

*June 1705*  
HISTORY

OF

# LAKE MAXINKUCKEE

BY

DANIEL McDONALD


TO WHICH IS APPENDED FISHES AND FISHING IN THE LAKE, BY  
JUDGE A. C. CAPRON; THE MAXINKUCKEE LAKE  
ASSOCIATION, BY W. T. WILSON, AND THE  
AUBBEENAUBBEE YACHT CLUB,  
BY T. H. WILSON, JR.

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PUBLISHED BY  
THE MAXINKUCKEE LAKE ASSOCIATION  
1905

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Printed by  
LEVEY BRO'S & CO., Inc.,  
Indianapolis.



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## Acknowledgments.

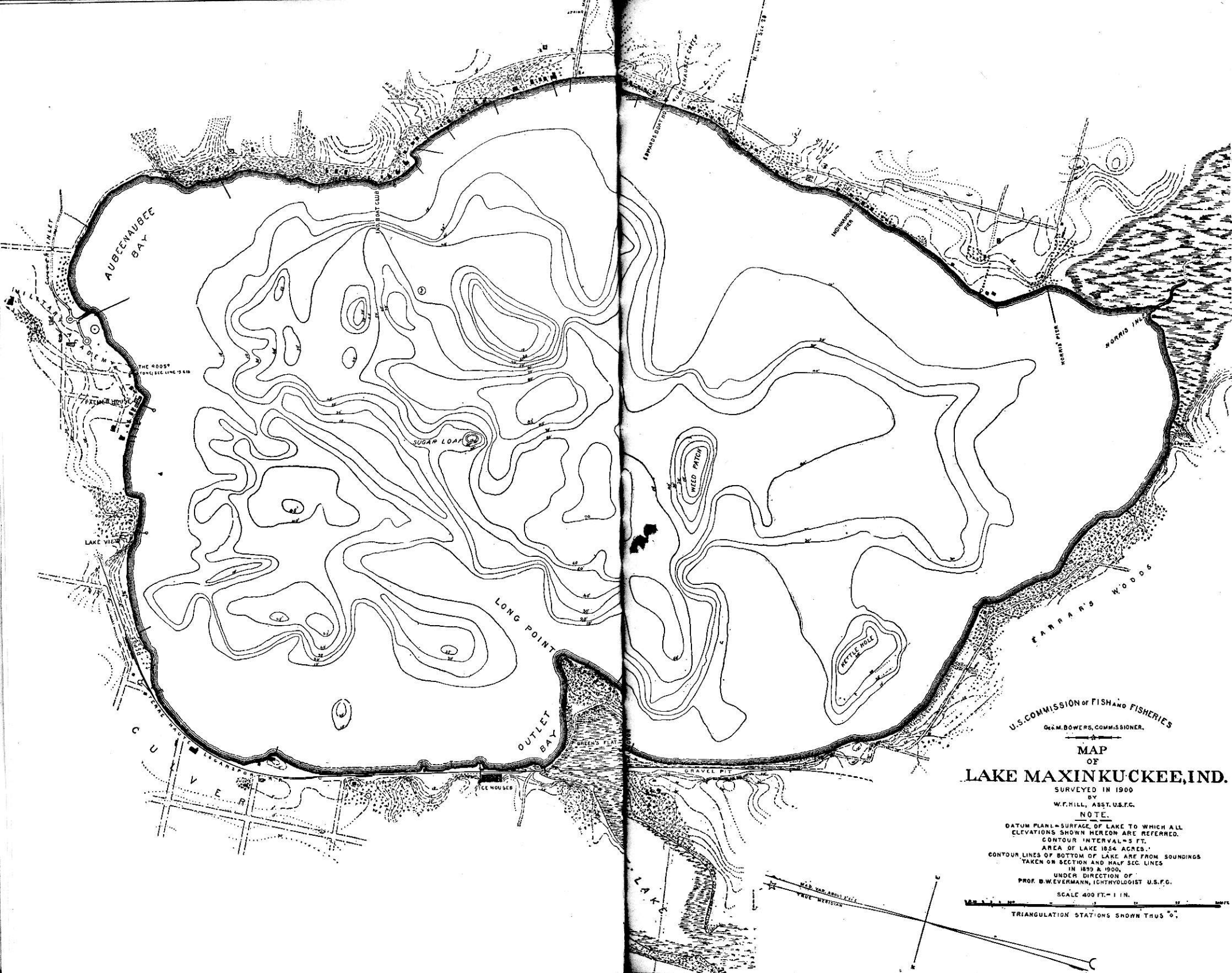
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Grateful acknowledgments for the use of the cuts shown in the following pages are due the officers of the Culver Military Academy, the officers of the Vandalia Railroad, the Hon. Z. T. Sweeney, Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries of Indiana, and to the printers, Messrs. Levey Bro's & Co., for their pains and liberality in producing the work.

The map is a reproduction of the one prepared by Prof. B. W. Everman, of the U. S. Commission of Fish and Fisheries.

THE COMMITTEE.





U.S. COMMISSION OF FISH AND FISHERIES  
O. M. BOWERS, COMMISSIONER.

MAP  
OF  
**LAKE MAXINKUCKEE, IND.**

SURVEYED IN 1900  
BY  
W. F. HILL, ASST. U.S.F.C.

NOTE.

DATUM PLANE - SURFACE OF LAKE TO WHICH ALL  
ELEVATIONS SHOWN HEREON ARE REFERRED.  
CONTOUR INTERVAL - 3 FT.  
AREA OF LAKE 1854 ACRES.  
CONTOUR LINES OF BOTTOM OF LAKE ARE FROM SOUNDINGS  
TAKEN ON SECTION AND HALF SEC. LINES  
IN 1899 & 1900.  
UNDER DIRECTION OF  
PROF. B. W. EVERMANN, ICHTHYOLOGIST U.S.F.C.

SCALE 400 FT. = 1 IN.

TRIANGULATION STATIONS SHOWN THUS "△"





## MAX-IN-KUCK-EE LAKE.

(By Jerome Burnett.)

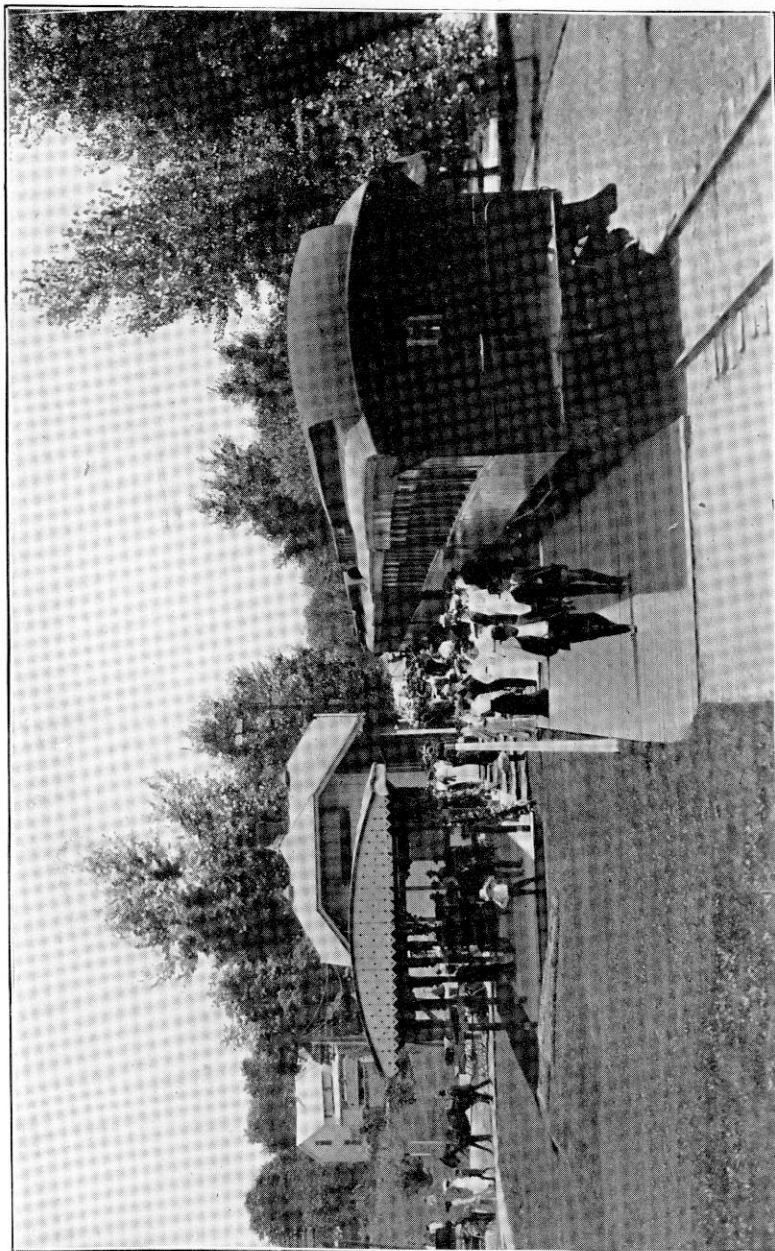
Ah, here is a scene for a painter,  
A gleaming and glorified lake,  
With its framing of forest and prairie,  
And its etching of thicket and brake;  
With its grandeur and boldness of headland,  
Where the oaks and the tamaracks grow,  
A league with the sunlight of heaven,  
And the spirit-like shadows below.

Where the swallows skim over the surface,  
And quaff as they touch the clear wave;  
Where the robins seek out the cool waters,  
And warily venture to lave;  
Where the sand piper toys with the plashes,  
And whistles his passionate note,  
And the water-bugs sail like a navy  
Of fairies for battle afloat.

Where the blackbirds go noisily over,  
And the mallard wings rapidly by,  
And the heron that flies like a snowflake,  
Comes down from the clouds in the sky;  
Where the bobolink lights on the flag blade,  
And so proudly and prettily sings,  
Or watches askance the swift minnow,  
That out of his element springs.

Where the lilies abloom on the surface,  
Held down by their cable-like stems,  
And the tints of the bright cardinals,  
Have the semblance of loveliest gems;  
Where the mosses in festoons are hanging,  
In the richest of fashion and fold,  
To decorate submarine dwellings,  
O'er pavements of amber and gold.

Where the spirit of mortal may worship,  
In the freedom of unwritten creeds,  
Hearing many and joyous responses  
In the music that comes from the reeds.  
And where in my fancy I've pictured  
A temple that's builded so high,  
It reaches in grandest proportions  
From the beautiful lake to the sky.



The Arrival at Culver (Lake Maxinkuckee).

## HISTORY OF LAKE MAXINKUCKEE.

By Daniel McDonald.

One of the most beautiful small bodies of water in the Northwest is, without doubt, Maxinkuckee Lake, a brief description of which, written and compiled from various sources, will be of interest to those who admire the beauties and grandeur of nature.

The lake is oblong in shape, about three miles long and two and a quarter wide, with somewhat irregular shore lines and some small bays and undulations. The shores present about ten miles of lake front of almost every character of approach; the level beach, the gradual slope, the steep incline, the abrupt bluff, the rounded headland, and these of various elevations, from the water's edge to nearly fifty feet in places. The water is wholly from springs, except the natural rainfall, there being no inlet that may be called such, and springs of delicious water are found everywhere along its shores. The banks are bold, clear, shaded, and occupied by all sorts of summer cottages, mansions, hotels, club-houses, academies, schools of learning, etc. On the west side of the lake a small strip of lowland gives outlet to the surplus water into a small lake close by, and thence to the Tippecanoe river some miles southwest. There is very little grass, weeds, drift, or other unsightly things in or around the lake, and but little brush, trees, logs, or other debris along the shores. All is clean, pure, and healthy. Flowing wells abound on the north, east and south sides, and the most delicious cool water rushes up to about eight or ten feet above the level of the lake on boring a distance of about 50 to 100 or more feet. Once on its shores at almost any point, and as long as you remain, be it days or years, the surroundings impress you constantly and if there be a particle of love for the beautiful in your composition, that sense is called into action at all times and on all occasions, in sunshine or in storm, the beauties of spring, the charms of summer and the glories of the autumn.

Surrounded with unbroken forests, as the writer has seen it, with the deer drinking of its limpid water without fear of molestation, the wild fowl floating on its bosom, the forest songsters noisy amid the otherwise silent woods on all sides, and the few hardy pioneers with their new beginnings and humble surroundings, scattered here and there within easy reach of it, it was a gem of imperishable beauty.

Again, surrounded as it is now with fertile and highly cultivated farms, charming cottages, and handsome dwellings with white tents amid the trees, cozy hamlets on either side, railroad stations and conveniences. Its surface covered with sail boats, row boats, yachts and steamers, and on all sides the pleasures of fashion and those seeking relief from ennui, overwork or study; music, dancing and social gatherings of strangers from all quarters and temporarily fraternizing, to each and all it is still, notwithstanding the marvelous changes that have been wrought during the past more than half century, what it was to the Indian—the spark-

ling water—the beautiful Maxinkuckee. Once having come within the witching spell of its voiceless charms, in the language of Othello, we can say: “If heaven would make me such another world of one entire chrysolite, I would not give thee for it.”

### STATE GEOLOGIST'S REPORT.

Maurice Thompson, one of Indiana's most beloved authors, was State Geologist, and in his report for 1886, he spoke of the lake as follows:

“Max-in-kuck-ee.—In many respects this is the most beautiful of the multitude of small lakes with which northern and northwestern Indiana is studded. Its shores are high, beautifully rounded, and clothed with the native forest. The waters are clear and cold. Hundreds of springs flow out from the banks, and many more rise from the bottom of the lake. Very few weeds grow in the water, and there is far less of moss and peaty formation than is common to our Indiana lakes. Here, to a large extent, sand gives place to gravel, and the beach is firm and clean. Nowhere in the United States is there a lovelier body of pure, cold water. It has become a famous summer resort, and deserves all the good praise it has received.

“Though it is one of the deepest of our small lakes, it scarcely merits the name of ‘bottomless’ given it by many of the people who reside on its shores and allow their imagination to fill the blue depths with wonders. The result of our soundings gave seventy-six feet as the maximum depth. This was found at a point almost in the center of the lake, being very slightly to the west of the middle on an east and west line drawn through Long Point and a little to the north of that line. There is, however, a large area of this deep water, perhaps a thousand acres, which will average a depth of fifty feet. A cross section taken by a line of soundings from Long Point on the west shore in a direction about thirty degrees north of east to West Point on the east shore, gave the following depths: Six feet, seven feet, thirty-four feet, seventy-two feet, sixty-eight feet, sixty-six feet, seventy-six feet, sixty-two feet, sixty feet, forty-one feet, thirty-one feet, seventeen feet.

“The springs which feed Maxinkuckee are very abundant, not only from the shores, but they may be seen in the clear waters at a depth of ten feet gushing up from the bottom, and from the deepest parts of the lake rise columns of cold water chilling the bather like an ice bath. These springs suggested the probability of obtaining flowing wells, and now so many have been found that along the east shore one can scarcely get beyond the sound of the spouting waters. The water from these wells is very clear and cold, and more or less ferruginous, a few of the wells being so highly impregnated with iron as to render the water slightly unpleasant to the taste until one gets used to it. Most of the water, however, is excellent at the first taste, and all of it is perfectly wholesome in use. Indeed, one of the causes of the prevailing good health of the cottagers, as well as the residents on the shores of Maxinkuckee, is found in the purity of the waters of the flowing wells and abounding springs. The borings made to obtain these wells have not

been watched with sufficient care, nor have the meager notes made at the time been sufficiently preserved to enable us to obtain accurate information as to the true depth and character of the strata of each. Enough can be known, however, to prove that at least two, and probably three, strata of water-bearing sand and gravel will be passed through in a bore of two hundred feet, and each of which will lift its water to heights of from six to twenty feet above the level of the lake surface.

"The construction of the Vandalia Railroad's northern branch to South Bend, with a station at the northwest shore of the lake, so facilitated access that the beautiful groves along the east side began to be dotted with cottages; hotels were established; club houses were erected; steamers began to puff about the new buildings, and a fleet of little white sailboats blew over the water. The cottagers have shown most excellent taste in that they have preserved the natural beauty of the groves and green banks, while building large and costly summer houses, and the careful ornamentation of lawns and groves has handsomely supplemented without destroying the natural beauties of the place."

### FISH COMMISSIONERS' REPORTS.

The biennial report of Z. T. Sweeney, Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries of Indiana, 1901-2, is a pretentious volume of over 600 pages, voluminously illustrated, and describes the various kinds of river and lake fish common to Indiana. It has, however, nothing new in regard to Maxinkuckee not already embraced in this paper. From the statement contained in the work of fish deposited in the lake by the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries during the fiscal years from June 30, 1900, to June 30, 1902, it is shown that 10,000,000 perch pike were so deposited, and of black bass during the same period, 800. Those who have watched the catch of fish from the lake during that time will wonder what became of all these millions of spawn with which the lake was stocked.

The report of Prof. B. W. Everman, Ichthyologist of the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, who surveyed the lake and made a complete report of everything pertaining to it during the year of 1900 under the direction of the Government, has not yet been issued. The map, however, to accompany the report has been printed and a few copies have been distributed to those interested in the future of the lake. The map is drawn from surveys and soundings made under the direction of Professor Everman. The area of the lake is shown to be 1,864 acres. The contour lines of the bottom of the lake are from soundings taken on section and half section lines and is the first and only map of the "bottom of the lake" ever published. The deepest place in the lake is on a line about half way across between Long Point and Maxinkuckee Landing. At that point it is eighty-eight feet deep. In the immediate vicinity the depth ranges from seventy to eighty-five feet in several places. What is designated as "Sugar Loaf," is a few hundred feet north of the deepest place, and the water there is but ten feet deep. The "Weed Patch," which is only ten feet deep, is a few hundred feet south of the east and west section line, being the north line of section 28, or nearly half way across the lake from Long Point to Indian-



Behold Beautiful Lake Maxinkuckee.

apolis Pier on the east side. The "Kettle Hole," forty feet deep, is a short distance west of Colonel Farrar's cottage on the south side. The remarkable thing about it is, that while it covers only an acre or two, the water surrounding it is from six to twelve feet deep. There is a tradition that there are some very large fish in the "Kettle Hole," but the experience of the writer is that it is nothing but "tradition."

The map is a valuable production, and undoubtedly the most correct one that has yet been made. It is to accompany a full report prepared by Professor Everman embracing a description of the numerous varieties of fish found in the lake which is soon to be published by the Government.

