

nov. 1973

miramar ski club-215w 23d st-new york city-10011-(212) wo4-2000

LIFT
LINES



25



MIRAMAR'S SILVER SEASON

DEDICATION:

Twenty-six years ago, a man named ARTIE BERGER and certain other members of the MIRAMAR YACHT CLUB had a dream. And one year later, they founded MIRAMAR SKI CLUB--a cooperative club, pledged to support organized skiing, which would provide good fellowship for skiers during the winter and for all seasons. From its beginning, it was a club that traveled each weekend to those wondrous mountains by bus.

Now today, we know that the dream came true and overran itself. This year, this twenty-fifth anniversary, is one of rightful pride, a satin satisfaction for the magic that is MIRAMAR. When a vision becomes a reality, we know it is not magic but the giving, hard-work, dedication, talents, perseverance, the joys and disappointments of many men.

To all of them we dedicate the LIFT LINES for 1973-1974--OUR SILVER SEASON.



ODE

to the MOUNTAIN

I pause a while at the trail's brink
and listen
To the Northwind's frosty moan thru
the Notch,
Tearing the fleecy clouds overhead
as I watch
Mt. Mansfield's snowy Nose and Chin
glisten.

Then roused by the clanking of the
lift
And the echoing of exultant skier's
yells
That have roused the eagle from
where he dwells.
With a thrust of my poles I take
off swift.

The wind's blasting impact leaves
me breathless
While my legs melt as I struggle
for control,
Knees pumping like pistons as I
reach the Bowl,
I assert myself now, no longer in
distress.

Although still quivering as the
storm subsides,
I ease as I confirm my mastery of
the hill;
Making my skis yield or resist at
will
With the rhythm that's present
on mountainsides,

The foreground rushes up as the
trail
Seems to sweep round the tips of
my skis
With every moment providing new
harmonies
And melodic snow spuming from my
Hickory tails.

I rise up over a wind-heaped cornice,
Seeing firs profiled against
creamy white hills;
Then plunge into a slalom glade
laden with thrills,
And sweeping down the last
schuss in ecstatic bliss.

A. Berger

President First 5 years

Lift Line Jan. 1958



H A J L to the C H J E F

Arthur Berger

Gus Singer

Carl Glass

Ben Leven

Phil Schorr

Harold Sussman

Harold Unger

Howard Baker

Richard Robinson

Lou Lerner

Murray Brettschneider

Fran Dayan

Cathy Carmody

Harry Cohen

Marty Stern

Rosalind Seidler

Jules Wilner

LIFT LINES

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LATE SUMMER, 1973

Dear Members,

Since last April I have had several bouts of anxiety concerning my ability to handle this job. There were even a few occasions when the question mark almost became too big to handle. But like everything else, if one just stays with it and 'cool', matters begin to straighten out.

If this sounds like a confession, I suppose it is. Let me also add that I owe my sanity and certainly many of the accomplishments to a few members I could turn to for advice and counseling. Nor can I overlook the fantastic backing of a wonderful group of people called the Executive Committee. With this combination, I'll manage to survive.

It's not really all that bad or difficult. There were and will continue to be periods of intense satisfaction and pleasure to see the club continue to grow and run smoothly. Much of this, I'm sure, was due to the efforts of my predecessors.

There is still a lot of hard work and good times ahead to be experienced. Much continues to be accomplished at Work Week-Ends; the Construction Committee is working hard at the re-vamping of our water and heating systems; the Fall Foliage and a new 4-day Holiday Weekend is just around the corner; followed by the Ski Show, the Thanksgiving Weekend; and then prayerfully, lots and lots of snow.

If I have one request to make it is to have more people attend and participate at meetings. This is where it's at - where the things you want can be proposed, discussed, and then voted upon. See you there.

