

# The Voice of Maybee

Village of Maybee

issue 159

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

P.O. Box 36

734-587-2900

fax 734-587-6534

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## Council Corner

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The village council meeting was rather quiet compared to earlier meetings. The resignation of Councilman Anthony Lieto was accepted and he was replaced by Mr. Marvin Rogers. Many thanks to Tony for his years of service as a councilman. We all wish him the very best. A big welcome to "Brad" Rogers to the village council. The matter of the Stoneco Quarry will be taken up at the April meeting. A point of clarification regarding the petition that was signed by many of the village residents. This was a petition to express your support for the council to vote on the annexation issue on your behalf and not a vote by you. This was a *petition* and not a *ballot*.

Another item discussed by the council was the Voice of Maybee newsletter. Some of the people present expressed a desire to have the newsletter sent by mail the way that it was a few years back. The cost to do it this way is approximately sixty-five cents per copy and at the present time there would be 290 copies per month. If you know of someone that would like to receive the newsletter and does not have access to a computer (Library computers are free to everyone) please let us know and we will try to remedy the situation.

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**The Library Table 734-587-3680**

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### Preschool Story time

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

**Day-Mon. Start Time:** 6:00 PM **End Time:** 7:00 PM

**Day-Thurs. Start Time:** 10:00 AM **End Time:** 11:00 AM

Story times increase the crucial language skills that help children get ready for school. They also promote listening skills and prepare them for social situations. Fun and engaging activities advance children's motor skills while creative art projects help develop color and shape recognition

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### Origami Box Making

**Event Type:** Arts & Crafts **Age Group(s):** Teen, Adult, Seniors

**Date:** 3/18/2013 **Start Time:** 6:00 PM **End Time:** 7:30 PM

**Description:**

Come and make cute little boxes to hold your tiny treasures. Need a gift box, learn how to make them with paper you have lying around. We will have different materials to use to make and decorate them.

## **Tuesdays at the Movies**

**Event Type:** Movies **Age Group(s):** Adult, Seniors

**Date:** 3/26/2013 **Start Time:** 6:00 PM **End Time:** 8:00 PM

The Maybee Branch Library would like to welcome you to join us for Classic Movie Tuesdays. All showings will be at 6pm. Please feel free to bring your favorite movie snacks.

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## **Reel Fun Family Movie Afternoon--Maybee Branch Library** **Movies: All Ages**

**Date:** 4/2/2013 **Start Time:** 1:00 PM **End Time:** 2:30 PM

**Description:**

When an evil spirit known as Pitch lays down the gauntlet to take over the world, the immortal Guardians must join forces for the first time to protect the hopes, beliefs and imagination of children all over the world. Feel free to bring movie time snacks to enjoy during the film! Rated PG; 97 minutes

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## **Sense-Stations--Maybee Branch Library**

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

**Date:** 4/6/2013 **Start Time:** 10:00 AM **End Time:** 11:00 AM

**Description:**

These stories and activities are designed to enhance your child's' motor skills and sensory development. For caregivers, and children from 1 to 5 years old.

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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 spent a lot of time on the banks of Big Sandy Creek which went right through our backyard. For those who might not know, the creek that flows behind the businesses in downtown Maybee IS actually a creek....not a drainage ditch as the others are that pass through town. This one was placed here by Mother Nature and eventually empties directly into Lake Erie.

My backyard was an ever changing world of exploration. The changing of the seasons always brought a change of adventure. At that time my dad (Carl Rupp) had a very simple footbridge across the creek and it wasn't exactly 'level'. Actually, I think 'warped' would describe it better. Cautiously I would crawl out to the center of it and sit, daggling my legs over the side, and simply watch the life transpire around and beneath me. In the spring and summer the banks were covered in flowers....hollyhocks, orange day lilies, sweet pea vines, and prickly wild roses. The color and scent was glorious.

Red-winged blackbirds always returned in the spring and nested in the cattails. They had this wonderful warble I loved to hear. It's still, for me, one of the most anticipated sounds of spring, School let out for the summer much earlier in those days and the red-wing's arrival always seemed to parallel that time. Even today when I hear their song, I think of impending summer freedom.

But even prior to all this, late winter or early spring would send the carp and pike up the creek. I'd watch the big waves stirring up the muddy, murky water and run along side the creek following their progress, gauging their size according to the wave each made. That was a *very* busy time, especially if you were a young boy with a spear! Now there IS a legal pike season, but the pike and carp didn't always align their travel plans through Maybee to coincide accurately with that date, which didn't appear to bother most of the male population. At night I could see flash lights patrolling the banks behind the house and gas station and occasionally hear, "Got one!" I'm sure there are still several Maybee residents that were quite familiar with this process.....

The spring, though, could be the most exciting, if we had heavy rains paired with melting snow. That would cause the water to rise and flood the backyard. At times the water came all the way up to the backdoor. I wasn't allowed to get involved with that stage but I was fascinated by watching from the window, the banks lose control of their contents and vanish from view. The water would recede as quickly as it rose and the creek would settle down to a reasonable level to support all the creatures that lived there.

In the summertime, the frogs serenaded the countryside at night. They sounded SO LOUD outside my open bedroom window. The bull frogs were my favorite with their deeper "twang". Unfortunately during the day the frogs would often find themselves in jeopardy as occasionally a heron would fly in from the lake to eat its fill. I did love to watch the heron land. It was such a huge bird with a magnificent wingspan. In the air it always reminded me of the pterodactyl from the age of dinosaurs. I would watch it wade down the center of the creek with sort of a gawky, awkward gait...then suddenly it would dip its head forward into the water and come up with a frog or tiny fish.

Snapping turtles, snakes, muskrats, dragonflies and water bugs were also entertaining to me, too. I would watch them as I 'fished' with a long bamboo pole I confiscated from the attic of the garage. I tied a long piece of string (probably from Helzer's General Store or Luke Liedel's Meat Market) onto the end of it and then added the "hook"...a medium sized safety pin...open, of course. No bait. I would fish for hours, daydreaming, singing and observing the wild world around me. Good thing Mom wasn't depending on me for the evening's meal for it would have taken a really stupid fish with a strong desire to taste a safety pin in order to end up as the main course on our dinner table.

Dad once owned a canoe. One gray, November day we had driven round trip to Grayling to get that canoe. Dad tied it to the roof of the Jeep and for five hours it swayed and whistled all the way home. The canoe remained docked in the garage attic most of the time. But I remember one perfect summer Sunday afternoon when the water was just deep enough, he and I paddled all the way down past Kenny Weyher's farm. I thought that was the coolest thing! It brought me into even closer contact with my beloved creek without actually getting wet!

The creek would go through one dry spell every summer when the water would vanish entirely due to lack of rain. The creek bottom would become cracked mud and even the muskrats were forced to *walk* to their holes. For a while the wildlife would disappear until the eventual rains would bring them back.

Winter time brought the ice. And I spent a lot of time on it....literally...as I could never master the art of skating even though in my imagination I felt I was destined to be the next Peggy Fleming. My sled was the safer choice for me and I spent hours getting a running start and belly-flopping onto it seeing how far I could go. And there was a time or two when my impatience to get on the ice sent a foot through it instead. Icy cold water would fill my boot and the silt on the creek bottom would suck it off my foot. Mom was never too pleased with me following such events....

I think every kid should be blessed with the opportunity to explore a creek or ditch or river or lake. There's a lot to be learned by living near water and a lot of fun to be had. I was the female version of Huck Finn and the creek was my Mississippi. I feel I was pretty lucky to have the Big Sandy in my backyard..... when I was a kid growing up in Maybee.

