

TEN YEARS WITH MIRAMAR SKI CLUB

MIRAMAR'S FIRST DECADE is a many faceted story. It is a story of growth—of a sport and its people and a club dedicated to both. Our development as skiers from clumsy beginnings to the heights of competence. The good fellowship which is the wine of life with the many permanent associations, both social and matrimonial, arising therefrom. It is a story worth relating. We will endeavor, herewith to present as complete a picture as possible, drawing from the archives of the club and the memories of our old-timers. If at any point fancy seems to creep into the facts, it is due to the tricks that the passage of time plays on memory.—MONA

*You scribble a bit and before you know it
You find that you're the laureate poet.
So one calm evening while T-V'ing at home
The telephone rings for a little poem.*

*What's the subject—it's easy to see
It's Club Miramar's tenth anniversary.*

*Tell our friends how we ski
Where we go and what we see
Tell of trips way up to Stowe
And of pleasant week-ends at Mr. Snow
Speak of the powder at Mt. Sunapee
And of spring corn at Big Bromley.*

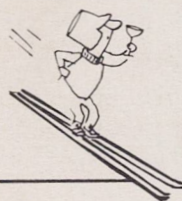
*Recount the days of the old rope tow
And the mile long Poma at Okemo.*

*Recall the pleasures and the thrills
Of winding trails down snowy hills,
National, Toll Road and Lullaby Lane
These and others we've skied once and again.*

*Mention our bus-rides, parties and all
And how each season ends with a gala Sno-ball.
Forget not our meetings (though refreshments
are meager)
Nor ski-reports, nor instruction by members
so eager.*

*In this vein we could run on and on
Telling of the rich ten years just gone
But the story in full—told by Miramar sages
You'll find set forth on the following pages . . .*

ABE RUBIN



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.

100% member of U.S. Eastern Amateur Ski Ass'n

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THE FOUNDING FATHERS

That first ski committee that Artie sparked consisted of: Milt Jay, a popular wind-jammer, capable photographer (he filmed the first Miramar ski movie), a reserve officer in the Air Force. His quiet charm made him very popular with the ladies. Eli Cohan, who had skied in the army, and was the group's best; a chunky fellow with a good sense of humor, a crack Lightning sailor. Elaine Tanney—quiet, efficient and the committee's secretary, later to become Mrs. Eli. Sid Greene and his sister, Leila, the group's first treasurer. Mel Erlich, the mad little scientist and Sammy Zaretski—a good hearted, zany joker who eventually became a ski pro at Grossingers.

That first year saw a few car trips, but lots of planning. It wasn't until the following year that things really began to swing. It started when Bert Stahl of Ski Treks asked Artie to help him on one of his tours to Mont Tremblant for Christmas week, '48. He learned a lot about management (and mismanagement) of ski trips. He spread the word about the benefits of the new amateur cooperative group—Miramar. So we began picking up new members, starting with Dave and Betty Ostroff, school teachers, who became active members on the executive committee; Lillian Freidman, one of our first really good girl skiers; Carl Schwartzburg—another teacher, who became vice president of Miramar, a trip leader, and an active ski patrolman. He is still an active patrolman at one of the areas.

During that first active season, the club engaged space on the Ski Treks bus, but made their own arrangements for meals and lodgings. Even in those days the group realized the advantages of bus travel over car transportation.

Each trip new enthusiasts came into the Miramar fold. It was like the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Everywhere they went people followed and attached themselves, and so Miramar grew and grew.

Artie gained a vigorous personality for the club when he sold Jerry Klein on Miramar. Jerry, a car jockey to Lake Placid from a way back, had wearied of endless hours behind the wheel on icy highways and had found temporary relief with Ski Treks. He soon realized that while a commercial group helped to bring beginners into the sport, it was way too costly for an active skier and jumped on the Miramar bandwagon. He brought with him his energy and efficiency

HOW IT ALL BEGAN

It was a bright, crisp September day in 1947—a fresh breeze snapped out of the southwest. Artie deftly put the tiller over to put his sloop on the last tack before reaching his mooring. Milt Jay had just tied up and was loading his gear into the launch. Eli Cohan came broadside, travelling fast, "Hey, Artie, race you in!"

"Why sure. See you at the Club." When he got to the clubhouse the whole gang was already starting on their second beer. Well, that was Artie Berger—first one on the water in the morning, last one in at night.