Jules Wilner
Jules Wilner
President

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE



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<i>Board Of Trustees:</i>	<i>Dick Bernat</i>
	<i>Anne Purvin, Dave Reisman</i>

Memorial Day

DOUG ROCHESTER

SATURDAY

Memorial Day weekend saw probably the most extensive hiking orgy of the Summer. For those to whom hiking is everything, Saturday's and Sunday's outings supplied every possible titillation they could wish for. Not even De Sade's 120 Days could offer as much to the refined and subtle tastes of Miramar's hiking cognescenti.

Sometime after breakfast and slightly before lunch Murray Brettschneider led a select group into the trackless forest for Saturday's hor d'oeuvre. This exquisite dereliction was a Bushwhack to the Fire Tower. Anticipation of mysteries to be revealed aroused fantasies in the most experienced. These included one guest, Ellen Schachtel, and an odd lot of Miramites: Don Schmerler, Joe Michalowski, Harold Unger (he of the Camera), Don Payne, Merle Fried, Patience Rochester, Ayako Oshio, and Your Contributor.

Murray selected an unerring direction south and east of Base Camp, the highest navigable point of the Fire Tower Road, and we began. Forest Sirens wooed us along the way with singing and some undisputed Bloodroot and Trillium, rare at that altitude, were found. A recalcitrant ridge, hitherto undiscovered on old charts of the area, led us directly to the top of Scrag Peak, which became our lunch stop. From a small, natural plateau there we were able to share an excellent view of the Warren Valley with a zoologically very interesting species of small black gnat!

Soon, we were forced to retrace our steps, barely outpacing the lengthening shadows of the Spring evening. The Lodge gave us welcome surcease from the pleasures of the day but some ravening appetites, however, had been irremediably whetted. They would be satiated the next day.



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MEMORIAL DAY: SUNDAY
. . . THE WALL

Strategy, logistics, planning all demanded much more attention than the previous day's warm-up. Maps had to be double-checked, canteens made leak-proof, the most reliable boot dressing had to be applied. Nothing could be left to chance.

Miramar's Elite Squad was planning to get it all on for one of their famous Long Trail thrashes. It looked like about twelve miles, eleven in the horizontal plane, one in the vertical. It would not be, as they say, a Sunday School outing! The route would soar out of the Valley from Center Fayston, refresh its trajectory atop Burnt Rock, vault Ethan Allen and Nathen Allen, and force the Wall of Camel's Hump.

The most challenging connotations of the Trail would be threaded: The Ladder Ravine; The Dry Lagoon . . . And over it all was the threat of Snow, high in the mountains, hidden back in the dark trees, in the pines.

Five were on the line. Base Camp personnel were hushed as Joe Michalowski, Murray Brettschneider, Harold Unger (he of the Camera), Don Schmerler, and Your Correspondent embarked in two cars. One would be spotted below the Crouching Lion Farm at the base of the Hump to bring the bodies back; one would take the fresh meat to Center Fayston.

The trail rose slowly out of the Valley, and we rose slowly with it as the morning warmed up. Burnt Rock soon fell behind, spurned by our flying feet.

High valleys between the peaks passed one by one. There was snow in the recesses of the dark woods. The narrow places were scaled and transited. And the Camera recorded all its eye fell upon. We stopped for lunch and prayer on the slope of the last peak before the Wall, staring into the chasm at its foot and across the gulf at the little wildflowers in the seamed face of the vertical rock. It was time to start.

It passed like a dream. At the time there was nothing but you, and the Wall, and the valley, pulling, down, down.

Later, on top of the Hump, the whole world of Spring Vermont was at our feet. Going down we were accompanied along the trail for several minutes by a large porcupine. He looked pretty funny but he was fast!

The first car was at the farm, but Center Fayston had disappeared in the afternoon. After reorientation we found it was not lost, only misplaced. We reached Base just as the hearth-warmers were savoring their second mouthful of roast beef under a pall of our absence and cocktail party martinis. We were clasped to bosoms, like all good heroes, and the "Day of the Starkers" was over.

The night, fortunately, was still to come.

