



LIFTLINES!

The Most Fun You can have in Winter and Spring too!

Adjusting to Change. Miramar kicks off the 2017/18 season

By Phil Caracci

Some things change. Some remain the same.

This year I had the same enthusiasm I have had for the past 20 years with regard to the start of a new ski season. I'm excited to snap into my bindings though less excited to squeeze into my boots! I can't wait to see Sugarbush and Stowe again! I hope my skiing will be better but honestly wondering what I may have forgotten since my last run in April.



I showed up at the same

pickup location on Avenue of the Americas but the first real change was that Ray was not there to greet me. I'm not going to deny it. The death of our beloved driver and friend was heavy on my mind as the Hampton Jitney pulled up to the curb. But before we pulled away, our new driver, Adam, got on the mic.

Adam addressed what he knew was on my mind and the mind of others. He introduced himself as someone who had been a friend of Ray's for 34 years. You could hear in his voice that he too is still dealing with the loss of a dear friend. Adam said he was happy he could be our driver and he looked forward to getting to know us. Adam seems like a great guy and we toasted Ray's memory a few times with him over the weekend.

The ride up was the same. Renata was making announcements and David was offering us all shots of bourbon to make us forget how long it takes to get to Waitsfield. Alena baked



brownies which she explained was her duty as VP of the club. (actually that was me kidding her)

Saturday started with Carolyn back in our kitchen and Norma bringing out her delicious food. After that we got our first daylight view of the new fence made by recycling our old skis. Several members had fun pointing out which pair of skis they donated. But while the fence was new, the fact that we all can't agree if we like it is pretty much the same for Miramar! In addition

to building the fence, Jim McCormack also made 4 chairs from our old skis and these were out back around a fire pit.

Our Trip Leader said we will go to Stowe to take advantage of the free Demo Day opportunities. Nothing new about going to Stowe but Stowe is not the same, it is now owned by Vail! As far as I could tell the only impact that had was that we didn't get the fabulous discount offered in the past but I was later told we missed it by 1 week.

Many of the same club members were on this trip but there were also many guests, mostly G1's. And we were challenged to remember which one was Anna, Anna or Ann and also challenged to pronounce Zhenya and realize this is the same guest listed as Eugenia!

On Sunday we visited Sugarbush. While this is usually the Saturday mountain, it was certainly not the first time going there on a Sunday. However there was something new to see here too. Sugarbush finally got rid of the old manual lift ticket scanners and moved to a RFID card system to speed up the lift lines. Sugarbush also joined the Mountain Collective group which offers pass holders some nice discounts if they ski several of the other 15 mountains in that group as well.

Our dinner stop was the same. The jokes about it were the same. And I came back with the same smile that always reminds me why I love this club.



Lifelines is the semi-annual publication of Miramar Ski Club. Miramar Ski Club is a not-for-profit organization that owns a lodge in Waitsfield in the Mad River Valley of Vermont's Green Mountains. Miramar runs year-round programs and trips centered on outdoor sports and activities.
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Magical Time on Christmas-through-New Year Trip

by Evelyn Konrad*

This was the best December trip I remember, from every single viewpoint (lots of snow!), but most of all because of the absolutely delightful guests who joined us for the Mid-Week days mostly at Sugarbush. Please do not think that this is my imagination or the result of a happy, 89-year-old brain's dreaming: We all felt that this unusually interesting, good sports, attractive and fun bunch of guests helped make this mid-week so especially enjoyable. Trip leaders Sharon and Ruth totally agreed, and Caroline stepped out of her kitchen to give a high-five about this bunch of ladies, and Steven, one guy! Great skiers, great company, and so willing to step in and help with whatever chores needed to be done. Will someone please email these ladies (and Steven) and tell them to come back soon!

Here are some of the folks who joined in the fun: The Roda family: Jan, the father, Martine, the mom, and Lev, 10 years old going on 30! No, very much a kid, but the right kind. As you can see from the asterisks after my name, he contributed the research (collecting names) which made this article possible. (I remember everyone's Social Security number, and no one's name!) Our good time (Michelle Spencer's and mine) with the Roda family began on Monday, when we had planned to either cook together or go out to dinner together. No one had told us that there would not be a creature stirring, not even a mouse, in any food store or supermarket on Christmas! The two enterprising ladies, while I raced ahead to the lodge to open the doors and get out of the cold, chatted up two handsome young men shoving their car into its driveway across the way from our lodge. Our ladies asked if the two guys knew of any source of food whatsoever. Guess what? One of these nice and hunky guys raced back into the house and came back with a generous, chunky, juicy piece of turkey (enough to feed a small army) and some gravy! All was not lost.

We raided (out of despair), Caroline's kitchen, found spaghetti and a can a diced tomatoes, a jar of catsup, and Martina and I pooled our fruit from the refrigerator: my blueberries, her apples, oranges! Michelle set the table for 10, because we had had a call from Sharon saying she was on the way, in Robin's car, and we already expected the Roda's friend, Alena Kesl, and, I think that either Amy Newell or Nancy Washburn appeared shortly, after long car trips from Boston, along with Kinga Bernath, who was losing her voice and never found it again for the rest of the week, so that everyone spoke to her loudly and distinctly. Anyhow, Robin William Bossert, of the spectacular sense of humor, and Sharon, our trip leader, appeared with food, but joined our table of ten nonetheless. Between gifted, borrowed, and contributed food, we had a delicious and very funny dinner. Thanks

to Martina for cooking, Michelle and Martina for giggling, and Robin for giving them something to giggle about.

