

MAXINKUCKEE GOLF COURSE INCLUDED ON NATIONAL REGISTER

As a part of the East Shore Lake Maxinkuckee Historic District, the Maxinkuckee Country Club has been placed on the National Register of Historic Places. It is the only golf course in the state of Indiana to be so honored and we plan to dedicate the golf course as part of the festivities on July 11 at the beginning of the Ice Cream Social... (See Ice Cream Social)

In June of 1908 the following article appeared in the Culver newspaper:

PORTLEDGE GOLF LINKS

The golf course lying east of Portledge cottage was opened last week by Chas E. Coffin, the owner, assisted by Mr. Zimmer, the state golf champion, Rev. James D. Stanley and Kenneth Ogle, in an 18 hole foursome.

The links comprise a field of fifteen acres adjoining Portledge on the east and there are six holes in the course with a total distance of 1500 yards. The grounds are rolling and there are a number of natural hazards that make the links sufficiently sporty and interesting.

The course is being used daily by the golf players on the East side and all pronounce it a most valuable addition to the attractions of the lake. It is proposed to have a golf tournament on the links some time in the near future.

June, 1908

HISTORICAL MARKERS ON EAST SHORE

That part of the East Shore which has been listed in the Indiana State Register of Historic Sites and Structures is now distinguished by an historical marker at each end of the district. A good-looking brass sign (see picture) is located just north of 2802 East Shore and at 742 East Shore. Notice them as you drive by and give yourself a pat on the back for making it happen.



The wonderful drawings are from a letter written to Mr. Charles E. Coffin on February 24, 1918. Mary Jo Bradley, whose extensive and unique collection of family memorabilia contains the letter, does not remember who W.A. Ireland, the writer of the letter was, but he had visited at the lake for several days and wrote that "I have made a spring inspection of the golf course." After making observations about some of the holes, he concludes:

"It gave me a mighty itching as I stood there watching the ball in my mind's eye, sail over the course, and I thought that I'd better write Coffin about it."

The Country Club has grown much since then and we join the members in proud salute to their inclusion on the National Register.



The Lake Association Celebrates 50 Years

Congratulations to the Lake Maxinkuckee Association for 50 years of promoting the quality of life around our lake. Not only has it served the people who have come to enjoy the lake, it has acted to protect the natural environment of the area. It has been the greatest kind of community organization because the people who benefit the most from the activities are the ones who support it financially and actively in its projects, which allows it to succeed.

To celebrate the anniversary of the association a history has been compiled and is included in the 1999 directory.

In 1897 an association was formed in response to concerns similar to our concerns today. This organization was active into the 20th century but seems to have become inactive at some point.

The following are excerpts of the annual meeting of the Maxenkuckee Association on August 18, 1899 at the Palmer House as published in the Culver City Herald and subsequently reprinted in the Nostalgia Column of the Culver Citizen. (Maxenkuckee was the accepted spelling at that time):

"To promote the interest of Lake Maxenkuckee, including all matters such as sanitation, good roadways around the lake, walks and shade trees on the lake front, fish culture etc., the cottagers formed the Maxenkuckee Association two year ago, and soon included among its members a number of public spirited citizens of Culver City, who appreciate that their interests are mutual with those of the cottagers.

The secretary's report shows a membership of 53 members.

Officers selected for the new year are: Otto Stechban, Indianapolis, president; W.T. Wilson, Logansport, secretary; Wm. F. Kuhn, Indianapolis, treasurer; Ed Morris and H.M. Speyer, Culver City, resident members of the executive committee.

Among other measures adopted, it was resolved to employ a patrolmen for the entire year.

Membership dues were fixed at \$2.00 per annum.

A resolution was offered and carried directing officers to secure if possible a special reduced rate for the long distance telephone service with the view of inducing cottagers to become subscribers to the local exchange.

Considerable interest was also expressed by various members in yachting, and desiring the holding of the regatta at an early date. The meeting was the best in the history of the Maxenkuckee Association.

The Ice Cream Social – Let's Do It Again! Step Back To 1900

We were encouraged by the success of the Ice Cream Social three years ago to do it again this summer. The committees are hard at work and Lynne Overmyer, Jennifer Shea and Jo Dugger have put their heads together to plan another pleasant and interesting afternoon for the whole family on the shores of Lake Maxinkuckee on July 11.

