

Character of the village, part 2

Editor:

I am responding to a letter which appeared in the June 16 edition written by Jill Baergen. I found myself thinking many thoughts as I read this letter from a three-year resident of Glen Ellyn about the decay of our town heralded with the onslaught of franchises and the turning of the "Queen of Main Street," Stacy's Mansion, amongst other things.

My family moved within Glen Ellyn's village limits in the '60s into a house that sold for the mid 40s—my parents were looking at a house down the street in the upper 40s, but that was too expensive for their budget. That same house sold earlier this year for over \$300,000.

As far as franchises in the downtown area...Well, the Sears and Roebuck and the Woolworth's five and dime (both on the same block) were the places where I found Christmas presents for my family. I often ate ice cream at the Cock Robin and hamburgers at the Yankee Doodle Dandy franchises. During those days, there were no less than four gas stations in the downtown area where one could buy gas for their cars.

So the "Queen of Main Street" now faces the other direction; fortunately, we have some developers in this area with heart, and the building wasn't torn down. At least it is still there, in another town, a building like that might have been long gone before my family moved here, never mind yours, Ms. Baergen.

Speaking of my family, a third generation of it is living in this house, and I have pictures with four generations (all still living) in it. My two older children had the same third grade teacher my generation and I did. (After the sixth Perry child, she retired.) All of this and I still don't consider myself one of the older

Glen Ellynites; there are many who have been here much longer.

Quaint houses are being replaced with million-dollar homes; additions are going up like weeds, and I can think of only two families in my neighborhood that occupy the same house they did when I was a child, besides my family. Things change.

This quaint little village I grew up in is now one of the places to live. My children, as well as many who I grew up with, would be lucky to afford to live here. And for all the changes, where would Glen Ellyn be if the powers that be refused to allow the growth and changes that have happened since that supplement to the *Tribune* in 1973 was published? If they were adamant about what they said in

that supplement, families like Ms. Baergen's wouldn't find room to live here.

Growth means change. Change means some things go away, and new things come. Glen Ellyn is no more the village it was in 1973 than I am the teenager I was then—yet we are both still who we are and given what this village has lived through, it is *still* that wonderful place where people like Ms. Baergen's family want to live, thanks to those that allow managed growth with one eye on the past and the other on the future.

By the way, Ms. Baergen, "Welcome to Glen Ellyn!"

Sincerely,
Michael D. Perry
Glen Ellyn

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