Judge Shari Michels and Paul Banks joined the next day, were greeted and greeting with lots of happy hugs! Especially since Shari's lovely daughter was along, unfortunately without her violin. I love being awakened by her, with string music in lieu of awful weather reports!

Matt Rudansky was not only a terrific Santa Claus, but after the entertainment room and bar were clouded with smoke from the chimney, and we learned, to our utter distress, that we could not have another one of those great fires (especially in the sub-zero of this winter!), Matt brought down his laptop, turned the screen to a roaring fire and put it in the empty, black fireplace, thus giving us the illusion of warmth. (Especially since thrifty Sharon turns the thermostats to slightly above freezing! Just kidding, kid! I'll make sure the pool is cold when you come visit me in Southampton! Don't let that discourage you. Lynn Cashman and two other Miramartians had a ball on a Southampton weekend with me, far too long ago! And you have promised me that you will come this Summer!!!)

Bill and Roberta Bernstein showed up, of course, and could not tear themselves away from our beloved lodge, although they do love their new "old" house. It's always a holiday when those two come.

Gosh, apologies to those whose names Lev Roda conscientiously collected, but I have not used in this account of time well spent because I'm being too long-winded. Still, a personal note or two: I skied on seven days out of 10, of course, nothing heroic. But I do ski fast. . . and very badly! On my birthday, Thursday 28 December (remember that, please, because next year I'll be skiing for free in Sugarbush), Michelle and the Rodas and I went to the spa. It was the coldest day of the week, fittingly, since I was born on the coldest day in Vienna in the winter of 1928. I took a fairly mediocre barre class, but some exercise is better than none.

Michelle and I skied together: She, making perfect turns, and me, a menace, bombing the mountain, and then we retreated to merlo at the formerly Timberlane bar and restaurant. On the day of 25-40 mi./hr. winds at Stowe, a dozen enterprising of us (on Sunday, 31 December) went snow shoeing at the Mansfield Sports Center. It's such a beautiful place, and the tours are sheltered in the woods. Everyone had a ball! Some fell, but got up again. I won't tell on you, Sandy. As a snow-shoer, you're a great skier! And you also turned out to be the "Host with the Most!" so tons of thanks!

Hope to see you all on MLK weekend! Aloha! Ciao! Auf Wiedersehen and Edelweiss!!!

*Original research, such as collection of names, was professionally, courteously, but very persistently handled by Lev Roda. No money was offered or taken for his contribution.

The New Year's Eve Trip

By Amy Sunshine

For the New Year's trip, the bus left promptly at the new time of 5:45 pm, driven by Adam. I feel like traitor when I say that I thought that Adam did an excellent job all weekend long. Ruth did an excellent job managing everyone on the bus. After a smooth trip we arrived in Waitsfield shortly after midnight to a dusting of snow and subzero temperatures.

The next morning a lot of us set off for Sugarbush. Temperatures were negative double digits Fahrenheit before the windchill but there were sunny skies and the trails had good, if sometimes a little crusty, coverage, including Castle Rock. The crew included Karen McFarlane, Evelyn, Liz Field, Hal, Pat, Kim, Ruth, Sandy, Renata, Alena, Siobhan and yours truly and guests Agatha, Tara, Steve and Amy. Right outside the inside door to Castlerock Pub (by the stairs to the cafeteria), Mad River Distillers had set up a tasting table. I can personally speak to how smooth and warming their maple cask rum is. That night we were all very happy to thaw under hot showers and after dinner, guest Amy mixed up some very interesting shots for all who dared.

The next day we had planned to go to Stowe but the temperatures were actually even colder and windier and Stowe's mountain report said wind holds were possible. After much discussion at breakfast no one, not even Kim and Sandy, wanted to ski. The group dispersed for the day, with Nancy and guest Patricia and trip leader Sharon having some local adventures by car, Kim and Ruth heading over to the gym at Sugarbush, Alena and Renata went cross-country skiing at Blueberry Lake and thirteen intrepid souls went up to Mount Mansfield to snow shoe, many for the first time (or in Sandy's case, the first time in about 25 years). It was cold but it was really, really, really pretty. Evelyn ventured off solo and the rest of us split into two crews, one being very expertly navigated by Lev. On the way back to the lodge we even made a brief stop at the Cabot Cheese and Lake Champlain Chocolate factory stores and ate our way through the samples. Liz very generously purchased a lot for sharing the rest of the weekend. For New Year's Eve, the festivities started off with gusto. Liz Field and guest Steve were expertly bartending, Miramar style. After dinner, we had an intense game of apples to apples and most of us stayed up until midnight for a Prosecco toast although some Irish exits were made shortly before.

