

VILLAGE VIEW

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Getting ready for a move is always a Big Production. And that's what I'm doing. Don't panic! All you faithful readers. I'm not leaving the country. But I AM leaving the state, temporarily, for the balmy climes of the Sun Belt this winter. Even so, I hope to continue Village View from a distance. With the help of some of you who enjoy sharing your own views, I think I can do it, at least on a part-time basis.

All I'll need is a bit of cooperation from you. Let me know when you have some special concern about what's going on around the village on the Cape. Anything happening on Cape Cod affects us all.

Provide enough background so I feel I have both sides of a story if there is controversy. If you've got a big gripe and want it aired, tell me. When I'm around town and meet you in the supermarket, or run into you in the post office, or you hail me in front of the library, you can talk with me about anything that's bothering you; but when I'm out-of-state, it will take some effort.

You are invited to make that effort. Carlton Crocker, this newspaper's publisher, has kindly offered to forward any correspondence you send to me. I'll be careful to respect your privacy. I promise not to include even your initials or your home village, unless you specifically request I mention you by name and place. And your views, as well as my own, WILL be presented, although long letters may get some editing.

To prepare for leaving, I've been cleaning out cupboards, bureau drawers, and closets; my house is already rented for the winter and must be readied for my tenants. Have you any idea how much trivia gets stored in 18 years? Or how difficult it is to throw away?

Among items I'm sorting, I find seven or eight scrapbooks FULL of my own collection of Village Views. It's with a certain hesitancy that I turn back to the very first that appeared when *The Village Advertiser* was a fledgling weekly flyer. The date is June 24, 1970. The subject is environmental pollution. And I re-read that first column to see if we've made any progress at all in the intervening 11 years, or to see if I've changed my mind since then.

Basically, I like what I said then; my position is identical. I pointed out that Everywhere, the landscape, the air, the water, is befouled by Everyman; and unless Everyman begins picking up after himself, Everywhere is going to become unlivable. That's just as true today as it was then.

Have we cut down on the quantity of paper glutting our trash? A lot of us have done that. A lot of us continue saving newspapers (to re-cycle when the paper van returns to the dump). It will when the price for waste paper goes up again.

There's still plenty more we can do. Our mailboxes are still stuffed with unwanted advertising which we simply throw away. Our roadsides are still littered with bottles, cans and other trash; and we still don't have a bottle bill.

We don't, however, see nearly as much tinted paper toweling or toilet and facial tissue as we once did. And we haven't, I'm happy to note, been "esthetically impoverished" as a result.

Without doubt we've all changed our life-styles considerably in the past decade. That first column recommended using our cars only when necessary, walking more, riding bicycles, sharing rides, and, when possible, using public transportation. I don't flatter myself that everyone in the country has responded to my recommendations. On the other hand, I'm glad I was among the first to suggest we make these changes.

The oil shortage helped; the Arabs helped; most of all, higher gasoline prices helped influence the American public to stop wasting fuel. My argument was directed towards cleaner air. Economic forces have accomplished far more than any pleas of mine for a healthier environment, but the end results suit me fine.

Looking back at that first article, it's funny to discover my final suggestion was that we stop buying and using products that increase the demand for electric power; "things like electric toys, can openers, and other unnecessary appliances," I wrote, "increase the likelihood of pollution by power plants." It didn't take any crystal ball to arrive at those conclusions. I just started thinking about such things a little bit earlier than some other folks.

Many of you will be wondering WHY I'm pulling up stakes and going south for the winter. Again, I'm looking ahead. First of all, I don't like winter. I never did, but in recent years, I like it less. It sets my arthritis on edge. Then, there are heat bills, and I don't like them either. And, after having had a visit from the appraiser, I'm wondering what will happen to real estate taxes in the Town of Barnstable. It's possible the time is fast approaching when I can no longer afford to live on Cape Cod.

Before that day arrives, I want some idea of what it's like living in the south. Maybe I'll hate it; but I know I'll like the weather in winter. "Try before you buy," is the idea. I don't want to purchase a pig in a poke; I want to know before I go.

Some of my future Village View articles will tell you what it's like where I am; you may never plan to haul anchor and set forth for warmer climes, but the day could come when you, too, may think seriously about such a move.

Finally, before I go, I want to thank publicly the publisher of this local weekly newspaper that has served us all so well for over a decade. Mr. Crocker has given us news of local interest, kept us informed about goings-on in Town Hall, entertained and educated us. From a purely personal standpoint, he's allowed me to give vent to my frequently-excessive frustrations. Producing a column every week hasn't always been easy, but it's always been a pleasure dealing with Mr. Crocker. He's fair, honest, considerate, and has earned my sincere respect. Thank you, Carlton.

As the months of winter roll along, I hope my contributions to *The Village Advertiser* will continue to hold your interest; that will depend, to some degree, on whether you respond to my suggestion and participate in the make-up of Village View. I hope you will want to do that.

In any event, I'll be back in the spring; meanwhile, I'll let you know what life is like below the Mason-Dixon line.

Happy holidays, stay healthy, and keep warm.