

# The Voice of Maybee

Village of Maybee

issue 143

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

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

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## Council Corner

Last night council members discussed the completion of the downtown projects. The road work that was handled by the village is now complete and the final installment of the contract will be paid. The "Streetscape" portion of the downtown which includes the concrete intersection and the sidewalk work that was paid for by a T.E. grant was handled by the state and is almost complete. The intersection will be closed down for one more day next week to finalize the requirements of the grant contract. Also one of the handicap ramps for the sidewalk must be repaired to A D A specifications. Once this is completed and the trash containers and bike rack are installed the project will be finalized.

New this year will be no parking signs on Bluebush Road and Raisin Street when the snow is over two inches. Once the snow has been removed the streets will be available for parking as usual. The snow can be removed much quicker when the plows do not have to maneuver around cars.

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## The Library Table 734-587-3680

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Lego Building!--Maybee Branch Library

Event Type: Gaming Age Group(s): All Ages

Date: 11/19/2011 Start Time: 11:00 AM End Time: 12:00

Let your imagination run wild! Come for some Lego block building. Legos will be provided!

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## Pizza and Pages--Maybee Branch Library

Book Clubs Age Group(s): Teen

Date: 11/26/2011 Start Time: 12:00 PM End Time: 1:00 PM

Description: Talk about the book you're reading, eat some pizza and talk some more. Ages 11 and up please. Maybee Branch Library Contact: [Kelli Venier](mailto:Kelli.Venier@maybeevillage.com) Contact Number: 734-587-3680

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## Thanksgiving - All Branches Closed

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Monroe County Library System Board of Trustees Meeting and Budget Workshop

Event Type: Meetings Age Group(s): Adult

Date: 11/14/2011 Start Time: 6:00 PM End Time: 7:30 PM

### Description:

Monroe County Library System Board of Trustees meeting and budget workshop at the Mary K. Daume Library Service Center, 840 S. Roessler St. Monroe, MI 48161 734-241-5770. **Library:** Monroe County Library System - All Branches

# Gingerbread Building Extravaganza--Maybe Branch Library

**Event Type:** Arts & Crafts

**Age Group(s):** Children, All Ages

**Date:** 12/10/2011

**Start Time:** 11:00 AM

**End Time:** 12:30 PM

## **Description:**

Jump into the Holiday season by building your own gingerbread house! Supplies will be provided to help you achieve your gingerbread home! Be sure to share your list our special holiday guest! Registration Required!

**Contact:** [Kelli Venier](#) **Contact Number:** 734-587-3680 **Status:** Openings (55)

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## SPECIAL THANKS

Thanks to Marc Droulliard (Pit Stop Pizza), Jack Barker(Barkers Auction), and Tim Wylie (a friend of the village) for putting up all of the brackets needed on the new street lights for the Christmas decorations, banners and hanging flower baskets. Also thanks to Jan Barker for leading the effort to design and pay for the banners that will be on the poles after Christmas. The cost for these will be paid for by the Downtown Maybee Day committee.

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## Santa is coming to town

Santa will be making his annual trip through Maybee on Tuesday, December 13, at six in the evening and will be at the L.M.R. Fire hall on Baldwin Road from seven till eight-thirty at night. The Floral City Harmonizers will be there to lead in the singing of Christmas carols while the kids wait their turn to visit with Santa. There is always a bag of treats for all the kids that visit him. See you then.

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

When I was a kid growing up in Maybee, I accomplished a remarkable feat. I had memories of things that happened in Maybee long before I was born. That's incredible! How could that happen, you might ask? Actually, it was pretty easy...I was a good listener.

Many times, on a late Saturday evening, as my parents and the great aunts and uncles sat around the old kitchen table at the Rupp/Hoeszle homestead on Hoffman Road, playing cards and sipping Aunt Helen's home-made wine, I would lay my drowsy little blond head down on the oil cloth covered table and listen to the drone of their voices and laughter as they recalled the old days when they were young and when my dad and his brother, Wayne, were little boys playing at the farm. My young little brain recorded lots of knowledge as the stories were spun. I learned how farmers in the area would lock their buggies up in the barn on Halloween night or risk finding them *on top* the barn roof the next morning. (Pranksters would take apart a buggy, carry it piece by piece to the barn roof and reassemble it there. Now, THAT took dedication!) Or how occasionally a young trickster fell prey to his own joke when he tried tipping over a farmer's outhouse and accidentally slipped into the foul-smelling pit himself!

