

# CLOVERLAND MAGAZINE

## "OUTSIDE, PLEASE, OUTSIDE"

By JOHN T. McNAMARA, of Houghton, Mich.

I CAREFULLY followed the daily papers last winter to find out, if possible, what the *other fellow* was doing to amuse himself while winter held us in its grip. I wondered what the *kids* were doing. I remembered plainly what winter had always meant to me—what it means to me now—and I wondered if times had changed so greatly since that time.

I scanned the headlines. This is what I found:

"Dance—Eagle Hall Tonight—Public Invited. Lots of Jazz and the Sky's the Limit."

On down to the next item:

"House Party—Miss So-and-So Entertains With Parlor Games and Music—Luncheon Served. Good Time Had by All." Etc., Etc.

And another:

"Young Men's Club Meets at Home of Mr. So-and-So. Cards and Dancing."

Then another:

"The Movie Houses Had To Turn Them Away Last Night."

And then the last, which completely shattered my hopes:

"Country Club closed. Lack of patronage. Members no longer patronize the club during winter months. Road has not been broken this winter. Too much snow—weather too severe."

So this is why we have winters. Cards and dancing; indoor luncheons; jazz music, movies, and house parties. Times have surely changed. Don't you remember, not so many years ago, what the first fall of snow meant to you? Don't you remember, looking out of the school window and seeing, for the first time, those feathery flakes tossing about in the air, the thrill that enveloped your entire soul? Don't you recollect how impossible that old school seemed just then, and the long hours before that recess bell rang and you could get out into it?

Maybe that's quite away back. But is it so very long ago when most municipalities boasted a country club; a ski club; a snowshoe club; a camping club; a tobogganning club;—or, if nothing else, a skating rink. How many kids, but a few years ago, were without their backyard rink? How many of our so-called younger set, five years ago, would attend "jazz" dances four or five nights, movies two or three nights out of the week during the entire winter? Did "house parties" supersede sleighrides in those days? Did the stuffy, germ-laden dance hall and movie house come before the snowshoe hike? I think not.

People are sadly neglecting one of their greatest assets—the winters. Our younger people shrink from the vigorous, health-giving winter air, and seek shelter in the dance hall, movie house or the parlor. Municipalities are overlooking the greatest of opportunities—capitalization of winter sports.

Do you realize that in many sections of the United States, not once during the entire year is afforded the opportunity to ski, to skate, snowshoe or sleighride? Do you know that northern municipalities are losing hundreds, possibly thousands of dollars annually through lack of appreciation of this fact?

And after all, we are dealing with the inevitable. The calendar arranges the winters for the northern states, and the snow—lots of it—comes regularly every year. We can't get away from it—so why try. Why not get into it—get the most and the best out of it?

Look at Canada! The Dominion of Canada maintains an entire department for the organization and capitalization of winter sports. Experienced athletes—men who know the great outdoors—are placed at the head of each department, and it is their duty to go after winter and make it pay.



The Famous "Ski Hill" at Ishpeming, Mich., Where Record Jumps Are Made

And they do it. Now Canada is playing up her winter sports as a part of a \$4,000,000 advertising and publicity campaign to dispose of its public lands to small settlers. That's going after it on a big scale, and it is the only sane and reasonable way to deal with long winters.

The Copper Country—Houghton and Keweenaw Counties, Michigan—are among the few sections which have maintained, to any degree, a passion for winter sports.

The Amphidrome and Colliseum, at Houghton and Calumet, the Glacidome, Mohawk and the Pelastera, Laurium, all in Michigan, are splendid illustrations of Copperdom's outdoor zest. If you are still skeptical about the profits and the good you can do in your community with clean winter sports, come to the Copper Country and talk it over with the young people.

Some people say the Copper Country is *skate crazy*. It is—it is making the most out of what it considers the best season of the year—winter. There are hockey teams galore—and one or two mighty formidable organizations among them. They turn out in force—young and old, rich and poor—big and little—to skate and *enjoy winter*. The young people are laying the foundation for healthier bodies and more useful lives. The older folks are grasping the opportunity to keep themselves fit and happy. The result is a happy, satisfied and prosperous Copper Country—and winter does it all.