### ORTHOGRAPHY OF MAXINKUCKEE LAKE.

The numerous ways of spelling the name of the lake has led the compiler of this sketch to investigate the question, and the result is as follows:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
Washington, D. C., September 13, 1889.

Dear Sir—In reply to your letter of the 18th, I have to say that the lake referred to is spelled "Muk-sin-cuck-u" in the official field notes of the survey of the township in which the lake is situated.

Respectfully yours,  
W. M. STONE, Acting Commissioner.

AUDITOR OF STATE,  
Indianapolis, Ind., September 27, 1897.

Dear Sir—On examination of our field notes I find in the survey made by Deputy Surveyor David Hillis he spells it "Mek-in-kee-kee." In another place in a survey of a small fraction of land on the lake Jerry Smith, deputy surveyor, spells it "Muk-sen-cuk-ee." This is all the field notes show as to name.

Very truly yours,  
A. C. DAILY, Auditor of State.

COUNTY SURVEYOR'S OFFICE,  
Plymouth, Ind., February 1, 1898.

Dear Sir—On examination of the records of the surveyor's office of Marshall county, containing copies of the original field notes, I find the following in regard to the orthography of Maxinkuckee lake. On page 43 of the survey of town 32 and 33, David Hillis, deputy surveyor, makes the following note: "There are also several lakes in the county. The Max-in-kuck-ee lake is large and beautiful, with a fine sandy and gravelly margin, supposed to be ten or twelve miles in circumference with an outlet and first rate for fish. July —nd. 1834."

In a survey of section 32, range 1 east, Jerry Smith, deputy surveyor, on page 48 says "Set post on 'Muk-sen-cuck-ee' Lake." Also on same page he says: "Meanders of Lake Muk-sen-cuck-ee. Variation 6 degrees E." These records are copies of the original field notes on file in the Land Department of the Auditor of State at Indianapolis, and in the Department of the Interior of the United States at Washington.

Yours,  
JOHN C. BUTLER,

Deputy Surveyor, Marshall County.

On page 705 of the revision of the Indian Treaties of the United States, in a treaty made at Nees-wau-gee Camp, at the lake between William Marshall and Com-o-za, March 16, 1838, it is spelled Max-ee-nie-kee-kee.

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Hartford, Mich., February 5, 1898.

My Dear Sir—Your inquiry of February 3d, relative to the meaning and pronunciation of the word Muk-sen-cuk-ee at hand. I have written it as nearly correct as the white man's o-daw-naw (tongue) can pronounce it. It means in the Algonquin dialect, "There is grass." Thanking you for the unselfish interest you have taken in my people in advocating their rights connected with the dominant, I am your friend,

SIMON PO-KA-GON.

(N. B.—Po-ka-gon was a full-blooded Indian and the last of the Pottawatomie chiefs in this part of the United States, prior to his death in 1900.)

From these official sources it is shown that the usual spelling—Max-in-kuck-ec—appears but once and that is on the records of Marshall County, which is a copy of the original field notes from the records of the Auditor of State at Indianapolis, where the auditor says Mr. Hillis spells it Mek-in-kec-kee. Therefore, whoever transcribed the field notes of Mr. Hillis from the records at Indianapolis, for the records of Marshall County, made a mistake when he copied it Max-in-kuck-ee. The record in the department at Washington has it Muk-sen-cuk-u. At the time the field notes were made by the deputy Government surveyors, quill pens were used and it is possible—in fact, probable—that the final "u" was intended for "ee," the top running together and making a letter like "u." The "i" in sin was probably an "e" with the top run together. This is a reasonable conclusion as based on the spelling of Jerry Smith on the Marshall County records and at Indianapolis. The correct spelling is undoubtedly Muk-sen-cuk-ee. There is no authority for Max-in-kuck-ee. The word from which it was erroneously copied is Mek-in-kec-kee, as is shown in the letter of the Auditor of State above quoted.

The name of this lake as now spelled lacks a good deal of being a pure Indian word. "Max" is German and the balance of the word is made up of Scotch, Irish, American and Algonquin. In making the treaties, etc., the name was taken down by the interpreters, as the Indians knew not how to spell or write and the interpreters spelled it according to the sound as well as they could and it is therefore not strange that it appears in so many different ways. But no matter. The present spelling, Max-in-kuck-ee, has come to stay, and no power on earth can change it even were it desirable to do so. The railroad company, the Culver Military Academy, the Postoffice Department, and the people generally about the lake recognize the present spelling, and that fixes it beyond any possibility of change. As to meaning of the word in its present form, it has none. Originally it was an Indian word, but what its meaning was I have been unable to find out. For a long time it was generally believed that it was the name of an Indian chief, but the Government records fail to show that name or anything like it. The late Charles Cook, who lived a few miles north of the lake, in his early days lived with the Pottawatomie Indians in this region over twenty years and understood their language perfectly, said it was the Indian word for moc-ca-sin, because the lake was the shape of an Indian moccasin, and further because of the prevalence of moccasin snakes about the lake at that time. Simon Pokagon, the last of the chiefs of the Pot-

tawattomie Indians in this part of the country, whose death occurred in Michigan a few years ago, in reply to an inquiry as to its meaning above quoted, said it means, "There is grass." Pokagon was a graduate of Notre Dame University and knew the meaning of words. As his definition has no relevance to the lake it is additional evidence that the word as we have it is a bungling translation of the original Pottawattomie name. But notwithstanding the marvelous changes that have taken place during the more than two-thirds of a century since its discovery by the American, what it was to the Indian it is yet to the white men of today, the sparkling, laughing water, the beautiful Max-in-kuck-ee. That is what it means; let it go at that.

## FIRST SETTLERS ABOUT THE LAKE.

The owners of the land and the first settlers about the lake of which any record can be found were American Indians known as the Pottawattomies. They belonged to the great Al-gon-quin family. The first trace we have of them locates their territory in the Lake Superior region on the islands at the entrance to Green Bay. About 1817 it was estimated that there were in the region north of the Wabash river and south of Lake Michigan something more than 2,000 Pottawattomies, nearly one-half of them located in the region of country surrounding Maxinkuckee Lake, embracing Marshall, Cass, Fulton, Pulaski, St. Joseph and Kosciusko counties. At that time they had no uniform abiding place or residence. During the fall, winter and a portion of the spring they were scattered in the woods hunting and fishing. Their wigwams were made of poles stuck in the ground and tied together with strips of bark, slender hickory wythes or rawhide strings. They were covered with bark or a kind of mat, out of a growth of flag grass. There was an occasional rude hut made of logs or poles, but nearly all the dwellings were wigwams hastily put up as here described. They raised some corn, but lived principally on wild game, fish, fruits, nuts and roots, and were clothed during cold weather with blankets and untanned skins.

## INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

In the year 1836 when Marshall County, embracing the lake, was organized under an act of the legislature, there were three Indian reservations bordering on the east shore of the lake. One of these was a reservation granted to Chief Nees-wau-gee, containing two sections of land. It covered all the ground on which all the cottages north of the road leading down to Maxinkuckee landing north to the residence of Mrs. H. H. Culver, at the north end of the lake. South of the Maxinkuckee landing road to the south line of the farm belonging to Mr. Van Schoiack and east a considerable distance was the reservation belonging to an Indian chief named Quash-qua. The Au-be-nau-be reservation extended south from the Quash-qua reservation along the east shore of the lake to a considerable distance into Fulton County.



Where Lake and Forest Meet.

**CHIEF NEES-WAU-GEE.**

Nees-wau-gee was a chief over a village which was located a few rods north of the present residence of Peter Spangler. The log cabin in which he lived was built in 1828 by Mr. M. H. Scott, late of ———, Illinois, who owned a summer cottage on the east shore near the residence of Judge John Mitchell, and who died a year or so ago. It is fortunate that we are able to correctly locate this log house, the first dwelling erected on the lake. The field notes on file in the surveyor's office at Plymouth give the following information in regard to it: "Commencing at the southeast corner of section 22, township 32 north, range 1 east of second principal meridian, thence north 40 chains and 46 links, Nees-wau-gee house 5 chains east, and set quarter section corner which is in center of public road running east and west." Therefore, starting from the southeast corner of section 22 in the center of the Maxinkuckee road running east and west and measuring 20 rods east, then two rods north to the exact spot where Nees-wau-gee's cabin stood. The place has been marked so that those who may have curiosity in that direction may have no trouble in finding it. In 1836 Nees-wau-gee entered into a treaty ceding his land to the United States Government and agreeing to remove with his band west of the Missouri river within two years. The residence which he occupied was an unpretentious log cabin, while his little band of about one hundred occupied log cabins or wigwams built of poles and bark. Nees-wau-gee was a quiet peaceable citizen chief, and made friends with all the white settlers round about who had come in the year or two prior to his leaving. Before the time came for him to leave, he determined to go peaceably as he had agreed he would. The day before he started he sent word to all the white settlers to come to his village as he wished to bid them farewell. A large number assembled, and through an interpreter he said substantially as follows:

"My White Brethren—I have called you here to bid you farewell. Myself and my band start at sunrise tomorrow to remove to an unknown country the Government of the United States has provided for us west of the Missouri river. I have sold my lands to the Government and we agreed to leave within two years. That time will soon expire, and according to the agreement we have made we must leave you and the scenes near and dear to all of us. The Government has treated us fairly and it is our duty to live up to that contract by doing as we agreed, and so we must go. The white settlers here have been good and kind to us, and in leaving them it seems like severing the ties of our own kindred and friends. We go away and may never return, but wherever we may be, wherever in life our lot may be cast, we shall always remember you with feelings of respect and esteem. Farewell."

The old chief was visibly affected and tears were seen to flow from his eyes. All the people present took him by the hand and bade him a final adieu, as well as most of the members of his band. Early the next morning, with their personal effects packed on their ponies, they marched away in single file, following the Indian trail along the east shore to the south end of Maxinkuckee Lake, thence southward to Ke-wan-na, where they joined the other bands and immediately proceeded on their long

and wearisome journey. Nees-wau-gee was a good Indian, and Captain Crook is to be commended for perpetuating his memory by naming his new and elegant double-deck steamer in his honor. It would be most appropriate if the public road now known as the Maxinkuckee road, leading down to the lake, on which his cabin and village were located, was called Nees-wau-gee avenue.

### CHIEF QUASH-QUA.

A log cabin was built for Quash-qua on the high ground southeast of Mr. Van Schoiack's residence, and a little northeast of the residence of Stephen Edwards. There was no village there, however, and how long he lived there is not known. That part of this reservation bordering on the lake north from Mr. Van Schoiack's residence to the Maxinkuckee landing was at one time without doubt inhabited by the Indians, as prior to its occupancy by those now owning ground along the lake shore when it was plowed up for cultivation, Indian arrow points and stone implements of various kinds were found there in abundance.

### CHIEF AU-BE-NAU-BE.

The most of Au-be-nau-be's reserve was in Fulton County, and that noted chief never lived on that part of his reservation on the lake or in Marshall County. He lived in a village bearing his name in Fulton County, but was frequently seen in and about the lake. As he is the only Indian whose name has heretofore been perpetuated at the lake by the use of his name, a few words as to who and what he was may be of some interest in this connection. His reservation covered thirty odd sections of land, and he presided as chief over his band numbering two or three hundred men, women and children. Polygamy was permitted among the Indians, and Au-be-nau-be provided himself with five or six wives. He was very fond of spirituous liquors, and was generally pretty full, and when in that condition was very quarrelsome, which resulted in many fights and knockdowns. On one of these occasions, when he was more than ordinarily drunk, he got into a fracas with one of his wives and in the melee killed her. A council of his tribe was called, as the story goes, to deliberate as to what his punishment should be. This council, following an ancient custom, decided that a son of the murderer should be the avenger of the murder and slay his father. The sentence of death was pronounced, and the son was given a certain number of moons to carry it into execution. The father had the right to defend himself, and if he could keep out of the way and escape the infliction of the penalty until the time had expired he was to be considered a free man. His son kept watch of him, and, as he wanted the old man out of the way so he could succeed him as chief of the band, he was really in earnest in wanting to kill him. Finally the opportunity presented itself. One day the old man drank to excess, sat down in a log cabin west of the Michigan road, just over the line in Fulton County, about eight miles southeast of this lake, and went to sleep. His son having followed him, stole in upon him, pulled his tomahawk from his belt, and, with a terrific blow, thrust it into his head up to the handle. The blood spurted to the low ceiling above, and with a single groan and struggle, the noted chief, Au-be-nau-be, fell over on the floor dead.

### CHIEF PAU-KOO-SHUCK.

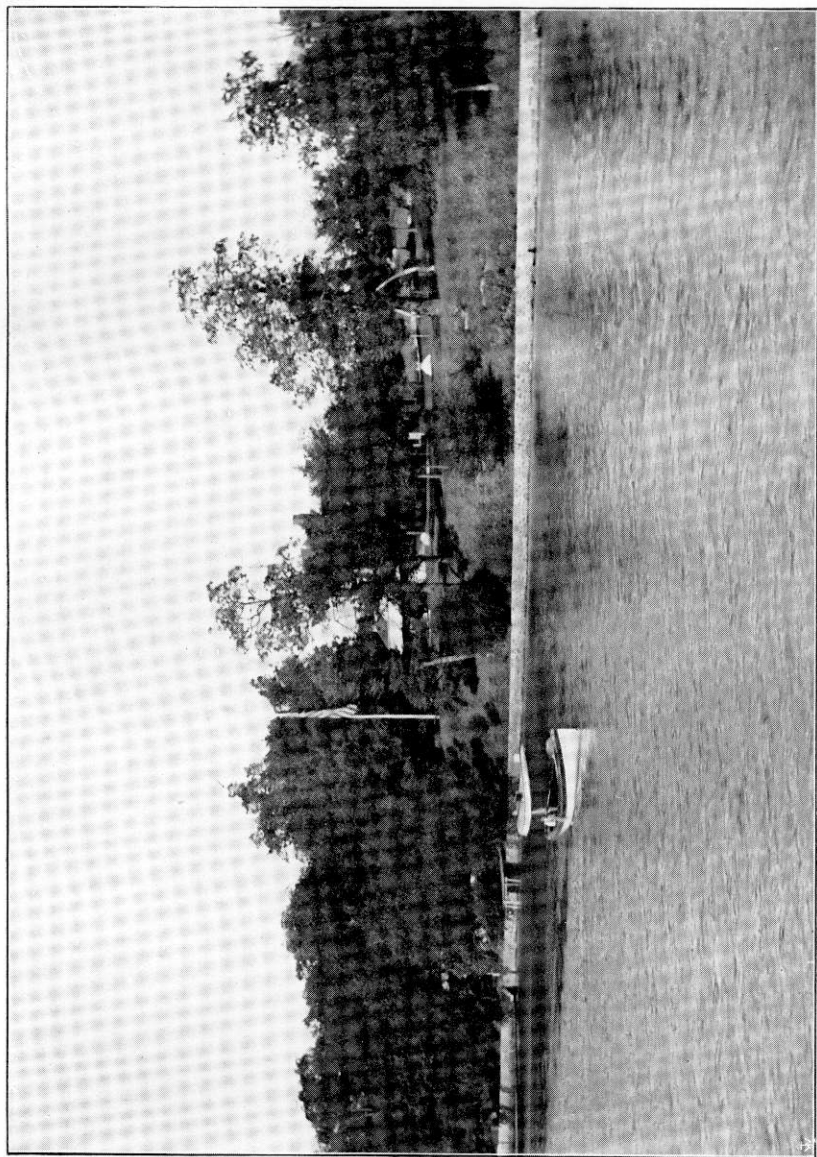
The son, whose name was Pau-koo-shuck, succeeded his father as chief of the tribe, and the same year disposed of the lands belonging to the reservation by treaty to the government, and with his band in September, 1838, started for the reservation west of the Missouri river. According to the account of one who accompanied the Indians on that expedition, Pau-koo-shuck, when near the Missouri river, refused to go any further and finally escaped and returned to the old hunting grounds. He spent the remainder of his days, which were few, hunting and fishing along the rivers and lakes in the neighborhood where he had formerly lived. His life, however, had proven a failure; his kindred and friends had been dragged from him, and he grew restless and discontented, drank whiskey to excess and went from place to place, getting into frequent quarrels and fights. In one of these disturbances which occurred at or near Winamac, he was so badly hurt that disease set in and he died. The writer of this was informed by one who said he was one of the pallbearers, that the body of Pau-koo-shuck was carried from Winamac and buried on Long Point on the west bank of Maxinkuckee Lake. Whether this story is true or not is not of much consequence. Human bones were found many years ago, and many of the early settlers had implicit confidence that Pau-koo-shuck was buried there as stated. Many who were about the lake in the early days believed that his ghost came forth on almost every favorable night and skipped about on the water, and floated around among the trees and bushes that grew on Long Point where he had been buried, like a thing of life, "cutting such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep." Sometimes he would be seen in his little canoe, apparently paddling with all his might for the south east shore where his father, Au-be-nau-be had formerly owned a reservation, and while the spectator was gazing the ghost would instantly disappear in the rippling waves and would be lost to sight. Turning to the shore again, he would be observed floating about as if in search of something, and then all at once would disappear and would not be seen again for several nights. With the coming of civilization his ghostship has permanently disappeared, and the places that knew him so well in the primitive days will know him no more forever.

### ONLY TREATY MADE ON THE LAKE.

A treaty, and the only one made on the lake so far as is known, was concluded at the Nees-wau-gee village December 4, 1834, between William Marshall, on behalf of the United States, and Com-o-za, a chief of the Pottawatomies and his band. The lake, which is named in the treaty, is spelled Muk-ee-nie-kuc-kee. The treaty conveyed to the United States two sections of land on the Tippecanoe river for the consideration of four hundred dollars in goods and an annuity for one year of four hundred dollars. The treaty was signed by William Marshall, Nee-see-aw-quet, Com-o-za, Ah-he-pah-am-sa, and Paw-pee, and was witnessed by J. B. Duret, secretary, and Cyrus Taber and Joseph Barren, interpreters.

Cyrus Taber was a wealthy citizen of Logansport and was familiar with all the principal Indian chiefs in this part of the country. Joseph Barren was a son-in-law of Chief Nees-wau-gee, having married one of his daughters. He kept a little store at the village until the Indians removed to the West. Whether he went with them or what became of him is not known.





A Launch Starting on a Voyage.