There was a chilly edge to the air now and everyone reached for their sweaters.

"Say, Elaine, isn't that your ski sweater?"

"Why, yes, Mel, it is. Boy if it gets any colder we'll have snow."

Eli joined them now, "Oh, it isn't that cold, but ski time *is* getting closer. Remember last year at Snow Valley when . . ." And the conversation was off on their second best subject—or was it first best.

Artie had acquired his addiction to skiing during the war years. He had cut tracks in the snows of places as remote as Australia and Northern Russia and now that he was settled down to civilian life, he craved more of the sport. The thought came to him that all these people that sailed together usually met again on the ski slopes. Why not organize a group from the yacht club that would travel and ski together instead of each going off separately on his own.

The proposal was enthusiastically received and the very first meeting of the Miramar Ski Club was held. Actually it wasn't a club just yet. It started out as a ski committee of the Yacht Club, but it was a good beginning.

and for the five years that Artie served as president, was at his side as treasurer, sharing the burden of those trailblazing years. Then there was Jerry Fetik—a likeable, extroverted, dynamic personality. He became enthusiastic over Miramar and soon was a tireless worker on the exec. He brought in a group among whom was Gus Singer who for a while was a gadfly to the exec. but himself became the club's second president. Carl Glass, whom we inherited from the Franklin Ski Club of Philadelphia stayed in the background for a while. His conservative instincts helped to balance the antics of some of the more eager beavers and was responsible for introducing some selectivity in the building of the club in the best interests of a stable membership. A business executive with a background in engineering, he became our expert on bus transportation and was one of the first to push for the long haul to Stowe as a regular event.

On the occasion of one of the early Vermont trips, a freak thaw washed out everything except, strangely, the Poconos. Miramar already learning mobility made a quick change in plans and a good weekend was had at which another valuable new member was found. A slender, gayly attired fellow caught Artie's eyes and ears as he swished down the slopes of Big Boulder, gaily singing to himself. Later on, that same evening, he showed up at the Penn-Stroud where the club was staying and helped liven up the evening with his piano playing and singing folk tunes. That was George Lebolt whose voice, whiskers and witality still liven up our trips. That same Pocono jaunt netted Anne Marie Kaufman, whose ability on the hickories shone even then. After a number of years with us she moved to Europe. This year she has returned to us better than ever.

In 1949, a lone Lew Kerstein used to show up wherever the club was. His grace on skis fascinated all of us. Eventually he found voice to ask about joining up and the club gained the man who eventually became our Skimeister. With his insistence on perfection he took an active part in our instruction program and helped perk up the skiing of the entire group.

Other early people were Jane Ellentuck, for years our first really efficient recording secretary, and Claire Topper, always a most willing worker. A quiet lad, Walt Meierhof, who soon became a club stalwart. And Fran Leven who had met Artie through his sailing school. He weaned her away from AYH for Miramar. She met Jerry Klein on a memorable Lincoln's Birthday at Chester Inn and

put an end to his bachelor days forever. Her brother Ben, sort of a lone ranger type who turned his nose up at joiners, used to follow the club slyly, to derive some of its benefits on the rebound, like instruction and social life. The club thereby had slyly won its way into his heart and so he too became a joiner, eventually to be President.

There was Rosalyn Cash, better known as Francesca, who became the only female vice prez we ever had. Then for a one-day trip we took space on a Ski Club of America bus—we met up with a pair of cousins and acquired Bernie and Ralph Brodwin. Ralph went into full time ski shop business with his father Lindy and the Cromwell Ski Shop became a Miramar hangout for a while.

People like Sam Rosenbaum, who, ably served as our treasurer for a number of years, but better known for his spectacular spills on the slopes (most likely trying to get away from his lovely wife Sybil); like John and Pearl Tissavary—John, a superb skier was one of our early instructors; he also did art work for *Lift Lines*—they since have moved to Bavaria (we get tantalizing cards from them regularly telling us of the wonders of alpine skiing). There is Pat Tuohey, the first of our chain of nurses, who was most instrumental in setting up our first aid equipment; and Leo Greenfest who with Gus Singer did so much in the development and training of the club ski patrol; and Sam Spivak and Gloria Levensohn and the many others who contributed to the building of Miramar. The new and upcoming personalities of today are carrying on in the same tradition which should guarantee even greater progress in our second decade.



Bill Spitz, Herb Fisch, Blil Nadler, Artie and Stan Berger and Zelly Donneson at Mohawk during Miramar's first year.

