



LIFT LINES

MIRAMAR SKI CLUB • McBURNEY, Y.M.C.A.
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WHITEFACE WOWS MIRAMAR

After having tested its superlative facilities on the first Feb. weekend, Miramar welcomes White-face Mt. to the ranks of the nation's top flight ski areas. We believe that Whiteface is the biggest thing that happened to eastern skidom since Mt. Mansfield came of age.

This trailblazing trip left the Y in an air of uncertainty, but this in itself lent a certain spice to the jaunt. Since it was a long haul, the gang made themselves comfortable and were lulled to sleep to the haunting obligatos of the Berger and Rubin recorder and mouth organ duet playing variations on variations. After 7 hours of chamber music, Talmudic dissertations, literary chatter and polite snores, this trip arrived at the Alpine Hotel in Saranac, where our fine hosts were waiting with steaming hot java and sinkers. We subsequently discovered that the Saranac-Placid area is a most colorful locale with everything to make winter vacations memorable. And now Whiteface completes the picture.

The first morning found everyone goggle-eyed at the breathtaking panorama of rugged Alpine scenery that greets you on all sides as you ride the lifts. And after skiing a while, it was hard to believe that only the year before virgin forest existed where now a complex of man sized trails and slopes to suit all kinds of skiers embroidered the mountain. With 10,000 ft. of lifts and 2,400 ft. of vertical drop the area already equals anything in the East, so you can imagine what next year's third lift to the summit will do. Many were speaking of Whiteface ultimately being the Aspen of the East.

The management of the area, headed by Art Draper were very hospitable to our group and asked our staff to send them a letter giving our impressions of the area with suggestions for its improvement. Of course, like in anything brand new, there are wrinkles to be ironed out; such as chair lift loading, hazardous poles on lift line trails, improvement of cafeteria service, etc. We have incorporated our observations into a friendly letter and have sent it.

Governor Harriman is to be congratulated for what his efforts have accomplished for the State's skiers. This is the kind of statesmanship that makes for a healthier America.

See You at Miramar's ANNUAL CARNIVAL

Speculator, N. Y. — March 7-9

NOVELTY EVENTS — RACES FOR EVERYONE

INVITATION GIANT SLALOM

MASQUERADE ON SKIS

Theme:—"Out Of This World"

A motion picture will be made of the entire carnival.

LIFT LINES is published by the MIRAMAR SKI CLUB, an amateur, recreational ski club which through cooperative effort endeavors to promote the sport of skiing and good fellowship among its members and guests.

Member of United States Eastern Amateur Ski Association

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LADIES DAY AT WHITEFACE

Doris Brown and Mona Grossman were the only two successful candidates out of six taking the Basic Test on the Whiteface trip. The four flunkies were all males. The following impromptu lyrics recited after dinner at the Alpine by test judge Berger and candidate Abe Rubin tells the story.

Art Berger:

The time has come for us to audit
the account of this week's skiers
who have well earned a plaudit.
Lo and behold, the cheers
go to the distaff side.

Six skiers went to Whiteface
to pass the Basic Test;
to skimeister Lou's vigorous pace
they gave of their skiing best.

And when the snow had settled
and things returned to norm;
all the males in the show were rattled
to learn that Mona and Doris showed the best form.

Abe Rubin:

I speak for all the men who tried
and who bitterly in their soup they cried.
Let us not say that the judges
Bore us any sort of grudges
but somehow a little thought nudges;
had we, like the dames been by nature blessed,
we felt that by the judges,
we too, would have passed the Basic Test.

SPEC. TREK—Feb. 7-9:

Another Friday, and a busload of snowfiends ready to brave uncertain road conditions for 2 days of "Ski and See." With old-reliable Vern in the driver's seat, the bus quickly got a songfest going. Filling requests for solos, we had our own Lorraine Hellman, accompanied on the guitar by Irene Adler. And, of course, our trip leader, Bernie Brodwin, trying to stomp us with "songs of his youth." We arrived at Amsterdam, but one hour late which left many hours for good sleep before setting out on a truly new adventure for many of us—deep powder. This is something we had not seen at all last year. It took a few runs for most of us to restore the confidence we might have had in our skis. And then, we skied like mad with little or no waiting on the lift line. Meanwhile, back at the Peter Schuyler in Amsterdam, a good hot shower and dinner. How come we had turkey? It's Bernie's favorite! Our Sat. nite party was a real treat since we brought our own bartender along with us. Matt Gruen did a terrific job of serving up everybody's particular delight. Unfortunately, he was not as careful with himself as was with mixing drinks. Sunday, he became the victim of frostbite. We hope that the foot has thawed out by now Matt.

