

# The Voice of Maybee

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## Council Corner

The June council meeting was a long one with a lot of people in attendance. Everyone who wanted to was allowed to ask questions regarding the annexation of the property owned by Stoneco. There are people that say we do not want the stone quarry in Maybee but the truth of the matter is that it is not going to move. It is already there and at the present time, residents of the village do not have any control over it. The village has 562 residents that already live within a two mile radius of the quarry. The village is effected by the same blasting and mining operations as the residents of Exeter but we do not receive any taxes or compensation for it. Over the years the township has received hundreds of thousands of dollars to help with roads, etc. while the village has also had the stone trucks coming through town but the roads are only maintained by the village. Stoneco has been a good neighbor over the years with donations made to the park, support for the baseball programs, helping out the L.M.R. fire department and they have been a major supporter of the Downtown Maybee Day Festival. For some people, change does not come easy, so we can only hope that all of the right questions are asked before any final decision is made regarding this matter.

Council members did approve the purchase of a new mower for the village to replace the tractor that we now have. Lets hope this one will last over twenty years like the last one.

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*There is a new business in town called Altered St8. It is located in the Schafer building on Raisin St. If you need anything altered or custom made, this is the place to go.*

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## The Library Table    734-587-3680

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School is out and after the excitement wears off the kids start to become bored. Remember that when this happens or it is a rainy day with them trapped inside you can always let them pick out a good book to read or even a movie. There is no charge for either one at the Maybee Branch Library.

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

Rupp's Friendly Service, Part III....

When I was a kid growing up in Maybee, 'air conditioning' was an open window or a rotating fan. On most summer days, this was enough. But one could count on at least one stretch of days when the temperature would soar above 90 degrees with humidity running parallel to it. On those days people needed more creativity to get them through the worst of it.

I recall that in our household, my mom (Esther Rupp) would close the windows, shut the venetian blinds and circulate the air with fans. The heat would be closed out during the day. But when darkness fell, the front door and the windows would be re-opened to catch the cool night breeze and allow in the wonderful sounds of the night...like crickets chirping, frogs croaking and the muffled voices of people visiting on their front porches.

For me, my most pleasant memories of those hot, sultry days concerned being cooled off from within! My mom, like many others, would often serve cold suppers...perhaps slices of cold roast beef or chicken, potato salad and thick slices of chilled home grown tomatoes served with cottage cheese. There'd be tall glasses of lemonade or iced tea in which floated slices of lemon or orange. Often we'd carry our plates to the basement where it was always several degrees cooler and eat there. It was always a welcome, refreshing break from the oppressive, draining heat of the day.

Every summer, farmers from the South would bring truckloads of huge, long dark green watermelons to sell to store owners in small northern towns such as ours. One old gentleman always stopped at our Mobil gas station knowing Dad would buy one. Dad would place that melon in the ice house and that night, after closing the station at 9 pm, he'd bring it home. I remember standing in the kitchen, freshly scrubbed from my bath, wearing my light weight summer pajamas, watching with great anticipation as Dad sliced into that icy cold watermelon. The rind was so very cold, it would snap and crack when he cut into it. Those melons were so sweet and so juicy that the big black seeds floated in a large puddle of pink water left on my plate. What a cool and delicious way for a kid to end a hot summer day.

The station, during the summer, was an oasis for young and old alike, for not only did we have the traditional Coke machine that all gas stations had to have, but we also had an ice cream freezer filled with every frozen treat imaginable. For a nickel one could choose from a variety of Popsicle flavors like root beer, grape, orange, lemon, lime, and cherry and split the treat with a friend since popsicles always came as a 'pair' in those days. There were Dixie cups in chocolate, vanilla and strawberry, complete with the flat little wooden spoon that made your tongue feel funny when you licked it! There were ice cream sandwiches, fudge bars and ice cream bars covered in dark chocolate and, *if you had a dime*, you could get a Drumstick! All these treats were much bigger in size, but smaller in price, than today. And, just for fun, Dad would toss a dozen candy bars in the freezer, too, for folks who enjoyed their Milky Way or Snickers frozen.

I was around all these goodies on a daily basis but only occasionally did I get to partake. Just because they were there did not give me free access to them! I always asked first and did NOT always receive! But when I did, my favorite was an ice cold pop from the Coke machine.

Coke machines have been constantly evolving through the years. In the early days, the company always had a new model for Dad to try out. My happiest memory was of the original machine moved from Dad's old log cabin station to the 'new' station. It was the old chest type, lined in gray tin, with lids that lifted from both ends. Big chunks of ice had to be added a couple times a day to cool the contents. I was quite small in those days and had to stand on tip toes to reach over the side and plunge one arm up passed my elbow into the icy water as I held the lid up precariously over my head with the other. I couldn't see what I was doing but it didn't matter because every brand had its own unique shape. I could feel the bottle and tell what it was. A short fat bottle was Dad's Root Beer....rippled swirl meant Nesbett's orange....tall, slender bumpy glass could be any flavor of Ne Hi and an hour glass shape, of course, was a Coke. Dad also carried Faygo, Mason's and Hire's Root Beer, RC Cola, Vernor's Gingerale , 7-Up and Pepsi. Hard to choose! But I would try for a Pepsi...that, along with a small bag of salty Q-Mans potato chips, was sheer delight. I'd retreat to the storage room and perch myself upon an unopened case of Mobil oil and slowly relish every crisp chip and cold sip of Pepsi. I can still 'taste' that combination in my memory today!



Memories of childhood aren't just mental images. They are also the sounds, smells and tastes that accompany those pictures. Today's kids will have different ones of their long, hot summer days, as times have definitely changed, but I hope they will be as cherished and happy as those that I have from when... I was a kid growing up in Maybee.