

# The Voice of a Lee

Village of Maybee      issue 128      www.maybeevillage.com  
P.O. Box 36    734-587-2900    fax 734-587-6534    July 2010

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## Council Corner

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### Village council

At the last village council meeting a representative of Citizens Bank was there to explain some of the changes in banking starting July 1<sup>st</sup>. Also at the meeting was Mr. John Greco to explain his plans for opening a new business in the village. He will be submitting all of the paperwork required to the village planning commission to discuss on Wednesday.

The council voted to approve submitting the necessary forms to proceed with a new Streetscape in the downtown area. This would be for new lighting, trees, trash containers, benches, bike rack and crosswalk. For each dollar invested by the village a grant of sixteen dollars would be received. When the project is completed the roads in the downtown would be milled and repaved using Act 51 street money. Although it is not guaranteed, chances look pretty good for next year.

### **The Library Table**

**734-587-3680**

**Now with free Wi-Fi**

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### Preschool Storytime

**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.

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"Rock and Roll Beach Party" with Bill Donahue

**Event Type:** Performance

**Date:** 7/22/2010

**Start Time:** 10:00 AM

**End Time:** 11:00 AM

**Description:**

Let the good times rock and roll! Get ready for good music and lots of laughs at this Rock and Roll Beach Party Concert!

**Library:** Maybee Branch Library [Click here for map](#)

**Contact:** [Kelli Strimbel](#)

**Contact Number:** 734-587-3680

**Status:** Openings (67)

Please Note

- ✍ Attendee MUST give 24 hour cancellation notice to allow others on the waiting list to attend.

Lego Building!- Maybee Branch Library

**Event Type:** Arts & Crafts

**Date:** 8/6/2010

**Start Time:** 2:00 PM

**End Time:** 3:30 PM

**Description:**

Let your imaginations run wild! Stop by the library for some Lego brick building! **Library:** Maybee Branch Library [Click here for map](#)

**Registration Ends:** 7/9/2010 at 12:00 PM

**Contact:** [Kelli Venier](#)

**Contact Number:** 734-587-3680

**Status:** Closed

- ✍ Attendee must be between the ages of 6 Years and 13 Years old.
- ✍ Attendee must be between the grades of 1 and 8.
- ✍ Attendee MUST give 24 hour cancellation notice to allow others on the waiting list to attend.

## **When I was a Kid growing up in Maybee.....by Marjorie Van Auken**

When I was a kid growing up in Maybee, I always got excited about the annual summer family vacation “up north”. But I was on pins and needles during the waiting process leading up to departure. Because my Mom and Dad (Carl and Esther Rupp) were in business, it was never an easy project to pull off. Everything had to line up perfectly before we could leave town...people had to be lined up to run the business (the Mobil gas station at the corner of Blue Bush and Blazer), their availability co-ordinated to cover all business hours, a plan in place for all unforeseen problems that could crop up plus a way to reach us in case of emergency. (There were no cell phones in those days!) Sometimes we went right up to the last minute not knowing if we were going to leave or not but such uncertainty goes with the territory when one is in business. Dad had two very dependable employees back then that usually made it all come together for us. They were John Bogi and the late Harry Bodine who normally worked Saturdays and dinner hours for Dad but would often line up their own vacation times to work for us so we could escape. And once, I remember, my Uncle Harold Gotha, (Mom’s brother) and his young family moved into our house and ran the station for a week. Of course, my parents figured out all the details, all I did was worry that we might have to cancel at the last minute!

When we finally arrived at the day of departure it was an early one! No expressways...no 70 mph speed limit...awaited us...just a very long drive north up Old 127. So the alarm was set for 3:30AM – 4AM and the trunk was loaded up the night before except for the long green metal cooler which held cold drinks and picnic supplies cooled by chunks of ice for the much needed stops at the roadside parks along the way. Sometimes, the big plywood box Dad had built for the top of the car, was also needed if my Great Aunt and Uncle from Detroit (Lena and Harry McKinstry) were going with us and we needed more luggage room. This apparatus required padded brackets and straps to hold it secure. No cute little roof-top “clam shell” for us that you see nowadays...this box was huge and S T U R D Y and not that attractive!! As for me, all I needed to do was pack my doll’s clothes and my pillow and transfer myself to the backseat to sleep for the first couple hours of the trip (without benefit of a car seat or a seat belt to hold ME secure)...I was allowed to bounce upward, slide forward, etc. at the will of every bump, brake and turn.