I heard happy stories of local dances where my Great Uncle Bill played the fiddle, church picnics, winter sleigh rides...romantic stories of courting girls many farms away that required traveling muddy, rutted country roads and 'getting stuck' up to the axles in the old buggy or Model T! And funny stories like when my grandpa was bending over a watering trough in the barnyard at a farm on Palmer Road and a horse kicked him into it!

Families had fun just *making* their own fun in those days of a century-past. Recently I was looking through a huge box of old photos that showed my ancestors, of several generations ago, doing just that... enjoying life as young people in rural Maybee. They certainly looked happy...always smiling, no matter what the activity. They dressed in silly outfits at Halloween (all the girls dressed up as fellows in one shot!). In another they pelted each other with snowballs after a big snow storm. Some teenaged faces grinned devilishly as they played pranks on one another...or made goofy faces at the camera...or struck a 'glamor-girl' pose. I saw nothing but happy memories portrayed in those old photographs, making a time period, long before I was born, come vividly alive to me and become a part of my own family memory bank.

Meanwhile, on another farm on the other side of Maybee, Blue Bush Road to be exact and the present location of J and K Mechanical, my grandparents, a young John and Mary Rupp, were raising two boys, one of which was my dad, Carl. He was the older of the two. From stories I have heard told...Dad and his younger brother, Wayne, weren't the most 'innocent' of children. Not that they were mean or nasty kids, they were just curious, adventurous and full-of-fun farm boys. My grandmother was a wonderfully patient woman, the 'go-to' lady in the neighborhood when there was a family emergency, illness or a baby to help deliver. It was a good thing she was blessed with such a level head (and long fuse!) because I think her boys tested that out many a

time. This farm was headquarters for many large family gatherings when the relatives from Pemberville, Ohio (Grandma's side of the family) or Detroit (Grandpa's side) would visit for Sunday dinner or, occasionally, the whole weekend. Sometimes one of Grandma's sisters-in-law would arrive a day or two ahead of time to help her start preparing food. I've heard stories over the years of what great fun these relatives had coming to Maybee. After all the eating and visiting, there would be music, impromptu dancing, card-playing and kids playing games and exploring the farm.

It was during one of these standard kids' games that came one of the most enduring family memories passed down over the years. When my dad was *very young*, he decided a great place to hide, during a game of 'hide'n'seek', was inside the old milk can setting on the back porch. Now...anyone who had ever known my dad *at any point of his life*...would not have used the words *thin, skinny or slender* to describe him. (Let's just say that Dad was always 'healthy and well-nourished' throughout his entire life!) So just how did he do this? *I don't know*... Just how big was this milk can? *I don't know*...How long was he in there??? *I don't know*...Who got him out...and how?? *I don't know*... So many times have others, and even Dad himself, referred to this event, yet the answers have remained a family mystery. All I recall from my dad's rendition is that he pulled his arms down alongside himself and that is what 'lodged' him securely within. It was also at this same farm years later when Dad was all grown up, that he just happened to be the occupant of the outhouse during a violent wind storm that blew the outhouse over!! Door-side down...

Oh, there are many memories I have of a time and place I never was. I have the mental picture in my mind of the Christmas tree in the parlor, lit by little candles in star-shaped holders, with a bucket of sand and water setting close by in case of fire. (I have those candle holders on my tree now...though I *never* light the candles!) I can picture dad as a young pre-teen slipping into the barn where the barrel of apple jack was curing and taking a sip when no one was looking! I can visualize many of the Rupp cousins as young married couples getting together in a large group and visiting the local 'biergarten' (or as some of the taverns in those days were called...'hogs' troughs') on a Saturday night.

My appearance on the scene was a long ways 'down the road' when all these memories were being made and yet they are so very much a part of my life, too. Oh, there was *one* story of which I *was* a part...the 'star-player' actually. And that occurred when I was an infant and my parents were living in a house on Smith Street here in Maybee. I don't personally recall doing this, but I had discovered how to hold my breath until I turned blue. Apparently, I did this for my own entertainment...after all what else does a baby have to do aside from eat, sleep and poop? It set the adults in my world into an immediate panic until my mom's sister, Mary (Gotha Lehr), put an ingenious stop to it one day by throwing cold water in my face. And so began my collection of memories that I don't actually remember...when I was a kid growing up in Maybee.