The Brattleboro Daily Reformer

BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT, SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 30, 1960

Skiers Follow Snow to Town As Hogback Gets Under Way

Hard on the heels of the season's first real snowstorm, the Brattleboro region's skiing season started with a considerable bang this morning.

Three chartered buses from New York City, loaded with a total of about 170 members of the Miramar Ski Club and Youth Hostellers arrived at different times at the Hotel Brooks early today after braving miserable driving conditions all the way. The skiers, undismayed, were up bright and early and piling aboard the buses for the ride to the Hogback Ski area.

ing had no rest at all since Thursday night. All town roads were reported open this morning. The Sno-go loader has already made its first trips through main routes and when traffic and parking subside tonight it will go to work again in a more meticulous fashion. The storm called out seven truck plows and the power grader and eight chartered trucks were put into service on snow removal.

State crews reported no unusual difficulties. Roads were sanded last night and

ACQUIRING THE KNOW-HOW TO SERVE SKIERS

In 1949 Miramar planned a New Year's trip to Manchester using the facilities of a commercial tour. The trip was washed out but our deposit was kept for a year and a half. We nursed our indignation but decided that from then on we would make all our own arrangements. What we didn't know we would learn.

Miramar Ski Club as we know it today, actually started on a Friday night in 1949 at the Brooklyn Central YMCA when Artie Berger and Jerry Klein presented to a group of over 100 people their concept of a large cooperative club that could provide regular bus trips to where the snow was best for the least cost. Two trends developed in the club. One small faction wanted to keep the club small and chummy and travel by car. The larger group thought in terms of a broader scope—of developing the club to accommodate all ski minded people of good will. That was the need of the time—so Miramar grew—the coffee klatch went on its own way and everyone was happy.

Our early phase of skiing was in the Berkshires—Mohaw and Catamount, staying at the Conly Inn in Torrington, Conn. only 90 miles from New York. When we needed a change we went over to Highmount and Phoenicia in the Catskills.

Then we began looking for larger hills to conquer. Artie Berger and Jerry Klein made the first of their very thorough pre-season scouting trips which gathered a wealth of information for the club on everything we needed in snow country for a large group. We are reaping dividends on these trips to this very day.

We graduated to the North Creek-Hickory Hill areas, staying at the Colonial. In those days, North Creek was considered so far that we made the trip in two legs. There was no thruway then. It was mostly beat-up state highways and back roads through the moun-

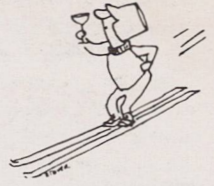
tains. The buses were more primitive too, freezing up on occasion and balking at some of the hills. We would stay one night in Albany at the Wellington where the bus could drive right in. Next morning we would go directly to the ski area. Saturday night we stayed at the Colonial or North River Lodge. On the way home, Sunday night we would troop in to the swank Empire room at the TenEyck in Albany for dinner. The place would be full of Senators and other dignitaries in formal attire and into this setting our disheveled bunch of skiers would march. But everyone welcomed this strange crew that lent atmosphere and gaiety to the dining room.

After a while we left North Creek in favor of more progressive areas. Eventually we worked our way to Vermont and discovered Brattleboro and the Latchis—a good up-to-date hotel. It hadn't taken Miramar long to discover that ski lodges were heavy on atmosphere—and cost—but light on comfort; if we stayed in the nearest big town at a commercial travelers hotel, we would get far superior accommodations for considerably less money. And what did the extra mileage mean when we carried our own transportation—a chance to lace up boots square away for lessons and lift tickets, etc.

Hogback kept us in Vermont for a while. It was a cute, intimate area, and we were able to work out special club rates for lifts and ski school. Tino Koch was running the area at that time and he gave our then small staff instruction in teaching. At times, Tino put our instructors on his staff for training. We got a lot of experience that way. We skied there often for two years, but then it was time to move on again.

We discovered a short route from Hogback to Dutch Hill on a breathtaking road over Woodford Mountain, so we got a cheap thrill, a scenery treat and skied both areas. Then we got to like Dutch Hill so we stayed in North Adams at the Richmond.

Memorable scenes of bygone years—can you match the following names to the faces: Jerry Fetik, Bernie Brodwin, Lee Cohen, Gus Singer, Claire Topper, Jack Gerber, George Lebolt, Leo Greenfest, Fred Haber, Gerry Salant, Artie Berger, Jerry Klein, Walt Meierhof.