We'll serve ice cream, of course, with cookies and Cokes. A four piece jazz band will play during the afternoon, to accompany the socializing and the old-fashioned children's games. We plan to re-create a turn of the century game of lawn tennis. Those of you who can dress up in a timely fashion will help make the afternoon a nostalgic and a pretty affair.

We hope to have some old boats on display, as well as old cars, but need help if we are going to accomplish this. Anyone who can help with a car or boat should contact Jennifer Shea, 842-2311. If you know any old-fashioned children's games or have equipment for a game, let Jo Dugger know at 842-2770. Old tennis rackets or costumes? Call Agnes Bramfeld at 842-2477.

At one-thirty on July 11, immediately before the Social, we will dedicate the golf course. A foursome consisting of Buck Bradley and his daughter, with two more players yet to be signed up, will play holes one and two and we hope many of you will be in the gallery. At two o'clock the Ice Cream Social will begin across East Shore Drive on the Bradley-Peacock and Apple lawns and maybe some neighboring lawns as well. The party will end at five o'clock and the cost per family is \$10.00.

Live in the past. Plan to be with us on July 11 and bring your family and friends.

LAY A BRICK THIS SUMMER

You can still have a brick laid in Heritage Park with any name you would like to honor. To order, contact Lynn Overmyer at Overmyer's Soft Water, Pam at Fisher & Co., or Bick's Flicks. The bricks are \$50 and \$100 depending on the size. Take the time to read the bricks already underfoot at Heritage Park they make a very handsome celebration of family and friends.

NEW NEWSLETTER

We are trying to make our Newsletter so interesting to members that you will be glad to see it arrive in the mail. To help us in this effort you can make suggestions, write letters to the editors, submit articles, and even offer criticisms. We're all new at this and will welcome your input. Call Agnes Bramfeld, News Editor, or Jo Dugger, Feature Editor. (If you've read the entire Newsletter, you'll know our phone numbers).

Porter Had No Peer For Pure Charm

By TOMMY HENDRICKS

Although Cole had desecrated the sacred piano stool of the Peerless by sitting on it in his wet bathing trucks, only a few years later he found himself elected to occupy that throne by unanimous plebiscite. No longer did Capt. Crook menace him, for he had become Cole's most ardent admirer, in fact, his chief claque.

"When that kid plays the pi-ana everyone rides and rides on the steamer just like it didn't cost 'em 10 cents an hour. But they don't look at the scenery no longer – they just listen to him play and sing. At least, they call it singin' but to me it ain't no more than just talking to music. But some of the songs are awfully funny, and sometimes awfully pretty."

Thus did the master of the Peerless voice his deep musical appreciation of Cole's virtuosity.

In remarkably few summers we found ourselves not just kids any longer, but really grown up. Cole was 16, I was 15. Cole had been sent East to prep school, and my family had moved to Indianapolis. We continued to go to the lake each summer and usually Cole was there, either visiting me or some of his Peru friends. Suddenly and most surprisingly we found that turtle-hunting wasn't the greatest thing in life. Fishing was just as much fun as ever, but some how girls became sort of essential for a good time – even for a good sail – that is, of course, except in a heavy wind when we were out to give my boat, the Araby, the works.

Soon, too, we found that the Academy dances were sort of fun – and I guess it was because girls were there, too. The sense of rivalry for the attention of girls grew keener each summer. I could hold my own with Cole pretty well during the daytime; I could swim faster than Cole and I played winning tennis. Cole didn't care for tennis at all. I was one of the best "kid" sailors, having been taught how to jibe a catboat almost as soon as I knew how to swim the crawl. So during the daytime I could compete with Cole. But when night came it was different – at moonlight sailing I performed okay, but sooner or later Cole would get into the vicinity of a piano, and it was all over for the rest of us. Gone were my "gals"; gone were all the gals – Cole had them all under their skin.

"Oh, Cole, sing us "The Spaniard Who Blighted My Life" just once more, was their fervent plea.

Cole ran through the whole field of popular songs, starting with the song hits of the current season and working back to Gilbert and Sullivan and sometimes to the old English ballads and drinking songs.

As the roads were sandy and the motor cars of those days uncertain and temperamental, we went to the dances in boats, most often the faithful old Peerless. Going to the dances Cole played the piano just to pass the time, but it was on the trip back after midnight that he really played. Everything was still except the piano and the pounding of the engine, and Cole's one-toned voice. Capt. Crook was right – Cole's singing voice was terrible, merely a toneless talking affair; but the entire energy of his slight frame, his keen eyes, his changing facial expressions and his sly, humorous asides made his act. After the first song the crowd and the rest of the evening were his.

