

VILLAGE VIEW

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You know you're in summer-tourist territory when ... the first three-day weekend of the season it rains from Friday night through Monday morning.

... you can't find a place to park within easy walking distance of the post office, even when you leave your car against an orange curb. And if you do that, you get a parking ticket.

... the local supermarket posts higher prices than have prevailed all winter long.

... you see more out-of-state than home-state license plates.

You know you're in summer-tourist territory when

... you have to start allowing twice as much driving time to get from one place to another because you know there'll be sightseers puttering along at 20 miles an hour even though the posted speed is 35.

... radio news broadcasts mention the number of people arrested in connection with noisy parties.

... the local paper lists increasing numbers of auto accidents, motorcycle crashes, and pedestrian injuries.

... the quantity of litter gathered from the edge of the road bordering an empty lot calls for trips around the block with a wheelbarrow instead of a basket you can carry on your arm.

You know you're in summer-tourist territory when

... bays start filling up with boats lying at their moorings.

... cars are parked in front of No Parking signs at the golf club, and you can't see over the brow of the little hill to determine if it's safe to swing out and pass.

... the number of joggers on the sidewalks multiplies by a factor of nine.

You know you're in summer-tourist territory when

... you wake up with a toothache and can't get an appointment with your dentist for six weeks.

... you find yourself seventeenth in the check-out line, or among the vehicles waiting to cross the draw bridge which is now more often in a vertical than horizontal position.

... outside lights on doorways and driveway posts burn all night long instead of only when evening visitors are expected.

... you're alerted that someone's having a cocktail party because a uniformed officer directs traffic around the parked cars lining both sides of a street that's usually devoid of obstruction.

You know you're in summer-tourist territory when

... tour buses spewing diesel fumes grind along narrow residential streets and disgorge in the village center 45 or 50 passengers who invade restaurants, shops, and stores for a couple of hours during the very time of day those places are usually quietest in winter months.

... friends and neighbors quit making eye-contact with everyone they meet in public places and start acting like city-folks.

... you're driving along a section of wooded road and the people in the car in front of you are obviously lost so you draw up alongside to offer assistance and they look threatened and scared.

... you see a fellow-shopper struggling to open one of those plastic sacks that come off a roll at the vegetable counter so you pause to help, and the other person thinks you're trying to steal his bag.

... you'd go to the beach for a swim, but know (a) the parking lot is probably already filled, and (b) the beach is blanketed wall-to-wall with strangers so you settle for an hour's spread-eagle on your own sun-deck and a quick cool shower.

You know you're in summer-tourist territory when

... you go into the post office to get a few stamps or mail a package and must line up for service, the nine o'clock mail isn't sorted until ten, and the clerk neglects to call you by name or even look up and flash you a smile.

... prices at the gas pump take a four-cent jump for no apparent reason.

... none of the specialty shops remain closed and inactive; instead, their window displays change daily, and there's frenzied activity in the stockrooms at all hours.

... enormous delivery trucks double-park on Main Street, unloading cases and cartons of comestibles, potables, and what-all for which there is scant market most of the year.

You know you're in summer-tourist territory when

... every real estate office hangs out its OPEN sign on Sundays.

... the car ahead of you comes to a sudden stop in the travel lane, perhaps because an old barn at the roadside has been converted to a fancy antiques shop, or perhaps because an acquaintance occupies the on-coming car and they want to exchange personal greetings; they seem to think because they're "down in the country," it's safe to ignore rules-of-the-road.

... strangers use your driveway for a turn-around, setting the dogs to barking, and threatening the safety of your grandchildren playing outside the house.

... you must stand in line when you make a deposit or cash a check at the bank even though four teller windows instead of two are manned.

... a herd of bicyclers is strung out for half-a-mile along the curbside when you're trying to get somewhere at an appointed hour; or you meet two or three bicyclists coming at you the wrong way on a one-way street.

... most of the people you see early in the season are suffering from severe sunburn.

... the only time you can quickly grab a sandwich at your favorite deli counter is at three in the afternoon.

... every motel you pass is blinking its NO VACANCY sign.

... there seems to be a sudden population explosion among unleashed dogs in your neighborhood, many of which find your vegetable garden an ideal spot for burying anything they consider treasure.

... local newspapers grow fat with advertising; news items of interest to the year-round inhabitants are buried in back pages (this paper excepted, of course!).

... everywhere you go there's a pervading odor of sunburn-prevention oils and creams.

... you overhear out-of-towners complaining that the Cape, the island, wherever, has become too crowded and commercialized.

That's when you know you're in summer-tourist territory.