New Year's Day we headed back to Sugarbush in search of \$52 lift tickets and some more skiing. When we got to the mountain it was -17 Fahrenheit with serious gusts of wind. Bill met us at the mountain and all who skied got more than a few turns in, as the mountain was empty and you could literally ski directly up to the lift. I personally have never been able to go that fast down Snowball and Spring Fling. Siobhan and I and guests Amy, Tara and Steve had a wonderful and entertaining liquid lunch (Dutch courage?) of multiple Hot Toddies and other

warm spiked drinks. I can't say my skiing ability improved after lunch, but I can definitely say I didn't care. When we got back into the city, it was +17 Fahrenheit. A full 34 degree swing from where we'd started the morning and it was still pretty darn cold.

A couple of important takeaways from the trip: when it is THAT cold, put something on your face, both moisturizer/wind block/sun block balm AND some sort of cloth covering! In addition, if you are using a sun block, make sure it hasn't expired. Each and every one of us with some sort of hand/toe warmer and/or boot heater was really glad we had it. Also when it is THAT cold, helmets are more likely to crack, bindings are more likely to snap and other things can go wrong. Check your gear.

Baby it's Cold Outside II: LONG Lift Lines

by Kathy Nolan

It took an hour to get out of NYC---what else is new? Traffic snarls gave way to rain and sleet and we eventually arrived at the lodge at 1:30 AM. Needless to say we were "well rested" at 7 AM wake up call—NOT! But we did get a little bit of a slow going on our way to Stowe (we heard conditions were better there) and a drop-off of the cross-country skiers at Mt. Mansfield X-Country Center. Despite the cloudy day, the skiing was pretty good---as this occasional skier likes to say," the skiing was good but the skier wasn't"—probably because my demo ski rentals didn't quite suit me.



Also, the lift lines WERE long ---gondola was closed for wind-hold—ambient air was a toasty 5⁰F. The X-country-snowshoe group had a great time at Mt. Mansfield, although Elizabeth got a little nervous when an ax-wielding man started hacking at the ice on her ski. No thank you, she crisply said!! Anyway, the evening proved to be merry with a nice après ski Happy Hour complete with baked Brie and other munchies. I think there was a tie between Bill and Robin as to the "winning" PJ's in the no-contest, but a few of the ladies (I won't mention names) had some risqué décolletage going!

Saturday and Sunday were very sunny (although still cold)



which seemed to “lift” spirits, if not elevate skiing prowess, especially in this writer. I turned into a real animal with my rental 140’s, although I have no witnesses. Snowball, Jester, Birch Run, Sleeper, and Pushover were my conquests at Sugarbush on Sunday. My brother, Brian, who has a house in Waitsfield, picked me up and drove me to the Warren Country Store for lunch, and who did we run into but fellow Miramar members Sasha, Diane, Elizabeth, and Janet!! Perfect timing! We shared the same tree-log table for lunch. That group had WALKED EIGHT

MILES down East Warren Road to the store. Brian gave Sasha and Diane a ride back to the lodge with a little side tour to see Brian’s house on Bragg Hill Rd. and the Green Mountain Ski School where his two daughters (my nieces) went to school! The others scored a ride from the storeowners.

Brad has this new app, Ski Track, which let him know exactly how many runs he made, how fast they were, and where they were, as well as total altitude. This made him a very-goal oriented fellow—cool!! He also had a knee-brace that he swears by called Rehband Rx knee support.

The black-diamonders were a bit disappointed when the group voted to go to Okemo on Monday. It did put us closer to New York, which enabled us to arrive before 10:30 PM. The conditions were really quite excellent, although I did skid out a few times on icy patches. Overall, their snow making and grooming were exemplary. I was excited to ride up in “the Bubble”—a six-person lift that came complete with an orange plastic shield that automatically lifts up before one disembarks. I also enjoyed the Maine lobster bisque at Epic Restaurant in Day Lodge! The cross-country skiers, however, encountered ice, although the snowshoeing was better.



I like to do a diversity inventory of the folks on the trip: they hailed from Korea, China, Austria, Ireland, Columbia, Serbia, Norway, Sweden, New Hampshire, Vermont, New Jersey, and, of course, Long Island---I mean, New York!!

Ride home uneventful—we did run out of Bloody Mary’s, but had plenty of screwdrivers left over! Over all the MKL weekend trip was a blast, thanks to Linda and Elizabeth, and our bus driver who made it all possible, Adam!

February 19-21 Trip with Met Council Ski Races

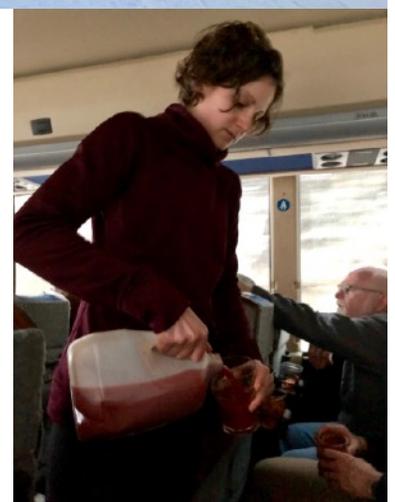


Photos by
Phil Caracci





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The Jan 26th Trip and the sweet sound of “G2”

by Phil Caracci

Something happened right after the January deep freeze melted. We suddenly found ourselves surrounded by Guests on two consecutive trips! The regular 2-day trips between MLK and the 4-day featured more Guests than Members and that is pretty rare.

Guest-heavy trips put a special burden on the Trip Leader since there are so many people who don't already know the routine, not even the basics. Still both of these trips were amazing and I know because I was on both of them too.