How about the other sections? I

have learned that many of the Upper Peninsula municipalities actually failed to even support an outdoor skating rink this year. While it is true that outdoor skating rinks are not suitable to the Upper Peninsula, they would be a great benefit to the kids where nothing better can be had. When you talk to some of these municipal officials they will say, "Dances get 'em all. No money in it." You make any proposition attractive enough to the young people, and they'll follow you to the finish. Give them a covered building, a "warming up" room and a comfortable place to change their skates, catch their breath and talk it over—with a "hot dog" and a cup of coffee to season—and you needn't worry about the dances or the movies.

On the other hand, you can't hope to attract a crowd if your bait is unattractive. You can't expect to keep them coming if you have to keep them skating to keep warm. You can't expect to send them out on a snowshoe hike or a ski-ride if there isn't a warm club-house or a blazing log-fire at the other end. Organize your clubs. Build skating rinks, ski slides, toboggan hills. Get your city officials interested. They're all from Missouri, of course, and they've got to be shown. They're all classed as *elders* and their interest, naturally, isn't a personal one. Do it for the kids. Keep them out of the dance halls, movies and the parlors. Bracing air has saved the life of many a westerner, easterner

and southerner. You know that this is a mecca for the tired and weary, the sick and lazy, so make it work for *your kids*—and *you*. Capitalize the air, the snow, the ice, and everything that comes with winter. You can do it. You're not starting anything. You're taking it up where some *hot-house* plant interfered with it a few brief years ago.

Some of the greatest ski meets held in the country used to be staged at Ishpeming, Mich., regularly, every Washington's birthday. Where are these? What happened here?

True, Ishpeming, Negaunee and Marquette still cling to a few—a very few—of their old-time winter pastimes, dog-racing, for instance, but it is only a morsel as compared with past years.

What's the matter with iceboating? Experts at this thrilling pastime will tell you that while the broad expanse of the open lake is probably the most fascinating, the small, inland lake actually offers the best facilities, with the greatest degree of safety and security, for iceboating. And the northern states are dotted with 'em. Hundreds of small, clear-water lakes where the iceboat enthusiast could pilot his craft without danger of being blown out into the open sea or dashed into a "wind hole." And yet how many iceboats have you seen this winter? Compared with this, how many would you see *any day* if you should visit Montreal, Canada, where the biggest events of the winter sport program are carried out each year. In Montreal, there are at least twenty enclosed skating rinks. Some of them would almost hold the entire population of many a good sized city. Every kid plays hockey. I have seen six thousand people on snowshoes coming down over the Mount Royal hill, carrying torches and shooting Roman candles. A sight like this will make you almost long for winter. Everybody wears costumes that are warm and graceful for snowshoeing, skating or skiing. They are getting the most out of their winters, because they know how.

Upper Michigan works in extremes—on this winter sport proposition, and the extremes are east and west—Copper Country and the Soo, which are the only two municipalities supporting large public rinks and fast hockey teams. Keen but sportsmanlike rivalry exists. They get together occasionally—mix it up and the best of feeling prevails. Furthermore, it brings the two sections closer together. One knows what the other is doing.

But where else throughout Upper Michigan is there an inter-city winter sport schedule worked out. Nowhere, to the best of my knowledge. Why, for instance, cannot the Iron Range, Dickinson, Marquette, Gogebic and Iron Counties organize and maintain hockey clubs?

What's the matter with Menominee, Delta, Alger and Schoolcraft Counties getting together to organize winter sports? Every municipality in each of these counties should have a skating rink and a hockey team. Every High School should have a hockey team. It should be looked upon as a civic institution—a specific department in city government, and maintained as such. It would bring people closer together in inter-county affairs—business and pleasure—and would, besides—be a constant source of revenue to each municipality.

I am sure we will come to it sooner or later. It is human nature to follow the line of least resistance and to cater to novelty. Just now, indoor sports are monopolizing our attention—most of us. But we'll get back to it. We will all learn that we must build and maintain rugged bodies for a rigorous climate. I firmly believe, however,

(Continued on page 24)



A Great Expanse of Ice is Kept Swept Clean of Snow by the City of Marquette for the Benefit of the Kiddies, and a Lot of Older Folks, Too.