As Spruce developed so did Miramar. As the area improved our skiing also improved. The first time we skied at Stowe, the Nose-dive was a word used in reverence. Today that is where you will find most Miramar skiers, with the rest on the National.

Soon we discovered Sunapee and began to alternate between Sunapee and Stowe. A companion treat to the Sunapee trip was the king-sized smorgasbord at the Highland Hotel in Springfield, Mass. Then Sunapee stopped getting snow. A little research turned up a new area to try, Speculator. Poor management and false reports had caused Speculator to be looked on with distrust so people had stopped going there. Then—at a time when all of New England had no snow, Speculator reported tons of it. Our own private grapevine confirmed that report; they were blessed with a 27-inch fall. So that brought us to Speculator where ideal snow conditions and a new management with a progressive outlook made that area one of our favorites. Good relations were established and it became an ideal spot for our Carnivals. We became a Stowe-Speculator club.

When the snows returned to Sunapee so did Miramar. Then we were a Sunapee-Speculator-Stowe club. Today we are a Whiteface-Sunapee-Speculator-Stowe club. And the practice of investigating new areas continues.

We have always been welcomed at any area we ski because we believe in a 100 per cent cooperation policy. We see that our members obey the rules of the area so the area respects us. This has always been the basis of our good relations.

THE STOWE TRADITION

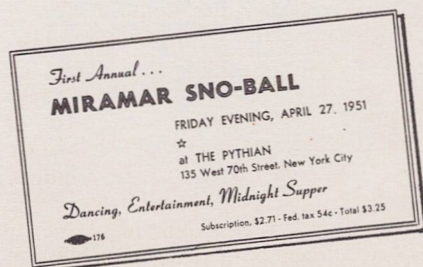
Then came Stowe—the big turning point in the club. The first time we skied there we established our good relations with Sepp Ruschp and Kerr Sparks. We came up with 115 skiers for a fourday weekend. Everyone was put right into school, each taking about two lessons. The club bought three or four hundred lessons as well as lift tickets. Kerr Sparks and Bob Bourdon were so impressed they came over to the hotel and showed us movies and offered us a plan for bulk purchase of lift and school tickets with a substantial savings for the members.

Kerr Sparks personally put our instructors through their own teaching syllabus, about four hours each time we came. A tradition was established of adhering to their techniques. Our instructors are still trained and examined there for their Qualified Amateur Instructors certificate.

By 1950 we were ready for big things. We had made arrangements with the Brooks in Brattleboro for putting up two busloads for the New Year's weekend. Freak weather conditions wiped out the rest of snow country and we found we had the market cornered on snow. AYH was desperate and appealed to us to help them out. We cooperated and got them space in our hotel, and a bus. Our combined caravan wound up being three busses and fifteen cars. Some 245 skiers. That definitely established Miramar as a bus club.

But the club was not without its troubles. During the 1951-52 season, as Miramar really got going, several of the commercial tours saw us as a threat to them. They got together to try to foul things up for us. Some of our hotels were "sewed up" by them with promises of regular business. Attempts were made to wean away some of our precious trip leaders with offers of jobs. Their main attack was when they contacted the ICC, stating that we were attempting to run a business, competitive to theirs without the proper licences required. Correspondence and phone calls flew back and forth. Jerry Klein spent several days at ICC going over records and procedures and finally convinced them that we were violating no laws; were a non-profit organization, awaiting incorporation, and that no compensation was received by the officers of the club in carrying out their duties.

We had a lot to learn about buses, too. Some, we discovered, were illegal. After much experimenting we found Campus Coach Co., then Arrow SuperService and the Airflite buses. Now with a broadened corps of active skiers, we could run a regular bus trip leaving each week at the same time and place. For our base of operations we progressed from the White Mountain Ski Shop to the Prince George Hotel to the McBurney YMCA which became our permanent home. With the scheduling of regular trips we were now able to work out good rates with first-class hotels. They valued our patronage. The same was true with the areas.





Making the best of it on a bus stranded in the wilds of the Bronx, out of fuel, in a rainstorm—Jan. 2, 4:00 a.m.—Anyhow, skiing at Stowe had been swell.

THE STRUCTURE OF MIRAMAR

The setting up of committees meant establishing rules to abide by. During the fall of 1950 the executive committee met several times to go over constitutions of other organizations and began drafting a set of by-laws and constitution for Miramar.

