

The Office Window

Every time we hear someone say that they prefer the old method of garbage collection by the town men, to the present one, and don't know why it was changed, we remark that they are ready for nomination for the chairmanship of the garbage committee. If they haven't yet learned the reason for the change, that position will bring enlightenment. . . . This was brought to mind by a news item informing of garbage collection difficulties in the Markham area where the dump has been closed and no other place for disposal located, despite frantic efforts by council. Residents, and not all from the municipality owning the dump, 'tis said, are slipping out furtively at night and bestowing bulky parcels at the locked gates of the closed dump, and identification of these garbage bundles is impossible, therefore the council has another problem. It all sounded familiar and with no place to dump garbage, plus all of these worries, if that council too can make some such arrangement as Bradford made, it is likely to happen. People may prefer certain services, but they will not tolerate uncollected garbage. . . . Read some surprising figures this week regarding the proposed centennial projects which would seem to indicate that the public has not grasped the idea of the type of project the governments consider worthy to be subsidized to commemorate this country's 100th birthday. There are 978 municipalities in Ontario and of these only 56 have made application for grants for a project, and out of the 56 only 5 have been approved. We have not heard whether or not Bradford is one of the latter, but, as stated before, Dr. Emerson, when he visited council, reminded that there would be

several sources from which to draw grants at this doorway to Simcoe County, if they were sought, and since that time the offer has come from Hon. Robert Macaulay and his committee. It is to you younger people that the future matters, but, for example at this gateway to Simcoe County, the names of Dr. Osler and Dr. Banting in the medical field, are known in every part of the world, while the rest of the County is so rich in history. Dr. Emerson suggested a small building but we did not think of a museum as he talked, but a planning committee such as is headed by Mr. Macaulay might suggest something quite unusual and wonderful here. Isn't it worth a try? . . . Anyone who had Channel 4 on Monday evening on the program "To Tell the Truth" would see Mrs. Viola MacMillan as a principal. Mrs. MacMillan and the two who claimed to be her, were filmed and taped in New York last week and Mrs. MacMillan was at her West Gwillimbury farm on Monday evening, when the programme appeared, where she and her husband were giving the wedding party for a friend. . . . The old firehall is no more, in so far as being used for that purpose is concerned. It is now an empty relic and a possession of the Department of Public Works. Presume the old gaol is the same but doubt that any moving was done from that ancient structure. From the firehall, all firefighting equipment has been moved to Church's garage, until the new firehall is ready for occupation, and, until the same time, the Bradford P.U.C. men have moved the fire siren and the old fire bell and any other antiques from the building, which it might be thought desirable to preserve, to the town hall. According to agreement the property was to be handed over to the Department on June 15, and it was all in readiness on

that date. For the sake of appearance the removal of those vacant antiques on the corner cannot happen too quickly. It is hoped that the property is needed for work to begin now, although this office has been rather surprised that to date a picture of the proposed new building has not been sent us, as has been done with other postoffices around the province. . . . One sometimes has cause to wonder regarding their responsibility as a citizen and such was the case upon a recent afternoon. We had come over to our window and after being there for a time were conscious of being irritated by the repetition of a movement just opposite it, therefore began to give this some attention. It was the regular slamming of the door of an old truck, parked opposite, and as we watched, two young boys would manage to make the door catch, after three or four tries, but when they moved on the seat it would fly open again. Everything about this big, old lumbering truck appeared to be in the same state of dilapidation, and, with the thought that we'd not like to be meeting that on the road, we looked for the name on the truck. There wasn't one. After a long period of door slamming, two men arrived from Holland Street and got into the old wreck with the boys and away they went, while we watched them go, feeling that if we heard of a bad accident involving such a truck we would share responsibility for not having made an attempt to keep such a vehicle off the road. . . . Received flowers, without a card, the other day, and upon calling the florist was told that they had not recognized "the man" who had sent them to us. A little mystery does put a touch of spice into an old gal's life and if he's a Witness reader, thanks.