What really warmed my heart on this particular trip was the large number of G2's. I think there were 6 in total but 4 of them came on consecutive weekends which is rare indeed!

I have worked very hard along with many others to recruit new members for maybe 20 years. Never can I recall such enthusiastic guests in such large numbers. There were 27 guests on the prior trip and 18 on this one.

It is great to see a G1 on a bus trip. It means added revenue and a potential new member and we need both. But G2 to me is a special trip. This is the one that confirms for me that we as a club are doing it right. Lots of people can say “I'll try it once” but the 2nd trip means “I tried it and I like it!!”





In fact the only thing better than a G2 is an M1.... Well it's not an official term but a joke often heard when a guest becomes a member and is on the first trip as a Member of the Miramar Ski Club. So in addition to G2's like Lynne, Abir, Vince, Tamara and Daiva we also had Trina doing her M1 Trip! Welcome to the Miramar family Trina! (and thanks for Amy Sunshine for inviting her!)

If you are a "glass half empty" sort of person you might have focused on the fireplace being out of order for safety concerns or the rain Saturday night leaving the slopes in worse shape than we found them the day before. But a weekend with a happy group of people makes the entire experience one we can all enjoy.

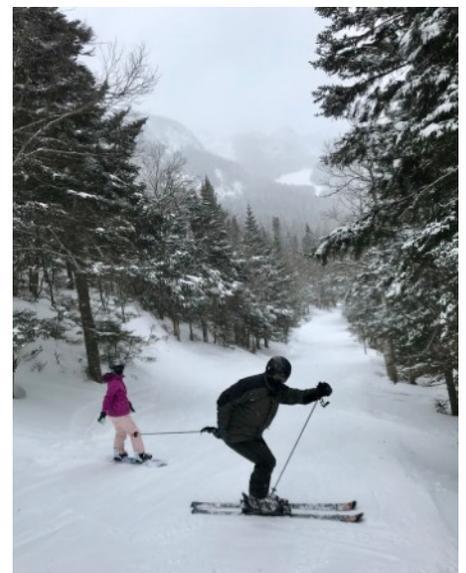
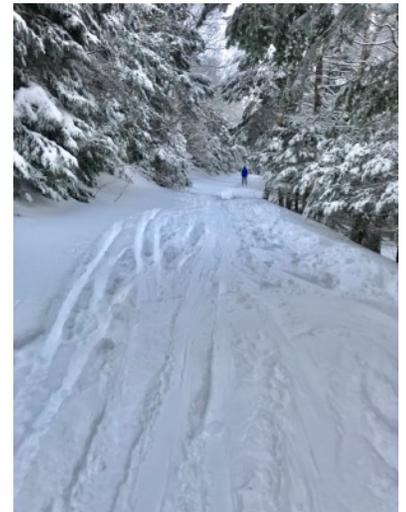
Let me share a couple of random thoughts on this weekend:



New Driver Adam is no longer new. He is very comfortable and is in fact more socially active with us on Saturday nights than any driver in recent memory. He ate with us and even took part in a mammoth Left/Right/Center game. During guest introductions after dinner Tom F, our trip leader, offered the option if someone did not want to stand up and do an introduction they could sing karaoke. Well two G1's took him up on that offer and treated us to their rendition of

"Let It Be".

While Saturday was "the usual" at Sugarbush Sunday was not. Tom took us to Killington on Sunday, a move that is very rare for us and one that got us home almost an hour earlier than usual. I personally love Stowe but it was OK to remind myself why!



MIRAMAR SKI CLUB RACE

Results for: 2/10/18

A Race: Women

Place	Name	Best time	Hcap	Adjusted	NASTAR
1st	Gail Tuzman	47.11	-10%	42.39	
2nd	Janice Gross	49.48	-10	44.53	
3rd	Bonnie Cholfield	50.83	-5	48.28	

A Race: Men

Place	Name	Best time	Hcap	Adjusted	NASTAR
1st	Rafael Mellance	47.37	-	47.37	
2nd	Cliff Durlacher	53.05	-10%	47.74	
3rd	Cody Pizzaia	50.67	-	50.67	

Invitational: Women

Place	Name	Best time	Hcap	Adjusted	NASTAR
1st	Azara Krek	41.60	-	41.60	
2nd	Ruth Yashpan	44.37	-5%	42.15	
3rd	Sarah McGrath	48.68	-5	46.24	

Invitational: Men

Place	Name	Best time	Hcap	Adjusted	NASTAR
1st	Richard Carey	43.64	-10%	39.27	
2nd	Mats Liledahl	43.30	-5	41.13	
3rd	Phil Caracci	47.60	-10	42.84	

Super Invitational: Women

Place	Name	Best time	Hcap	Adjusted	NASTAR
1st	Renata Tenenbaum	42.32	-10%	38.08	Bronze
2nd	Karen McFarlane	48.91	-15	41.47	
3rd	Ann Cooper	46.51	-10	41.85	

Super Invitational: Men

Place	Name	Best time	Hcap	Adjusted	NASTAR
1st	Chip Martin	34.88	-5%	33.13	Silver
2nd	David Wallenstein	40.57	-5	38.54	
3rd	Steve Ober	45.55	-15	38.71	

FULL HOUSE!!! We haven't seen one of these in a while!!

