## WALNUT LAKE NEWS

By NORINE McKAY Phone: LONGACRE 5-2375

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## Around the Cracker Barrel



On a Sunday morning, a few years ago, I was having breakfast in the diner of a transcontinental train. The train was coming from the West, and had entered Michigan about an hour before. Seated opposite me was a stately looking gentleman, who was neglecting his food while he gazed pensively out of the window. Finally he returned his gaze, and said something like this:

"I haven't seen Michigan since I was a boy. And through all the years between I've been seeing the green hills of Michigan, the tall and stately trees. What a lot I've missed. I've been looking at California's sand deserts and her scrubby trees. I'm sure no state has more beautiful trees than Michigan."

Then he wanted to know if Woodward was still an avenue of stately elms. When I told him that progress had uprooted all of those trees, and that Woodward was an ugly and bare-looking street, he shook his head in sadness. "It isn't progress," he muttered.

Last night I was thinking of this stranger and his love of trees. And then I began to think of this word "progress." Just what does it mean? Taken alone it probably means nothing. If there is progress, there must be progress toward some goal. Without a goal you cannot be sure whether or not there is

In the past generation and the present one, we have been telling ourselves we were making progress. But in many ways, it strikes us, we've been making progress without having any goal in sight. We have destroyed so much beauty in the name of progress. We have made our cities into hideous masses of stone and concrete. This progress has driven people out of cities into the surrounding country-side. We are fast becoming a commuting people, whose business is far from our homes. Men who spend two hours a day going to and coming from their businesses, actually spend two and a half months of working time a year in this commuting. If a man will spend that much of his time, that much of his energy, to get to the trees and grass, then there must be a very powerful appeal to all of us for the out-of-doors.

Maybe this is progress. But probably it isn't. For there is no reason why proper planning, a proper goal, could not have avoided the denuding of our cities. Automobile traffic was the reason given for the widening of streets, the tearing down of trees which took a hundred years to grow. But all of this automobile traffic wouldn't have been necessary if proper rapid transportation had been developed years ago. If the goal had been to preserve the things of beauty, they could have been preserved. Progress sometimes consists in holding what we have.

Now we seem to be starting to make Birmingham look like every other metropolitan community, even if we're not one. The results already obtained on West Maple may be a sample of what we're in for unless the people object. Just take a look at West Maple. The trees are gone, the street is to be widened. When the new lamp posts are in-and the parking meters-there'll be not more than ten feet left for pedestrians. The buildings are bare, and when the lamps are lighted, the street will have the same appearance as thousands of other drab streets in this country.

For eight feet more of concrete we spoil the appearance of a beautiful street. Some of the trees were diseased, they tell us. Then, if that is the case, the affected trees should be replaced. My understanding of a department of forestry is that it shall preserve the trees, not just order them cut down. What about the 500 other trees which they tell us must come down? Is it possible they, too, will not be re-

Now they're starting down the side streets. Last week the City cut down a tree on Pierce street, at the corner of the alley at Matthews Cleaners. I counted more than 50 rings in that tree, which means it has provided shade and beauty for more than half a century. The tree was sound. A lamp post is to go in where that tree stood. The lamp post could have been placed a few feet in either direction, and the tree could have been saved. But we have to make "progress." We have to destroy the natural beauty of Birmingham in order to provide eight feet more of concrete, in order to install a lamp post.

My friends, let's stop this sort of thing before it's too late. Let's have a goal toward which we will strive to steadily progress. Let's include the preservation of beauty in that goal. More concrete is probably needed on Maple because of parked cars. If cars weren't parked there the street would be plenty wide enough. Why can't we hold this sort of ruthless "progress" in abeyance until the study is completed on off the street parking? If proper planning is done now, Birmingham can remain a beautiful city. If no planning is done, then we are doomed to live in a community which will become uglier as the years pass.

It was with this same idea of disregarding "progress" that we built the Village Store. Here you have found the pleasant and peaceful beauty of the past, which actually fits very well into today's progress. We think that shopping can become as pleasant as it is to walk down a shady street. Many of you have learned this already. But pleasant surroundings can become a snare, too, if you have to pay too much

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