In January 1952 they presented to the membership, for approval, the first constitution of Miramar Ski Club. The legal eagles had their day in the sun. At 11:50 the last paragraph was finally approved. Within a month we were chartered as a non-profit amateur ski club of the State of New York. In 1954 this Constitution and the many by-laws that had accumulated were consolidated and streamlined. The wrinkles that several years of operation had shown were ironed out. Trip rules and the Trip Committee were more clearly defined. A Board of Trustees was to be elected to supervise all the financial aspects of the club's affairs. This was of prime importance with the growth in cash reserves. Since then the Board of Trustees has grown in scope to the point where it checks regularly to see that the executive committee is carrying out the wishes of the membership efficiently and economically.

STAFF BUILDING and SKIING PROGRESS

The need for an adequate staff to organize and lead the trips became acute. The major part of this load had rested on the shoulders of a very few. Jerry and Artie began approaching people who seemed interested and helpful on trips. They formed committees of these people and gave them responsibility—to develop leadership qualities in them. The very first instructors were Artie Berger, Jerry Klein and Milt Jay. Then Carl Schwartzburg, Lew Kerstein, Gus Singer and Francesca Cash were added. An energetic staff training program was set up which included instruction in teaching, publishing of manuals and leadership clinics. It was most successful and is a permanent institution, providing new personnel constantly.

The high point of our staff training program was the setting up of the intensive Qualified Amateur Instructor examination with the cooperation of Kerr Sparks. To date we have run three of these two-day ordeals and have qualified 18 of our instructors, most of whom are still active.

We developed a unified teaching system with progress checkups and records maintained. We tied it in with the proficiency testing program of USEASA and for the last four years have been running tests at frequent intervals. At least 90 basic bins and 30 standard pins have been awarded. We encouraged the buddy system of skiing and have made a good beginning at slalom and competition at the level of recreational and novice skiers.

We have insisted on a minimum amount of skiing as a prerequisite for maintaining membership so that we have remained primarily a ski club rather than becoming a social club. All this has born fruit to the point where today a group of Miramar skiers really shine among recreational skiers.

Dues in the year 1949 were \$3.00. But even at that time it didn't provide enough of a treasury to work with competently. In 1950 it was agreed that the only way the club could prosper would be to have a cash reserve to allow plans to be made at the beginning of the season, and to pay for the fixed operating expenses. By the end of the 1950-51 season we had approximately \$500—a big improvement. This reserve has constantly grown making possible many benefits.

In 1954 Artie and Jerry came up with plans for a club newsletter. It was felt that such a paper would record the events of the season and create a warmer bond between the members of the club—so *Lift Lines* was born. Since both of them were in printing, our club newspaper had a professional and competent appearance from the very first issue. It came to be a valuable adjunct of the club and capable people came forward to where we now have a *Lift Lines* staff of 14.

Miramar has always been community-minded and has participated in the community of skiing from our first days. We affiliated with United States Eastern Amateur Ski Association in 1950. By 1954 we were fully sold on its vital role in the growth of our sport and became a 100 per cent

(Continued from preceding page)

member club. We have since participated strongly in all its endeavors and have been well represented and spoken for at its annual conventions, making a positive contribution to them and deriving much from them. We intend to carry the same spirit into the Metropolitan New York Ski Council to which we are now affiliated.

Higher levels of competition, our own charter flights to European or western ski areas, a club house, our own ski lodge, a vacation plan, a better summer program, pre-season conditioning—these are just a sampling of what Miramar can sink its teeth into in the years to come.



Miramar planners; Phil Schorr, Harold Sussman, Carl Glass, Mickey Milbauer, Ben Leven and Walt Meierhof at work.

THE NEXT DECADE

Miramar has come a long way since those first tottering steps at the Miramar Yacht Club. But a dynamic club looks back only to derive inspiration for the years ahead.

Traditions and warm associations were established because of a pioneering spirit in a growing sport. Skiing continues to grow at an accelerated pace and so must Miramar, if not in size, at least in stature and service.

Many of the founding members are now busy building families, so less of their energies are available to the club. But the enthusiasm of the new crop of active people guarantee a continuity in the club tradition. We look forward to the day in the not too distant future, when the young ones that our old timers are now busy with will form the backbone of an active junior program, with which we are making our first beginnings at Jamaica High School.

