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MIRAMAR SKI CLUB
215 W 23rd STREET
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LIZ BOMBS NAT'L!

Thousands Cheer Feat!

(EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT on page 3)

april, 1969

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Tribute to Murray

There aren't many unpaid jobs like this one--the Presidency of the Miramar Ski Club. Here's a position where a guy puts in untold hours of work, assumes the responsibility of a full winter and spring of skiing, runs the lodge, hires cooks and ski bums, handles buses, drivers, linen, trip leaders, work weekends, dances, meeting places, snow balls, food, membership, dances, dues, constitution, executive meetings, newspaper, fall frolic, carnival, races, committee meetings, proficiency tests, accounting--the list apparently has no ending. And in the final analysis, despite the tremendous help received from many sincere and dedicated people, the ultimate responsibility and concern is in the hands of the president, as are all the heartaches and pressures that go with it.

Yet, regardless of the knowledge, that most of us share, of the tremendous demand that is made of the president, it is amazing how so many take the office for granted as a job that has to be done; someone will do it, and we'll continue to have a beautifully functioning lodge and ski happily year in and year out.

Murray Brettschneider took on the job of being president of Miramar when someone had to do it. He did it! No one volunteered for this too thankless and demanding a job. At considerable sacrifice to himself, enormous hours of work and effort week in and week out, and with excellent results, the club continued to function, and we skied. When Murray finally had to resign, it was a decision which caused him a great deal of agony and sadness. He was fully aware of the responsibility he had assumed as president and what it meant to give it up.

Differences of opinion and personality will always exist, but you have to use some common sense and consideration when you realize what so few people are doing for so many of us. We take

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LIZ BOMBS NATIONAL

Only a man privileged to witness the birth of a volcano, the resistless force of a tidal wave, or some comparable cataclysmic event can share with me the intense emotions of pride and astonishment, horror and elation, that I underwent on the afternoon of Sunday, March 23, 1969. For it was then that I was chosen to accompany Elizabeth Field, Miramar's expert skier, mistress of decorum, and General Secretary, in her historic descent of the National Ski Slope on Mount Mansfield, in Stowe, Vermont. I shall never forget the day.

It was balmy weather for the time of year. The sun, just past the equinox, shone brightly, glistering on the snow that coated still the forbidding precipices of the loftiest of the Green Mountains. Patches of ice, denuded of their powdery cover, reflected dazzlingly the brightness from overhead. At the base camp, thousands of feet below, early-arriving birds sang, but high on the mountain winter's frigid reign endured.

I met Miss Field early. The day before I was privileged to witness her intense competitiveness and uncanny skill on skis as she competed against the racers of the American Youth Hostel. /See story next issue--ed./ Her time in the slalom, a distinguished 168.6 seconds, was hailed by spectators and her fellow competitors, but she shrugged off their admiration. Saturday's race was only preparation for Sunday's trial on the National, she avowed.

When we met at the foot of Mount Mansfield on Sunday, I had an opportunity to observe Miss Field's extraordinarily thorough preparation to meet her challenge. For thirty minutes, while others were racing, she carefully, eyelet by eyelet, affixed her ski boots. Each lace was positioned, tested for tensile strength, made fast, then tested and repositioned again, lest some mechanical failure should endanger the entire enterprise. Inner boot and outer boot, left foot and right foot, each crisscrossing was examined solicitously; nothing was left to chance.

Surprisingly relaxed, Miss Field chatted with me about her skiing, before we departed for a warm-up run. Long known for her prowess on the Nosedive, the Catamount, and other sources of terror for lesser skiers, she confessed that even now she experienced a small trepidation upon beginning their conquest. As one who was privileged to accompany her on the Nosedive only the year before, I had marveled at her extraordinary control of her skis, at her punctilious placing of her poles, and, above all, at her apparently complete confidence and security in negotiating break-neck turns, ice-coated chutes, and towering moguls. To learn that she too was prey to fear and doubt was to appreciate all the more her ineffable bravery.

Our trip to the summit was uneventful. After warming up on lesser slopes, we rode the double chair lift to its top. Near the peak we saw the National stretching up diagonally to the left. Seen from below, it looked forbidding, almost unconquerable, though its worst dangers were hidden from our sight. I thought

(Continued on page 6)

Long Night's Journey

The weekend of February 7-10 started on a prophetic note . . . . Somebody shot an albatross. Trip Leader Saul Ginsberg stowed it away for our cooks to stuff and season with garlic for Saturday dinner. We spent a lot of time on back roads in New Jersey because there was a jam-up on Route 17, and finally arrived at the lodge in the wee wee hours of the morning. Erika Mailaender led the race to the john while her skis remained parallel on the bus.

Trip Leader Saul and Staff Laurette Shapiro and Max Schwartz held slalom practice at Mad River on Saturday morning. Members Debbie Landsberg, Harriet Steckler, Bill Borman, and Ayako Oshio were among those who practiced sliding in and out of gates. Saturday night everyone shocked ex-prexy Lou Lerner by staying up and partying after midnight. It was his salt-free "luxchen" that gave them the energy.

Sunday AM we left the lodge for Sugarbush in a light flurry of snow. Saul suggested that no one ski alone and even volunteered his wife, Marilyn, as a "buddy" in case anyone wanted to sit in the lodge. The snow got heavier as the day progressed, but our flashy slopesters like Bernie and Maria Gold, Sandy Flichtenfeld, Joan Asher, Perry Levine, Carl Kaufman, Laura Dominus, and the Bernat family just skied on and on.