## REMOVAL OF THE INDIANS.

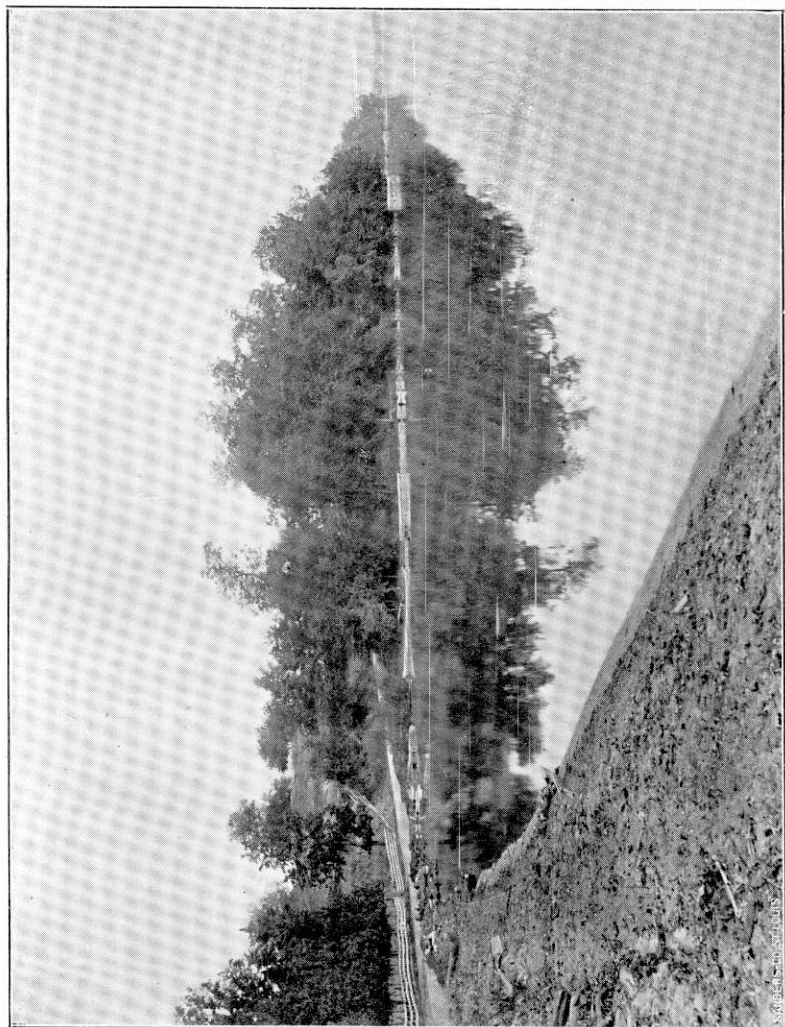
Mr. Moses H. Scott, whose cottage was on the east shore of the lake, in a conversation a year or more ago, said that he had the contract for the building of the cabins for Nees-wau-gee and Quash-quah, and that they were erected in 1828-32. He also participated in the removal of a large band of Indians that were taken away in 1837. In speaking of it he said: "The party who removed the Indians consisted of Col. Abel C. Pepper, of Rising Sun, Indiana, Louis H. Sands, John B. Duret and myself. We went from Logansport to the Indian village near South Bend, where we collected them. There were about 500 removed, most of whom were under Chief To-pin-e-bee. We wished to remove Chief Po-ka-gon and his tribe also, but he refused to go and obtained permission from the Government to remove his tribe to Saginaw, Michigan. We took the 500 Indians to Chicago. Our instructions were to get them to Kansas if possible; otherwise to Council Bluffs. At a consultation held at Chicago 200 agreed to go to Kansas, and I took them there. Sands took the others to Council Bluffs. We had no military organization whatever."

The largest removal of Indians from this part of the country that occurred during the removal period took place from Me-no-mi-nee village, five miles north of Maxinkuckee, at Twin Lakes, September 2, 1838. A dispute having arisen in regard to the terms of the treaty, the Indians refused to go. Under authority of the Government, Gen. John Tipton, of Logansport, recruited a company of soldiers and marched to the village. They were a few days gathering in the stragglers from the surrounding villages and making preparations for the journey. When all was ready the caravan consisted of 859 Indians, squaws, papooses, etc., the old and the young, the lame, the halt and the blind. It was a sorry procession, the details of which it were better to leave untold, stating only that 150 persons were lost on the whole way, 102 by death. What amount of suffering fell to the lot of these poor Indians every day on this horrible journey it is well never will be known. Hundreds of them were daily burning with terrible malarious fever so universally prevalent during the warm part of 1838. These hundreds were crowded into common rough wagons and compelled to bear the downpouring rays of a sultry sun and the only beverage to quench the prevailing thirst dipped from some mud stream just drying up. The food was composed of beef and flour cooked as might be while encamped for the night. Alas, how these poor little dusky infants must have suffered. No wonder that their graves marked the daily journeys. This was the only removal in the United States where force was used by the Government, and mention of it is made here because it occurred in sight of this beautiful lake.

## THE FIRST WHITE SETTLERS.

At the end of 1838 the Indians had all gone or been driven away west of the Mississippi river, the lands which had been held by them by treaty from the Government had been reconveyed to the Government and had been made subject to entry by the white people. A considerable portion of the lands surrounding the lake had never been in possession



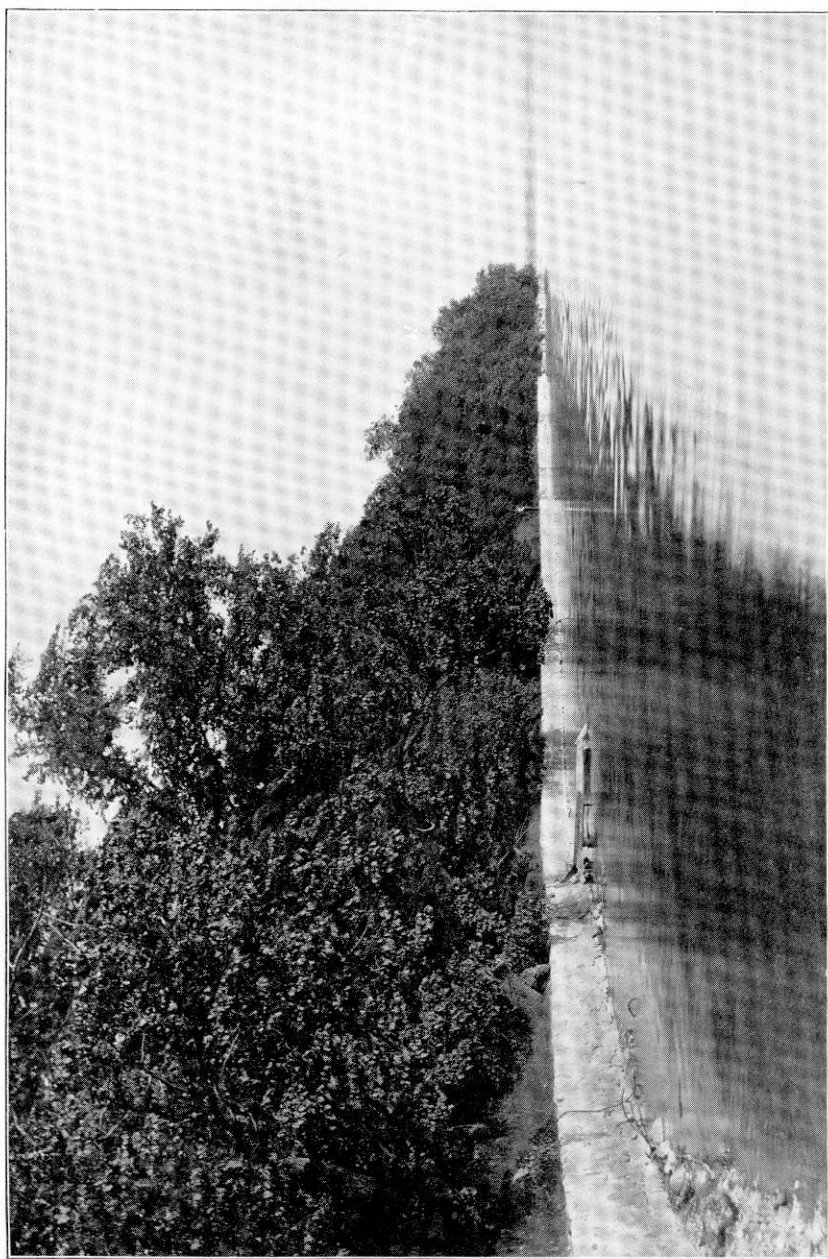


A Scene from the Lake Road.

of the Indians and was open to entry about 1834-5, and most of it had been entered by speculators and others who had decided to make this part of the country their future home.

The first settlers about the lake came in 1836. Several heads of families came in 1835 and entered lands and early in the following spring built log cabins, cleared off little patches of ground, planted corn, potatoes, etc., and early in the summer returned to bring their families and take up their permanent residences here. They came in a caravan from Southern Indiana in wagons drawn by ox teams, on horseback and on foot. They started on their long and tiresome journey on the 12th of July, and arrived at the east of the lake July 26, 1836, just six days after the county and county seat had been organized, which occurred July 20, 1836. At that time there were only about six hundred white people in the county and about fifteen hundred Pottawattomie Indians. The household goods of the members of the caravan were carefully packed away in the wagons, leaving room for the women and children and the supply of eatables prepared for the journey. The wagons were covered with sheeting for protection against rain and the hot rays of the sun. Fourteen days were occupied in making the trip. The roads most of the distance were through swamps and over log bridges, and much of the way was but little better than Indian trails. From Indianapolis the Michigan road was followed. The lands for this road had been secured from the Indians for the purpose of making a great thoroughfare for their benefit from lake Michigan to the Ohio river. It ran through contiguous sections of land, the income of which was appropriated to building the road from the mouth of Trail creek, at Michigan City, to Madison, Indiana. At that time it had only just been opened through this part of the State, and that only to such an extent as to make it passable by cutting down the trees and bushes along the line and bridging over the worst places, with brush, poles and logs.

The country through which the road ran at that time was mostly thick-timbered lands, and all along was an abundance of wild game and fruits of all kinds, which the hunters of the little band brought into camp. The lack of suitable water to drink was the most serious difficulty they had to overcome. There were seldom any springs along the way, and the water for drinking and cooking purposes was mostly from stagnant ponds and small streams which were not much better. Every night on the way they camped wherever night overtook them, slept in the wagons and under the trees, the cattle and horses browsing about the camp and resting from the day's toil as best they could. The mosquitoes and flies were a terrible pest, much more so than people now-a-days can imagine. It was late in the afternoon of July 26, 1836, when the tired and worn-out caravan obtained first sight of the ever beautiful Maxinkuckee Lake. The glorious sun was just making a golden set, "and by the track of his fiery car gave token of a goodly day tomorrow." It was indeed, as our own "Hoosier Poet" has so beautifully said, "A picture that no painter has the coloring to mock." A sunset on Maxinkuckee is always beautiful, and no matter how often seen never loses its charm to the beholder. None of them had ever seen a lake before, and the beauty of the scene,



A View on the East Shore.

the rippling water, the rays of the golden sunset, and the shore lines, with their "etchings of forest and prairie," left a picture on their memory that lasted during life. The final stop was made just east of the lake, not far from the residence of the late David R. Vorels. It was twilight then. A signal of their arrival in the neighborhood had been agreed upon before they started, and as the ox teams were halted at the end of the journey, a long, loud blast was given on a conch shell, which resounded and echoed and re-echoed through the trees and over the hills, for miles in every direction. The night birds began to carol their sweetest melodies and sing their glad songs of welcome. And then the weary travelers listened eagerly for the response. It soon came from the residence of Vincent Brownlee, a short distance farther away. The echoes of that response still rings loud and clear in the ears of all still living who heard it. It was in one sense a most joyful occasion. The women who had borne the burden and heat of the long and wearisome days and were well-nigh exhausted, cried for joy, and even the stalwart men of the party let fall a silent tear that the hardships of the journey to the new country were at an end. Less than half a dozen who came at that time are still living, and the writer knows of none, except himself, who was then an infant, who still linger about the lake. All the others are living elsewhere, or "have gone to join that innumerable caravan that moves to that mysterious realm from which no traveler ever returns."

At that time there was no house about the lake except the log cabin of Nees-wau-gee heretofore referred to. The only one of the caravan who settled on the lake was Eleazer Thompson, who built a log cabin a year or two later where the residence of Mrs. H. H. Culver is now located on the northeast shore. The old cabin still stands just north of the Culver residence, but has been remodeled, losing thereby some of its primitive beauty. Mr. Thompson was, therefore, the first white settler to take up his permanent residence on the banks of the lake. He died a few years later, and the property has changed hands many times since then. The elder Adam Mow lived there in the early forties, rearing a large family of boys and girls who are well remembered by the survivors of that early period in the history of the lake. About that time there also settled on that side of the lake, Samuel Jones, Samuel Peebles and Debolt Klein. On the lake where the town of Culver now stands lived Ephraim Moor, James Lyon, Minard Taplin, Bayless L. Dickson, Dr. L. M. Bowles, and possibly one or two others whose names are not now recalled. Among the first fishermen from a distance after summer resorters began to come to the lake about 1866, was R. J. Bright (better known as Dick Bright), then proprietor of the Indianapolis Sentinel, and later for many years Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate, who built a little boathouse at Maxinkuckee landing in which he kept his boat and fishing tackle. J. H. Vajen, also of Indianapolis, was among the first to discover the beauties of the lake. Peter Spangler kept the only hotel, on Nees-wau-gee Hill, and had some heavy plank fishing boats, the only boats about the lake at that time.

## ROW AND SAIL BOATS.

Up to about 1850 the only water crafts about the lake were Indian canoes or "dug-outs" as they were called. They were made out of round logs, dug out with a foot-adz, so that one person, and sometimes two, could ride in them, if the waves did not run too high. They were generally propelled with a long pole, and of course it was not safe to venture very far from shore. They were only used for fishing purposes, such as seining and spearing. In 1850, Isaac N. Morris, father of Capt. Ed. Morris, moved to the lake, locating on the north shore, on the farm now owned by A. N. Bogardus. His land ran down to the lake, taking in all the lake front from Lake View Hotel grounds to and including the Palmer House. In the spring of 1852 Mr. Morris built a flat bottom skiff which he called the "Queen of the Lake." This was the first boat other than dug outs on the lake.

In 1874, W. W. Hill, of Plymouth, then a member of the old Plymouth Club on the east side of the lake, built a large sail boat, which he called "The Anna," after a model of his own, equipped it with a tall mast, large sail, rudder, and center board. In ordinary light breezes it would run steadily and was considered safe. On one occasion, in company with three others, Mr. Hill set out for a sail across the lake from the east side to Long Point. A dark and threatening cloud was rapidly coming from the west, with a light wind blowing from that direction. After a brief consultation it was decided that the boat could easily cross the lake before the storm could overtake them. The boat was righted about, the big sail unfurled, and the craft sailed away rapidly. When about a quarter of a mile out from Long Point, the storm broke in all its fury. It proved to be almost a tornado. The mast and sail were blown off instantly, the boat capsized, and those in it thrown indiscriminately out into the angry billows. The sand-bag ballast had slipped down into the stern of the boat, which had sunk to the bottom, the bow being out of the water. There were two life preservers in the stern of the boat which Mr. Hill succeeded in getting out and which he gave to the two boys, he and the other man with him swimming about and holding to the bow of the boat, as it was pounded about, as best they could. The people from the other shore saw the boat go down, but after that the wind and rain and hail and breaking waves made it impossible to see anything that far away. A double oar row boat with two stout men at the oars started for the scene of the disaster, but the wind was so strong and the waves ran so high that slow progress was made. Finally the wind abated to some extent and the rescuing boat reached the place, not much too soon, however, to save the exhausted men from drowning. This is the nearest a fatal sail boat accident that ever occurred on the lake, and practically ended the sailing career of "The Anna."

In 1874, Capt. Ed. Morris built the first flat bottom sail boat, and in the spring of 1876 built the celebrated sail boat, "Nancy Lee." It took its name from a boat song of that name just then quite popular about the lake. He afterwards sold it to the Peru Club. He then built "The

Fleetwing," which he used for sailing purposes until the coming of the railroad in 1883, when steamers were put on the lake and broke up sailing as a business.

This sketch of the sail boats on the lake would not be complete without brief mention of the "Elephant," owned by the Lake View Club, which was launched on the lake in the early '80's. It was an 18 by 30 foot craft, built in Chicago for service on Lake Michigan. It was the largest sailing yacht ever on the lake, and rode the waves, however boisterous the weather might be, with ease and grace. None of the club members were expert sailors, and it soon became noised about that there was danger of it capsizing. As its name indicated, it proved to be an "Elephant" on the hands of the club, and in course of time it was run up on the shore, a bonfire made of it, and now only the memory of the "Elephant" remains.

During the life of the "Elephant," Ed. R. Wheeler, of Shady Bluff, built a large and well equipped sail boat, which was intended to be, and probably was, the finest boat of its kind on the lake up to that time. It proved to be faulty in its construction, leaked badly, and was so much annoyance to the owner that he saturated it with coal oil, set a match to it and it went up in smoke.

### STEAM BOATS.

The first steam boat on the lake was brought from Rochester, Ind., by a man whose name can not now be ascertained. It was launched at Maxinkuckee landing on the east side in the spring of 1878, and was christened "The Victor." It was a small, unpretentious vessel, with a diminutive engine and boiler, and was not considered entirely safe. There were not many people about the lake at that time, and the few that patronized it did not justify the owner in keeping it on the lake, and it was removed elsewhere the same year. And thus "The Victor" was vanquished.

The next steam boat brought to the lake came from the St. Joseph river at South Bend in February, 1883, by a man by the name of Davis. It was called "The Bessie," but when the railroad reached the lake early the same year the name was changed to "The Vandalia." The patronage was not sufficient to make it a paying investment, and it was removed not long after it came to Cedar lake, now Bass lake, in Starke county.