We almost extended this trip into a 3-dayer. Reports on road conditions when we stopped for dinner in Amsterdam were slightly discouraging (or should I say encouraging.) The Thruway was closed from Buffalo to Albany which left us only one alternative route that was considered passable. After conferring with State troopers, Vern decided he could get us home without too much trouble. And he sure did. On time.

—CYNTHIA BERMAN

MOUNT SNOW—Jan. 10-12 (Belated Season Opener)

We're Off! Although disappointed about the cancelled New Year's trip, our first bus trip of the 1958 season got off to an auspicious start. With Old-Faithful Verne at the wheel we gaily set out in our brand new, comfortable bus, destination Mount Snow.

Our trip leader was George (Mephisto) LeBolt, poured into his skin tight, bright red stretch pants, satin red parka, and hearded to a sharp point. The staff was Lou (skimeister) Kerstein, Carl (Prez) Glass, and Ben (Files) Leven. Staff-in-training were Harold Sussman and Phil Schorr.

Chomping at the bit, we finally arrived at the slopes, the snow conditions were good on the novice and intermediate runs, but poor on the expert slopes. Our hot shots grumbled but most of us managed to have a glorios time. They've installed a new chairlift which services some interesting novice and intermediate runs and shortens the lift lines.

Pleasantly exhausted, we arrived at the Latchis Hotel, hoping for hot baths or showers, but it was too much to hope for, no hot water. Bar-keep Matt Gruen rustled up a wonderful batch of brews that helped us forget our sorrows, and smells and soon, we were enjoying our steak dinners. Lester (Zeke) Howard livened up our Saturday night party by organizing and calling a square dance. The only ingredient missing to make the evening complete (at least for some of us) was WOMEN. There were about six of them to be shared by 25 hungry males (the rest of the crowd were married). Our resourceful trip leader Mephisto scouted around, as a result we combined forces with the Norway Ski club and soon the Nordic beauties were livening up our party with spirited folk tunes and dancing.

Sunday was a glorious, sunny day, and everyone skied their legs off. When the lifts stopped running, we reluctantly dragged our weary bodies back to the bus, all present.

We dined on juicy roast beef at the Cross-roads where the food and service was excellent. Beaming contentedly, we looked back at the 'Y' at 11 p.m., all pleasantly tired and looking forward to the next ski week-end.—PHIL SCHORR

SUNAPEE—Jan. 17-19

It was an out-of-this-world trip for those Miramartians who ventured north this weekend. Ski conditions were super-excellent, five staunch members brought further plaudits to the club in the form of successfully taken proficiency tests, and everybody had a happy.

The trip got off to a good start with a new practice of signing people into their seats. It worked out well, with less confusion than usual. And speaking of confusion, some of that stuff spread to Vern, our driver, who took a wrong turn in Claremont, N. H. Luckily, a couple of on-the-ball policemen realized we weren't going where we thought we were going, so with a wail of sirens and a flash of lights, they took off after us and set us straight.

The snow was great. So were the lines. Some of us learned the hard way that at Sunapee on a busy weekend, it is a good idea to buy a book of tickets rather than an all-day pass. Anyone who plans to ski there again, take note.

A handful of stalwarts faced the officials of the area and to our credit as well as theirs, they all passed the Basic. We now know that Siri Zarco, Caesar Cortez, Ruth Steinbach, Bernie Berlin and Elizabeth Drucker are base skiers. Saturday night saw, in addition to before and after dinner parties, many of us enjoying a rootin' tootin' western at the local movies, to which we had been invited by our host. More skiing on Sunday with time out for an impromptu picnic. A dozen or so club members, several barbecued chickens, a handful of curious onlookers and no ants. What an experience! Especially at 5°.

While we're on the subject of food, what an eating weekend! On the way back to New York, we stopped at the Highland Hotel in Springfield, Mass. and ate and ate and ate a fabulous smorgasbord dinner. When we finally had had it, we rolled back in the bus and burped happily home.—SANDY NELKIN

GUESS WHO*

Who is this? Back in 1950 when Miramar was skiing the hills of the Poconos they came across this character going down the slopes singing away for his own enjoyment as well as for all who cared or didn't care to listen. He was invited to that evening's Miramar party, showed up, and is still with us as one of our more active instructors.



He never misses the opening of the trout season and is equally enthusiastic of big game fish. His many fishing experiences have led him into a variety of situations such as white water canoeing in the middle of the night and get-

ting suspiciously corpse-like packages through customs. He does a better-than-professional job of mounting and restoring the natural colors of his own fish—an unbelievably intricate skill which involves many, many hours of delicate, patient work. Photography is another professional calibre hobby. During his high school days he operated his own portrait studio. His well equipped darkroom is built into a closet at his home.

