

# The Village of Maybee

Village of Maybee

issue 145

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

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## Council Corner

Last night council members discussed how to resurface the remaining roads in the village. Repairs to the RR crossing on Baldwin Road was also brought up. The repairs to this are scheduled to be worked on this year by Canadian National. A simplified application for home businesses was also approved.

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## The Library Table 734-587-3680

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Preschool Storytime--Maybe Branch Library

**Event Type:** Storytimes & Playgroups **Age Group(s):** Children

**Date:** 1/9/2012 **Start Time:** 6:30 PM **End Time:** 7:30 PM

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### Make and Take Valentine Cards

**Event Type:** Arts & Crafts **Age Group(s):** Children

**Date:** 2/11/2012 **Start Time:** 10:00 AM **End Time:** 11:00 AM

Roses are red, violets are blue, sugar is sweet and so are you! Stop in to make and take home valentine cards for that special someone!

**All Branches will be closed for President's Day February 20**

### Penguin Party

**Event Type:** Arts & Crafts **Age Group(s):** All Ages

**Date:** 2/23/2012 **Start Time:** 6:00 PM **End Time:** 7:00 PM

WADDLE you be doing on Thursday February 23rd? Slip, or slide to the library igloo, to chill out with us. There will be lots of COOL games and crafts to enjoy.

### THE BIG GIG!

**Event Type:** Music **Age Group(s):** All Ages

**Date:** 2/25/2012 **Start Time:** 7:00 PM

"THE BIG GIG!" is Monroe County's 25th Annual Black History Month Blues Concert, a star-studded evening featuring a once-in-a-lifetime lineup of Blues Series alumni. Rev. Robert B. Jones will host and kick things off. He'll be joined by the likes of Peter Madcat Ruth, legendary Muddy Waters Band guitarist Steady Rollin' Bob Margolin, the "Music Makin' Mama" herself, pianist/guitarist Ann Rabson, mandolin virtuoso Rich DelGrosso, boogie-woogie piano powerhouse Daryl Davis, Detroit blues diva Thornetta Davis, roots rock power trio George Bedard & the Kingpins, and drummer Mike Shimmin and bassist Dominic John. Event is held at Monroe County Community College, Meyer Theater. Doors open at 6 p.m. For more information, please call 734-241-5277.

**Treat of the Month**

**Event Type:** Arts & Crafts **Age Group(s):** All Ages

**Date:** 2/28/2012 **Start Time:** 5:00 PM **End Time:** 6:00 PM

It's time to put two great things together, food and crafting! Join us for some creative food crafting! Amaze your family and friends with these fun and easy food projects! This class is for ages 8-13 years please. Class size will be limited so please register!

**Contact:** [Kelli Venier](#) **Contact Number:** 734-587-3680 **Status:** Openings (9)

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**London-Maybee-Raisinville  
FIRE DEPARTMENT**

L.M.R. Fire Department is accepting applications for paid on call Firefighters.

All applicants must pass a pre-employment physical and Drug screen. For further information or to obtain an application please contact Chief Rick Smith at 734-915-7509.

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**DOWNTOWN  
MAYBEE  
DAY**

This year the festival will be Saturday, May 19

Information and crafter applications will be on the village website by the first of March. Anyone interested in helping out please contact the village office.

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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, I was always intrigued by the old farmhouse 'just down the road' from our home on Blue Bush Road. To my very young, inexperienced mind, I thought it was the saddest, ugliest old house I had ever seen. And it was frankly, a little scary! I would stand at the end of our little orchard, along side Big Sandy Creek, and try to picture how it might have looked once upon a time.

The house, an old German red brick farmhouse, stood where J and K Mechanical now is located. It had no roof, the dilapidated wooden porches had long fallen off and a couple scraggly pine trees stood out front. What out buildings remained were weathered and in disrepair. Little to no grass grew in the yard. It was still inhabited by two elderly bachelors, Leo and Tony Blazer. (Actually, I am not *really* sure how old they were at that time. But to my very *young* way of thinking then, *anyone* over 30 was on his last leg so they 'looked' elderly to me!!)

It wasn't until I was older, and the house was empty, that I learned just how *personally* connected *I was* to that house. For in its 'hey day', it was the heart of my dad's family. It was the home in which my grandparents (John and Mary Rupp) raised their two boys, my dad, Carl, and his younger brother, William (Wayne). It was a house that drew extended family on weekends and rang with fun, laughter, good food and happy times. It was a working farm with big gardens, farm animals and pets. It hosted holidays with special emphasis placed on the young family members. And it had a whole roof! It wasn't a sad, ugly *or* scary house, at all!!