Capt. R. K. Lord brought the iron clad steamer which he named "The W. R. McKeen," in honor of the president of the Vandalia railroad, about the first of April, 1883. Capt. Lord purchased it from a man by the name of Conover, at Cleveland, Ohio, where it had been run on Lake Erie for the accommodation of the owner. It was a small boat, but modern in all its appointments, and had a fair patronage from the first. Capt. Lord continued to run it for several years, but becoming despondent, drowned himself in the lake a short distance east of Long Point in the spring of 1889. Mrs. Lord continued to run it for a few years, when she sold it to a man who removed it to the Lake of the Woods. During the first winter it was there, water was left in the boiler and pipes, which

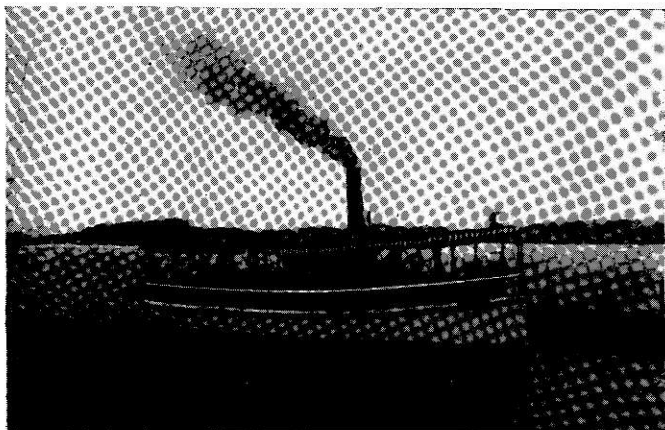


were bursted from freezing, and the boat was so badly injured that the owner did not consider it worth repairing, and thus ended the career of "The W. R. McKeen."

About 1886 Capt. A. J. Knapp purchased a small steamer which had been built for service on Pretty Lake, near Plymouth, but as there was not sufficient patronage to justify the owner in keeping it there he sold it to Mr. Knapp, who launched it on Maxinkuckee lake in connection with his hotel, "The Arlington," christening it "The Lloyd McSheehy," in honor of a son of editor McSheehy, of the Logansport Chronicle, and it has been doing service on the lake ever since.

Capt. Ed. Morris began building boats in 1872. His first White Hall clinker row boat was built for B. F. Jones, of Indianapolis, in the spring of 1879. About that time he also built boats for N. H. Oglesbee and C. E. Toan, of Plymouth. He built and launched the first side wheel steamer "Welcome" in 1885. It was 50 by 14 feet, but was so badly built and equipped, owing to lack of experience in boat building, that it proved a failure and was abandoned during the year. The next year he built "The Peerless," which he run for ten years, when it was laid aside and the present "Peerless" No. 2 was constructed. Capt. Morris has the distinction of having been the first to build all kinds of boats now on the lake that were built here, except gasoline and naphtha launches, and in all has built more than one thousand boats which have been used on the lake. This is a record that probably no other man in this country can duplicate.

After the coming of the railroad in 1883-4, naphtha and gasoline launches, steamers and sail boats became numerous, so that now it is but the truth to say that no lake of its size anywhere is so well stocked as is Maxinkuckee with every kind of up-to-date water craft.



The Peerless.

## LITERATURE OF THE LAKE.

The lake has been embalmed in poetry, song and story by some of the most famous authors of the State. George O. Work composed and published an instrumental piece of music entitled "The Rippling Maxinkuckee," which, however, was nothing out of the ordinary and has gone out of print.

LeRoy Armstrong, an Indiana author of some note, wrote a beautiful short love story in which a handsome Indian girl was the heroine, the principal events of which took place at the lake and in the vicinity, and was published in the Chicago Herald, on which Mr. Armstrong was employed as one of the special writers at that time, about a decade ago.

Mr. John C. Butler, ex-surveyor of Marshall County, under the nom de plume of Hagon Deischmartz, published in the Plymouth Democrat, in March, April and May, 1898, a serial story entitled, "The Lily of the Valley," a story of Maxinkuckee, in which the "Webb is Truth, but the Love is Fiction." In his exordium he pays the following tribute to the beautiful lake:

"There is no lovelier piece of scenery by its expression of sweet picturesqueness than that in the vicinity of Maxinkuckee Lake.

"No clearer or diviner waters ever sang with constant lips of the hand which sendeth rain on the just and the unjust than the beautiful Maxinkuckee. No pastures ever brightened in springtime with more passionate blossoming than the sloping hills and moors bordering on its waters; no sweeter homes ever hallowed the heart of the owners with a pride of possession, fain hidden, but self-confessed, than those of the surrounding farms."

At a celebration of the Fourth of July, 1878, Judge A. C. Capron, now president of this association, responded to the toast, "Our Navy," a portion of which, relating to this lake is deemed appropriate in this connection. After speaking at some length on the deplorable condition of the United States Navy, he turned his thoughts to our home navy, and in relation to Maxinkuckee Lake, he said:

"And now we come to the beautiful Maxinkuckee Lake—a bright sheet of pure water, surrounded by shady banks and pleasant groves. What a squadron we have there. First and foremost we have the 'Queen Anna,' a magnificent three-decker, spreading wide her snowy sails, of which our well-known townsman W. W. Hill is captain, H. G. Thayer is mate, and C. C. Buck is crew. Go down there almost any time—and it is worth your while to do it—you will find Captain Hill in full command, bare-footed, with coat and hat off, ready for a swim in case of an upset. But the way he sails his vessel, makes your head swim in spite of yourself. There is next 'Nancy Lee,' manned by Capt. Ed. Morris, who is always on hand with his fast sailing craft, for a fish, ride or race. But our navy would be incomplete without the 'Kittie Mac,' a duck of a boat, clinker built, with all appointments complete, of which my friend here, D. McDonald is captain, mate and crew. Nor must we forget the row of



staunch gunboats, anchored off the east shore, commanded by Captain Spangler, the genial host of the Allegheny House, whose flag is never at half-mast, and whose larder never runs out. These, my friends, are some of the vessels that belong to our Marshall County Navy, and on all occasions, they and their trusty officers and crews, can be depended upon for a ride or a fishing trip, or any kind of warfare you may wish to make upon the finny tribe. Let us be thankful for what we have and not be cast down for what we have not, and may the flags of our home navy wave as long as the fishing is good, and the water holds out."

From an address of welcome by Hon. C. H. Reeve, of Plymouth, to the Northern Indiana Teachers' Association, held at the lake June 29, 1886, the following charming description of the "Beautiful Maxinkuckee" is inserted as a literary gem—a classic in its way. Mr. Reeve said:

"Many years ago, near where we are now located, I came in sight of the lovely lake yonder for the first time.

"When I first saw it, the primeval forest around it was almost untouched. Some settlers were near it, but mainly the forest came to the margin. Some rushes grew in the shallow spots. A log canoe rocked on the shore near me as the light waves pulsated to and fro. The sunlight glinted from the surface of the water and the whole space above was filled with a kind of glowing haze I have seen nowhere else. The undulations of the shores and the deep green of the trees were reflected in black shadows from the water below. Near me a robin was caroling his liquid song. The red-winged blackbird flew chirping across the narrow bends, alighting now and then on the limber twig of a bush, or some stout bulrush that bent to the water and allowed him to seize something he saw and wanted. The lazy gulls rose and fell, and turned from side to side as they crossed and recrossed above the water. Here and there in some still spot a fish would spring out and leave a circlet of tiny waves following each other in glowing circles, soon broken by others made in like manner near by them. Some wild ducks arose from near the shore with a cry of alarm and winged a rapid flight around the bends to light in some obscure place. Away near the opposite shore a figure sat in a dugout, holding a pole that would occasionally rise to the perpendicular and then come down to the horizontal, and it looked as completely alone as if it were the only being in its form alive. These trifling incidents attracted momentary notice only. But the lights and shades; the outlines and the undulations; the glittering and shimmering of sun and water and shadowy reflections; the life and motion and stillness; the strange mellow haze, like an invisible veil, yet obstructing no light, that was above and over it all like a halo; the something, indescribable and seen nowhere else, were before me in the fullness of Nature's most perfect work. I reined in my horse and sat still on him, almost entranced by the indescribable feelings created by the scene. There are no words I know to describe it. It could be felt—a glow of pleasure and wonder mingled with awe—a sense of beauty with a glow of exag-geration that went beyond words for comparison.

"I had met an Indian only a few moments before seeing the lake; just up yonder on the road coming through the woods. He was bare-

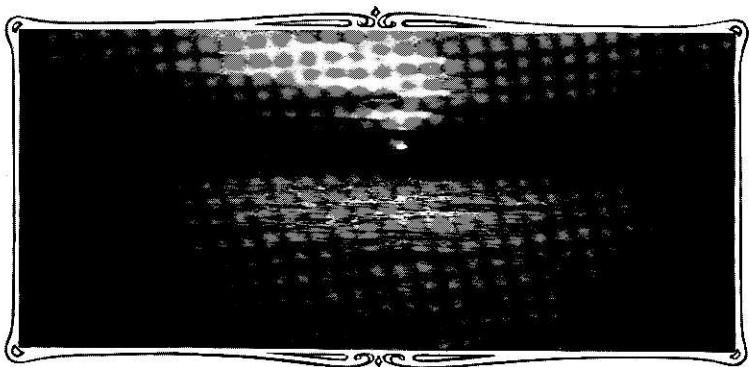
headed, had on a calico shirt, deerskin leggings and moccasins and carried a gun; and he had told me in broken English with short pauses between the words about the road I desired to follow. 'Go so,' he said, pointing the direction, 'see—big—trail. Mabbe—go—so,' pointing another direction, 'see—chemoke—man's—wigwam. Yes.' That was, I would soon come to the main wagon road, and following that would come to a white man's house. I followed the first direction, and soon after the weird and beautiful glamour of the wonderful Max-in-kuck-ee was before me. I shall see it always. You can never see it as I did then.

"But it has another beauty now, that you gaze on. I have them both before me, and year by year have seen the changes as they grew in it and in the country regions round and about. How many can go back to that log canoe, as, half filled with water, it oscillated upon the shore yonder, and step by step follow the changes down to the graceful hulls and sails that daily skim the surface of the lake, or the shapely little steamers that

"Walk the water like a thing of life.'

while the echoes on the shore awake to the throbs of their fiery, imprisoned hearts, as the pulsations evolve the forces of their artificial life.

"To me there is a strange blending of the sights and sounds here now with the memory of those of long ago. The carol of the robin and the bell of the steamer; the whistle of the blackbirds and the scream of the locomotive; the grace of the waterfowl and its rapid flight, and the white-sailed yachts; the presence of the lonely fisherman and the silent Indian; the knowledge of the fewer wants and fewer means of gratifying them then, and the many needs and boundless resources of the present; of the lighter burdens that rested then and the mighty ones that rest now, all pass before me like the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces and solemn temples created by the baseless fabric of some weird vision."



Sunset on the Lake.

## POETRY OF THE LAKE.

Several fine poems have been written concerning the lake, but in this sketch it is deemed best to give only the compositions of our own Indiana writers. The following tribute to "The Beautiful Rippling Maxinkuckee," is by George H. Taylor, of Terre Haute:

Amid fair Indiana's verdant hills,  
Supplied by crystal springs and sparkling rills,  
There sleeps a lake, a gem of emerald hue  
Whose face reflects the sky's ethereal blue.  
Along its shore, around its crystal deep,  
Tall oaks, grim sentinels, their vigils keep.  
Here, far from men's tumultuous haunts, at rest  
Gleams Maxinkuckee's placid, dimpled breast.

O, lovely spot, whose tranquil beauty lends  
To human hearts its Sabbath peace and sends  
New life through every frame that breathes the air,  
Or seeks upon thy shore surcease of care.  
'Tis lovely when the skylark soars to meet  
The rosy gleam of morn and with his song to greet  
The god of day, whose flood of golden light  
Dispels the shades, but leaves the hush at night.

'Tis lovely when at high noon's he,  
The varied foliage along its side  
Casts its reflection in the waters clear  
And rears a phantom landscape in the mere.  
'Tis lovely when at eve pale Luna's ray  
Is struggling with the light of day;  
When from yon cliff the whippoorwill's sad note  
Falls on the wave and with the breeze doth float.

Here childhood sports through all the summer day  
Along these shores secure from evil's way;  
Here youth, as o'er the moonlit deep they sail,  
May breathe in softest accents love's sweet tale.  
Here busy prime may taste the fragrant air  
And on the wave forget all toil and care,  
And ripened age, life's vanities resigned,  
Sweet peace and comfort on these shores may find.

## THE HOOSIER POET'S TRIBUTE TO MAXINKUCKEE.

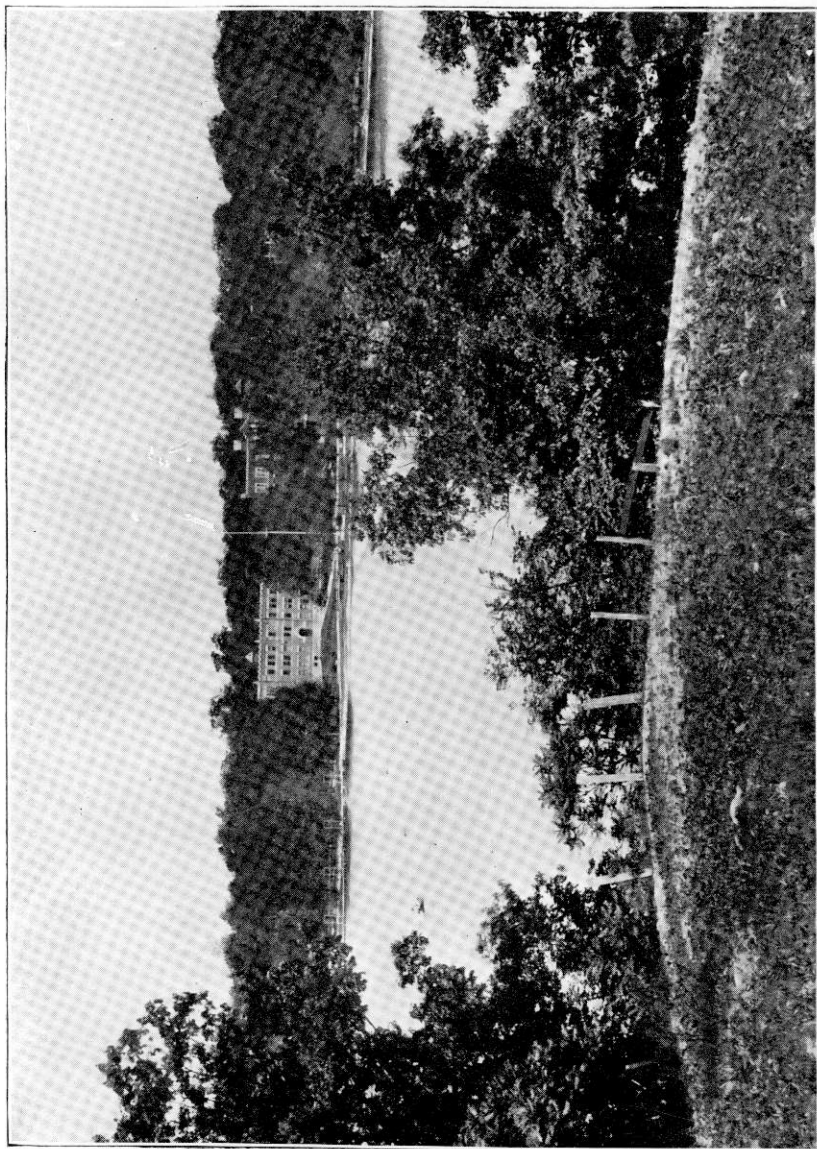
A few years ago, James Whitcomb Riley, Indiana's famous poet, spent some time at the lake, and gave his impressions of it as follows:

The green below and the blue above—  
The waves caressing the shores they love;  
Sails in haven and sails afar,  
And faint as the water lilies are  
In inlets haunted of willow wands,  
Listless rowers, and trailing hands,  
With spray to gem them and tan to glove—  
The green below and the blue above.

The blue above and the green below.  
Would that the world was always so—  
Always summer and warmth and light,  
With mirth and melody day and night;  
Birds in the boughs of the beckoning trees,  
Chirr of locusts, and whiffs of breeze—  
World old roses that bud and blow—  
The blue above and the green below.

The green below and the blue above,  
Heigh, young hearts and the hopes thereof—  
Kate in the hammock and Tom sprawled on  
The sward—like a lover's picture drawn  
By the lucky dog himself, with Kate  
To moon o'er his shoulder and meditate  
On a fat old purse or a lank young love—  
The green below and the blue above.

The blue above and the green below,  
Shadow and sunshine to and fro—  
Seasons for dreams—whate'er befall  
Hero, heroine, hearts and all.  
Wave of wildwood—the blithe bird sings,  
And the leaf-hid locust whets his wings—  
Just as a thousand years ago—  
The blue above and the green below.



Culver Military Academy (The North Shore).

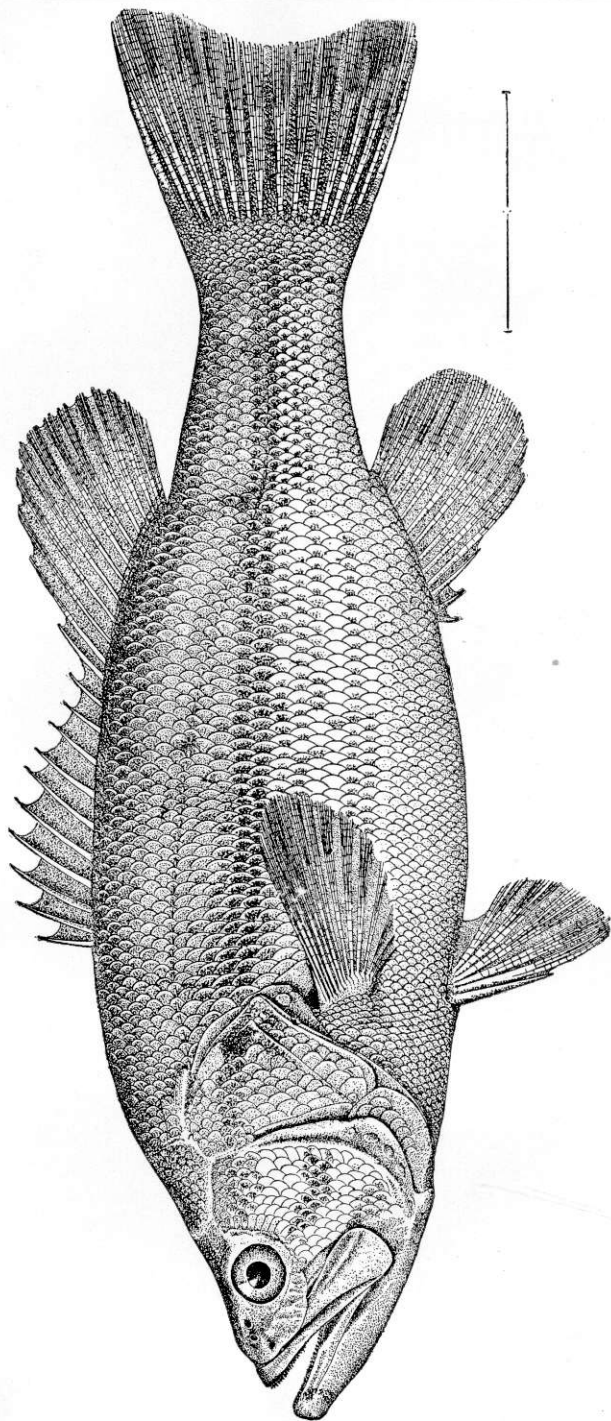
### MISCELLANEOUS.