Greetings from

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| Barbara Bensky | Dick Klein |
| Bernard Berlin | Charles Kosloff |
| Cynthia Berman | Jac Krohn |
| Jerry Berman | Gloria Levensohn |
| Lou Borstein | Jerry Markowitz |
| Bernie Brodwin | Jeanette Rockfeller |
| Betty Brout | Flora Rubel |
| Doris Brown | Mike Rubel |
| Cathleen Carmody | Abe Rubin |
| Harry Z. Cohen | Sylvia Sadkin |
| Mayer Fish | Phil Schorr |
| Milton Fried | Max Schwartz |
| Selma Friedman | Alayne Spanier |
| Jack Gerber | Ed Stein |
| Max Gerber | Ruth Steinback |
| Norman Goldman | Harold Sussman |
| Matt Gruen | Harold Unger |
| Lou Kerstein | Siri Zarco |
| Alice Levy | Claire Topper |

- Fran and Jerry Klein
 Clair and Ben Leven
 Stan "Boris" Tanenbaum
 Harriet and Artie Berger
 Helene and Leo Greenfest
 Lois and Walter Meierhof
 Sylvia and Jerry Sacks
 Sandy and Charles Tepper



Walt Meierhof, Harriet Berk, Stan Greisman, Gloria Surtshin, Zola Koppel and Lew Kerstein at Spec.



Greetings to Miramar Ski Club
on your Tenth Anniversary



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I R E M E M B E R . . .

• Poor Bert Stahl and his Ski Treks. All his customers became Miramaniacs and then invited him to come along with them.

• when Tino Koch, now at the Concord, was ski-meister at Hogback when we were all learning to ski. His forte was to say, "follow me!" then schuss the Sugar Slope and disappear over the horizon going 90mph.

• the bus trips that weren't quite so warm, like the time Walter's heater blew out with below zero temperature outside. Or that trip to Speculator on roads of blue ice, and almost off a bridge to a forty foot drop. (This last will be news to many who made that trip, with Carl Schwartzburg as leader.)

• the time that Claire Topper's pants split at Snow Valley and everybody offered to stitch her up.

• The outhouse at Austerlitz. A dandy. Sloped at about 30° with the flooring slick with thin ice. Took three men and a boy to pull one back out the doorway. Still don't know how many trapped ladies disappeared.

• the fun of going uphill on the rope tows in the mud. This form of excitement should replace downhill skiing some day.

• being chief ankle-patcher and masseur.

• Phil Chelmo's stories of skiing in Tibet.

• Sitting in on trip committee meetings on Tuesday trying to guess where the snow would fall on Friday.

• Gus Singer's leopard skin ski-jacket.

• Artie Berger's harmonica.

• Carl Glass' chiming wrist-watch.

• that crazy car trip to Vermont on April 23, with Jill Joseph driving. We ran into everything that night; rain by the tubful, flooded roads, fog, cross-country driving, landslides, out-of-gas, and then some poor citizen's living room. But on we went, and believe it or not, snow fell in the Manchester area! We owned the slopes that weekend, with a blizzard on the way home.

• meeting the wonderful girl who became my wife (Libby Blechman).

• all my friends that I miss very much.

—JERRY FETIK



Artie Berger, Jerry Fetik, Jill Joseph, Warner Shatz, Hildy Waltzer and Oscar Aaron in the long long ago.

Miramaneans On The Road

(from the pen of a hipster who was in the groove when our present day beatniks were bratniks.)

As I take a deep drag of tea—through the green mists I see Route 22 wiggling into the white polka dotted northeastern night. Whooshing north—our king sized hot rod carrying a generation of Miramaneans with enough zane to zing up a lifetime.

There I was blowing my brains out on the lip organ pouring beat into the jumping jaunters who were living it up like there was no tomorrow . . . and who knows, in this day of hydrogen and cobalt—maybe there ain't.—The 40 cats left an endless track of empty beer cans making for bilges that would be howling to be pumped soon. So-o daddy-o in the drivers seat, def not a square, but real real, cut out from the main stem onto a strip he though should bring us to our pad in North Adams like a little sooner, you know, to give us more time, man, time to fly. We started climbing, and it was up man, all the way. The snowy night folded itself up on us. It seemed we were going clean to the top of the world, then we made a turn around a cliff that seemed to overlook the bottom of the world and came to a grinding halt. I hopped out into the white howl of the storm. Rubbing the snow off a sign I read "THE SUMMIT OF MT. GREYLOCK, el. 3,900 ft." We backed down that road like mad, some skied down.