By Phil Caracci

I would like to take credit for getting all 52 beds filled up for my unofficial "Birthday Trip". I'd like to say that all my friends signed up and we filled the bus.

But I can't say that because it isn't true:). This thing called "snow" had a lot to do with it too. In the days leading up to the trip we heard stories of up to 2 feet of new snow in the Green Mountains and a forecast suggesting there could be more.

Trip Leader Gail had so many people who wanted to go that when Friday cancellations freed up two beds, she filled both in a matter of minutes.



The events in the Mad River Valley this weekend were highly synchronized with the events in South Korea: they had the Olympics, we had NASTAR racing; they had Korean food, we had Korean food too! Carolyn covered it all from mini egg roll appetizers during Happy Hour to some amazing cod for dinner. Her work in the kitchen definitely earned her the Gold Medal!

Speaking of medals.... Race Captain Chip had the honor of handing out the medals won in the club races at Sugarbush

which included one to himself for notching the fastest time down the course. But a Junior Guest in high school came within a second of his time. Look out Chip, Cassidy says she'll get you next year!

Vermont skiers do not come with the expectation of sunny warm days under bright blue skies. And that's a good thing. On this particular weekend we didn't see any sun, and we really didn't see much of the sky. What we saw was World Class Fog!! Especially at Stowe on Sunday. Usually you expect to make a few turns at the summit and break into the clear. In this case that happened at the base of the mountain. But good snow and a small crowd made up for this



minor inconvenience and everyone had a fine time playing in the snow.

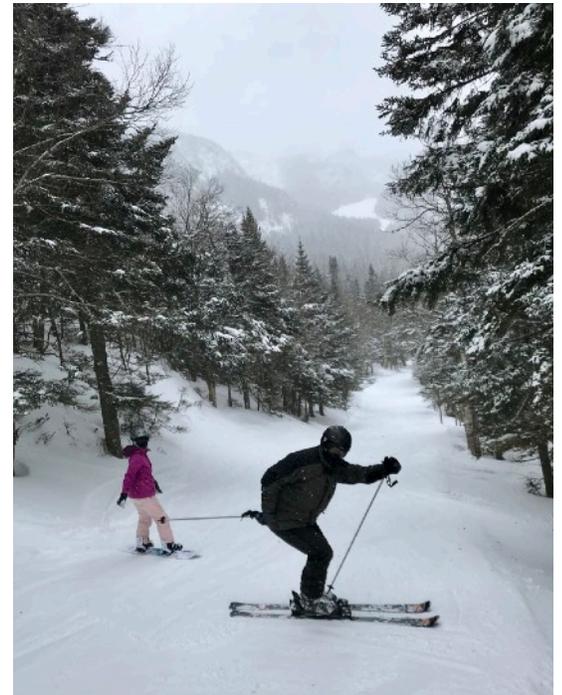
Our club continues to attract a ton of potential new members this season. There were nearly a dozen G1's and half a dozen Guests who had been with us before. This 2017-2018 class is looking to be perhaps one of the largest in recent years for new members.

Speaking of members, I found myself scanning the group on this trip and thinking about the way Miramar has impacted their life or

vice versa. Iva & Ray were there as well as Sarah & Rafael. Both couples met their significant other because of this club. Ted was there and his son is now a 2nd Generation Miramartian. David W was there along with his sister as a Guest and their mom was in Miramar for many years.

The executive committee and other committees, past and present were well represented by 20 of our hard-working volunteers including Robin and me who served as club Presidents in recent years.

So I look around and I wonder who might write the next chapter of the Miramar saga.



Gertraud Bernat

July 21, 1925 – February 15, 2018

Gertraud (Traudy) Bernat passed away peacefully at Mercy Care Home in Walnut Creek, California. Tina Buodomo and Jean Gordon attended to her needs due to her dementia and Alfred Tablante and Carol Dolezal from Hospice East Bay kept her comfortable in her last days.

Traudy was born in Deutsch Gabel, Czechoslovakia and traveled to New York with her family when she was 8 years old. She attended Fashion Institute of Technology and was in the inaugural graduating class. After marrying Richard (Dick) Bernat Jr. on October 9, 1954, she settled in Yonkers, New York to raise her family. She spent the last 23 years in Concord, California.

Having devoted herself to her family, Traudy is survived by Dick, her husband of 63 years, her 3 children and their families: daughter Linda Backens, son-in-law Gary and grandsons Michael, his wife Lisa, and David; son Steven, daughter-in-law Katie and granddaughter Melissa, her husband Ted, great grandchildren Alex, Kiera, Elisabeth and Matthew, grandson Nick and great grandsons Declan and Nolan; and son Richard III (Rich), daughter-in-law Annette and granddaughters Alyssa, Danielle and Rachael. She will be missed by her brother Victor Revenko. She is preceded in death by her parents Nicholas and Martha (Zastera) Revenko, her brother, Robert (Bob) and her sister Helene.

Traudy had many passions in her life, but none more than enjoyment of her family during her New York years and continuing on through the enjoyment of her children as they progressed into adulthood and became parents themselves. In her youth, she enjoyed gymnastics; and in her early adulthood, she enjoyed skiing and jumping the moguls with her Miramar Ski Club friends. She will be remembered for many things such as warming our feet after cold ski days in Mad River Glen and Stowe Vermont, breakfasts under the big maple tree in Yonkers, golfing at Wykagyl Country Club, brunch at Chow and countless trips to Lake Tahoe.