What is now the town of Culver, was originally called Union Town. It was surveyed and regularly laid out in 1844 by Bayless L. Dickson, the owner of the land on which it was situated. The town was resurveyed in 1851, when its name was changed at the suggestion of Dr. G. A. Durr, to Marmont, in memory of the French General Marmont. About 1898 the name of Marmont was changed to Culver, in honor of Mr. H. H. Culver, founder of Culver Military Academy, located on the northeast shore of the lake, and by that name it is now known and undoubtedly will continue to be known for all time to come.

Maxinkuckee town was never regularly laid out. Like Topsy, it "jist grow'd." It is situated on a high bluff half mile east on the east side of the lake, and contains a population of about one hundred.

Culver Military Academy, on the northeast shore of the lake, was founded in 1894 by Mr. Henry H. Culver, a generous and philanthropic citizen of St. Louis, Mo., with a view to help the boys of the present day to secure that kind of education which would best fit them for college or university, or for an honorable and useful business career. A history of the rise and progress of this great institution, only excelled by the government academy at West Point, would require more space than is at our command in this brief history. In its establishment, Mr. Culver has erected a monument to his memory as lasting as the beautiful lake whose banks it adorns.

The Maxinkuckee Assembly was organized in 1900 by Elder J. V. Coombs. He purchased several acres of lake front on the west side of the lake near the town of Culver, leased it to the Assembly Association, who erected an auditorium and several other buildings. It is owned and managed by the Disciple's Church. Religious and other exercises, lectures, musical concerts, etc., have been held there each summer since its organization.



Large Mouth Black Bass—*Micropterus Salmonides*.

## FISH AND FISHING IN LAKE MAXINKUCKEE.

By Judge A. C. Capron.

## THE EDIBLE FISH.

*Common Name.**Scientific Name.*

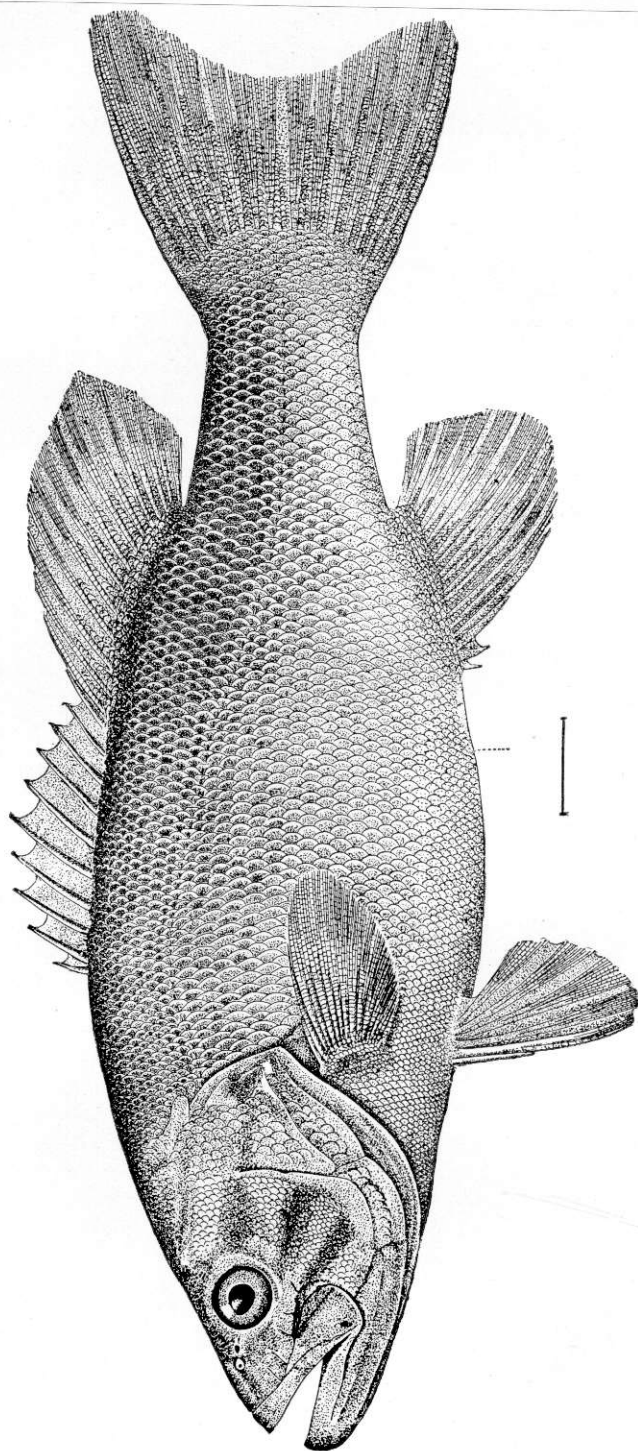
Black Bass (Large mouth).....	Micropterus Salmonides.
Black Bass (Small mouth) .....	Micropterus Dolomieu.
Rock Bass (Red-eye) .....	Ambloplites Rupestris.
Crappie (New Comer).....	Pomoxis Annularis.
Warmouth (Goggle-eye).....	Chaenobryttus Gulosus.
Yellow or Ringed Perch.....	Perca Flavescenes.
Blue Bream (Blue Gill).....	Lepomis Pallidus.
Sunfish (Common).....	Eupomotis Gibbosus.
Long Eared Sunfish. ....	Lepomis Megalotis.
Wall-eyed Pike (Salmon).....	Stizostedion Vitreum.
Catfish (Bullhead).....	Americus Nebulosis.
Calico Bass .....	Pomoxis Sparoides.
American Eel.....	Anguilla Chrysypa.

## NON-EDIBLE FISH.

Long Nosed Gar.....	Lepisosteus Osseus.
Bow Fin (Dogfish).....	Amia Calva.

Any history of Lake Maxinkuckee that did not make favorable mention of its fish and the opportunity its waters have always afforded for genuine sport to all lovers of the "gentle art," would be deemed incomplete to a large majority of those who have lived in its vicinity or had been visitors to this famous summer resort, for there is not another lake in the State of Indiana, large or small, that has or ever had the enviable reputation this lake has always maintained in this respect. And this reputation is well and honestly earned. Nowhere else in the State do the edible fishes grow to larger size or attain a more delicious flavor than those of this beautiful lake. There are two good reasons for this: One, the exceeding purity of its waters; the other, the abundance of fish food, both insectivorous and vegetable, found therein. There is no doubt but what its water is the cleanest and purest of any lake water in the West. It has no permanent surface inlets, its water supply being mainly from innumerable small springs along its margin and at the bottom, and from nearly half a hundred artesian flowing wells, which reach a depth of from fifty to one hundred and twenty-five feet, located along the north, east and south shores, from which there pours, summer and winter, unceasing streams of as cold, pure water as ever came from the inner recesses of old mother earth. The lake is really an immense whitewater spring, out of which flows through its outlet on the west side a goodly stream of sparkling water, averaging some twenty inches in depth and eighteen or more feet wide. The contour of the bottom of the lake is of a character to afford a great amount of fish food, it being very un-



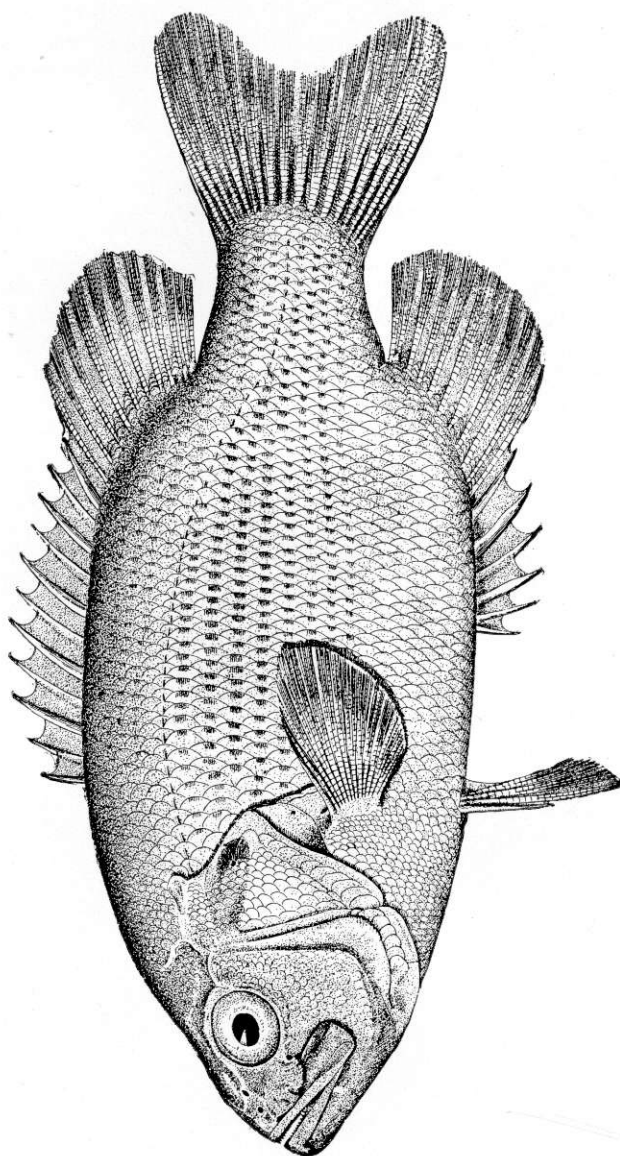


Small Mouth Black Bass—*Micropterus Dolomieu*.

even, with a depth ranging from six to almost ninety feet, with deep gullies, shallow flats and bars and ridges with steep and sloping sides, where several varieties of aquatic plants and lake grasses grow profusely, which furnish excellent pasturage for the grazing varieties of fish (and these are more numerous than most people imagine), and also hiding places for the newly hatched game fishes and the crabs, sticklebacks, minnows and water insects, upon which the large fish are accustomed to feed. The bottom of the lake on the north and east, where the water is rather shallow, is fairly paved with small cobble-stones, with now and then a good sized boulder, where the soft-shelled crabs are found in profusion, which makes a famous feeding ground for the black bass during certain seasons.

The first colonies of white settlers who located themselves at and near the lake were not at first much addicted to the fishing habit. They came from southern Ohio and Indiana, where there were no lakes and the streams were muddy and afforded little sport in that line. To open a new farm in a timber country required the hardest kind of labor, and every able-bodied person put in six days of steady work each week in clearing the ground for crops, building log houses for shelter and getting ready to live in some degree of comfort. All except the very small children were devout church members, and such a thing as a fishing excursion on the Sabbath was never dreamed of. But in their forced and hurried evacuation of the territory around the lake the Indians had left some of their "dugouts," and it was not a long time until the boys were paddling them up and along the lake shores, and they soon discovered there were plenty of fish to be seen sporting in the clear waters, and of course the next thing was to try and catch them. The writer of this history can not, however, learn that any particular attention was given to fishing in the lake until about the year 1840. There are yet living in Marshall County a few of those who as boys fished there with their fathers in those early times, and the stories they tell of the schools of fish to be seen and the quantities caught are enough to make the modern fisherman green with envy. With fishpoles cut from the grubs, homemade linen lines and hooks of antique make, a couple of farmers would man a canoe, paddle to the first bar and with worms and grubs for bait an evening's fishing would bring in a bushel of as fine fish as ever swam in lake or river. It was not many months before a longer, a trolling line, with bucktail bait, was used, and a pull across the lake was all that was needed to furnish a small neighborhood with a hearty fish meal. There were no statutory fish laws at that time, and spearing at night was one of the favorite methods of fishing, and if the occupants of a boat got less than a hundred pounds of fish during a night they considered themselves in bad luck. Between the years 1850 and 1860 seining the waters for fish became quite common, and loads of fish of all kinds were annually taken out of the lake.

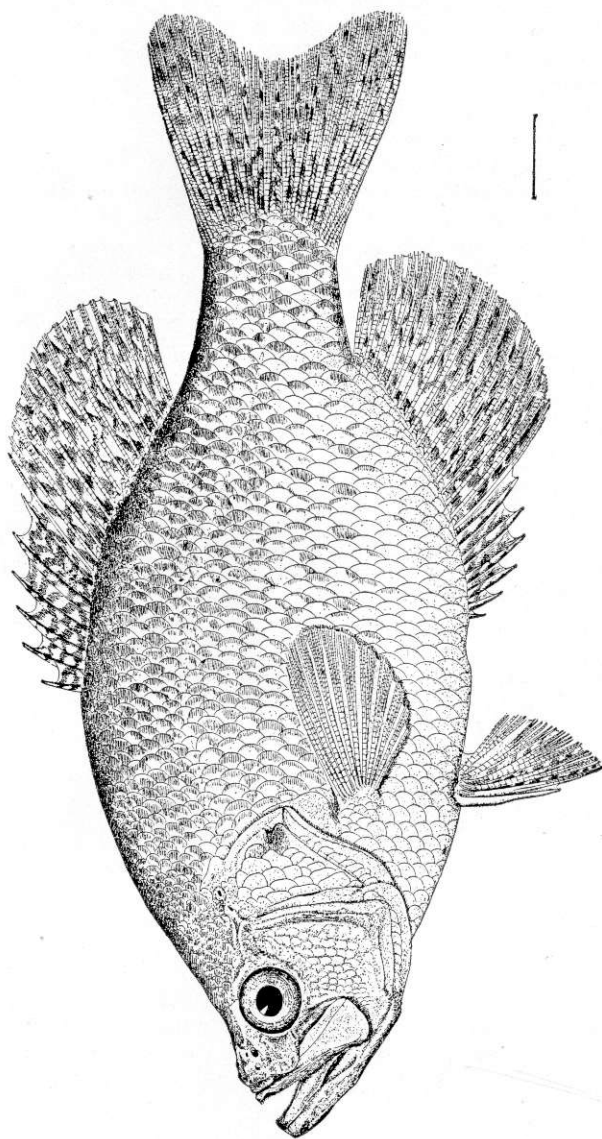
But it was not until in the '60s that the sporting fraternity—the fishermen with rod, reel and line—began to visit Lake Maxinkuckee. By that time a few fairly comfortable row boats had been put on the lake and a small visiting party could find accommodation for a day or two



Rock Bass (Red-eye) — *Ambloplites Rupestris*.

with some of the farmers near by, and the fame of the lake as a fisherman's paradise began to spread abroad. The first lakeside cottage was built in the early '70s by a club of about a dozen Plymouth fishermen on the lot now known as the McQuat Place. The completion of the L. P. & C. railroad (now the Lake Erie & Western) brought the cities along its line within eight miles of the lake, and parties from Rochester, Peru and Logansport began to camp upon its shores, and their white tents could be seen all through the fishing seasons beneath the shady groves of Long Point, Edward's Landing and Peeples' Point. And after the completion of the Vandalia railroad to South Bend the Terre Haute people came in goodly numbers. The good qualities of the lake were first made known to the Indianapolis people by Hon. Martin H. Rice, who had known the lake since 1855, and when the railroad was completed the fishermen from the Capital City came up, first singly, then by twos and threes, and finally by the dozen, to try their luck in the clear waters of our beautiful lake. They found good quarters at the Allegheny House, and they brought along their finest fishing tackle, their well-trying fly rods, their Frankfort reels and the most approved artificial baits, and they all caught fish—all kinds of fish—and enough to make a goodly show in their fish baskets, and nearly every man of them had a bundle of smashed fishing tackle to take home to prove the truth of his story of the big fish he had hooked, but which got away. And the men from these cities came again and again, and they caught something besides the fishes; they caught a vision of the glory of the lake, with its clear waters, its tree-lined shores, its wooded bluffs, its clean sandy beaches over which gurgled the cool waters of its crystal springs, and the vision went with them to their homes, to their business rooms, and it would not depart, and they began to long for a portion of bluff, of shore or beach, where they might abide for days or months and take into their souls all the beauties that vision had revealed to them, and shortly they became possessors of jutting points, of stretches of beach, of tracts of wooded shores, of acres of the shady bluffs, and there they built the row of artistic cottages that now encircle the lake like rich tinted gems set around a luminous pearl—and out of that vision was born the Maxinkuckee Association, the most rational and pleasure giving summer resort association in the State of Indiana today.