. . . and the quota of goofballs we had to live with—real gone guys—and we love 'em all. Like Phil Chelmo who was known to ad lib for a continuous 8 hours from Stowe to New York and it warn't poetry—he had the cats so shook up that there wasn't a pair of dry long johns in the lot. Or being held up in making our getaway from the Colonial at Warrensburg with Charlie Koslov not present and going up to his cubicle to find his bath running over with bubbles and from out of the froth projecting his stogie blowing rings. We dug him out, pink skin and all—and Caesar, yeah the Caesar who could travel on a bagful of Scotch, fail his Basic three times and yet be found buglike on the National, Headwall or what have you.

. . . and the places, like visiting the lower depths in Hunt's at Wells, the local pubbery in the cellar where the woodsmen came to ball and brawl. And the rumble in the girls john at Skylight Lodge when the chicks discovered that with atmosphere they had to accept barrack-like unprivate privvies. Or at Osborne's in Spec, where the old creep had his sour eye on everyone in the main house,



aha, but down the road at the apartments, little did he know what he was missing. And Peyton Place had nothing on Waterbury, Vermont where behind a dignified front seethed the beast that's in all of us . . . the time I called the Waterbury Inn to book it for a New Years; circuits not clear—then a voice answering my query for the room clerk told me that he was a fireman fighting the flames consuming the old inn.

Guess who?

. . . and the times we had, and we had time, we dug it, IT—like playing chicken on the Oak Mt. run with the hotshots pointing their slats straight down the fall line and goin like crazy till someone turned chickie, with Lebolt winning by a whisker—and whooie, I'm floating now on the white hot broth of the past . . . like when I was balling down the old Christiana at Dutch and felt the hot breath of the mob from the Big Three tours on my neck, bearing their ski poles like lances and I mean they were aiming for my skin, man—I poured on the juice and kept a ski tip ahead of being a human pin cushion. . . and that closing day at Bellayre, with green sprouting through the white all over, and I takes my chick into the woods to contemplate time and nature and we found untracked white stuff that we followed along the ravine right into the Pine Hill Arms where we doused our inner fires with bloody marys till the bus stopped by for us and carried us aboard.

. . . yeah—so at my old broken-down desk now I can sense all those purple hills unwinding to beyond the dawn and know that they're going to be around to be draped again with the stuff that really sends us.

It all started with the HIP, then the knee took over, you know, bend zee knees, giving way to the shoulders, downhill, uphill, reverse, and now the circle has closed back to the hip and we're all hipsters now. So mambo gambo, dem bones will walk again, wedeln, medeln, as long as you're healthy—

—ARTURO BERGERAC

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SITZ MARKS . . .

How many remember these little gems gleaned from Lift Lines gossip columns of years passed.

"We have an inventor in our midst, Gus Singer, who sold Cubco a gimmick for their bindings . . . A chorus of feminine moans and wails was heard when Pretty Boy George Lebolt announced his engagement to Judy Hirsch . . . Bob Spivack tried breaking in a pair of contact eye glasses recently and is still wondering why that tree didn't move when he yelled track. . . . The latest craze to hit the slopes is the mambo on skis. It originated in Sun Valley; not Grossingers . . . Bernie Brodwin and Jerry Klein offer five bucks to anyone who can stump them on any old time tune . . . Co-Capts. Carl Glass and Lou Kerstein cruising out of Sheephead in their newly acquired speed-boat . . . Best of luck to Fred Fein and his associates who are taking over the ski shop at the Fahnstock ski area . . . Selma Riess completing an uphill christie on the Sterling, misses the edge of the trail and found herself in a gully, 8 feet below . . . Bernie Berlin, Selma Riess, Siri Zarco and Shirley Feld just returned from a week of wonderful skiing at Jasper in Quebec . . . After a nasty spill on the Kunjamuck, Pat Tuohey's first words were, 'Are my new Head skis scratched' . . . Prez Gus Singer finally succumbed under pressure of a broken leg and he and Ruth Hochhauser are in line to share a double chair for life."



Mac Schwartz, Gene Droad, Mona Siegel, Ruth Steinbach, Dorothy Laks, Norman Baker, Fred Kalmus and Ray Cohn on a Miramar schooner trip.

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