THESE OPEN-AIR recitals took stamina, but if anyone had told me that they took more energy than a five-set tennis match, or a mile swim, I would have said he was crazy. How all that power was generated in his 120-pound frame is a wonder. As he played he had to get his rhythm paced so it could compete with the rise above the

pounding and throbbing of the engine. Thus he played steadily from the time we left the academy pier until we circled the lake and landed at our home dock, often at 2 o'clock in the morning. By that time not only did the youngsters crowd around the piano as they do now when some favorite does a special solo hit at a jam session, but the older folk had boarded the boat at the various landings just to hear Cole play. There are always plenty of good musicians at any summer resort – many of them at Maxinkuckee alone who played the piano better than Cole, but Cole was a natural showman and he had seen the best there was in showmanship from his earliest days in Peru. And although showmanship may take on a form for the New York stage different from that of the circus ring, basically and fundamentally it's all one and the same – Cole had never forgotten, never underestimated and never neglected that fine art.

Unconsciously, Cole learned to accommodate his piano playing to the steady, lunging rhythm of the Peerless as it drove full speed ahead, reversed, or slow-timed according to the proficient directions of Capt. Crook. Plenty has been written about the unusual timing of Cole Porter tunes. But there isn't anything unusual or mysterious about them at all to us who heard Cole play on that old Peerless piano. Critics may say that Cole's music was influenced by the New York traffic roar, or by the ballet or the opera in Paris. But don't forget that night after night, summer after summer, Cole hammered out his rhythm by the tempo which that master, Capt. Crook, set for that Peerless engine. That is where Cole got the heavy accented phrasing and that powerful punch in his music which is hard to associate with a person of such slight physique.

Ralph DePalma once said of Cole Porter, "If he could drive an automobile with the same heavy foot that he plays the piano, what a race driver he'd be!"



When Cole Porter got to a piano, said his girl-chasing buddy, Tommy Hendricks, "it was all over for the rest of us. Gone were my 'gals'; gone were all the gals – Cole had them all under their skin."

We have Tommy Hendricks to thank for this delightful picture of the past. It was published in the Peru Tribune in 1977.

June, 1999
NEWSLETTER

Antiquarian and Historical Society
P.O. Box 125
Culver, Indiana 46511-0125

WHAT ABOUT THE LIBRARY

Members of our society have been working with the Union Township Library Board to preserve, renovate and expand the existing Carnegie Library building in downtown Culver. However, since the library is essentially landlocked, it will be necessary to free up at least some of the adjoining land for expansion. The Osborn Square Committee, composed of the Antiquarian Society, the Culver Chamber of Commerce, The Second Century Committee, the Library Board, The Civitas Bank, and the Culver Town Council was formed and has agreed to fund a master redevelopment plan for the entire block, including the bank building and library. Our chief objective, however, is to acquire additional land for the library and we are in the process of negotiation agreements with the property owners to restore the entire block to its original Grandeur. (see drawing).



CD-ROM AVAILABLE BY MAIL

If you became the proud owner of a computer over the holidays, you can now see and hear the **"Stories and Traditions of Culver and Lake Maxinkuckee"**, the CD-ROM produced by the Antiquarian Society and now available by mail. If you can't get to **Mary's Shoppe, Bick's Flicks, Fisher & Co.,** or the **Academy Bookstore,** we will mail a copy to you as soon as we get your check for \$30.00, which includes postage. Send your check and clearly written address to Agnes Bramfeld, 1257 East Shore, Culver, IN 45611 or The Antiquarian Society, P.O. Box 125, Culver, IN 45611-0125. The project was co-sponsored by the Indiana Historical Society, NISource (Formerly NIPSCO) and the Marshal County Community Foundation. You'll love it.

YEARLY DUES STILL \$10.00

If you haven't already sent your check for yearly family dues, please do it soon. Send dues to The Antiquarian and Historical Society, P.O. Box 125, Culver, IN 46511-0125. Any donation over the amount of the dues is tax deductible and will be greatly appreciated.

Name _____
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_____ Phone _____
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Make checks payable to the Antiquarian and Historical Society,
P.O. Box 125, Culver, IN 46511