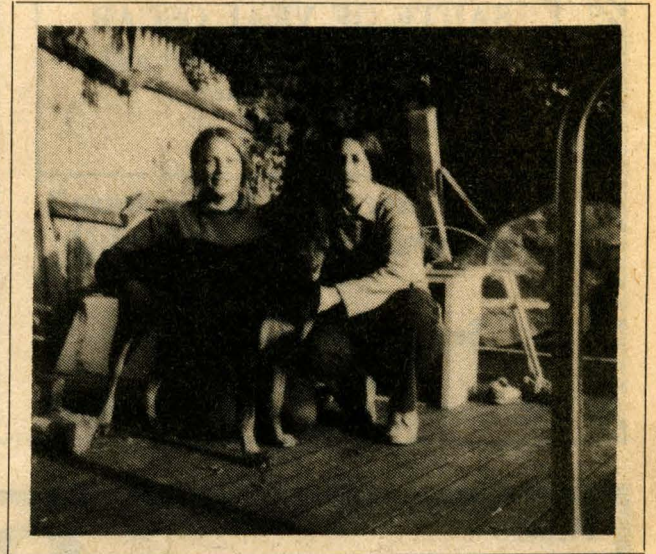


by Jan Kelly

Starflowers, lady slippers and May flowers have had their peak and passed. Solstice brings heat, strong light, and brighter blossoms of yellows and deep purples. Our state flower, Trailing Arbutus, is a crafty ground cover, it knows Cape Cod sand is fickle from one year to the next as to its whereabouts, so it does all it can to fix itself firm under lateral growth. I have been watching one king bird near Nelson's stables. The first day I noticed the bird it was obvious that he was reconnoitering, up the hill, onto the mailbox, and finally onto the ground to pick up a piece of nesting material. Aha! He's staying. An irate robin chased the king bird away. "Go get your own nesting material in your own area." The king bird flew off in the direction of the town garage. That will be home to him this season. I have noticed several in the Beech Forest. The king bird is a conspicuous, perching, black, white, and gray flycatcher, Latinized as *Tyrannus Tyrannus*, and a tyrant he is. The Indians call him "Little Chief" for the way he will attack and harrass any bird bothering him. Their flight, their perchings, their attacks, are all diagnostic of their bold personality. A stunning bird in darkened plumage, being a flycatcher, they catch their meal on the wing and have whiskers and a broad flat bill to aid them. The white band at the base of a king bird's tail will help you to a quick identification.

In this sixth month of the year we can start early evening to look for Leo in the west, and the Big Dipper in the northwest. The summer stars are coming to our horizon, the red of Arcturus, the blue of Vega in the east, Corvus the Crow and Spica in the southeast. Those are bright, close, and easy to spot. Get your Philips Planisphere and binoculars out and get started. You'll do better the less amount of artificial light around you. The dunes are a prime spot.

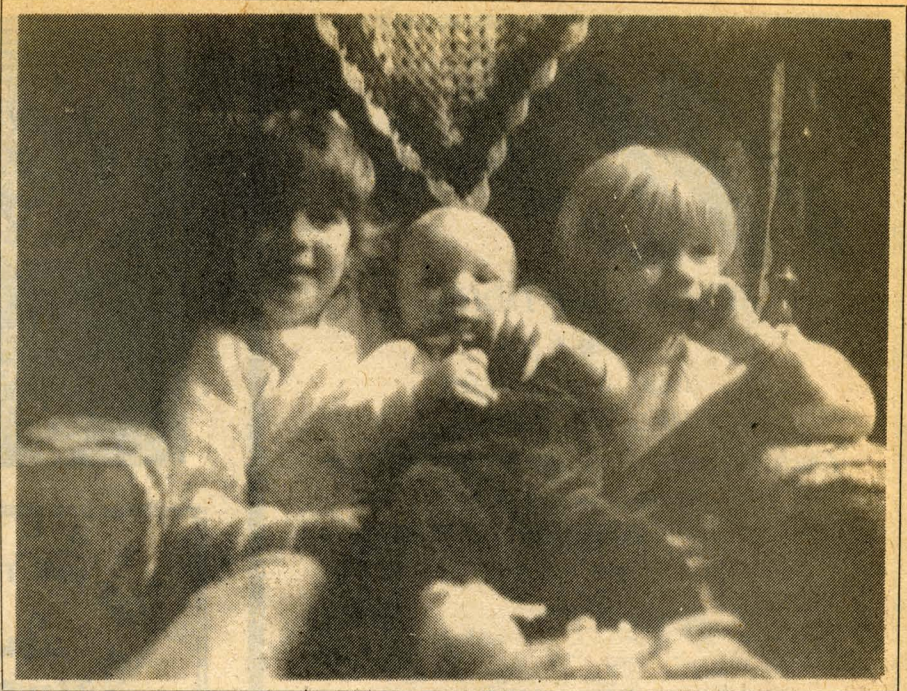
Have you seen a dog around town that you thought was a heavy set bear-headed Doberman? Well that's Rosie, the Rottweiler, "Crackerdogs Rosa Rugosa," to be formal, and she is the charming and capable pet of Marcia Sirota and Carol MacDonald. Marcia works at the Post Office, you know her. She looks like the wife/mother in the comic strip "For Better or For worse." Carol is the hard-working gardener at the Provincetown Inn. Here's where that odd name comes in.



