



Winters in Cloverland Are Filled With Joy for Old and Young

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The Municipal Ice Rink at Marquette, Mich., Where Everybody Has a Good Time

THE "cracker-box politician" cautiously tapped his favorite cob on the heel of his boot, refilled it with a goodly portion of a popular brand, lit it, puffed vigorously for a moment, stretched his long legs toward the stove, and drawled:

"W'all I dunno. 'Seems to me that these here 'booster' fellers wud do well to give them sheep and the tourist people a rest, 'n harp a bit on our winters up here. I've lived about these parts 'most all my life 'n 't seems to me there's something to this here Cloverland besides sheep, cattle and tourists."

Bang went the sales book, and a chubby figure, clad in overalls and "jumper," waddled out from behind the tiny wired coop he terms his office, and took up his place on a pickle barrel, quite near the stove.

"Now you've said it. Why 'member Sam, it wa'nt but a few years ago, 'seems, when they used to call this 'ere country the home of winter sports. And it wa'nt so long ago that a pair of snowshoes and a good rifle meant more to a man up here than a dozen auteemobiles. 'N they're coming back to it, mark my word."

It is not entirely an unnatural assumption, in consideration of the heavy stress placed these past few years upon the advantages of Upper Michigan for summer resorting, summer touring and summer grazing, that, with the first snow, Upper Michigan passes into an oblivion of uselessness. The question: "If Upper Michigan is all that you say it is in summer, what inducement do your winters offer to the new settler, or the visitor," is justifiable. In fact, the enthusiasm, and possibly excitement, aroused in the discovery of Cloverland as "the greatest dairying country in the United States, if not in the world," has probably, belittled the winter attractions of the region above the Straits.

Yet, probably in no section of the country are the invigorating sports of the winter season so vigorously carried out as in Upper Michigan. It's dense forest tracts, open plains, deep valleys, rolling hills and its hundreds of inland lakes, rivers and streams, offer unlimited opportunity for such diversions as skating, skiing, snowshoeing, ice boating, tobogganning, sleigh riding and hockey.

Hunting, Cloverland's premier early winter attraction, annually brings hundreds of nimrods from Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Lower Michigan, with rifle and bag, to prowl about in search of game animals and birds. Though Michigan has declared a closed season on partridge this year, there is every evidence that a reported plentiful supply of the fleet-footed

species this year will attract increased numbers of outsiders.

Hockey, always an important feature of winter sports in Upper Michi-

gan, promises to monopolize the attention of winter sport fans. Particularly will this be true throughout the copper country district—Houghton and Keweenaw counties, where plans are already in progress for a series of fast events. The copper country's premier hockey players, absent, most of them, during the period of the war, are back again in civil life and are eagerly looking forward to the coming of winter for the opening of the hockey season. Practically all of the champions of 1915-1916-17 are back home.

The fans, all back of the movement from start to finish, are not only talking hockey but they are willing to give freely of their finances to further the sport, and it is reported that a fund of approximately \$500 has already been raised, for a "starter." Keweenaw county is particularly active, with Houghton a close second. The Y. M. C. A. and several of the civic and fraternal associations of both counties are hard at work on hockey plans for the winter of 1919-20.

Skiing, a thrilling and popular sport in practically every section of Cloverland, but more particularly throughout the central portion—Marquette, Alger and Delta counties, which boast the highest hills and deepest valleys

in the peninsula—also promises to be well to the fore this year, though somewhat lax the past two seasons because of the fact that most of the best riders were too busy pursuing the fleeing Hun to think of their favorite sport.

Though nothing of a definite nature has been announced as yet, it is reported that the city of Ishpeming is contemplating taking up again this year the time-honored custom of holding a mammoth ski tournament on Washington's birthday, February 22. Many excellent records have been made on the Ishpeming track, and if a tournament is held this year, it is confidently expected that former marks will be shattered. In past years some of the best ski riders in the country have participated in these events, which are open to both juveniles and "grown-ups."

Skating, probably the most extensively patronized of all winter sports in any section of the country, without a doubt offers the greatest possibilities to an Upper Michigan community. The annual revenue derived from specially constructed rinks—such as the

is hardly an instance where a private or municipally owned skating rink, anywhere throughout Upper Michigan has not cleared for its sponsors, and with other considerations of concessions, etc., a skating rink is looked upon by the wide-awake municipality as an investment—and a good one. True, a good rink demands care and attention, but its popularity will depend, of course, upon its condition and subsequent appeal to the skate fan.

In some cities the street rail companies have for years carried out the idea of establishing rinks at points near their line of travel, thus realizing the two-fold benefit—car fare and admission to the rink. Marquette is one such instance and the plan has worked out successfully, the company even allowing special rates for passengers to and from the rink.