And what were the fish these Maxinkuckee fishermen caught? Well, they caught a dozen varieties at least, all clean, nice edible fish, all gamy and full of fight, and all ready to take the proper bait in season. At the head of the list we must put the two varieties of black bass—the big and the small-mouthed. They are the "king fish" of the Indiana lakes, as every real fisherman knows. It is the general opinion amongst those who are accustomed to catch black bass that the small-mouthed are the gamiest and best fighters of the two varieties, but the big mouthed give plenty of trouble and excitement to the fisherman, and in the writer's experience he has found that pound for pound the latter variety make just as bitter a fight for liberty and life as do the other variety. But the big mouthed grow to almost twice the weight of the small mouthed, and as they increase in size they are less active and

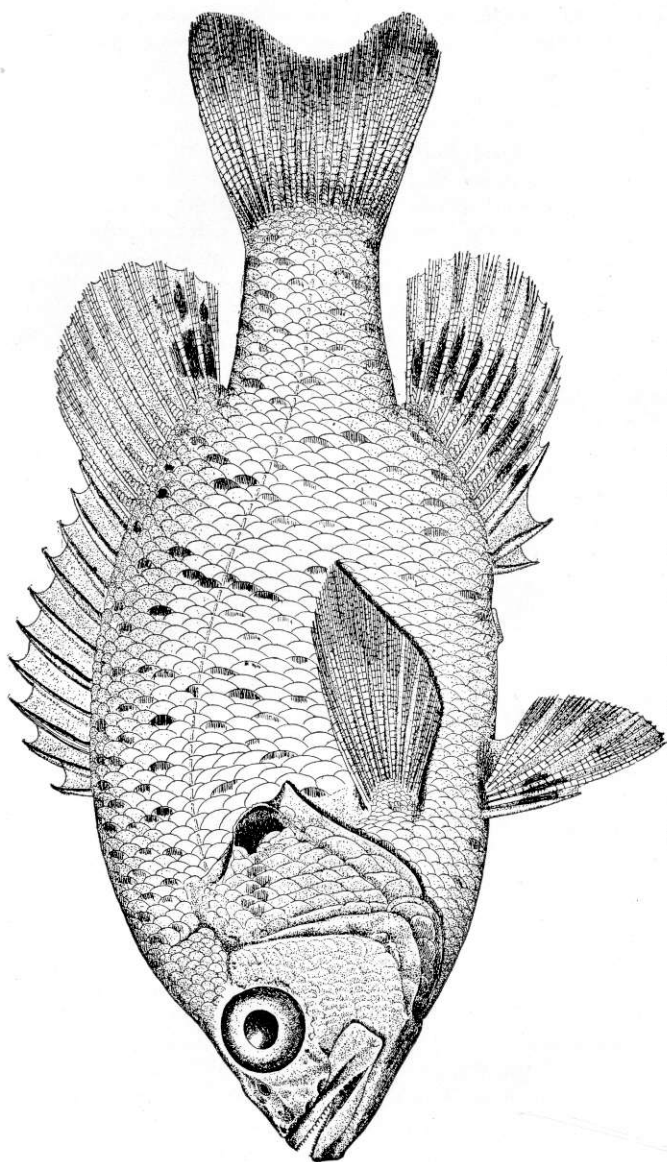


Crappie (New Comer) — *Pomoxis Annularis*.

when struck do not spring out of water as often or as nimbly as when they are smaller; but the big fellows adopt different tactics. They dart for the nearest grass or weed patch and once within it they whirl and circle and soon wind the fisherman's line around a resisting mass of weeds which gives them a chance to tear loose from the hook. This variety of black bass has been known to attain a weight of ten pounds and over. A quite well authenticated tradition has it that one was speared in the lake in the early '50s, brought to Plymouth and sold, that weighed twelve pounds without the entrails. The largest the writer ever saw caught in our lake was taken by a lady in the year 1874. It weighed a trifle over seven and one-half pounds. Of late years several have been caught that weighed over six pounds. But, after all, the snappy, saucy small mouth is the favorite among the fishermen. There is grit and determination in his every movement and he keeps the fisherman continually guessing until he is fairly in the landing net. Probably more "strikes" of this fish are failures to "catch" than those of any other variety in the lake.

While there is yet a goodly supply of black bass in the lake, it is true that their numbers are much less than twenty years ago. Still, good strings have been caught during last season and this spring season of 1904, and during the past six or eight years there has been very little falling off in the catches, though the number of fishermen has increased. The United States Department of Fisheries has started in to replenish the lake with the small-mouthed variety, and for several years quite a large number of fry have been placed in its waters, and the experienced fishermen are claiming that they are now catching the new bass and that they can distinguish quite a difference between the old and the new varieties.

Next in size and interest to the fish gourmand are the wall-eyed pike, or salmon, as they are usually named by the people around the lake. They are the most toothsome of all the large fishes, having, when properly cooked, a most delicious flavor of their own, while the rich, even grain of the flesh presents a most appetizing appearance. They are not as numerous as formerly, but they are caught during the entire season and the number taken is considerable. They frequent the lowest and deepest growths of weeds and grasses in their search for food and are usually caught in from twenty-five to forty feet of water (though occasionally one will be found in much shallower spots), and the long pull makes the catch quite exciting, especially if the salmon wakes up to the situation and gives fight. All at once he becomes ambitious, often just as the fisherman is about to slip the landing net beneath him, and he puts up a battle worthy of a black bass and it takes skill and caution to save him. They are quite handsome fish and present an appearance of health and solidity that is entirely satisfactory to the lucky one who makes the catch. These fish are always of good size, weighing from two to five pounds, and heavier ones are occasionally caught, and, strange to say, no really small salmon have ever been caught in the lake; at least, this is the writer's experience. The United States Fish Department has been trying for the past few years to replenish the lake with these



Warmouth (Goggle-eye)—*Chaenobrythus Gulosus*.

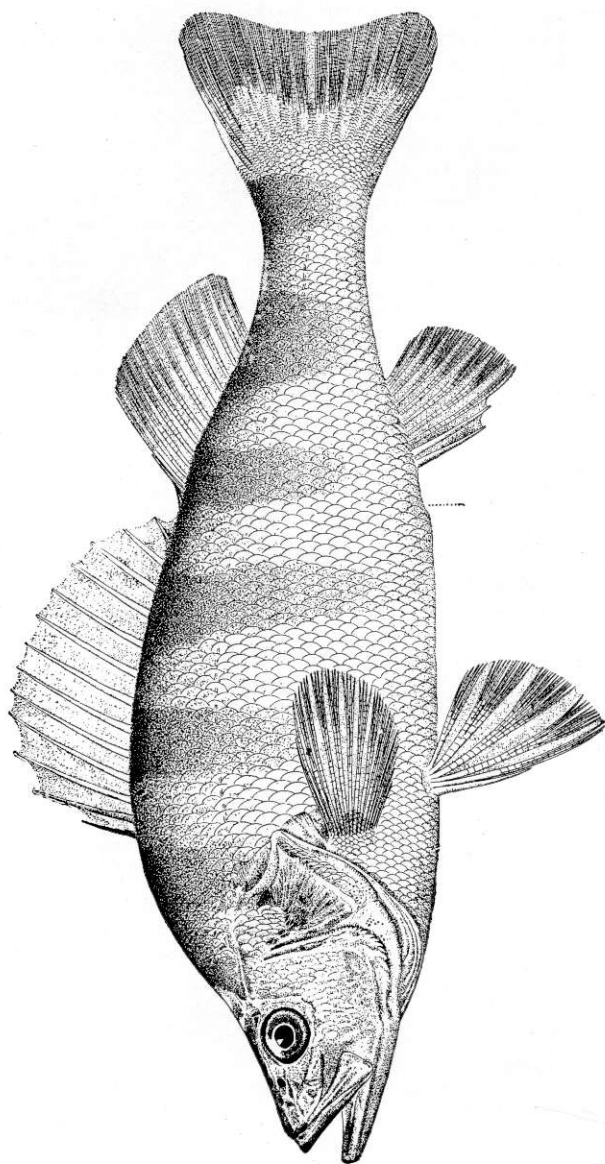


fish, and probably fifteen millions of fry have been planted here, and it is expected that in a reasonably short time the wall-eyes will be more plentiful than they were half a century ago.

There are two other varieties of fish in the lake that deserve special mention for their good qualities, viz., the yellow-ringed perch and the blue bream, often called the buffalo blue gill. The perch are the most plentiful of any fish in the lake, and larger or finer ones are nowhere caught. They are by all odds the handsomest fish in our Indiana waters, and to fish for them is the especial delight of the lady cottagers who spend the season at our lake. They are caught in great numbers on the bars and about the weed and grass patches in the early season; later they are found in deeper water. The large perch are especially brilliant fish. Dressed in ribbons of silk and satin they come out of the water wet and shining, their golden yellow sides and red and orange fins making pleasing contrast with their green brown stripes as they flash and sparkle—genuine jewelled water sprites. They are of a most delicious flavor when properly cooked, and they really furnish the greater part of the fish food used by the lake cottagers. They often grow to weigh a pound and a half, though the greater number caught weigh less than half a pound. Every year some extremely large catches are made, often as many as 200 by one fisherman. Not long ago a catch of 110 perch weighed eighty-seven pounds, and the writer has seen strings of these fish laid upon the shore fully six feet long, all of which indicates that the “fish hog” is not yet an extinct species.

The notable thing about the blue gills or bream in Maxinkuckee Lake is their uncommonly large size, the majority of them weighing a pound or more. They are a handsome, active fish, and game to the backbone. When struck they have a way of darting sidewise swift as an arrow, and for a time they pull like a three-pound bass. It is a fact that more tips of fine rods are broken by these gritty fish in their sudden springs and dartings while trying to escape than in all other ways put together, and much the safest way of fishing for them is to use a long, light bamboo. They are a most excellent pan fish, their flesh having a peculiar sweetness much liked by most fishermen and their families. At times they can be caught in great numbers, and again not a blue gill can be got in the lake for a month. They are great wanderers, and except when on their beds they do not stay in one locality any length of time. When the blue gill spawning beds are found the word goes quickly around the lake and a dozen or more boats loaded with country boys and men will be early on the grounds, and, with bamboo poles, cork on line and fish worms for bait, the murder of the innocents goes steadily on until the spawning is done or the last fish caught. And the sporting crowd and the cottagers are not a whit behind the country folk in their eagerness to get a share of the sport and fish. No wonder that the blue bream are getting scarce, and the State fishing laws do not protect them.

The other varieties of edible fishes found in the lake may properly be classed as pan-fish, of good quality every one, but they need no extended mention. From rock bass to catfish, all are gamy and put up the



Yellow or Ringed Perch—*Perca Flavescens*.

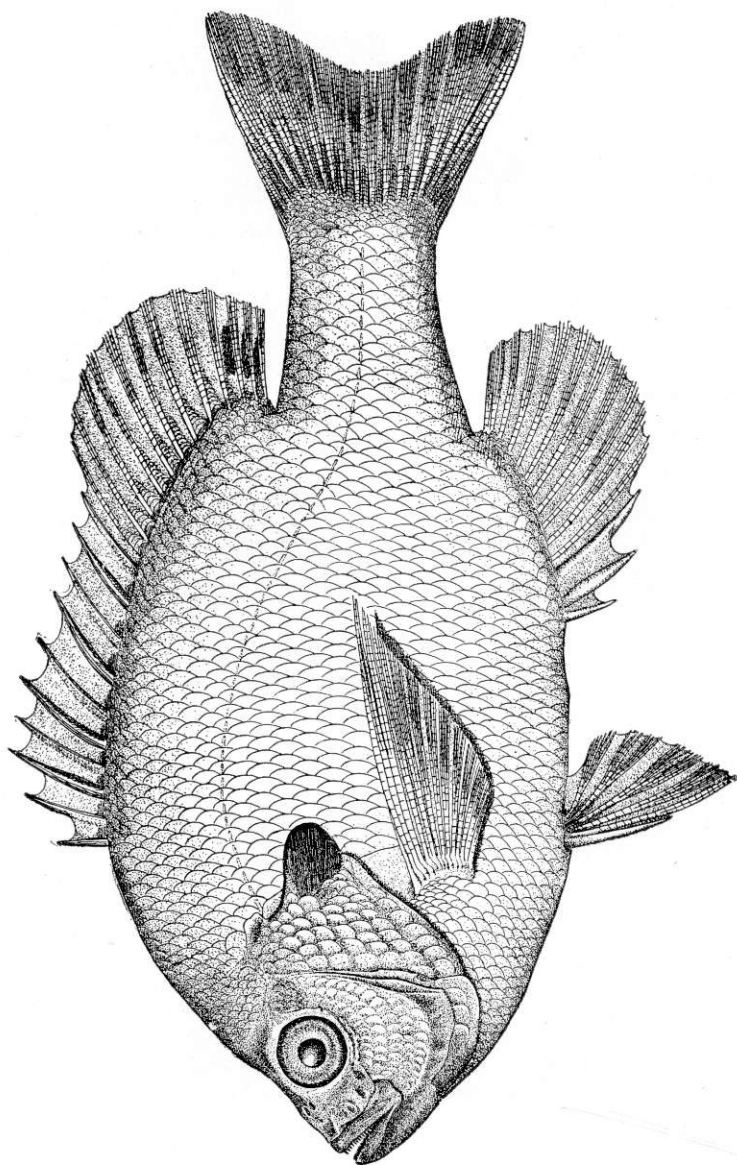
best fight possible. The crappies and calico bass both take the fly at times, when they afford rare sport, for many of them grow to large size, often weighing a pound and a half or more. They are gamy and full of fight, having some of the tricks of the blue bream, and the fly rod fisherman is often put to his best to land his catch. There are two rare species of sunfish—the long-eared and the butter-bellies—both noted for their beautiful markings. Only a few are caught in the lake. The smaller species of sunfish are quite plentiful, and as they frequent shallow water, especially about the piers and landings, they afford rare sport for the small children of the cottagers, who industriously fish for them and religiously insist on having all they catch cleaned and cooked for their own especial benefit, oftentimes much to the annoyance of the culinary department.

It will hardly do to omit all mention of the two species of non-edible fish which to some extent infest the lake. The meek-eyed dogfish quite often makes himself manifest, much to the annoyance and always to the disappointment of the fisherman, for his "strike" is exactly like that of the wall-eye. A bitter fight is sure to follow, for Mr. Calva never knows when to quit, and it is only after ten or fifteen minutes of keen excitement when the flat tail and the mouse-like eyes of the catch comes to view that the situation clears up, and a collapse follows. Several mild "cuss" words from the fisherman and the other occupants of the boat are in order, and they are brought forth with the greatest unanimity.

During July and August the long-nosed gars make themselves manifest, greatly to the disgust of the fishermen. Apparently they are getting more plentiful each year. They frequent the edges of the bars, where, as a usual thing, the trolling is the best, and, as their strike is similar to that of the black bass, they get up as much or more commotion as the dogfish. To the novice who enjoys a pull with anything that gets on his hook a tussle with a five or six-pound gar is rare sport. If, however, he manages to get his ugly customer in his boat, the three feet of round solid fish and the six-inch bill filled with sharp teeth discourages all attempt to disengage his tackle, and hook and snood are quickly sacrificed and the ugly "beast" dumped in short order. It is said that the gars are of some use as scavengers, but the fishermen would gladly forego this if the lake could be rid of them.

According to Professor Everman there are more than thirty varieties of minnows in the lake. They are extremely numerous and furnish an inexhaustible supply of bait.

To be even moderately successful one must be fairly well acquainted with the "lay of the land" in the lake. There are considerable areas that are absolutely barren of fish at all seasons, where one may fish a week and not get a nibble. The large map of the lake made under the supervision of Prof. Barton W. Everman, Ichthyologist of the United States Fish Commission, furnishes an accurate description of the contour of the bottom of the lake, and it may be studied with profit by all newcomers who wish to get a decent catch of fish. Where the water is

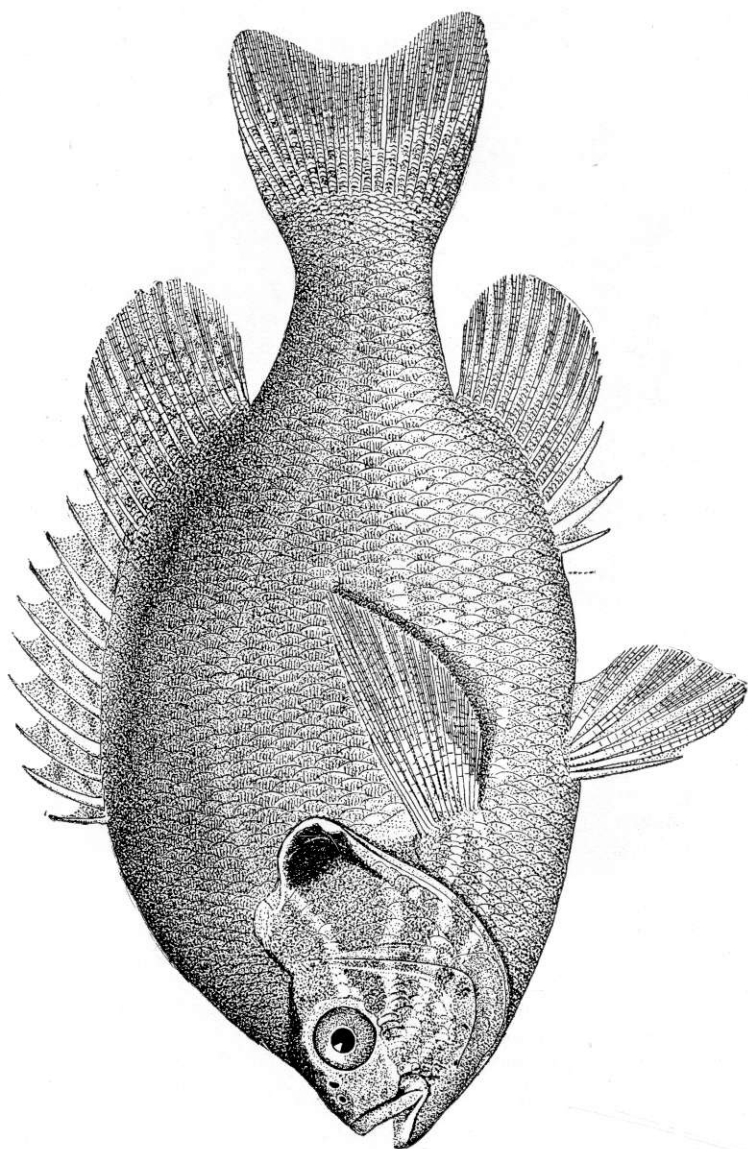


Blue Bream (Blue Gill) — *Lepomis Pallidus*.

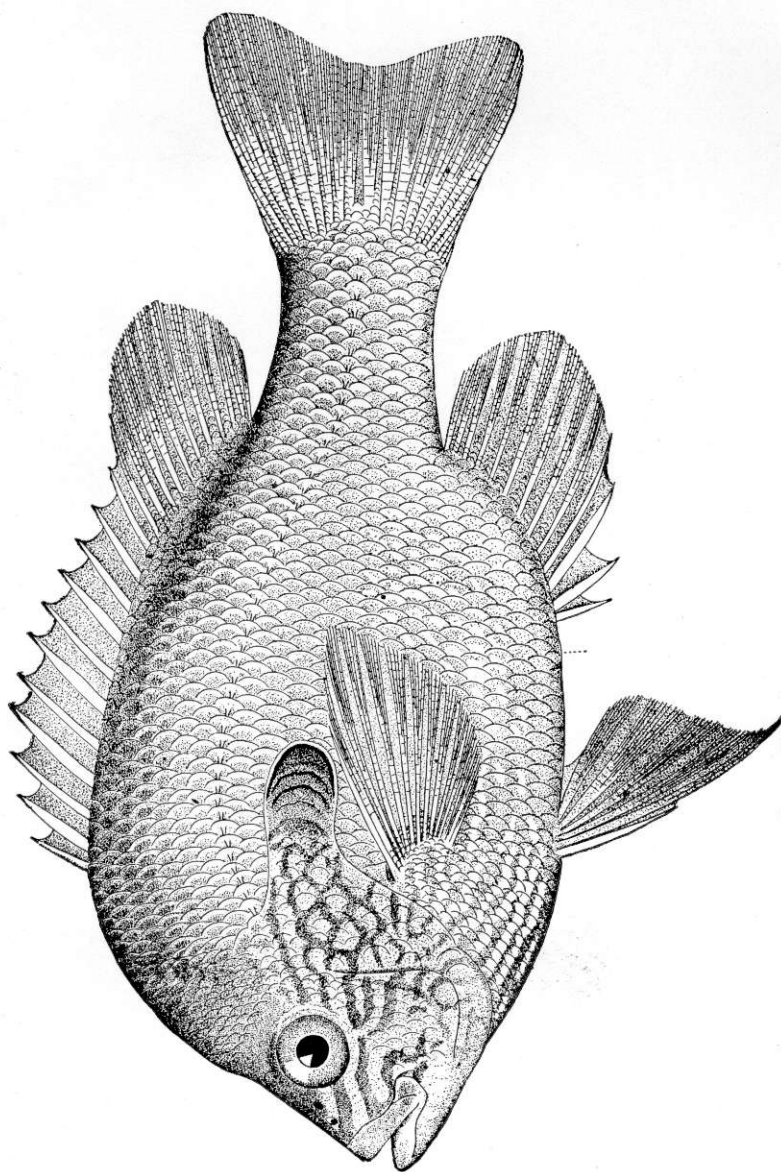
sixty, seventy or eighty feet deep there are no fish, unless it be a few gars swimming near the surface in a migration from one side of the lake to the other.

