

Council Corner

At the last village council meeting two citizens voiced their concerns over a water problem on their property. Dave Friend (building inspector) was also at the meeting and will look into the matter. The placement of more cameras in the village was discussed and installation will begin before the end of October. The removal of the burned out building on Raisin and Mill should be completed by the end of the year. The decision on the downtown streetscape grant should be known by the end of the week. This would pay for 80% of the cost of the project. Halloween in the village will be on October 31 from 6:30pm till 8:00pm.

This year the large item pickup will be November 6 from 10am till 2pm at the parking lot of Maybee park on Maybee Scofield Road. You may bring large appliances (units with freon must have a removal tag on them) scrap metal, car batteries and furniture for disposal. We will not accept tires or concrete. This is for residents of the Village of Maybee only. Dumpster provided by Palmyra recycling and salvage and Jon Greca Scrap Yard.

Next months village council meeting has been changed to November 17 at 7:30pm at the village hall.

The Library Table

734-587-3680

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.

Library Movie Night

Age Group(s): Family **Date:** 10/22/2010 **Start Time:** 6:30 PM **End Time:** 8:00 PM

Description: :

How to Train Your Dragon! Set in the mythical world of burly Vikings and wild dragons, and based on the book by Cressida Cowell, this action comedy tells the story of Hiccup, a Viking teenager who doesn't exactly fit in with his tribe's longstanding traditions of heroic dragon slayers. Hiccup's world is turned upside down when he encounters a dragon that challenges he and fellow Vikings to see the world from an entirely different point of view. Stop in the Dundee Library to see this newly released animated comedy! Feel free to bring movie time snacks. Please use lower back entrance of the building.

Rating: PG **Run Time:** 98 Minutes **Library:**

Maybe Book Club

Event Type: Book Clubs **Age Group(s):** Adult **Date:** 10/25/2010 **Start Time:** 7:00 PM **End Time:** 8:00 PM

Description: This month we are reading THE LACE READER by Brunonia Barry.

When her great-aunt dies, Towner Whitney returns to Salem, Massachusetts, to deal with ghosts, real and imagined, historical and current. Towner is mourning the death of her beloved twin sister, recovering from surgery, and recovering from shock treatments administered to help her cope with her depression. She belongs to a family of lace readers and is a reluctant seer who also has the ability to read other people's thoughts. Towner longs to leave Salem, but circumstances seem determined to keep her there until both she and the reader can unravel the mystery of her past. Come and join the fun, new members are always welcome. Book club meets at 7 p.m. at the Maybee Library. For more information call 734-587-3680.

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

Computer Classes

Event Type: Computer Classes **Age Group(s):** All Ages **Date:** 11/2/2010, 11/9/2010, 11/16/2010, 11/23/2010

Start Time: 10:00 AM **End Time:** 12:00 PM

Description: Early beginner: No skills needed

This class is intended for those who have very limited or no knowledge of computers. Participants will gain knowledge on understanding Hardware and Software, Information Networks, Intro to Windows XP, Working with a Windows, a Program, Files & Folders-Toolbars, Create, Edit and Save a document, Exploring the Internet-Web pages, Email, Change your homepage, Pop-up Blocker and Firewalls. There will be hands-on exercises, along with group projects to reinforce skills.

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

Registration Ends: 11/3/2010 at 12:00 AM

Presenter: Jeff Anderson

Status: Openings (6)

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

When I was a kid growing up in Maybee, I had complete and total trust in my dad (Carl Rupp) as all kids should. I was confident that I was *always* safe when I was with him. But when I got older, and reflected on some of the adventures I shared with Dad, I realized how close I could have come to my demise on a number of occasions! Take the Mio Forestry Exposition for example when I was twelve.

