

# The Voice of Maybee

Village of Maybee

issue 133

[www.maybeevillage.com](http://www.maybeevillage.com)

P.O. Box 36 734-587-2900 fax 734-587-6534 January 2011

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## Council Corner

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It has been a busy month in the village of Maybee. The planning commission met and approved the draft of the revised village ordinances. They will now be discussed at a public hearing on April 6, 2011 and if finalized will be sent to village council for adoption at the April 13<sup>th</sup> meeting. Once adopted they will be on the village website for anyone to look up to answer zoning questions.

The Maybee Day committee also met and set the date for Downtown Maybee Day this year. It will be May 21 from 9 am till 5 pm. This year the crafters and vendors will be set up in the parking lot behind the bank and there will also be activities at the area next to the Post Office. The committee is also making plans to have a Texas Holdem poker tournament in the evening. There will still be rides and games for the kids and the parade with at least one float this year.

The village council last night discussed the teardown of the burned out hotel and the need to finish cleaning up the area. The engineering firm of Mannik and Smith was approved to handle the reconstruction of Blue bush Rd and Raisin Street this Summer. Final approval of the state grant for the downtown streetscape has still not been received.

The Downtown Maybee Day committee has pledged enough money to revamp the pavilion at the park that has been the "ugly sister" for many years. This is the large pavilion in the back of the park by the bridge. Once updated it will be the ideal place for family gatherings and parties.

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## The Library Table

734-587-3680

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## Preschool Storytime

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**Mondays @ 6:30 PM - 7:30 PM & Fridays @ 10:30 - 11:30**

Preschool Storytime is intended for kids ages 3 years to 5 years. This program offers stories, songs, movement activities, art experiences, and fun each week.

**Pizza and Pages-- Maybee Branch Library**

**Event Type:** Book Clubs **Age Group(s):** Teen **Date:** 1/14/2011

**Start Time:** 6:00 PM **End Time:** 7:00 PM

**Description:** Bring the book you are reading, talk about it, eat some pizza and then talk some more! Ages 13 and up! **Library:** Maybee Branch Library

## Lego Building!--Maybe Branch Library

**Event Type:** General **Age Group(s):** All Ages **Date:** 1/15/2011

**Start Time:** 11:00 AM **End Time:** 12:30 PM

**Description:** Let your imagination run wild! Legos will be provided. **Library:** Maybe Branch

## Family Movie Night--Alpha and Omega--Maybe Branch Library

**Event Type:** Movies **Age Group(s):** Family **Date:** 1/21/2011

**Start Time:** 6:30 PM **End Time:** 8:00 PM

**Description:** ALPHA AND OMEGA! Puppy love takes on a new meaning in this animated film featuring a slew of celebrity voices. Kate is a dominant and driven female wolf, while hairy Humphrey lives for the moment. But when the two young wolves are captured by park rangers and taken far away, they bond despite their differences.

**Library:** Maybe Branch Library

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When I was a Kid growing up in Maybee.....by Marjorie VanAuker

When I was a kid growing up in Maybee, we enjoyed the luxury of home deliveries. I'm not talking about pizza and furniture here, folks, I mean the basic staples of life...bread and milk. And we had both, a milkman and a bread man. The dairy that delivered to our door a couple times a week was Babcock. And coincidentally, the milkman just happened to be Mom's younger brother, Art Gotha. That was pretty convenient for all concerned. Just about the time I'd be sitting at the kitchen table having breakfast, Uncle Art would come bounding up the cellarway steps into the kitchen with cold bottles of milk clinking against each other in the wire carrier. He'd already been on the route a couple hours by then so a coffee break would be in order. He'd bum a cup of coffee off Mom, light up a cigarette (quite acceptable in those days), sit down at the table and proceed to give me a hard time. My uncle was a tall, handsome man with a big smile and he loved to tease me. I was always a good eater, however, when it came to fried eggs, I preferred the yolk and left "the yucky white stuff". He would volunteer to eat the whites and I'd let him! However, one day he said he would teach me how to eat the *whole egg*. He took my fork, sliced off a piece of the white, dipped it into the yolk and shoveled it into my mouth. By Golly...that wasn't so bad...and the rest is history. From that day forth, I ate all my fried egg and he was shut out of ever again getting to clean my plate again.

By the way, as for that cigarette he smoked, it, too, had a story. Milkmen in those days wore a "uniform", usually pinstripe bib-overalls and a cap that resembled the same style policemen wore. Uncle Art knew my mom would not abide ashes in her clean kitchen so he'd knock the ash off into the cuff of his overalls. This was an ongoing bit of puzzlement for me because I could never figure out why he never set his pants on fire...