Through all her years, Dick and Traudy were side by side.

Family and friends will gather to celebrate her life at a memorial service on February 23 at 10:00 am at the Oakmont Memorial Park Inspiration Chapel in Lafayette, California. In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to Hospice East Bay, 3470 Buskirk Ave, Pleasant Hill CA 94523.

May she rest loved and in peace.

The above copied from: <http://www.oakmontmortuary.com/obituary/gertraud-bernat>

In Memory:

by Cathy Carmody

Inexorably, the years pass on, and also our members. Sadly, we report the death of Gertraud Bernat – Wife and lifelong (63 Years) companion of Richard Bernat, one of Miramar Ski Club's "Founding Fathers".

Dick and Traudy's family could rightly be considered the First of Miramar's Families because they continued to ski with the Club, even when their three kids were not old enough to be on the bus. Later, when eligible, all three – Steve, Linda and Richard, were part of the Miramar Race Team, participated in interclub races, and won top honors. Traudy and Dick were there to give support, provide tasty lunches or snacks, and warm cold feet.

Eventually, Traudy and Dick moved to California where they and their children continued to ski - Tahoe and Heavenly Valley. But, even now, a Bernat is still active with Miramar – Steven. And so, though few, we older members who enjoyed those early "Golden" Years of skiing with the Bernat Family – we offer our sympathy and condolences to Gertraud's family.

President's Weekend Feb. 16-19, 2018

By Ellen B. Stern

Let's start at trip's end: An employee at Trapp Family Lodge's cross-country ski center told me the sunshiny holiday was the weekend's best! (He also admired my retro snowshoeing gear of L.L. Bean boots with wool-felt liners and wool/polypro balaclava.)

But back to the beginning: I was wary about the trip because Manhattan bus pick-up/drop-off is in front of 4 doors (not 3 as stated) and trip details didn't tell there are blankets in the rooms. But nothing disappointed!

Down to the youngest (an 11-year-old), trippers appreciated the all-contained weekend. Even chef Carolyn smiled when I said I could hug and kiss her for "real" bread and "real" butter at breakfasts! And in-between breakfasts and homemade dinners, the bus dropped us off—and then picked us up—at Sugarbush Resort or Stowe Mountain Resort each day plus Trapp Family Lodge that last day.

Happy hours with hors d'oeuvres and good conversation consumed before-dinnertimes. An online trip review fairly glows about "Saturday night's 60's themed dance party," but truly I never knew about it or heard any music.

Maybe that's because, admittedly, I was among those mesmerized by the Olympic Winter Games on TV, especially the new Snowboarding Big Air event. And never-ending questions like, Why do downhill skiers' poles have a bent shape? Why are color markings on the slopes in bright blue? How can a bobsled brakeman know when to brake if he's tucked in with his head down?

Nevertheless, here Miramartians and guests (including a G1 [first-time guest] who met up with Miramar online) share other views:

—I joined the club decades ago for downhill skiing. Vermont is easy to travel to versus going overseas.

—It's magical at Mount Mansfield. There's superior grooming and snow for cross-country skiing. As long as Miramar continues coming here, trips will attract people.

—Convenient bus pick-ups/drop-offs like on Long Island for me.

—Swimming is my favorite sport, but downhill skiing here is always good. (from the 11-year-old!)

—Today, I skied the black diamond Organ Grinder trail for the first time. (Applause greeted this announcement.)

—Thumbs-up to an all-contained trip from breakfast to after-dinner socializing.

—I like long walks on the beach. (humorously spoken when the temperature was 10 degrees one morn by a skier who shared he had two knee replacements)

—A safe bus driver is key to comfortable traveling. And I think Adam is a safe driver.

An Aside: No trip to Vermont is complete unless you see an Oreo cow. If you haven't been lucky, a herd of Oreo cows is wonderfully pictured in the photo gallery at Sugarbush.

It's nothing 6 feet of snow couldn't fix!

(The March 9th & 16th weekends)

By Phil Caracci

The winter of 2017/18 was looking like a loser. Even the CEO of Sugarbush, Win Smith, was saying it:

With only 100" of natural snow this season to date, we are well behind our normal snowfall, but history shows that things often end up averaging out. It looks like a pattern change in the weather next week could allow us to end March with more total snow depth than it began with. March has come in like a lamb, but we're hoping it goes out like a lion. We may get a taste of what's to come Thursday night and Friday as a coastal storm approaches.

That was what he said on March 1st. In the preceding paragraphs Win detailed the bitterly cold air in January and the way-above-normal warmth of February. And yes, a distinct lack of natural snow from Nov to March. Boo Hoo.

But March was indeed a different story. It was so different the weather experts were making up new terms to describe it. We had a Four'easter! That's what they were calling the 4th nor'easter storm to blow through the area in a month. Actually in just a few weeks!

These storms were so powerful they blew me onto the Miramar bus two consecutive weekends following a week away skiing in Montana!! It was crazy.... The predictors would announce we'd get 1, 2 maybe 3 feet of snow and then the track would shift south dumping the promised 37 inches on Stratton and not much in Waitsfield!! Wait, what????!??