As I previously mentioned in another story, Dad had grown to love the wilderness of the north and had worked hauling logs out of the forests of Mio and Grayling. So returning to this annual celebration of the lumber jack's life on our vacation really excited him. There were contests of tree climbing, tree cutting, log rolling and an evening parade on the Au Sable River. This was a parade where the floats actually "floated". And they were ablaze with tiny lights making quite a spectacular showing on the water. Plus we enjoyed meals of hearty lumber jack fare...barbequed ribs and baked beans...sticky but delicious! But the exposition also offered other opportunities, such as helicopter rides. Dad had never had the experience of flying in one. Mom, (Esther Rupp), who preferred at that time to keep her feet firmly planted on terra firma, opted out. But I was up for it! So Dad paid our whole \$5 per person fare and we boarded the two-passenger air craft. Yes, TWO- passenger...with the pilot being one of the two. This was a very small "bubble-top" copter, sort of mosquito looking. There were two seats, two seat belts and a console. Dad and the pilot nestled me between them on the console and off we went...up, up, up...over the waters of Mio Pond where the pilot then proceeded to circle over the lake. Little did I know that this copter, for one, *had no doors*, and two, a small helicopter basically *turns on its side* when banking into a turn...leaving a LARGE gaping hole through which you look straight down into nothing but air...and in this case, water. I don't recall exactly what I was hanging on to but I feel quite certain that my knuckles were white and had to be pried loose when we landed. All in all, it *was* a great experience and a beautiful sight from the air to see the vast woods and water below. Once back on the ground, I forgot my fears over time...enough so that the following year, *we did it again!*

When I was very, very small the Mackinac Bridge did not exist yet. People traversed the Straits by car ferries. I remember long lines of cars parked in several parallel lines at the dock in Mackinaw City waiting for one of the four ferries to return from the other side. Sometimes the wait seemed interminable, especially to a little girl. I once got in trouble feeding the sea gulls from the car window while we waited.(It was amusing to my Great Aunt Lena McKinstry from Detroit who was with us on many of these trips to the UP, until she discovered I was tossing them her Sander's Thin Mints from Hudson's Department Store.)When our turn came to board, it always fascinated me how we could drive up a metal ramp and into the bowels of the ferry. It swallowed up large numbers of cars which were snugly parked as close together as possible with only enough room to open the car doors and walk to the far ends where stairs took you to the upper decks to enjoy the view. On a clear day, it was glorious out in the breeze watching the deep blue sparkling waters being divided by the boat's bow. All too often though, we drew a foggy day...which was a whole different adventure in itself. Visibility would be zero and the boats traveled with the assistance of fog horns. Once again I tagged along close by my dad, standing at the rail peering into the denseness, worried that we'd collide with one of the other ferries only to find that he'd accidentally stood me right next to a fog horn. When it blew, I jumped several feet into the air and almost died from fright! That was one of those moments again when he saw more humor in it than I did...

For many years we vacationed in the UP at Paradise on White Fish Bay. My great aunt and uncle (Lena and Harry McKinstry) owned property on the bay in an old abandoned fishing village called Sheldrake. We checked on this property every year. Sheldrake was unique in itself because it was a "ghost town". Old weather-worn cottages and cabins were simply left, abandoned and forlorn. There was a real quiet eeriness about the place, as if spirits of past residents were watching us from the old broken out windows. Today the old vestiges of log

cabins are gone. New fabulous homes are built in place of the shacks and it's all very cheerful and civilized once again.

While in Paradise we would use Curlie's Motel as our home base and venture out daily to explore. White Fish Point was just north of Paradise and home to an abandoned Coast Guard Station The lighthouse still functioned at that time and had a WONDERFUL fog horn that emitted deep throaty "Bee...Oohs" into the foggy nights. But the buildings had been stripped to the walls by scavengers. Today White Fish Point is totally restored to its glory days and houses a phenomenal shipwreck museum that displays several artifacts from the ill-fated Edmund Fitzgerald, including the ship's bell. At the Point, we'd walk the shores of Lake Superior for miles searching for agates. On another day we'd drive to the Soo...Sault Ste. Marie...to watch the ore ships travel through the locks. And, of course, we'd never miss the chance to visit the Tahquamenon Falls, both upper and lower. It was at the falls that I had two note-worthy adventures with Dad.

