



COMMENTARY

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Be careful what you wish for

By Lloyd Cuttler

I think about the phrase, “be careful what you wish for, you might get it” when I hear about the joy that some feel at the denial of the request by the Town of Carrabassett Valley to annex the lands of Redington Township. The opponents of this bill were so focused on their opposition to windmills, they became blind to the benefits that this annexation could provide to our town and the local communities.

I testified at the hearings in Augusta for annexation, and got to listen to the same environmental groups talk only about the “horrors” of windmills. The selectman of CV voted to allow this request to go to the legislature knowing that ultimately it would be the town’s residents who would debate and decide if they wanted to annex the lands of Redington Township. Try as we might to get the discussion to be about the recreational and economic opportunities for the area, the focus of the hearings in Augusta remained about windmills.

All that being said, however, the committee that actually listened to all this testimony voted 10 to 3 to approve annexation, only to have it ultimately voted down by the full Senate weeks later.

It is common knowledge that the original proposal for annexation of Redington to CV was presented to the selectman at a public hearing by the developer that wants to build windmills. The selectman felt that any decision to annex the land, and change our comprehensive plan, would all have to be approved by a town vote. Our decision to support the request to the legislature was only to allow the process to go forward and give OUR residents the opportunity to ultimately decide if they wanted to annex the land.

As we continued to study the prospect of annex-

ing the lands of Redington Township we soon realized there were many recreational and economic opportunities that would be available to the town with the addition of this land. Even without the prospect of the development of renewable energy, these lands would add to the recreational opportunities for our residents and guests. Hiking, fishing, hunting and better access to Caribou pond were all possibilities with the addition of these lands to CV. The prospects of enhancing the recreational opportunities for the town could become a real possibility with the addition of these lands. Whether windmills, or any other development, would ever be allowed on these lands would be solely up to the decision of the Residents of CV.

This was the debate that we so much wanted to occur in the Town of Carrabassett Valley. This really was about Local Choice. Windmills were responsible for planting the seed, but need not be the reason that the town should not continue to look at the possibility of annexing adjacent lands.

The Town of Carrabassett Valley was formed by annexation, and we have a long history of responsible planning and development to balance our recreational needs with our protection of the environment. Our planning board members and residents are among the most informed and educated group when it comes to viewing proposals which come before the Town. My hope is that we continue to look at the possibility of annexation, and allow our residents to debate and continue to make decisions at a local level that positively affects the quality of life we all hold so dear in the Western Mountains.

Lloyd Cuttler is a Carrabassett Valley resident and selectman.

QUESTION OF THE WEEK

What does the 4th of July weekend mean to you?

By David Hart



Justin Holbrook, of North New Portland: “It’s a great time for the family to get together.”



Arthur LeCompte, of Kingfield: “Hopes of good weather for camping.”



Rick Bishop, of Kingfield: “A great weekend of partying.”



Peter Silver, of New Portland: “It means a lot because it’s the celebration of America’s birthday.”



Rachel Davenport, of Phillips (left) & Jessica Howard, of Strong: “Red, white and Blue and the celebration of America and the fun festivities that go along with it.”

Liberty — a statue and a way of life

During my recent trip to New York City, I was determined to see as many of the sights as possible. I had only two free afternoons in which to experience the biggest city in America. My friend Patty and I walked for approximately 18 hours during those two half-days. I was sore, but I was happy. We traipsed up and down and around city blocks, rode the subways and climbed more stairs than I could count. But we saw the Big Apple!

Times Square. Madame Tussaud’s Wax Museum and the Hard Rock Café. The Empire State Building. Trump Plaza and Central Park. Grand Central Station. Rockefeller Center, NBC and ABC Studios. Broadway, Park Avenue and my favorite avenue, LEXINGTON! Hell’s Kitchen, the Garment District, the Diamond District and the Financial District. We shopped in Swatches, ate in Little Italy and, in thrall, watched the indoor Ferris wheel at Toy’s R Us. With a backwards ‘R’.

But two of the places that Patty and I visited made profound impressions on me. One was due to the sheer glory of actually seeing it in person, instead of on a television screen and the other was for the feelings of deep respect and unimaginable loss that it engendered.

Patty and I took the ferry to Liberty Island. Across New York Harbor we cruised, topside in the



F.A.R.M.
(Fresh Air & Room to Move)

By Karen Pease

open air, the Statue of Liberty shrouded in fog ahead of us. I snapped photo after photo of Lady Liberty, simply enchanted that I was looking at her with my own eyes —not on TV and not in the pages of a magazine or a textbook. There she was! Proud, tall, and green!

Just as the ferry pulled up to the dock, the sun broke through the clouds, and the haze and murk dissipated. I could see her clearly. She dwarfed the small island, the Park Service Buildings and especially the tourists that strolled around her base. Families, students, friends like Patty and me... we were all there to see this wondrous gift bestowed upon our country in 1886 by the people of France, to commemorate our centennial. She was a larger-than-life symbol of friendship between Americans and those far across the very sea we were traversing.

We went ashore and made our way through the gift shop and out into the park proper. The grass was lush, and the deciduous trees created a canopy overhead that dappled the sun-tickled ground at our feet. The paved walks were spotless, the sea wall solid and well-built —everything was pristine. Perfect.

And The Lady. I can’t describe the feeling of pride I felt as I stood there in the early evening sunshine, looking up at this American icon. Through my mind flitted images of some of the

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