Ice-boating, though not as common to Upper Michigan as to Canada, has come in for its share of attention, and is coming to be recognized as a leader for genuine thrills. However, the expert knowledge and skill required in the operation of the craft has limited its scope somewhat, there being but few who care to risk their sporting blood with the swinging boom. There are several such boats, however, on Portage Lake, near Houghton, and some at Sault Ste. Marie, where the Americans have learned the art from their Canadian neighbors. The fresh, brisk breezes of Lake Superior offer excellent opportunity to the expert in the pursuit of this sport, but here again it is a consideration of thoroughly knowing the game, for a false move often results in a disastrous spill, with probable serious injury to one or more members of the party. In many places, too, the open lake is "shelled" and in others heavily windrowed, requiring thorough mastery of the navigation of the craft, either with or against the wind to avoid such hazards. Skilled iceboat pilots declare the inland lake, while devoid of many of the thrills offered on the greater open surface, is by far the advisable course for amateurs to choose. And Upper Michigan, with its hundreds of such lakes offers the beginner every advantage.

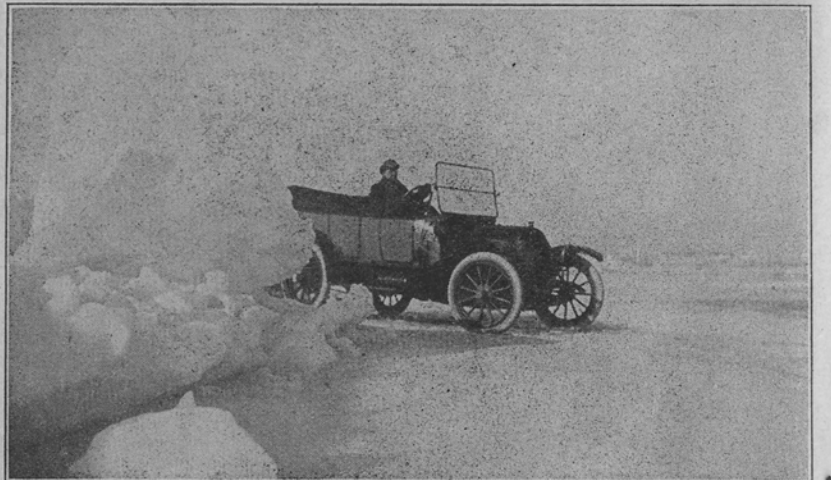
Snowshoeing, tobogganning, and sleighing are other popular winter sports in evidence everywhere throughout Upper Michigan during the winter months. The long, gradual slopes offer the toboggannist ideal conditions for his sport, while the plains and forests, studded here and there with camps and cottages where the

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Washington's Birthday Ski Tournament on the Famous Ski Hill at Ishpeming, Michigan

Amphidrome and the Colliseum in the Copper Country, is proof a-plenty that this popular sport may be profitably commercialized by any far-seeing and industrious community. In fact there



On the Ice at L'Anse; Something New in Joy Riding. A Cold but Smooth Speedway

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outer may find rest and relaxation before a crackling log fire after his day in the open, makes ideal stamping ground for the snow-shoe and ski fan.

Sleighing, always popular in a community which boasts a lively coterie of the younger set, is a sport which will live when all others have died out if such a thing should occur. A straw-ride through winding, well-beaten country roads, is a well established and popular feature, and week-end straw-ride parties to "Bill's" or to "Jack's" cottage, with a "mot mug o' murk and a feed" to follow, are becoming more the "fad" every year.

In many cities where steep hills, within the limits, afford tempting opportunity to the "bob-rider," an evening a week is set aside when bob-riding is permitted on a designated hill, and in some localities the "city dads" even go so far as permitting the icing of the hill and providing for a cessation of traffic on that hill for the specified evening. The event is usually carried out under strict supervision, to allay any possibility of accident either to participants or pedestrians.

So, after all, "it's an ill wind that blows no good," and the "wintry blasts," fraught with such terror for a few, to the majority means the beginning of a season of genuine, health-giving sport and at a time of the year

when one's "very soul leaps to the call," and the red blood in man's veins tingles with the joy of living.

So, when Old Sol stands over you, blowing his chilly breath down the back of your neck as you solemnly close and lock the garage door, and as you button your collar close to your chin, and drop your chin into your collar, ducking your head to buck the gale—don't grumble and kick, and "wish you were in Florida or at Palm Beach." You're an Upper Michigan "red-blood" and here's your chance to put 100 per cent more stamina in your veins, to add 100 per cent of usefulness to your life and to get out and "mix 'em up" with the young folks.

And if the market has gone wrong, or the crop was bad, or a spark from the neighbor's chimney lit on your roof—and you're all out of luck, don't give up—

Start an ice rink!

"N besides," said the "cracker-box politician," carefully inspecting the "heel" in his pipe and furtively casting about for a free "load," "they's no two ways about it; I'd ruther be a MAN athrowin' the snow over my left shoulder in front of my own home here in Northern Michigan, than a sun flower 'er a beach posey tappin' the sand with a cane at 'Lantic City 'er Palm Beach. Y'bet."