Safety precautions for visitors to our State Parks didn't appear until our society became much more litigious. Fear of being sued brought about many new ways of presenting nature's beauties to the tourists without putting them in peril. But not so in the days I explored the "Falls" area. On one such visit, when I was about eight, I ventured too close to the edge of the slippery trail to get a better look at the raging waters below and almost became apart of them. As I began the steep slide down the slippery slope, a strong hand reached down just in time and grabbed the neck of my shirt and hauled me back to safety. I was *very* grateful to Dad for being there! On another occasion, however, many years later, when I was a teenager, he didn't exactly end up in my good graces. Dad never passed a sign that had the name of a waterfall on it and an arrow pointing "that-a-way". So when we came upon a sign pointing towards the Tahquamenon Gorge, Dad pulled the car off to the side of the road and said to me, "Hey! You want to go down in the gorge?" "Sure!", I replied. (Did I have any idea what a gorge was??...*not a clue*...) That day I just happened to be wearing a brand new pair of pristine white tennis shoes from Helzer's General Store...a teenage girl's pride and joy. I felt I looked sooooo cool! Here's where the definition of "gorge" would have come in handy. As I *very soon* discovered, a gorge is "a mass of matter that chokes up a passage: as with ice or **MUD**". And I was in it. No way to turn back. Perhaps, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned"...but a teenage girl with ruined white tennis shoes comes mighty close...

At the end of every day, while we vacationed in Paradise, we ended up at the local dump. It was one of the biggest draws the little town had...sending tourists to the dump at dusk to see the bears. Cars by the dozens would drive down the narrow dirt lane outside of town and back their vehicles into place along the woods line as if we were about to see a drive-in movie. About dusk, bears would start coming out of the woods to dine on the freshest garbage available. There were always the "brave" folks who sat on their car hoods, or enticed bears closer by tossing marshmallows out the windows. Dad had his movie camera ever ready and once, when he got out of the car to get closer shot, a bear came up *behind* the parked cars and walked up to Dad and sniffed his back pocket! On another occasion while we were driving down the trail to the dump, a young boy on a bicycle was pedaling in front of us. All of a sudden an unseen bear that had been in the woods parallel to us, stood up to look over the ferns *just as the boy rode by him!* The bike kept right on going down the trail in front of us but without its rider! The boy had jumped off and run full-speed to the closest camper, and pounded frantically on the door, yelling, "Let me in! Let me in!" It was an "America's Funniest Home Video" moment!! Today, this close-up opportunity to "commune with nature" no longer exists. All dumps have been closed, bulldozed over and signs are posted to not feed the wildlife.

Dad made sure we saw the entire state of Michigan even if we only visited some parts of the state just once. I traveled all the way across the Upper Peninsula only once and I was quite young, probably about age eight, but it was an unforgettable trip. The great aunt and uncle I previously mentioned had a friend who ran a boarding house in Baraga, which is on the Keewenaw Bay in the heart of copper country. So it was only fitting that we

stop over and spend the night in “Mamie’s” boarding house while touring the western half of the UP. I recall Dad parking the car on a very steep sloping street and we had to climb steps from the street *to the sidewalk* and then *more* steps up to the front door of a HUGE old Victorian home. We arrived late in the evening, but Mamie had been expecting us and a dinner awaited us in her dimly lit dining room. I was the only child present so I sat quietly eating and listening to the conversation which seemed to center mostly on all the miners who had boarded in the past there. Unfortunately, she enjoyed most telling about all those who *died in her boarding house* while boarding there. This *was not* good fodder for the mind of a small child who was about to be put to bed “upstairs”. Our room was huge...with lots of doors. There were two beds in the room. One was a large feather bed. But the other, *my bed*, had a cornhusk mattress on it. Every move I made “crackled”. Not that it *kept* me a wake...I really had no intention of closing my eyes *anyway*. I was too worried about *what might be* behind all those mysterious doors! It was one of the longest nights of my life...If I returned to Mamie’s boarding house today, I would probably be enchanted by the quaintness of her home and appreciate its antiquity. But at that moment in my life... it was my version of the Bate’s Motel!

Yes, travel with my family was always fun, educational and, sometimes...a little dangerous. But I have lived to tell the tales and it was all a part of learning about life in Michigan...when I was a kid growing up in Maybee.