But there's this thing the weather geeks talk about where the tail of the storm wraps around and meets up with some colder air. We didn't immediately get anywhere near as much snow as southern VT, but instead we got a respectable 4-6 inches.... EACH DAY for almost 2 full weeks!!

The dumps resulted in some impressive totals in the 5 to 6 FOOT range for the mountains we ski and ride on. Everything was open! 100% open! The tree skiing was amazing! And it was powder.... Not wet heavy snow but the real thing! On one day the snow came down after the groomers groomed resulting in a powder day on the beginner runs too!

In life, timing is everything and for the club's most active members the timing was unfortunate because they were in France when this all started missing some of the best conditions Vermont has ever offered. I'm not asking for sympathy for anyone lucky enough to ski the French Alps with great conditions there, but people who have skied VT their entire life were swooning over this snow!

As it turns out there are many passionate skiers and boarders hiding in this metropolitan area and all they needed was a little encouragement and suddenly our buses were at near capacity with many new guests and many guests who had done trips with us earlier in the winter. Even cross country skiers were on the bus!



Trippers in the Rec Room on March 10th



Lunch at Spruce Peak on March 18th

The March 9-11 trip had 18 guests and the following week had a dozen. The decrease was in part because by now some guests had become members!

These trips also benefited from the fact that so many ill-informed skiers think President's Day is the end of the season thus the lift lines were somewhat long but not as long as they would have been had this snow coincided with the holiday trips in the prior months.

On the March 16-18 trip we definitely had shorter lines as St Paddy's day kept all of my Irish brothers at home with friends and family (and beer!). Yes, I was beaming from non-stop skiing, great snow and this time SUNSHINE too!!! For those who know me you'll be shocked to hear that I skied so late that I had no time for an après ski beer at the mountain!

By mid March, the sun is higher in the sky and the clocks are on Daylight Savings Time so the lighting was great all the way from first run to last. As I returned from the best trip of the season I knew I wanted more, but there were events on the calendar so if I do get out again it will be mid April and I'm hopeful this impressive snow extends the season a few more weeks to make that possible. However, if this was the end of the season for me then it definitely ended on a high note.

ADDENDUM

The great combination of sunshine and great snow and a full trip was a great going away present for Michelle Adamson who will be moving out of the NYC area before the next season starts so this was her parting gift from the Green Mountains. Michelle recalled her early trips when I asked if I could ski with her. She was taking beginner lessons at the time and unable to be part of any ski group. She has repeatedly said this simple offer I made had a profound effect on her decision to return to Miramar and eventually join the club. So be nice to our guests. You never know who can become a real impact member as Michelle has been over the past 8 years!



Val D'Iserere
photos by
Paul B. and
Shari M.





Once in a Blue Moon...

By Ann Forbes Cooper

There is a bittersweet joy to skiing Mad River Glen and the Green Mountains late in the season: lift lines are shorter, snow is an eminently skiable mix of packed crystals and/or spring corn, icy slopes are (hopefully) a distant memory, bulky down jackets give way to t-shirts and shorts (well, maybe), trails are less crowded, temperatures are relatively balmy, and, if we're lucky, the sun colludes with a cloudless blue sky to bestow upon us weather-weary North Easterners the gift of the much-vaunted "bluebird" day.

The penultimate weekend of the 2017/18 season, dubbed the "April Foolster," promised "rocking to a Latin beat" "mambo on the mountain," and chilling "with a mojito from Dr. Ricardo," among other things, and lived up to its name. From the beginning it induced in all us 23 trippers a kind of giddy spring fever—manifest on the bus, the piste, and oh, especially on the dance floor (but more of that later...).

Maybe it did not disappoint because after the bus left Manhattan, it kept rolling right along on schedule for the first time that season, arriving at the lodge one half hour earlier than had been usual (Thank you bus driver, Adam).

Maybe because for some—this would be the last trip of a super snowy season that by March 31 had totaled 168 inches overall, and still boasted a base of 20-50 inches on snowmaking trails, and so anticipation was high. The anticipation of doing one more schuss, wedel, traverse, or bump run down Lifelines, National, Paradise, Nosedive, Antelope, Steins Run, Spring Fling, Perry Merrill, or whatever-run-rocks-your-boat, followed by a rewarding end-of-the-day Long Trail, IPA, or PBR at Castlerock Pub, Timbers, or General Stark's, all of which ranks high on this writer's mental list of *Things I want to do again before I die*.

Maybe because flurries were forecast for that weekend. OK, maybe not a powder day, exactly. But still, late March, we'll take flurries.

Maybe because in our increasingly international ski club, in the house were: Georgia (Eurasia, not US), Mexico, Scotland, Poland (2), Argentina, Egypt, Sweden, Singapore, Germany, and Canada (the French part), all contributing to a thoroughly cosmopolitan vibe.

Maybe because the trip also boasted a couple of newly-minted members in the form of Anna and Tamara, and two, about-to-be new members, Vince and Abrit.

Maybe because that late March weekend encompassed April Fools Day, Easter, and Passover all rolled into one big, glorious funfest.

