

The Voice of Maybee

Village of Maybee

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Council Corner

At Wednesdays council meeting the two year plus journey to make the Stoneco quarry part of the village finally came to a conclusion. The special land use document that has been debated for so long was approved with council persons Gross, Liedel, VanAuker, Rogers and President Gaylor voting in favor and Councilman Younglove and Gramlich absent from the meeting. The village looks forward to many years of partnership with the quarry and their commitment to working with the community.

The other item on the agenda was the road work that was to have been completed on Antes Drive. Chuck Davidson concrete works was originally to complete the work but has been unable to handle the job so another company will now make the repairs. Work should start within the next couple of weeks.

The Library Table 734-587-3680

With a whole new website and so much going on, take full advantage of the system by going to

<http://monroe.lib.mi.us/>

and selecting the Maybee Branch section. There is a lot more to the library than just reading books.

Village Elections

The village elections will take place in November this year and will be held at the Exeter Township Hall. There will be three council seats to be voted on along with the village president position. Council position is for a four year term and the president position is for a two year term. Persons interested may pick up the required material from Billie Iott at the Exeter Township hall. The election is non-partisan and open to registered voters in the village. A minimum of six signatures are required to sign your petition and it must be turned in by 4pm on July 22, 2014. This is your chance to be part of the process that makes the village a great place to live.

MAYBEE PARKS NEW LOOK



Old lights at Veterans Field



New lights being installed



Veterans Field from center field



Ball field 2 & 3 in background

There is a new look at Maybee Park thanks to the combined effort of the Downtown Maybee Day Committee, the Maybee Recreation Committee, The Village of Maybee, Stoneco of Maybee and Caterpillar Co. At Veterans Field only 28 of the 48 lights were in working order and that made for some very dark games. With the new lights installed it is like Comerica Park. The two crews of electricians supplied by Stoneco and the extra lift furnished by Caterpillar made the installation much safer.



NEW MANAGEMENT

To learn more about the Little Brown Jug and what has changed go to www.littlebrownjugmaybee.com and see for yourself. The Jug has been serving residents of Maybee and the surrounding area since 1977 and the tradition will continue. There will still be specials like “Wing night”, “Mexican night”, “Home style night”, “Fish night” and two for 20 night. Jeth Ott, the new owner, promises to keep the quality up and the service better than ever. Stop by and give him a try.



New business in Maybee

Beauty for Ashes Hair Salon is now open for business in the village. To learn more about it go to www.beautyforasheshairsalon.net or call Shirley at 734-344-1865.

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

When I was a kid growing up in Maybee, I accompanied my mother (Esther Rupp) on her daily errands 'uptown' until I reached school age. Since I was very small, this short walk from the corner of Blue Bush and Blazer where Dad's Mobil gas station was located was like a far off journey into another world. I was quite used to cars, oil cans, tires and the smell of gasoline, but businesses that dealt with things apart from that were great fascinations to me.

Mom's errand list usually took us to the post office first. At that time it was located where Sam's Pizza now is or the building's space adjacent to it. The post office offered interesting distractions for me while Mom purchased stamps at the window. The mailboxes had combination locks with little arrowed dials which were fun to twirl around. The post mistress (Garnet Liedel) allowed me to dig around in the trash can in the lobby and take home any disposed of fourth class junk mail...which was a real asset for playing postal employee later in the day.

After the post office, we would walk across the street to the bank (then called People's Bank). This was *very* serious business. At least it seemed that way to me. The tellers stood behind counters and were separated from the customers by a piece of glass. You pushed your bank book, or whatever business you were transacting, through a small opening under this piece of glass. I was always too short to see what was going on over my head but I knew it must be extremely important because the tellers always spoke in very hushed tones. Frankly, I was never too impressed by that business. There wasn't much for a kid to do in the bank lobby and, in those days, I didn't even get a sucker!

However, once a month we got to go to the telephone office so Mom could pay the phone bill. The telephone office was a two-story white building (long since gone) located about where the farm trucks pull into the mill to dump their loads of grain. Now THAT was a really fascinating place to go! Sylvia Rath was the operator at that time and she got to sit in front of this big metal apparatus full of holes all day long connecting people's calls by poking long black cords with metal plugs into those holes. And, she got to wear an impressive headset and talk into it! Now THAT was a job to envy! When I'd get home after visiting the telephone office, I'd prop my tennis shoes up on end and plug and unplug my shoe laces into the little holes pretending to be an operator. It wasn't until years later that I discovered this phone office had been located in the house of the operators (Matilda Herkimer and her two daughters, Sylvia and Ruth) and their service was 'round the clock'! Maybe *not* such an enviable job after all!

But one of my *absolute favorite* stops on Mom's errand list was Luke Liedel's Meat Market (now the center section of The Little Brown Jug). Luke was a short, stout gentleman who lived in a big white house right across the street from our gas station. Every day I would see him leave his house wearing his flat tam on his head and frequently smoking a cigar and every day after closing his shop, he reversed the journey. But in between, he wrapped himself in a traditional white butcher's apron. Once through the doors of his shop, you were greeted by the sights, sounds and delicious smells only a meat markets can offer. A walk across the squeaky wooden floor brought you face-to-face with the long refrigerated case filled with freshly ground hamburger, an assortment of roasts and chops, and long rolls of luncheon meats, like bologna, pickled pimento, or liver loaf, waiting to be cut in thick luscious slices. Should you not see exactly what you wanted in the case, Luke would enter his walk-in

locker and bring out a big slab of meat, place it on the large, well-worn butcher block, and with a handheld meat saw or shape knife, cut the meat to your specifications. I loved to watch the procedure. The meat locker was the equivalent to a bank vault. The thick wooden door had a long heavy pull handle that locked and unlocked with a loud echo that reverberated through the little shop. No precious cold air was about to escape from that locker! Luke would then rip a big sheet of white paper from the roll mounted on the counter, wrap the meat with precise folds, and swiftly tie it closed with string pulled from the wrought iron dispenser hanging from the ceiling over his head...a couple of swirls around the package, a tight knot, and a quick snap of the string...and it was ready to take home. (I know there were a lot of 'junk' drawers in homes around Maybee that kept that string from Luke's. You never knew when you just might need a good substantial piece of string!) Mom might add a bag of noodles, a box of crackers or a carton of Velveeta to round off her purchases. Luke would write each item down by hand on his receipt book with the stub of a pencil, tally it up and drop it in the paper bag.

Our errands for that particular day completed, we walked back to our life at the corner of Blue Bush and Blazer. The next day would bring a new list of errands to other places in town. 'Going uptown' with Mom was a small distance to cover by foot but it led to a big world of pleasant discoveries and adventures for this little kid...growing up in Maybee.