Dad told me stories about being a small boy on that farm. That was the house where he hid in the milk can on the back porch during a game of hide'n'seek and got stuck! That was the barnyard where he was playing one day and the first airplane he ever saw flew over...sending him running frightened into the house to tell his mother about the giant bird in the sky. That was the house where one of his first childhood Christmas trees was a large dead weed cut from the closest fence row because a huge snow storm kept his dad from getting a tree from the woods. And it was in that farmhouse upstairs where my dad awoke on cold winter mornings to no heat and snow laying on his quilt because the old windows had gaps around the edges.

At our last Beeker Family reunion (Grandma Rupp's maiden name was Beeker), in Pemberville, Ohio, I asked all Dad's first cousins to tell me their memories of that old farm house. They spent a lot of their growing up years visiting my grandparents who would have been their Aunt Mary and Uncle John.

Cousin Joan Beeker Van Vorhis remembers the flock of geese and how they would chase people and try to pinch them. She also recalls the 'hucksters' which were small trucks with wooden sides that peddled goods to the farms. She remembers Grandma buying peanut butter and bananas from them. Joan also recalls my Grandpa's not-so-polished driving skills. Accustomed to driving horses, his first automobile provided him with challenges...like he used to 'speed up' going around corners rather than slowing down! She also remembers playing softball games on Easter Sunday on the farm.

Joan's sister, Marcena Beeker Bockbrader, recalls the pump organ in the parlor, Tiger ballgames on the radio and the dirt floor in the basement. She also said that in that basement were kegs of homemade wine and the kids always were given 'a taste'. But when guests were served wine, they weren't given a wine

glass full, they were given a *water glass full...*!

Cousin Kay Beeker Patterson, who spent a lot of time with my grandparents, remembers the rain barrels used to catch rain for washing clothes, bath water, etc. And she also recalls when the threshers would come to the farm. Grandma would start cooking a week ahead on the cook stove in the huge kitchen. When it came time to feed the threshers, Kay and another girlfriend from the next farm (Donna Simonelli) would put on fancy aprons and serve the workers. She was just a young girl of twelve or thirteen at the time.

Brothers Dick and Bob (Red) Beeker said the old farmhouse was built in the German tradition of 'three-bricks thick'...meant to last. They were young boys of seven or eight years old in the 1930's when they wandered the farm. They both recall the big fenced in garden. It HAD to be fenced in because the geese, chickens and ducks were free-range and ate everything in sight. The fowl would keep the yard grassless plus they laid their eggs wherever they chose! At Easter time, the fenced-in garden would be the site of the Easter egg hunt. A huge number of Easter eggs were hidden all over the garden. Both agreed they had never seen so many eggs!

Both Dick and Red also recall the big yellow and brown mixed collie that Grandpa had at the time. Grandpa would say, "Go git'em!" and the collie would go down the lane and bring the cattle back, barking at their heels. Going into my dad's bedroom was a real adventure, too. Dad, who always loved nature and all its creatures, kept quite a menagerie. Dad collected snakes, flying squirrels, *and* a pet woodchuck. I remember the story about the woodchuck. It disappeared one day and couldn't be found. When it was *finally* discovered, it had burrowed up under Grandma's sofa in the parlor *probably to hibernate*. To say the least, Dad's 'popularity' somewhat decreased with Grandma that day...

At the same time that Mom and Dad were married in 1940, Dad acquired the log cabin gas station at the corner of Blue Bush and Blazer Roads. Mom started helping in the station that summer. So at dinner time, she would walk to Grandma's and they would prepare dinner and do the dishes together and then Mom would walk back to the station for the evening. That old farm played a big role in the lives of many family members. Through the years, and long after my Grandparents no longer lived there, my dad bought some of the acres of that farm, slowly adding on bits and pieces as he could afford it. Dad never left that farm boy background behind and he planted fruit and nut trees, berry bushes, pines for Christmas, raised a much-too-large garden and even an eight acre field of corn or wheat. But it wasn't just the 'need-to-grow and harvest', it was also to stay connected to the happy past that old farm represented... including the lane along which grew some of the original trees from his boyhood.

When the house was finally torn down and just a pile of rubble, I was a married lady by then. But I was very fortunate to be offered some of those red German bricks. They are now fashioned into a beautiful brick hearth in my basement where they support a little stove with a welcoming warm flame. No matter what happens to the buildings in our lives, the memories they held live on. And so does the story of that ugly and scary old house I used to stare at when I was a kid...growing up in Maybee.

Oh! And the story as to how the house lost its roof? In the late 1930's...about '37 or '38...a very bad wind storm hit town and it blew the roof off! And THAT was the very same wind storm that blew their outhouse over...door down...with my dad inside!! Ah, yes...*those were* the 'good ol' days!'