Maybe because on the Saturday this writer took an overdue and (uncharacteristically) sunny trip on Slide Brook Express, the longest chairlift in the world, soaring over the Slide Brook Basin to Mount Ellen for the first time in years, rediscovering slopes with names like Exterminator, FIS, Bravo, Brambles, and Encore.

Maybe because on this Mambo March Madness trip run by Dr. Ricardo and Renata, happy hour found our two magic mixologists—Raphael and G1 Ann—muddling up a menu of

magnificent Mojitos too marvelous to miss, and clearly, alliteration ran rampant.

Maybe because on Saturday night, Caroline's Cuban Jerk Chicken, which I have on good authority (Ricardo) owed its transcendent taste to "delivering the sweet of a Cuban Mojo marinade, and the spice of Jamaican jerk," and was quite simply, the best chicken I have tasted in my 18 years membership of Miramar.

Maybe because for dessert we all got to celebrate Renata's birthday with a glass of Prosecco. Na zdrowie! (Polish for "cheers.")

Maybe because after dinner, co-bartender and G1 Charisse, from Singapore, concocted what else—Singapore Slings (ingredients: gin, dark rum, Grand Marnier, Maraschino cherry juice, Angostura Bitters, Rose's Lime juice, cranberry juice, seltzer).

Maybe because there was a blue moon that weekend—which was the second moon of the month—an event that apparently won't happen again until 2037!

And just maybe it was the moon, combined with all those Singapore Slings, which made us all a little dizzy on the dance floor, resulting in unprecedented acts of intimacy, passion, eroticism, and sensuality by, oh, my, is that who I think it is? Yes! Yes! Yes! Vince and Abrit—thank you for demonstrating that most seductive and emotional of all dances—the Argentinian Tango.

Maybe because on April Fools Day Caroline displayed another of her many talents—for humor—via the breakfast menu on the blackboard reading, "Grits, Spam, Boiled Eggs, Doughnuts." This solicited the refrain, "Ya gotta be sh----- me," from guest Gary, on loan from both the King of Prussia and Swiss Ski Clubs. His consternation was appeased only when reminded of the day, and after the appearance of the usual Sunday morning delicacy of scrambled eggs and home fries.

Maybe because some of the grin-worthy sights spotted on the slopes that April Fools Day included whole families with little kids in tow, all sporting bunny ears. Awe.

Maybe because comments overheard on the slopes included "My daughter, a ski racer, is so happy her mom found her ski club." (Hey, new member Anna, we're happy you found your ski club, too.) And maybe because of Tamara, whose effervescence permeated the whole weekend and who never met a ski chore she didn't like, confiding in the gondola, "I'm in a profession (software development) whose customers are called the same as those of drug dealers: users."

Maybe because on the bus home, Singapore Slings and Mojitos replaced the usual Bloody Marys and Screwdrivers.

Maybe because the ever-merry Sarah S.M. summed up what we all felt when she said: "One of the best trips ever! Who'd have thought a trip with only 23 people would be so much fun!" *I know I know*, we say that about most trips...but it was certainly this writer's personal best of the season. Here's to the next. Sláint! (Gaelic for cheers.)

The Last Ski Trip of The Season or What ever happened to Spring Skiing in 2018 (?)

By Hal Weiner

The weekend of April 6th-8th, 38 members and guests boarded the Hampton Jitney in anticipation of fresh powder, sunshine and spring conditions in Vermont. Two other enthusiastic members also drove up. The week before.” On The Snow” was predicting 5-8” of



fresh powder, warmer temperatures and sunny skies for the weekend. But I guess Mother Nature doesn't subscribe to "On The Snow" because what we actually got was a brief return to winter. On Saturday at Sugarbush, temperatures ranged from the teens to the mid twenty's with wind gusts up to 15 mph. And although there was no fresh snow, there was plenty of good hard pack mid mountain and variable to moderately icy conditions on top, resulting in enough variety for everyone to enjoy themselves.



The highlight of the day was the pond skimming at the bottom of Spring Fling, which was led off by Sugarbush's own Win Smith. The costumes were festive and creative, including one Sugarbush waitress who snow boarded down in her work attire carrying a tray...and made it across with ease!

At dinner, along with the guests, Adam stood up to thank us for letting him be our bus driver and

to say he considers us family. Needless to say, his sentiment was well received and I think I



can speak for the club when I say we all feel the same way about him.

The evening, in true Miramar style, was a dance fest after a raucous game of left/right/left which was won by G2 Suki Sun.



A Recommendation

by Evelyn Konrad

Hope it's not bad form to recommend a doctor, but I have had multiple ski injuries, and I swear by Lenox Hill Orthopedics, especially my doctor (also a skier) for more than a decade, Dr. Karen Schneider, Lenox Hill Orthopedics, 201 East 64th Street 4th floor. tel.: 212-434-6880. Believes in physical therapy in preference to surgery! I had 3 1/2 weeks (after 2 doz jumping jacks) in right knee torn meniscus, X-ray and MRI last week, cortisone shot two days ago, plus exercise, medicated knee sleeve and Advil. But this last Wednesday, I literally could not walk, not even to my kitchen or bathroom!!! Today, for first time, no pain. Anyway, since skiers always need to know of a good orthopedist, if possible, I'd like to add the name of mine to others you may have. Takes insurance!

Snowball

Photos by Ruth Yashpan and Sarah McGrath