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D o n k e y

R o a s t

The weather for Miramar's First Donkey Roast at Sherwood State Park in Connecticut couldn't have been better. The startling blue skies and the thick white cotton clouds looked like they had just been washed in Tide. Autumn-cool breezes and warm cheerful sunshine showcased the event. The intolerable 90 degree plus days of August now seemed a distant bad memory.

As is traditional with Miramar, the food was superb, making the fare at the Four Seasons seem like food in a hash house. The thick, juicy steaks slowly broiling over the charcoal fires, supervised with tender loving care by the golden hands of AYAKO OSHIO, LAUR-ETTE SHAPIRO, ELFRD WINDSOR, JULIE WILNER, DAVID KAYE AND HAROLD UNGER, lived up to the promise of their tantalizing smell. The succulent steaks were served with a fabulous salad, golden corn, Chinese-style broccoli, plump watermelon, beer and soft drinks. Of course, the portions, as always, were over-generous. Whatever burping came after the meal was a tribute to the quality and preparation of the food.

Volley ball was particularly popular with the more active members. DOROTHY LINDER and her lovely daughters were athletic marvels bolstering their respective sides with daring last minute saves. ELI GREENBAUM, thinking he was playing tennis, served sizzling aces. DAVID KAYE played a strong net game. Both sides played spirited ball and, in the true American spirit of sportsmanship, cheated outrageously at every opportunity.

Other members took a less strenuous tack. DAVID REISMAN sat sunning himself, not moving a muscle for four hours. A small portable TV set was the focus of attention of some tennis fans watching Margaret Court defeat Evonne Goolagong in the Woman's finals from Forest Hills. The cooling breezes invited other members to walk to the beach to watch the brightly colored sailboats curtsy to the wind.

Mr. & Mrs. Bernard Saperstein



Q A S I S



SELLNER & SELLNER - NEW QASIS

The Sellners did it! 3 days of pre-course, a 1-day exam (that's two ski weekends) and Art & Judy became qualified amateur ski instructors. If you missed the general membership meeting on June 26th, then you also missed a special presentation of their QASI pins by Eastern Ski Association Chairman, Bill Hornbeck, who came down to New York from New Paltz to do the honors. Bill gave us a rundown on the history of the QASI Program and described the current system of grading a candidate's ability to teach according to the standard set up for the PSI (Professional Ski Instructors). The whole club congratulates Art & Judy who now join the ranks of Miramar's Qualified Amateur Ski Instructors: Howard Baker, Cathy Carmody, Barrett Ershow, Hal Jacobs, Harold Unger.

Cynthia Berman

Work ? Weekends



Why the question mark? Because when work becomes fun and fun becomes work and you just can't define the difference - you have to question what to call them. But no matter - the satisfaction of contribution is clear - and defined in one's own terms.

Funny thing about work weekends - sometimes you wonder why so many people get together, put in a fair amount of time and effort, but the accomplishments are relatively small and behind the scenes. Other times you really know you've put in a lot of constructive time and the results are there for one and all to see.

July's workend probably fits into the first category. Small but very necessary details taken care of by some of the competents - others not blessed with too important assignments. But moral support is important too and just our physical presence is appreciated at times. Anyway, for two beautiful sun-drenched days, we all worked a bit, swam, tennised, enjoyed gourmet meals and a pleasant feeling of camaraderie -- what more could you ask for.

August's workend was much more in the second category. Plenty of work to keep all of us gainfully employed. In addition, to the usual painting, carpentering, etc., there was a major project for a few carefully selected much rakers. Punishment for our sins, I guess. A section of the sub-basement dirt floor had to be lowered and leveled in preparation for the new concrete pouring. Digging, shoveling, hauling from one section to another - it was a beautiful sight. All the brains using their brawn. And outside and upstairs, another sun filled day - but this time, we only knew it from hearsay. Still there was time and strength left for a magnificent cool swim at the end of the day.