My uncle wasn't always our milkman, we had others, too. But they never had coffee and cigarette privileges in the kitchen! They simply left Mom's order (a note rolled up and placed in the neck of an empty bottle) in the little wooden box just inside the breezeway door. You could almost determine the time of year by the items ordered. Hot summer days required a lot more ice cold milk and tubs of cottage cheese, a large container of sour cream meant Mom was going to make a double batch of her soft, sour cream cut-out cookies for Christmas and, of course, eggnog, meant holiday company was coming. Not only was the fresh, wholesome goodness of dairy products delivered to your door, but, for a little girl of elementary age, it also meant free art supplies! The glass milk bottles all came equipped with an accordion pleated, waxed cap...red for whole milk, green for skim. After removing that, a small flat circle of cardboard sealed the actual opening. It had a little tab that you hoped would

pull up easily and lift out (this was NOT always the case). However, these two items were “keepable” treasures. How many of us stretched out those accordion tops, colored them with crayons, taped a “fuzzy-wuzzy wire” (also known as pipe cleaners) onto the backs and made bouquets of them for Mother’s Day at school. And the little caps! Wow! Shove a straight pin into their centers and attach them to empty kitchen match boxes and you had a car with wheels that turned! Kids have always been masters at recycling!

The Sherlock Bakery out of Toledo also had a delivery route through Maybee. We had another personal connection to this home delivery service. Our neighbor, Virgil Leininger, ran the route. He drove an enclosed, paneled station wagon...and when Virg swung open the back door on this vehicle, it was heaven right there in your driveway! The sights and aromas assailed the senses. The wagon was lined with shelves filled with every delectable goodie a bakery would have to offer...éclairs, jelly rolls, large powdered donuts, date-filled oatmeal cookies, cinnamon rolls, and so on. I cannot remember an item that Mom purchased that I didn’t like, but I can remember clearly a couple things I absolutely LOVED! Never again, since those days, have I ever tasted the perfection of Sherlock’s Devil’s Food cupcakes with the rich, dark fudge icing that dripped down their sides. Then there was the cream cheese-filled, crumb-topped strudel....Oh, My Goodness!!! It melted in your mouth and one piece was never enough! When I was little, all my birthday cakes came from Sherlock’s, too. I couldn’t wait for the rose-festooned beauty to arrive. It was always perfect inside and out. What delicious memories!

The gas station always had a steady progress of salesmen coming and going on a regularly scheduled basis. They took your order and, in a few days, a delivery truck brought the goods. But there was one gentleman who literally took his business on the road with his own form of home delivery. His name was Mr. Hoffman...I never knew his first name...but his whole persona was unique. Mr. Hoffman drove an old remodeled bus. He removed the seats, built shelves on both sides of the narrow aisle, filled his traveling store with all sorts of automotive “gadgets” and drove around to all the gas stations and mechanic shops in the county. This business on wheels was a great fascination to me. I had no real interest in his wares but I loved tagging along with Dad and boarding the bus (painted a color that I can only remember as “pretty ugly”) just to gape in wonderment at such a clever display of so much in such a small area! Not to mention, Mr. Hoffman himself was not your run-of-the-mill salesman either. He always wore the same cap for as many decades as I can recall and he always had the stump of a very well-chewed cigar dangling out of his mouth. He’d regale my dad with a spiel on the latest items that he just knew would sell like wildfire if displayed close to the cash register. Thus you could frequently find cardboard displays hanging around the showroom in our gas station of car deodorizers, cigarette lighters featuring pictures of hunting dogs or fly casting fishermen, corncob pipes imported from the South, penlights for your keychain, or decorative knobs to mount on your steering wheel! I personally thought the guy had discovered a pretty neat way to make a living.

Week by week these men passed routinely through our daily lives. Little did they know they were all making deposits in a little girl’s memory bank that, many decades later, would offer up stories to be shared with so many others. Sadly, the businesses they represented, and they themselves, are no longer with us. For them it was a way to make a living...for me, it was “a way of living”...serving the public in a personal, friendly manner, bringing good products and convenience to those they served. The part they played in my life contributed to a happy childhood, when I was a kid...growing up in Maybee.

**PUBLIC SERVICE  
FOR VILLAGE OF MAYBEE  
RESIDENTS**

**D.S.BRUCK AND SON NOW OFFERS A PLACE TO RECYCLE YOUR OLD METAL. YOU MAY DROP OFF SCRAP METAL AT 9875 PALMER ROAD IN GREEN CRATES MARKED SCRAP METAL.**

**IF YOU HAVE QUESTION OR WANT TO ARRANGE PICKUP OF LARGE ITEMS, CALL 587-2124.**

**NO ITEMS CONTAINING FREON, GLASS OR TIRES.**

**ITEMS ACCEPTED**

**SCRAP METAL, FENCE POSTS, CAR PARTS, LAWN MOWERS, LAWN CHAIRS, APPLIANCES, FARM EQUIPMENT, MOTORS, OLD BARN METAL, ALUMINUM, COPPER, BRASS, OLD EXTENSION CORDS, WIRING, CHRISTMAS LIGHTS, OLD CAR BATTERIES**