

# ***Life in the "Big City"***

**By Enid J. Brown**

One rainy, dreary day this fall, I walked my tired body to the bus stop. Fortunately for me, I had a few minutes before my bus, so I did what I usually do if I have a little time. I went into the canteen run by a Senior Citizens Volunteer Group to buy a 25 cent cup of coffee. Went outside, sat down on the bench, pulled out my Benson and Hedges menthol, and proceeded to enjoy a cup of coffee and a cigarette.

I sat there looking around, taking deep breaths of fresh air, between puffs of the old coffin nail, when I noticed something I had been seeing before, but not registering. It was an honest-to-God trash can chained to the post! Can you imagine the amounts of trash cans that must have walked away before they started chaining them? It just boggles the mind.

It kind of makes you take a close look at your sense of values, and the way you were raised. It tends to make you appreciate all those you know and trust, and believe in. It helps you realize

what you have, someone else may not have, but needs it so bad, they have to steal it. I mean, try to picture it - someone out to deliberately 'swipe' a trash can. What were the circumstances leading up to this state of affairs? What frame of mind was that person in? Boggling, simply, mind boggling.

Granted, I may be way off base on this one. But why else would trash cans have to be chained down? After staring at this for a few minutes, I noticed the lid was on the can, and not chained. I thought, how interesting. Well, I'll be darned, a few weeks later, I noticed this particular trash can no longer had a lid. Now, the wind could have blown it away, or something like that. Who knows?

Living in the City certainly has it's advantages. But because of the sheer size, the amounts of people, there are bound to be some bad apples. We should be glad that we don't have to look over our shoulder all the time, hey?

*(Editor's note: Enid Brown is from White Mountain.)*