And there are days when the lake appears absolutely without fish of any kind, when the experienced fisherman with both live and artificial bait may search the bars and gullies of the very best fishing grounds from "morn till dewy eve" with not a single strike. But even such a day is not without its recompense to the genuine fisherman, for he is always a lover of nature in her various moods. After a fruitless pull of a couple of hours and he realizes that the fish are hugging the bottom among the lake weeds and grasses and beyond the temptation of his alluring baits, he can drop his oars and drift idly in the summer breeze that brings to him across the lake the odor of the woods, the fields or the new mown hay, and watch the changing colors of the lake as the shadows of the fleecy clouds creep slowly over the surface; or, looking shoreward beyond the line where land and water meet his eyes will rest upon a sylvan picture of wooded bluff and shady beach with their bright tinted cottages nestling among the trees, wordless invitations to the weary to come and find rest therein, and, as the evening comes on and the winds are hushed and all the west, both sky and water, is painted in gorgeous colors by the glorious sunset, there comes creeping over the glassy lake a tinkling music as of water bells touched by the sparkling streams that gush from the flowing wells and splash upon the margin of the lake. And, as his boat glides to his landing place, the joy and sweetness of life fills his being with a new and thrilling sense of pleasure, and as he picks up his creel and saunters slowly toward his cottage he feels in his heart more than half glad that it is an empty creel—with nothing dead in it. Surely such a day is not a lost day, not a day to be regretted!

And there are other days, red-letter days for the fisherman; days when every good-sized fish in the lake appears to have wakened up hungry from a two or three days' snooze in the grass, and every one of them seems to be hunting the fisherman's bait; and, whether anchored on the edge of a bar or trolling deep among the gullies, the time between strikes is little more than enough to adjust a new bait and get the lines well out again. On these days the catch of a couple of hours half fills the creel with three or four varieties of goodly sized fish—all the small ones discarded and thrown into the lake. On these days the fisherman finds no time to watch the shadows on the lake; no matter how gorgeous the sunset, he sees it not. The winds may waft the odor of the spices Araby across the lake—he perceives it not; the music of the rippling streams that gush from the flowing wells is drowned by the chirr of his reel, and the cottage-lined shores are simply a landing place, where he will beach his boat and step proudly upon the shore, holding up to the gaze of family and friends his wonderful catch on this his lucky day. Well, it's only human nature to enjoy success, and these are the days the fisherman loves to talk and think of—the days he remembers best.

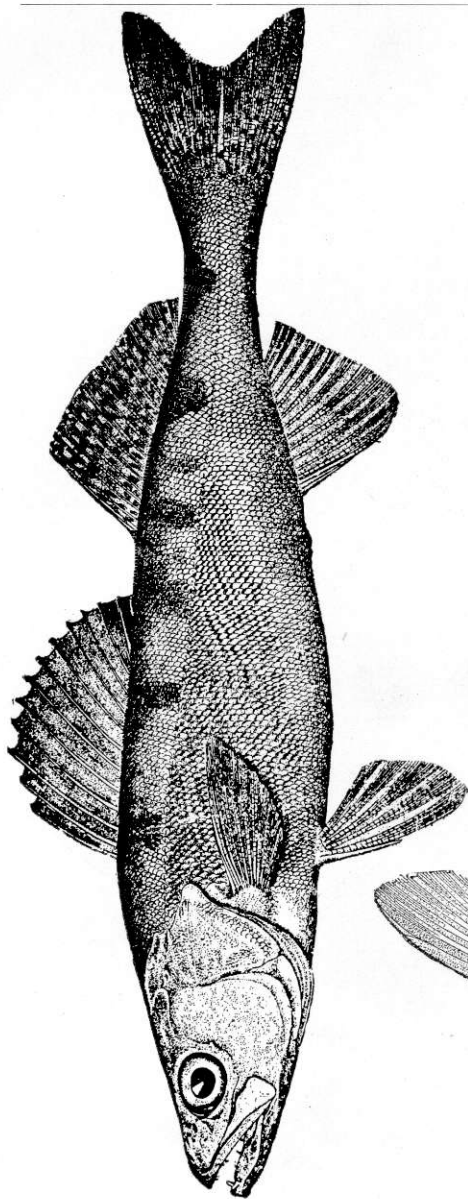


Sunfish (Common)—*Eupomotis Gibbosus*.

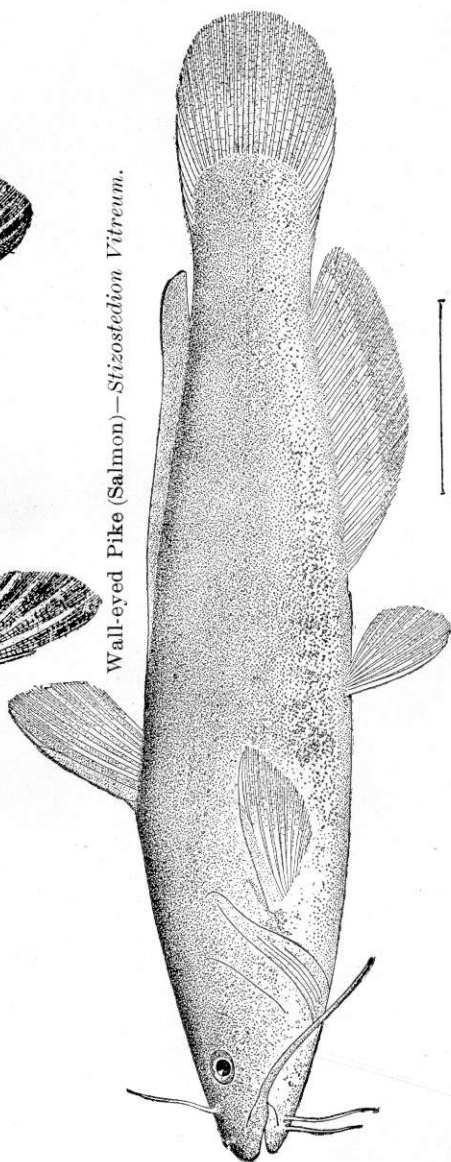


Long Eared Sunfish—*Lepomis megalotis*.





Wall-eyed Pike (Salmon)—*Stizostedion Vitreum*.



Catfish—*Americus Nebulosis*.

## THE MAXINKUCKEE LAKE ASSOCIATION.

By W. T. Wilson.

In America the Civic League has become an institution. To aid the officers of the law by intelligent organized action, backed by conservative public opinion, private citizens can do much to advance neighborhood improvement, in highways, in good order, in health, in reputation and in the social pleasures of life. This is particularly true of a community like that about Lake Maxinkuckee. The natural beauty of the place, its growing repute as a summer pleasure resort, the fish supply, the large number of transient visitors as excursionists and the number of residents who are away from their summer lake homes during a part of the year, all call for protection, regulation, and fostering care, which the regular township machinery can not easily supply.

To fill such a want, the Maxinkuckee Association, afterwards called the Maxinkuckee Lake Association, was organized by the residents of Union Township, about the lake, in the summer of 1897. Trespassing tramps, in that part of the year when many summer homes were vacant, had given trouble. Fish culture and protection, sanitary regulation and local improvements in roads, trees, walks and piers, all called for united action.

In such an organization much depends upon its first officers. The Maxinkuckee Association was fortunate in this respect. Mr. Otto Stechhan, of Indianapolis, president for 1897, 1898 and 1899, while a busy manufacturer at the State Capital, was, and is, an enthusiastic lover of Maxinkuckee, and as sailor, fisherman and home builder, had done much to advance and improve the community. His "Indiana" home on the east lake shore is a picturesque and attractive place, worthy of the banks of the Rhine or Lake Geneva. With the energy, enthusiasm, and thoroughness of his nature, and the force of his excellent example, Mr. Stechhan did much to put the Association in a position to command the respect, and serve the wants of the community.

Mr. Franklin Vonnegut, also a busy merchant of Indianapolis, secretary of the Association in 1897 and 1898, perhaps more than any other, by his public spirit, devoted industry, and organizing capacity, gave life to the organization in its early efforts which is still felt in its work. The Association met a serious loss when Mr. Vonnegut's family and business cares prevented his longer coming to the lake.

Mr. W. F. Kuhn, of Indianapolis, treasurer in 1897, 1898 and 1899, was a trusty "keeper of wampum."

These officers, with the veteran Capt. Edward Morris, who, ever since the days of the "Nancy Lee," has been one of the lake's guardians, and Mr. D. G. Walter, an enterprising citizen of Culver, constituted an executive committee, which gave the Association organic life and the generous support of the membership and the community gave it soul and strength.

A patrolman, Mr. Buswell, the engineer of the "Peerless" steamer, was employed to keep good order and sanitary regulation, and did excellent work policing the neighborhood. In 1899 Mr. Buswell was succeeded by Mr. L. C. Wiseman, of Culver, who still continues very efficiently the patrol work. A card to him at Culver from any of the members will bring a prompt report as to the condition of property, and the public health and order are his greatest care.

Committees on Roads and Shade Trees, Health, Boats and Piers, Fish

and Fish Culture, Law and Order, Membership, Entertainments and Regattas, Finance, History and Literature were appointed and did excellent work.

In 1899 Mr. Franklin Vonnegut, being absent by reason of business cares and the health of his family, was succeeded as secretary by W. T. Wilson, of Logansport, Ind., who served one year as secretary, and in 1900 and 1901 served as president for those years. In 1900 Mr. A. Herz, of Terre Haute, was chosen vice-president and served two years. In 1900 Mr. Kuhn retired as treasurer and Mr. J. G. Mueller, of Indianapolis, was elected and served in that office faithfully for two years.

For two years Dr. Everman and his assistants studied the fish life and food at Maxinkuckee—classified its fish—found two new varieties among its darters, surveyed the banks and bottoms and prepared a map showing the depths of water, shore outlines and feeding grounds. Dr. Everman has used the organization to help his work and has been a pleasing factor in the work of the Association. In 1900 at the annual meeting he delivered an exceedingly interesting lecture on the methods of the Fish Commission work, and was followed by his friend, Dr. Scovell, of Terre Haute, also a member of the Association, on the fish foods, illustrated by the vegetation of Lake Maxinkuckee. Through the kind effort of Dr. Everman many millions of fish have been deposited in the lake from the Government hatcheries. In this work the Association has aided by collecting money for freight, and through its members, Captains Morris, Crook and Knapp, with their steamboats, in putting the fish in proper waters. In this connection a good story is told by himself on our late excellent treasurer, Mr. J. G. Mueller.

Mr. Mueller had enthusiastically collected money to pay freights on the fish spawn for the lake. The next week he spent a day at the lake, fished all day and had never a bite at his hook. Thoroughly disgusted he wrote a friend that he was convinced that the wall-eyed pike fry from the Fish Commission had so sated the appetite of the game fish that they would not touch his bait and that the whole ten million then deposited must have been eaten.

Dr. Everman, in his Government work, has studied the fish of Porto Rico, Hawaii, California and Alaska, but he turns to Lake Maxinkuckee in our own State as his first love. Like our Hoosier poetess, he seems by his returning footsteps each season to say

"The wind of heaven never fanned,  
The circling sunlight never spanned  
The borders of a better land  
Than our own Indiana."

The Vandalia Railway, which follows the west lake shore, has also been a valued and useful member. Through its efficient superintendents, Messrs. F. T. Hatch and J. O. Crockett, it has done much to advance the general work, besides making many handsome improvements on its own account. The Lake View Hotel and the handsome grounds, extending to the depot, are its property. It has for years maintained a landing pier at the depot shore, and has put its road tax work on the roads adjoining its lake properties. It has carried the Government fish cars over its lines without charge and has aided the Fish Committee by placing a screen over the outlet to keep fish from escaping down stream.

If all our members would do as well in proportion to their opportunities we should soon have a marked improvement at Maxinkuckee.

Culver Academy is also a member of the Association. Besides the

handsome showing of its buildings and its work proper it has done much to improve lake sanitation, draining the shallows on the shore into beautiful canals and moats, drawing off sewage into the fields, working its highways into drives, aiding the social features of lake life by the charming hospitality, not only of the institution, but of its commandant, Col. A. F. Fleet, and of the corps of professors and students. Long may its saluting gun at morning and sunset greet the flag and its "Star Spangled Banner" give music to the patriotic teaching of our youth. The Culver family are high in the esteem of the people who love and know Lake Maxinkuckee. To Mr. H. H. Culver, now deceased, the founder of the Academy, and to his widow and sons, who follow his example in enterprise and public spirit, we look as to our best friends.

Our newspapers, particularly the Culver Herald and Citizen, have ever been kind, publishing reports of meetings and accounts of regattas and urging good roads and public work and improvement on their readers.

In 1900 Mr. John C. Capron, of Plymouth, was elected and served two years as secretary, with much efficiency. In 1902 the Association chose for its officers Hon. A. C. Capron, judge of the Marshall Circuit Court, as president; Frank R. New, Esq., of Indianapolis, vice-president; Henry M. Speyer, of Culver, for secretary; Richard K. Edwards, of Peru, Ind., treasurer; and for its Executive Committee with these officers: Capt. Edward Morris; Mr. A. N. Bogardus, Trustee of Union Township; Mr. J. O. Ferrier, of Culver; Mr. A. Herz, of Terre Haute, and W. T. Wilson, of Logansport. These officers still continue, with the exception of Mr. Edwards, who was called away by business interests and was succeeded at his own request, by Mr. H. R. Bliss, of Indianapolis, in 1903.

The Association is particularly fortunate in these officers. Judge Capron is known as a fair-minded gentleman, who has been and can be trusted by his neighbors with their best interests. The judge's love for the lake is of long standing and grows out of his love of nature herself. Mr. Speyer, the secretary, is a merchant of Culver, known to the whole community for his public spirit and high character. Mr. Bliss, the treasurer, has a beautiful home on the east shore of the lake, and is enthusiastic in his love for the place. The resident members of the Executive Committee, Captain Morris and Messrs. Bogardus and Ferrier, are good citizens, who need no introduction to Union Township people. The Association is equally fortunate in having members who are able to aid it in its work. Prof. Barton W. Everman, honorary chairman of the Committee on Fish Protection, is the Ichthyologist of the United States Fish Commission. He has long been an admirer of Lake Maxinkuckee and selected it as a specimen study of our Indiana waters.

The steamers and their captains, Edward Morris, Oliver Crook and A. J. Knapp, have been good and useful members. Inspection of boilers, life-saving apparatus, piers, landings, running schedules, and many like works have cheerfully come at the request of the Committee on Boats and Piers, and there is "more to follow."

The work of the Road Committee, aided by Mr. A. N. Bogardus, the township trustee, and a member of the committee, has brought our road tax into several miles of beautiful drives, and a good road all around the lake is one of the promises of the near future.

Sailing on the lake is one of its pleasures and attractions. To encourage such entertainment the Association, in 1901, appropriated fifty dollars for the purchase of challenge cups for regattas and assisted in the organization of the Aubbeenaubbee Yacht Club.

That veteran mariner, Mr. Henry C. Adams, of Indianapolis, a leader in this as in all good works, became its first commodore, and the club has become a permanent feature of the place. Regattas have been held frequently in the seasons of 1902, 1903 and 1904, and the fleet of white-sailed yachts is a beautiful sight.

The history and literature of a place like this is interesting and the Committee on History, headed by the late lamented Judge John Mitchell, and with the efficient aid of Hon. Daniel MacDonald, who has been for so many years an authority on Marshall County historical questions, has supplied the principal sketch herewith presented.

Of the members who have been conspicuously helpful and who are known throughout Indiana, but whose modesty has kept them from official mention hitherto, it is right to name Messrs. Charles H. Brownell and R. A. Edwards, of Peru; John M. Judah, A. M. Ogle, B. and C. Vonnegut, J. C. Schaff, Simon P. Sheerin, Armin Koehne, J. H. Vajen, Hervey Bates, and John Twiname, of Indianapolis; Joseph Strong, W. H. Albrecht and Louis Duenweg, of Terre Haute; M. W. Simons, of Plymouth; A. J. Murdock, J. E. Barnes, F. M. Harwood, W. H. Snider, and H. J. McSheehy, of Logansport.

The Association has also a lamented roll of honor in its deceased members. Messrs. L. B. Martin, of Terre Haute; Milton Shirk and Judge John Mitchell, of Peru; E. R. Wheeler, of Chicago; A. B. Gates and W. E. Vajen, of Indianapolis, all of whom have left the memory of good neighbors and helpful citizens, and who are missed in the places which once knew them with so much respect and esteem. In a sketch such as this it is, of course, impossible to note all the excellent work done and attempted or all the possibilities of the future. All such a narrative can do is to give outlines which may lead inquirers to a closer knowledge.

The Association has about sixty members. Those named hereinbefore are by no means all who have aided its work. No slight is intended for the unnamed. Their work will yet praise them, for all have done well. There should be several hundred members. When the work it can do is well appreciated, it is hoped that the Association will include every substantial and enterprising citizen of Union Township, as well as every lover of the beautiful Lake Maxinkuckee in the State of Indiana.

Lake Maxinkuckee is the best and most attractive feature in Marshall County, and the people who want to see the neighborhood grow in beauty, in health and in fame, should all unite in the common work of forwarding such ideas by united effort. During the season of 1904 a similar association was organized at Wawassee. Throughout the United States civic leagues have been the instruments of improvement, as we trust will continue to be the Lake Maxinkuckee Association.