Marcia and Carol, proud owners of Rosie the Rottweiler

"Crackerdogs" is an Australian term for crazy. Marcia and Carol were using it about the time they acquired Rosie. Also at that time, Carol was asked to plant 400 thorny, awkward *Rugosa* Rose bushes. When plant number 400 was planted and watered, word came to transplant them, Crackerdogs *Rugosa* Rose, hence Rosie. Rosie's father was a champion and her mother was a farm girl. The Rottweiler breed is descended from the Mastiff and was a Drover dog accompanying the Roman troops for the guarding of supplies and camps. Across the Alps in Germany in the town of Rottweiler, it became the "Metzerhund," or "Butcher Dog" and was used to pull milkcarts. Though the species does look like a heavy set Doberman, the Doberman is actually a descendant of the Rottweiler.

Rosie the Rottweiler wears a backpack to carry Sunday papers home; her own copy she carries in her mouth. She carries the mail, she insists on it. On special trips to the bakery, Rosie has her own pastry in a mouth-held bag, but does not touch the treat until she is inside. Rosie lives with two cats, Pearl and Murphy and kisses all strange cats, or did, until she kissed an ill-tempered black and white kitty. The smell lingered for weeks despite gallons of tomato juice. Rosie is be-



the grandchildren

ing trained to pull a cart, and wears harness and braces for this job. Marcia and Carol are still searching for a cart. Rosie prefers children to grown ups and her best friend is Helga the Doberman. Marcia loaned me a book on Rottweilers. Much emphasis is put on the easy training and good behavior of the breed. Parts of it are difficult to read because the lower left hand corner is chewed to a pulp.

The Cape Cod Library Club had its spring meeting at our Library this year. As they meandered toward the Cape tip, the librarians and assistants visited the Eastham Public Library, the Wellfleet Public Library, and the Cobb Memorial Library in Truro. Dan Lewis gave the fourth and final tour of the day—our library. Then lunch was served and off to the outing of the day, a whale watch. The whale watching business will have far-away-as-Australia coventions here to get a glimpse of a whale. Well, the librarians enjoyed themselves and plan a return visit meeting. Are you finding out that whatever you belong to, with members from anywhere, wants to meet here?

Man goes into a doctor's office.

"Doctor, my doctor says I'm crazy. I want a second opinion."

"OK, You're ugly."

Man rushes into a psychiatrist's office.

"Doctor, I have so many problems and no one will listen to me!"

"Next!"

Well we've had mother's day and father's day. In Japan they also have boy's day and girl's day. Roof-tops fly a fish kite for every boy in the family and the girls receive dolls for their honor as daughters. But what about grandparents? It's time to give those veterans

a special day. Grandparents can sleep on prom nights while the parent stay awake until 4 and 5 am. Grandparents can say, "Ask your father/ mother," when there is a question about God or eternity. Grandparents can buy the candy, the extras, the expensive gifts they wouldn't buy a generation ago. They can hand back a beautiful but foul-smelling babe; it's not their diaper to change. Like a tiny and proud grandmother explained it to me one day as we were sitting on the meat rack, "Grandchildren are the gravy. Not that overburdening responsibility, and no guilt. You get to give what you want, when you want, and you're always there on award day." But grandparents are proud—to the person. One proud grandmother is so proud, one of her dreams is to have her grandchildren's picture in the column. I've had this photo for months so I had to call and check the ages. Just wanted to be sure they weren't graduated yet or in the military. Carolyn Pereira, who works at Cape End Pharmacy would never think of a picture of herself, but her three grandchildren! I'll have to move to Hyannis if this photo doesn't go in. These three happy children are Melissa Lyn Pereira, 4 years old, Kurt Pereira Kelly, 9 months old (he's 4 months old in the photo, and by 9 months has acquired the name "Kurtie Kell") and Justin Smith, 3 years old, and Nana Carolyn, wrote "Cousins, aren't they beautiful?" Look at that hand work on the back of the chair, looks like something great-grandmother may have done. Yes, Carolyn, they are beautiful.

The groundbreaking ceremony for the Housing Authority construction of 24 one bedroom units for elderly and 4 for families, will take place Sunday, June 23 at 1 pm. All town is invited and welcome at Aunt Sukey's and Harry Kemp Way.