

# The Voice of Maybee

Village of Maybee issue 173 [www.maybeevillage.com](http://www.maybeevillage.com)

P.O. Box 36 734-587-2900 fax 734-587-6534 Dec., 2014

Council Corner

For the last three months the council has been busy repairing damage caused by reckless drivers, exceptionally high winds, water, and the normal repairs. The new budget has been passed for the year 2015 and all of the committees have been filled except for the Downtown Maybee Day Committee. This committee is in need of a few more people to help keep a forty year tradition alive. If you would like to volunteer a small amount of your time to help out, contact Stephannie at First Merit Bank. A lot of the improvements to the village, including the park have been because of the Maybee Day Festival. Just like so many people in the past you will find the experience very rewarding. It is just time for some younger adults to come forward and give a helping hand.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Library Table 734-587-3680

Monday, December 15, 2014 6:00PM – 7:00 PM

Christmas Cheeries

Christmas Crafts – Holiday Fun – Cherry Fun

---

Make and Take Craft

Monday, December 22, 2014

Stop by and make a craft with supplies provided.

There will be different crafts each day.

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.

\*\*\*\*\*

## **Christmas Time in Maybee**

This is the time of the year when the village looks it's best. The downtown is decorated and lit up, the businesses are inviting for visitors and residents, and the homes are beautiful to look at. There will be many parties going on at both the businesses and homes so the best thing is to remember to drive a little slower and watch out for people crossing the streets. We hope that this will be a safe and joyous holiday season in the

---

**When I was a Kid growing up in Maybee....**

**by Marjorie Van Auken**

When I was a kid growing up in Maybee, I started learning about local village government at an early age. My mom and dad, Carl and Esther Rupp, both served as village officials over the course of several decades. Dad was village president for a total of 13 years in the 1960's and 70's and my mom served 33 years as village treasurer,

retiring in 1994.

Monthly Village Council meetings, the annual Michigan Week mayor exchange days, village tax preparation and collection, plus everything else that went with the offices, were all common place events around the house as I was growing up. Since the majority of their years of service occurred while I was in elementary and high school, I was included in many of the activities.

I recall a particular Mayor's Exchange with a small town near Cadillac called Buckley. Dad drove us to Buckley where we were met by the local officials who proceeded to guide us on a tour of interesting sites in their area. Buckley was at that time equivalent in size to Maybee so didn't sport any more businesses than we did. One feature that was different was a canning factory, primarily for tomatoes. However, the unique feature of this factory was that local people could take their fruits, vegetables and meats to the factory and have it canned for them! I remember we were given a large assortment of shiny tin cans filled with fruits, vegetables and chicken to take home...but none of the cans had labels! We were taken to their school where we were served lunch and dad was presented a 'key to the city' made from plywood. Frankly, this was looking like a real 'low-key' day...pun intended! But then, things took on a different perspective. We were driven to Interlochen Music Camp near Traverse City and given a private tour of the amazing facility by teachers and students. We witnessed practice sessions in progress in many of the small cabins and then we attended a wonderful outdoor instrumental concert in one of the performance arenas. This experience was fabulous, but, perhaps where my dad was concerned, the best was yet to come. The grand finale came when we were taken to a nice restaurant in Cadillac for dinner before we left for home. Keeping in mind that Michigan Week is in May which is prime morel mushroom hunting season in the north. It was at this restaurant that we discovered morels were FOR SALE...not by the package in small amounts, but by the peck or bushel basketful!! I don't think dad could believe his eyes! We left Buckley with memories of a day happily spent, a bushel of mushrooms and a boatload of mystery foods in shiny tin cans...