That's it - two workends this summer that are now memories but have made their important contributions. It gives you a good feeling!

Harry Cohen

Really good! for look what's happened so far - basement prepared for new, enclosed concrete cistern; retaining wall built; foundation built for a future utility room; painted some rooms and outside front trim; made new window and shower curtains, new doors on liquor cabinet and dining room; varnished upstairs hardwood doors, borders, windows; general cleaning and Barbara Huntley finished her lovely mural of Mad River Glen, Sugarbush and Glen Ellen.

And we have two more work week-ends to go! These staggering accomplishments are due to the careful planning, dedication and leadership of the following chairmen, to whom we all owe a special round of cheer:

Construction: Ed Koch
 Joe Michalowski
 Decorating: Harry Miller
 Work Weekends: Carl Agnello
 Lodge Operations: Stephanie Sanfilippo

There is a certain pride shared by all who gave of their time and energies, - the trip leader, members and guests - rightly so you MADE IT HAPPEN.

Editor



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Let it Be .

Miramar's mini-Fourth of July weekend turned out to be a maxi-fun for all! Seventeen of us participated in various unplanned activities such as: water-boy/girl, not eating ice cream at Phyliden's for the stand was closed for one day, deciding on where to eat, and mostly - keeping cool and dry. Because, once again, Mother Nature inundated us with her gracious rain.

And sooo----- when we arrived at the lodge Friday evening, June 29th, we had six feet of water in the basement - which meant the cistern was under water; therefore, we could not shower, drink or use the WC.

To the expertise of some of us, we improvised.

1. Using Barrett Ershow's and David Kaye's three kinds of water:
 - Rain water collected in garbage cans for washing
 - Spring water purchased for drinking
 - Sub-basement water collected in buckets for the WC
2. Eating a delicious dinner at the Heritage Inn in Waterbury - (thanks to Sena Starr for making the right connections)
3. Seeing a violently good movie, "Innocent Bystanders", brought to us by David Reisman & Co.

For our final day of "adventure", Sherry Fahn ordered sunshine and happiness for all - We got it! Now, let it be! ! !

Merle Fried

Labor Day

Labor Day weekend promised rain so only twenty-six hardy souls showed up for what turned out to be three days of gorgeous, warm sun. Midnight found a sleepy but intrepid trip leader, Doug Rochester, waiting patiently for the arrival of David Kaye who, it turned out, was already fast asleep, having escaped Doug's all-seeing eye.

The next morning it was much too hot to hike, so after a bountiful breakfast, various trips were planned to Barre, Shelburne and local spots. Most of the weekenders went swimming with the masses at Larue's but the Keen-Kelting contingent "found" a spot across from the Alpen Inn, which Miramar took over en masse the next day, with the kind permission of the owners, a lovely couple from Connecticut who were acquaintances of Fran Eglowitz. Dave Reisman, Lorette Shapiro, Sena Starr, Don Payne, Merle Fried and others enjoyed the water, except when Lorette mistook a drifting snorkel tube for a water snake. Barbara Huntley, disappointed in her desire to go gliding, promised another try next time.

Saturday evening found Eli, the official club bartender, behind the bar, his style somewhat cramped by an acute shortage of ice. Ken and Sandy, with an assist from little Wendy, put on a great spread, with fresh vegetables, organically grown, from their garden. Marcia Kaplan, Joan Asher, Erika Mallaender, Evelyn Berkowitz, Ayako Oshio, the Sapersteins, their guest, Helen Hodes, and daughter Ellen were observed saving ice cubes. Ellen Schachtel practiced some dance steps; she was joined by Arlene Kantor and guest, Stanley, and those of the die-hard party set whose ice cube had melted.

Sunday, the group spread out on a variety of side trips again, reuniting for another delicious dinner, with corn on the cob again by popular request, and a horror-filled evening of "Blacula," courtesy of Dave Reisman. The faint-hearted partied in the Miramar crypt, to be joined by the movie lovers for a nightcap.

