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What'll you miss, if you neglect to renew? First, of course, you'll miss Village View. While it may not be your idea of the week's best entertainment -- every week -- you've got to admit it offers something for everyone, taken by and large.

One of the things a columnist tries to remember is that it's not just friends and family out there, reading the article each week; it's also a lot of people you've never even seen. To keep everyone interested, you've got to appeal to a wide audience.

That's why not every article is based on the wealth of history the villages offer. And that's why sometimes weeks go by without a mention of local doings at Town Hall. And that's why, even when it may seem too much space is given ecological and economic problems these subjects keep cropping up again and again.

These are, after all, what people are most concerned about; there's not a single reader whose pocketbook isn't affected by the fouled-up economy. And there's not a one who's untouched by the energy crisis, or who won't be hurt if the fresh water supply is polluted, or if the dire predictions of the environmentalists come true.

If these predictions never come true, you'll be in a position to say a lot of us who wrote articles were crying wolf. On the other hand, if they never come true, perhaps it will be because we raised enough hue and hullabaloo that protective measures were taken soon enough to head off disaster.

If that were the result of all the yelling and screaming, all the warnings, all the concentration of attention and effort on conservation and environmental protection, I'd rejoice.

Anyone who wants to say, in years to come, that all the emphasis wasn't justified because those terrible things never came to pass, will meet with quiet acceptance from me.

Nothing could make me happier than someone pointing out how wrong I've been. I only hope to Heaven that I, and Gil Newton, and the Conservation Commission, and Jane Eshbaugh, and the Association for the Preservation of Cape Cod, and the folks down at the Cape Cod Museum of Natural History, and everyone else whos disturbed down to their marrow bones about the future, will be proven wrong.

Doesn't matter to me why we all might be in error. Couldn't care less whether it's because enough people get het up about it and see that protective steps are taken -- or whether it's because we're just plain stupidly mistaken.

The only thing that would really break my heart is to discover when it's too late theres something I might have said, and neglected to say

-- some opportunity I missed -- which resulted in failure to get the protection I believe we all must have.

That's the reason I won't give up. That's the reason those who worry about the desecration of Nature's balance won't give up showing what's happening every chance they get.

We're worried. And the only way we know to generate enough muscle to be effective and get things changed, is to stir up more and more people and stimulate them to look, to worry, to act!

It's our American way -- if enough people see it coming, they'll make themselves heard and felt in places where effective legislation will be passed to protect us all.

It's not something you can say once, and then tuck your head under your wing and go to sleep and forget. You've got to keep at it. Every time you find and can show illustrative proof of still another weight on the wrong side of Nature's scales, you strengthen the case. We need every single awakened, enlightened and aware person we can get.

We know, too, more and more people are recognizing what's been happening in the past century. All we hope and pray for is strength enough and numbers enough to make the difference in time, in time to be effective, in time to influence legislation and accomplish the necessary.

Someone asked me once if I was trying to change the world. Sure. You bet. Why Not? I don't pretend to have all the answers, but if people like me don't do all they can to bind together those who want to preserve what's good in life, the forces for evil and destruction will win out. So everything I can do to make the world better -- I'm going to do.

The changes I hope for are those that will preserve the world in ways that will enable it to continue to sustain life.

You know, it'd be a lot more fun telling folks about some of the characters who lived here when I was a youngster -- and earlier.

There are yarns about seances, mediums and fortune telling, and how Aunt Minnie Allen had a "table tipping" session and invited the "spirits from the Other Side" to communicate.

And there are tales about Uncle Ollie and his peculiar methods of saving time and money -- such as replacing lost buttons on his coat with nails.

And there are gossippy stories about folks carrying on in unconventional ways in spite of the Victorian standards of morality supposedly practised in these villages.

But repetition would do not one particle of good.

There's not a day I couldn't spin out a column about the joys of living on Cape Cod. No matter what the time of year, there's always something beautiful happening.

Some weeks it's sunsets and sunrises; some weeks it's the wonder of the night sky; some weeks it's tracks wild creatures left in a damp patch of earth or on a snowy field. We could talk about plants growing on the edge of the beach or between the marsh and the meadow.

Sounds there are, different at dawn and noon and dusk, of wind, of birds, of waves along the beach, or the sound of silence that's not so much a lack of noise as a hushed rhythm, more to be felt, deep in a cedar swamp or under a stand of mature white pines.

There's enough going on at Town Hall to keep my typewriter clacking fifty-two weeks a year.

This column is an attempt to appeal to each reader at one time or another, sometimes with one thing, sometimes with another.

One thing you can be sure of. If you don't renew your subscription, you'll miss out on future Views that are meant for you and you alone. That's why I'm suggesting you sign up again.

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You too can do your part to change the world and make it a better place to live.