What I associate the most with my mom's three decades- plus tenure as treasurer are books...very, very large books. They were the ledgers in which everything was recorded. And she spent a great deal of time with them spread out before her, her trusty adding machine close by. In those days, everything was prepared by hand. No computers were on the scene yet. The preparation of taxes, reports for the monthly council meeting, percentages, delinquency charges, interest, banking deposits, book balancing, writing checks, etc....all was done by hand and recorded in ink. After spending hours balancing the books, if she came up a couple pennies off, she'd have to go over the figures all over again. It certainly wasn't a stress-free job! And when it came time to have the books audited, it was a two-person job to transport them. Mom and I would each carry a bag loaded with the heavy books to the office of the auditor that was usually located on the second or third floor of an office building in downtown Monroe that either had a small creaky elevator...or no elevator at all!

When people paid their taxes they could do so my mail, of course, or drop by the house or gas station and pay in person. I remember the ink pad and the official stamp that was used to mark the taxes paid with the hand-written date recorded in the box provided. Mom had the process of her duties down to an art form. Years after she retired as treasurer, people would still call her to ask questions about past property ownership and

tax histories. She had so much committed to memory, that in most cases she could still answer their questions.

Dad had one major dream when he was village president and that was to see city water come to Maybee. He had lived with sulfur water his whole life and knew the pitfalls of all the damage it could do to household appliances. Besides, it wasn't all that tasty! He attended lots of meetings, made his plea and pitch, but water never made it out to Maybee in his lifetime. He did get to see the sewer system installed though and that was good. He would be so pleased to know that we are now finally enjoying the benefits of good city water.

While Dad was in office, the Maybee Park came into existence through the efforts of the Maybee Citizens Committee of which I was an officer. The committee used the profits made from Downtown Maybee Day to establish the site and to purchase playground and picnic equipment. On the day the park was dedicated, both Dad and I were amongst those making speeches. That was a pretty neat privilege for me to share that experience with my dad that day. He also was president when the village observed its centennial in 1973. I have a photo of Mom and Dad riding in the Centennial parade, sharing the rumble seat in an old vintage car.

Thirty years ago I came on board the village council. Mom was still treasurer at that time and we attended the meetings together. One of the projects that Mom volunteered for was the purchase of the candy for Santa's annual visit. I would go with her to pick up the big candy order (then purchased through a candy store at the mall) which we then transported to the firemen who packaged the bags for the big night. As the years went on, that project was passed on to me and, I must say, it's been something I look forward to every year. It never fails as I am standing in line (now at Sam's Club) with my huge cart stacked full of bags and boxes of candy goodies that 'someone' will take notice and say, "Excuse me, but I MUST ask..." or "Boy, I'm going to come and live at *your* house!" This year's Santa visit has just recently passed and as I rode in the beautiful state-of-the-art fire engine with my two grandsons, ( a highlight of my life, I might add) , I had the same thought that I always get as people come out to wave at Santa...I am soooooooooo happy I live in a small town! This little bit of tradition ties us all together on that one particular evening of the year. What makes me grin and get a tear in my eye at the same time is when I see 'the big kids' come to the doors and windows to smile and wave...no need to be a child...or have one by your side...because I *know* they are recalling when, years before, *they* were the ones who waved at Santa and then went to the L.M.R. fire hall and sat on his lap! It's a bit of small town America that I hope never vanishes.

It's been a very educational, growing experience to be a part of the council for thirty years. In the beginning, being the only female voting member of the board, I was shy and listened more than spoke. But, I got over it...! I've served under three village presidents and with a number of different councilmen. I realize that being the only gal at the table, I often represented 'the softer side of Sears'. But my fellow councilmen...who were always men...always treated me with the greatest of respect. And I thank them all for that courtesy. It truly has been an honor, and a privilege, to serve this town ,that has always been my home... since I was a kid...growing up in Maybee.



Floral City Harmonizers

## Santa's Arrival





Crowds gathering



Some happy, some not



Marge Van Auker, one of Santa's long time helpers



The ladies in charge of giving out Hot chocolate, cookies and candy. Tona, Cathi, Sue, and Stephannie

Merry Christmas

And a very

Happy New Year