Among the members now enrolled are such well-known citizens as Dr. O. A. Rea, A. N. Bogardus, Edward Morris, George Peebles, J. O. Ferrier, H. M. Speyer, L. T. Van Schoiack and Peter Spangler, and it ought to be understood that every citizen of the community who wishes to see it grow can become a member.

In united action there is strength.

## CLUB HOUSES AND HOTELS.

By W. T. Wilson.

The first club house on the lake was built by several gentlemen from Plymouth in 1873. The building was located on the east bank of the lake on the farm of L. T. Van Schoiaek, and is now known as the McQuat cottage. It was a story and a half building, with sleeping apartments above, and parlor and dining room and kitchen below. It became quite a place of resort, and many times during the hot summer months as many as fifty persons were entertained there at one time. The officers of the club were Joseph Westervelt, president; W. W. Hill, treasurer, and C. H. Reeve, secretary. In 1878 eight members of the club purchased fifteen acres of ground on the north side, organized themselves into the Lake View Club, erected a large club house, with reception room, dining room and kitchen, eight rooms above for each of the eight families, put down several flowing wells, and erected the six cottages on the grounds now known as "The Lake View Hotel," owned by the Vandalia Railroad Company. Those forming the club were: W. W. Hill, H. G. Thayer, C. E. Toan, Daniel McDonald, Horace Corbin, C. C. Buck, Joseph Westervelt and N. H. Oglesbee, the last four with their wives being dead. The club existed for fifteen years, and was the largest and most noted organization in the history of the lake. After the summer resorters began to come to the lake in the '80s, and especially after the completion of the Vandalia railroad, their receptions and dances during the seasons were considered the finest given about the lake and were always largely attended. The club did much to popularize the lake and bring it into general notoriety, and in its dissolution left pleasant memories among the many who enjoyed its hospitality.

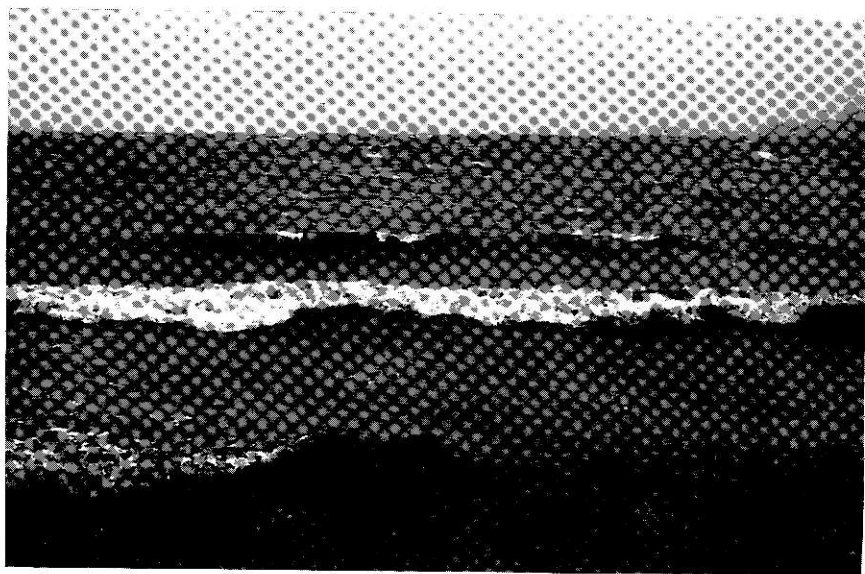
The Peru Club was organized about 1878. The members of the club at its organization as near as can be remembered were Louis V. Fulwiler, Milton Shirk, John Muhlfeld, John S. Hale, and Mrs. Lizzie Wiggins. They purchased Peeples Point on the east side and erected a fine two story club house for the accommodation and convenience of the members and their families. The club in its earlier days was one of the most noted organizations on the lake, and in its disbandment several years ago was a distinct loss to the cottagers who made their homes there during the summers.

About the time of the coming of the railroad, several Rochester people formed a club and erected a club house on Long Point, and occupied it with considerable irregularity for several years. The club went out of existence a decade ago, but the club house still stands, and is owned by individuals at Rochester. The Rochester people were the pioneers in discovering the beauties of Long Point, being the first to erect a building

there. For that reason, for many years it was called "Rochester Point," and even yet, many of the early comers about the lake call it by that name.

Possibly the organization that will longest be remembered about the lake was "The Hilarity Club," composed of gentlemen from Indianapolis. The club erected a club house with sleeping and cooking conveniences on a high bluff a short distance north of the Peru club house, and named it "Hilarity Hall." It was what its name indicated—a place where hilarity and mirth prevailed, and dull care and the vexations of life had no audience. The following constituted the members of the Club: Charles Keifer, A. C. Koehne, C. R. Myers, B. F. Myers, Charles Woher, Adolph Woher, Rowland Evans, Prof. Beissenherz, Prof. Ernestinoff. The club as a club is no longer in existence, although several members of it still come to the lake every summer. "Hilarity Hall" still remains in statu quo, and no one who was familiar with the club in its "hilarious" career, can gaze upon it without bringing back pleasant memories of bygone days.

The Palmer House was the first hotel immediately on the lake. It was started by J. W. Palmer, then of Plymouth, in the early 70's, and by adding here a little and there a little it has become one of the most pretentious caravansaries on the lake. This was followed by the erection of the Arlington Hotel on Long Point, and later by the building of the Chadwick House, also on Long Point. The progress made in the improvements about the lake since the coming of the railroad are marvelous, a description of which would require more space than the limits of this sketch will permit.



The White Caps.



## THE AUBBEENAUBBEE YACHT CLUB.

By Thos. H. Wilson, Jr.

During the summer of 1901 the Maxinkuckee Association offered three pennants as prizes for a yacht race. This race was sailed and awakened the yachting enthusiasm of those who had sailboats. The outcome of this enthusiasm was the formation of the Aubbeenaubbee Yacht Club. In August, 1901, a number of lake sailors met at Edwards' Boathouse and organized the club, adopting a constitution and electing the following officers:

Henry C. Adams, Sr., of Indianapolis, commodore.

Harvey J. Elam, of Indianapolis, first vice-commodore.

Milton A. Edwards, of Peru, second vice-commodore.

Thomas H. Wilson, Jr., of Logansport, secretary and treasurer.

S. E. Howe, Jr., of Logansport, Anton Vonnegut and Alfred M. Ogle, Jr., of Indianapolis, directors.

The first race under the auspices of the club was sailed in August, 1901. An entrance fee of fifty cents to each boat formed a fund to purchase pennants for the winners. In this race "The White Lady," Elbert Shirk, captain, won the pennant for sloops, and the "Natty," Harry Wheeler, captain, won the pennant for catboats.

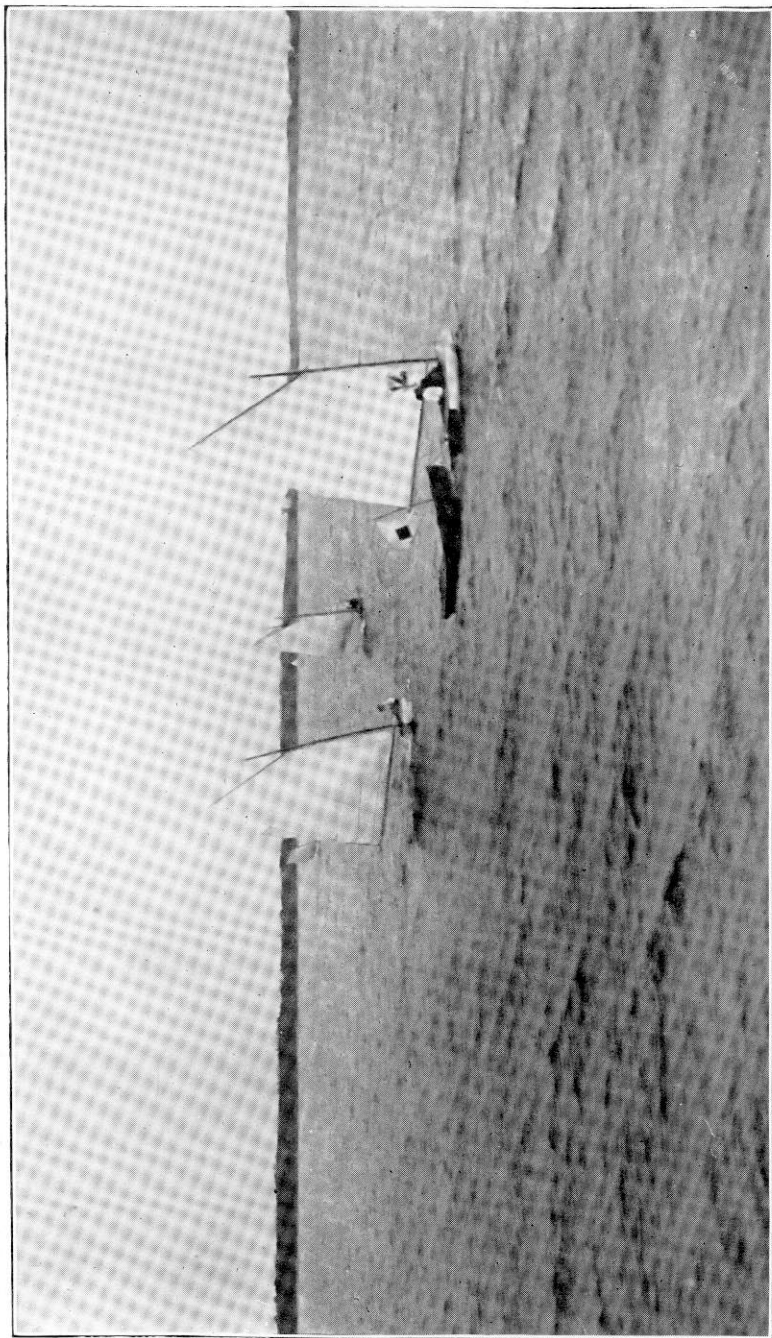
In the summer of 1902 three races were sailed. A pennant was given to the winning catboat and sloop in each race and a silver cup to the boat of each class making the most points during the season. First place in a race counted five, second place three, third place two, and fourth place one point. "The Old Scout," S. E. Howe, Jr., captain, won all these sloop races. Of the catboats, "Le Vite," Milton A. Edwards, captain, won two races, and "Uncas," T. H. Wilson, Jr., captain, won the last race. The standing of the various yachts was as follows:

Sloops—"Old Scout," 15; "Lady Jane," 5; "Indiana," 5; "Crescent," 4; "Margaret," 3; "Nautilus," 1.

Catboats—"Le Vite," 12; "Uncas," 11; "Tadpole," 5; "Natty," 3; "Indian," 3.

The officers for the second year 1902-3 were Henry C. Adams, commodore, M. A. Edwards, first vice-commodore, A. M. Ogle, Jr., second vice-commodore, T. H. Wilson, secretary and treasurer. Directors: Anton Vonnegut, S. E. Howe, Jr., Harry Wheeler.

The yachts were divided into four classes. Flat-bottomed sloops and catboats and round-bottomed sloops and catboats. Five races were sailed. The first two for a pennant and the rest for cups given in each class and challenge cup. The challenge cups are held for a season only. The class cups are held permanently by the winners. In the pennant series for class "A" a tie resulted between "The Old Scout" and "Diana," each



Sailing on the Lake.

having eight points. "The Old Scout" won the third race and pennant. The "Katherine" won in class "B" with eight points. "Nautilus" was second with five points.

Kenneth Ogle's "Flip" won in class "C," and "Uncas" in class "D."

The cup series resulted as follows:

Class "A"—"Old Scout," 15; "Diana," 6.

Class "B"—"Eleanor," Hervey Perrin, captain, 15; "Nautilus," Anton Vonnegut, captain, 4; "Katherine," Alan Williams, captain, 4.

Class "C"—"Indian," Jno. Routh, captain, 11; "Flip," 10; "Snark," 2.

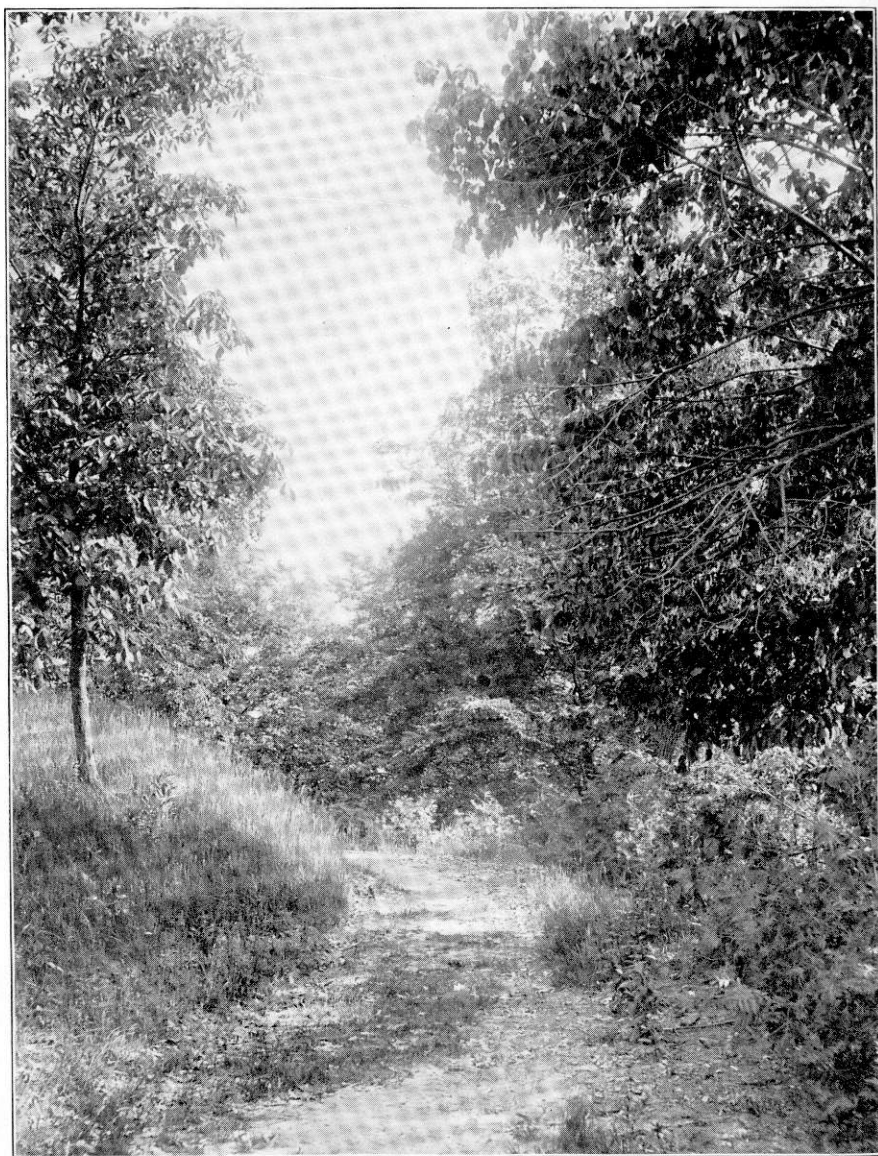
Class "D"—"Tadpole," Henry Bliss, captain, 13; "Natty," 8; "Uncas," 5.

The challenge cups were given to "The Old Scout" and "Flip."

The officers for 1903-4 are Commodore, Anton Vonnegut; First Vice-Commodore, S. E. Howe, Jr.; Second Vice-Commodore, Glen Wheeler; Secretary and Treasurer, Henry W. Bliss; Directors: Joseph Wilson, Kenneth Ogle and John B. Perrin.

There are to be seven races in 1904. All are to count for the challenge cups won with the same scoring system which was used in 1903. The first three races are for pennants and the rest for prize cups.

It is hoped at some future time the Yacht Club will have a clubhouse where meetings and the social functions of the lake may be held.



A Beautiful Forest Path on the East Shore.

## MEMBERS OF LAKE MAXINKUCKEE ASSOCIATION, 1905

## INDIANAPOLIS

Adams, H. C.	Mueller, J. G.
Bates, Hervey	Ogle, A. M.
Bliss, H. R.	Perrin, John
Bohlen, D. O.	Potts, A. F.
Brandon, H. J.	Schaff, J. C.
Chandler, H. C.	Sheerin, S. P.
Coffin, C. E.	Schumacker, J. A.
Gates, Mrs. A. B.	Twinaime, John
Glossbrenner, A. M.	Vajen, J. H.
Griffice, Mrs. C.	Vonnegut, C., Jr.
Haynes, H. F.	Vonnegut, Bernard
Haywood, F. D.	Vonnegut, A.
Judah, J. M.	Vonnegut, Walter
Ketcham, J. L.	Wheeler, A. L.
Koehne, A. C.	Wood, W. J.
Kuhn, W. F.	Woldorf, H. J.
Marmon, D. W.	Yandes, George B.

## PERU

Brownell, C. H.	Shirk, Elbert W.
Edwards, R. E.	Shirk, Joseph H.
Edwards, M. A.	Shirk, Mrs. M.
Edwards, R. A.	

## CULVER

Borgardus, A. N.	Medbourn, T.
Caples, Dr. Z.	Morris, Edward
Chadwick, S. S.	Peeples, George
Culver Military Academy	Porter, W. H.
Ferrier, J. O.	Sea, Dr. O. A.
Koontz, J. H.	Spangler, P.
Koontz, E.	Speyer, H. M.
Lamson, Frank	Van Schoiack, L. T.

## LOGANSPORT

Barnes, J. E.	Rice, F. M.
Harwood, F. M.	Reitemeyer, J. H.
Holbruner, C. E.	Schroyer, Mrs. A. R.
Kreuzberger, Robert	Snider, W. H.
Mitchell, S. C.	Wilson, Wm. T.
Murdock, A. J.	Wilson, T. H., Jr.

## TERRE HAUTE

Albrecht, W. H.	Hord, Mrs. F. T.
Darnell, Miss Jennie	Martin, Mrs. L. B.
Duenweg, L.	Strong, Joseph
Herz, A.	T. H. & L. R. R. Co.

Capron, Judge A. C., Plymouth, Ind.  
 Culver, H. H., St. Louis, Mo.  
 Knapp, A. J., South Bend, Ind.  
 Knapp, Walter, Westfield, Ill.  
 Meredith, H. J., Denver, Ind.  
 McDonald, Hon. Daniel, Plymouth, Ind.  
 Stevenson, Rome E., Rochester, Ind.  
 Wolfert, J. W., Plymouth, Ind.