By Sunday PM rumors were flying with the snowflakes. This was not a snowstorm but A SNOWSTORM. They were right. We left Sugarbush early but got to Skene Manor late, and had to walk up the hill because the bus couldn't make it. By the time we got to the NY Thruway it was closed. After a brief huddle it was decided to push on, and bus driver Bill Schorn gritted his teeth and pushed.

We were finally forced by state troopers to give up and spend the night in a schoolhouse in Newburgh. Some very kind people dispensed refreshments and we were told to find a place on the floor to sleep. Saul Gross searched until he found private quarters, but Judy Broder complained that you could break a leg falling over the bodies in front of the little girls' room.

In the morning we started again, while Elizabeth Field and Bob Bodzin regaled new members with stories of the equally disastrous Miramar Exodus Trip. Marianne Kalb organized a pool to bet when the bus would hit the Y--nickel a bet--winner take all. Claire Federbush, correctly figuring we would need at least four more rest-stops, won the pool with her prediction--23 hours after we left Sugarbush. A new Miramar record!

We awarded the Order of Merit to Bus Driver Bob and Trip Leader Saul, and then went home to sleep off the Long Night's Journey into Day.

Judy Broder
Bob Bodzin

Tribute

too much for granted when we should be grateful. There's no need to spell this point out further. Let us wise up and cooperate in every way possible even if it hurts a bit.

So for the joys and blessings we have had skiing with Miramar over the past two seasons we are all indebted to Murray and owe him our most sincere thanks and deepest appreciation for a magnificent job.

Harry Cohen

Harold Unger

Steven Bernat

Mike Dorf

Our Racers

Photographs by Cynthia Berman

Bernie Gold

Howard Baker

again of how frail is the human body when pitted against the indomitable forces of nature. I wondered whether even a heroine such as Miss Field could confront unknown horrors with no loss of the aplomb that she was displaying. Unworthily, perhaps, I wondered whether she were veiling her own emotions so as to reinforce my faltering courage.

There was a brief scene of conviviality at the summit. Howard Baker, Fred Greenberg, Cynthia Berman and others joked over lunch. But it was gallows humor; no one mentioned the trial that was to ensue. That is, until the time came to depart.

One by one, Miramar members sought to dissuade Elizabeth Field from her plan. One by one, they enlarged upon the dangers of the enterprise, the small likelihood of success, the disastrous consequences of failure, the impossibility of turning back. As Miss Field's firmness in her decision persisted, their persuasions turned to pleas. Elizabeth Field stood upon her conviction that the National could be, would be conquered.

We stood at the summit of the suicidal descent. This was our last chance to turn back. Below us, the National dropped off at what looked like a 45° pitch to a point beyond which only nothingness could be seen, as the angle sloped even steeper. Had Miss Field hesitated I would have turned back, but her grim determination and even a kind of insouciance gave me courage.

The prospect was sublime, sublime in the eighteenth century sense of awe-inspiring, horrible, full of terror. Only the violence of nature could produce so frightful a precipice, crevices so shivery, a spectacle so calculated to emphasize man's puniness, his inability to cope with the fierceness of his environment, his frailness. Indescribably powerful forces had thrust up this mountain of granite from within the earth. For millions of years it had endured, challenging man and defeating him. But now Elizabeth Field confronted it.

We went down!

Down an unbelievable pitch, between moguls high as our shoulders, over ice, over corn, over boilerplate, over powder, we went down. We went painfully, carefully, mogul by mogul. Miss Field employed every skill that years of distinguished skiing had taught her--the Austrian technique, the Canadian technique, the French technique, the Swiss technique, the natur technik, the comma, the ampersand, the quotation mark, the colon, the parallel turn, the uphill kick turn, the stem turn, the christie, the downhill kick turn, the snow plow. Through it all she remained imperturbable, completely in control of her emotion, her body, and her equipment. At that moment I was, more than ever before, proud to be a student of the Elizabeth Field School of Skiing.

Mogul #47 loomed over us, but with a precisely calculated thrust Miss Field avoided its dangers. Mogul #231, which had mangled the bodies of many skiers, she surmounted with easy confidence. Even Mogul #1278, bane of many of our predecessors, presented little challenge as she skillfully bypassed its dangers. Through all 4311 moguls on the National Ski Slope, Elizabeth Field remained in complete mastery. It was an extraordinary, a thrilling sight to witness. Surely when Aristotle

wrote of a catharsis of pity and terror, he had in mind Elizabeth Field's descent of the National.

Then it was over. Smiling and no longer shaken, I congratulated Miss Field and thanked her for inspiring me in my own efforts. As I had expected, she modestly minimized her accomplishment. Almost as if she had simply schussed down the Toll Road, she took off her skis and encouraged me to quiet my nerves with a cup of hot chocolate. She was already planning next year's assault on the Starr. (ed.)

Stamp Collectors

Stuck with two-thirds of a book of stamps that your grocer doesn't give you anymore? One of the sources of the Miramar Lodge's many amenities is odd trading stamps. If you have any green, plaid, yellow, blue, polka dot, or mottled stamps that you know in your heart you're never going to redeem, send them to Cathy Carmody. She'll put them together with other members' useless stamps, and we'll get a lamp or an ashtray or a lawn mower.

CONGRATULATIONS

PASSED BASIC TEST

Gerry Jacobson
Burt Cohen
Daisy Ludwig
Sandra Erlich
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William Borman
Ayako Oshio
Steve Hurwitz

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