One stop along the way was *always* Pinconning...the cheese capital of Michigan. There were three cheese stores in the town at that time, McCourt’s, Wilson’s and Alex and Evelyn’s. We stopped at all of them...gleaning the most unusual purchases from each to augment our picnic basket. Alex and Evelyn’s was my personal favorite because they gave the most *generous* samples sliced from the wheel and served up on little pieces of waxed paper! I considered this my “pre-lunch” lunch stop! Dad didn’t bother with the mild stuff...too wimpy for him. He bought cheese that was aged forever...he said it should “sting” the roof of your mouth to be good. So after purchasing several pounds...plus a nice ring of pickled bologna...we were on our way again.

The reason I loved these trips was because I never knew what adventures awaited me. Dad LOVED his Great State of Michigan and he aimed to get us to every inch of it. Other states in the union didn’t beckon him when there was so much to see right here in our own. When he was a young man out of high school he worked for the Karle Lumber Company on Ostrander Rd. and he hauled logs out of the north woods in the area of Mio and Grayling. That’s when he fell in love with the north and the wilderness. There wasn’t a trail that didn’t invite him to explore no matter how narrow or untraveled it looked. Sometimes when we’d be deep in a woods somewhere, I would get frightened that we’d never find civilization again. When I asked, “Daddy, are we lost?” He’d always

reply, "We're still in Michigan, aren't we?"... "Yes", I'd answer.... "Then we're not lost."  
And thus describes the way we explored Michigan.

Some of my best...and worst...adventures in life involved our vacations. One of our frequent destinations was Grayling where we always stayed in a cabin at the Woodlands Motel run by the Houle family. With our little log cabin as home base, we'd venture forth daily to explore the sites in the general area. One day we'd go to Hartwick Pines and stroll through the beautiful expanse of virgin Norway pines and I'd have my picture taken standing in front of the oldest tree in the forest. Another day we'd take in the fish hatchery where I'd feed handful upon handful of fish pellets to those fish being raised in the cement lined "vats" waiting for their release into the wild. There was a natural stream that flowed through the hatchery, also, and contained as many wild fish as the vats did. Those fish would get the benefits of a loaf of bread which I'd break up in pieces and toss in to lure them close enough to be seen. It was exciting to have them jump up and fight to snatch a bite away from another fish. Once, however, I got a little too close to the edge of the stream and half of me slid right into the water up to my waist...right next to the largest, ugliest bullhead I'd ever seen! I wasn't nearly as concerned about being wet as I was afraid my leg would be lunch for this ugly whiskered beast. He, surprisingly enough, didn't seem the least concerned with me suddenly dropping in. Dad rescued me, calmed my fright, and got a real chuckle out of my dilemma. I didn't find it nearly as amusing as he did...

Grayling was also the location of the Fred Bear Archery Company and while Dad shopped the store, I looked at all the animals that Fred had hunted in his exploits that were displayed around the store. This was a business that put Grayling on the map. But it was not the only thing... Grayling was home all summer to the National Guard units from all the neighboring states that sent their guardsmen there for six weeks of military training. It was common to be driving on roads in the area and have to wait while a convoy of tanks or military vehicles crossed the road in front of you. These units came from, not only Michigan, but Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana. It was always exciting to see these big, metal, noisy monsters emerging slowly from the woods! The hot afternoons would find us enjoying the cool water of Lake Margerthe and the evenings were always spent driving through the woods looking for deer. To see 50-60 deer a night was quite common and it was my job to keep count.

A full day long excursion away from our home base would be a trip to the Big Bear Sand Dunes. I loved this! I would scramble to the top and run down, practically tumbling down from my own momentum. Many years later when I revisited the dunes as an adult, I started to climb again, thinking, "I can still do this...I can still do this!" About a third of the way up, I realized, "No, I can't...No, I can't!" After our dunes visit, Dad would return through Beulah where we'd stop at the Cherry Hut and buy jams and jellies and, of course, a cherry pie. Then on to Traverse City where we'd picnic at a park along the Grand Traverse Bay before going to the Clinch Park Zoo, also right on the bay. The neatest thing about this zoo was that the parking was on the other side of the road along the Boardman River (which flows through Traverse City) and you walked in a tunnel under the road to enter the zoo. That was pretty cool to hear the cars passing overhead... noisy, but neat! The zoo was home to Michigan animals and birds only. It was there I saw my first eagle close up and also an actual wolverine, the latter now considered extinct in Michigan, or at least very close to it. If we were still hungry after all our sight-seeing, we'd stop at John's...a plain simple, little diner which claimed at having, "The Best Burgers on the Bay". They did...they still do...and I still stop there. And it still looks the same!

There's a whole lot more to cover on travels in Michigan, but here's where I'm going to stop at this time. Part II will continue as we travel north and cross into the UP with....bears...close calls...ghosts...and muck and mire! Stay tuned as I share more memories of my "Travel Adventures with Dad" as I was a kid growing up in Maybee.