Monday morning found everyone with their gear assembled for the drive home, and with thanks to Doug for a very good weekend, the weekenders took their leave.

WHITNEY KELTING



Mr. Howard Baker
223 Second Avenue
New York, New York 10003

Dear Howard,


For many years all of us at Miramar have been aware of the time and effort you have put in with USEASA and with our club to elevate skiing standards and safety. Getting our equipment in proper order under your watchful eyes and guidance has permitted us to enjoy skiing with remarkably low percentage of injuries.

It was recently announced that you have been named Chairman of the United States Ski Association, Committee on Consumer Affairs, and the Eastern Committee as well. I understand your assignments will be to study lift evacuation procedures with emphasis on safety.

There is no question in my mind that the entire Miramar membership extends to you sincerest congratulations for this well deserved recognition which is now a matter of national level.

With kindest personal best wishes.

Sincerely,

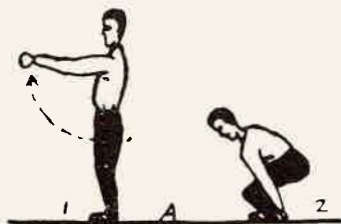

Jules Wilner
President



In Shape?

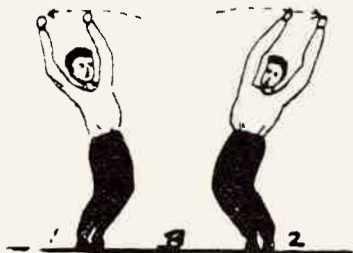
PRE-SEASON CONDITIONING is of great importance. By getting your muscles in shape beforehand, you save just that much time when you get to the snow. Following are exercises useful in preparing for the commoner ski movements.

In all exercises, the knees are kept slightly bent, as required in skiing. The feet are flat on the floor, weight evenly distributed between ball of foot and heel, at all times.



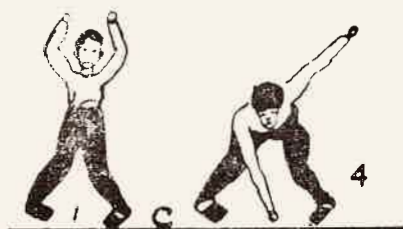
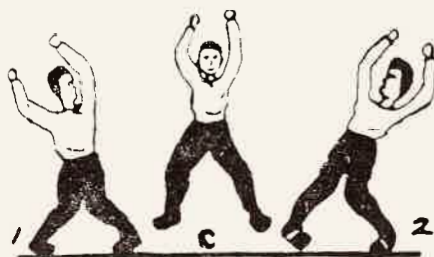
A. Exercises for Knee and Ankle Action (Downhill Position).

1. Swing arms forward, straightening up the body.
2. Swing the arms down and back at the same time going into a deep crouch with supple knee action.
3. Repeat for 20 to 30 times.



B. Exercises for Hip Action in Traversing and Christina Position.

1. Swing the raised arms to the left, shifting the hips and knees to the right, knees slightly bent, body in straight line vertically.
2. Repeat, reversing arm, hip and knee action to the right.
3. Repeat 15 to 25 times.



C. Exercises for Knee and Shoulder Action in Stem Position and Snow-plow turn.

Throughout this exercise, legs are spread apart, toes pointing in a little, and the heels are on the floor.

1. From an erect position, swing the raised arms to the left side and back with evenly bent knees.
2. Repeat to the right side.
3. Repeat combined from 10 to 20 times.
4. From same erect position, reach forward with swing of right shoulder, touching right hand to imaginary right ski tip.
5. Repeat to left.
6. Repeat combined from 10 to 20 times.



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Merci

If I tried to thank all of you who made this issue possible, I would be presenting a long list of very familiar names. Yet, I must single out one member who has given me immeasurable assistance. AYAKO OSHIO. Ayako has been my successful hustler of authors, my unrelenting conscience and a complete joy to work with.

Editor

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