He is a very proud father of one-year-old daughter Sherri who is not only walking but already knows how to swim. (Next year she will be skiing with us.) Yes, he met wife Judy on a ski trip. She took a tumble, he came swooping down and helped her up, they got to chatting, date followed, and . . .

He also hunts deer; has a rare photographic memory, especially for figures; is a great gadgeteer, a serious type bridge player, and an officer of an electrical company. His mimicry, sparkling wit, and musical repertoire makes many bus trip miles disappear. He belongs to the NYU Glee Club and Dessoff Choir; has been a summer camp swimming instructor and there's absolutely no mistaking him on the hill: tall and thin in red (stretch) ski pants and parka with pointed beard. No, it is not Diablos (though he's a mischief maker of some repute)—merely an impersonator named—**George LeBolt**.

THE INQUIRING REPORTER —

Would you be in favor of the Miramar Ski Club owning its own ski lodge?

Bob Tucker—Yes, because skiing costs could be cut in half and I could ski more often. I would be willing to sacrifice the luxury of private rooms and catered meals.

Bernie Brodwin—Yes. It would be good for the club. We would function as a group instead of depending on a hotel. There is a pride of ownership. Skiing will be more economical. This plan will have to be a long range one since we can't expect it to function perfectly the first season.

Howie Baker—Yes. We have enough natural talent to build the lodge ourselves. We should take a place near a lake or stream so that we can rent it during the summer. It would be great if it were near a small hill so that we could install our own small rope tow for beginners.

Claire Topper—Yes. Less travelling and more skiing will be fun. I'd be glad to help do the dishes and take care of the lodge. It should be convenient to an area where most of the members could enjoy the skiing.

Shirley Feld—Yes. I'd like to feel that we have a little home of our own as a sort of retreat. A little lodge with a fireplace would be fine, preferably within five hours from the city. Owning a lodge would help develop a cooperative spirit.

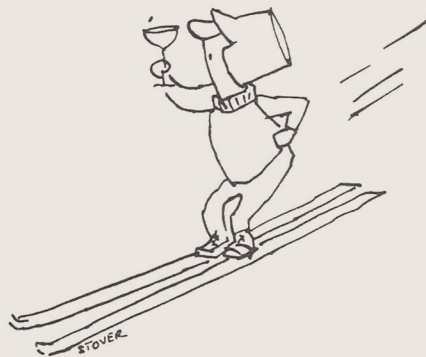
Cell Glass—No. It would limit our skiing to one area and snow conditions may not warrant confining the club there.

Helene Greenfest—No. It limits your skiing to one area, when there may be better skiing at another area; we need more mobility. If we have a lodge we would feel obligated to use it. I wonder how many of our members would like making their own beds, and preparing their own food, as well as the inconvenience of one bath.

SHOP TALK

Around the corner from my office (on E. 44th St.) is a very Norwegian looking little shop with a pair of criss-crossed skis over the sign, **Central Ski Shop**. What a surprise to have it turn out to be Harold Ring's, the 65-yr. old Norske, former president of the Norway S.C., the man who originally laid the groundwork and started the first ski trains that the railroads used to run. (And which the New Haven has now reinstated to Bosquet's and the Berkshires.) He and his wife Helen, also from Norway, took me on a quick tour of their unique shop: The entire place attractively papered with ski posters from all over the world—some many years old. Downstairs, the immaculately neat shop where miraculous ski operations are performed. Don't ever think a ski is beyond repair. "Doctor" Ring (as he is affectionately known) can and does fix anything. In some cases he actually laminates pieces of wood into broken skis to make them good as new. He can repair anything—skis, poles, boots, bindings. Upstairs, is the shop where second hand equipment is sold—overhauled and in excellent condition.

There must be a reason why each time I walk into the **White Mountain Ski Shop** there is a crowd. Maybe it's because like one fellow said, "I came to Shayne many years ago and said, 'I know nothing about equipment, fix me up.' I still have both legs, I'm happy, I enjoy my skiing. Trust Shayne." . . . Shayne had a few words of his own to say, "If you are a new skier, don't try to impress anyone with expensive outfits. Buy inexpensive equipment, but good, properly fitted, until after you have skied a while, then you will know what you want and can get more expensive things if you wish. A good fitting boot is more important than an expensive one and the most important part of your equipment, however, the lowest you should ever pay for a boot is \$20. Anything under that is not likely to be good." Sounds like a lot of sound advice . . . Saw some interesting parkas at White Mountain from all parts of the world. The Japanese and pure silk Italian parkas were especially nice. —*Mona*



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