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Jan. 74

LIFT LINES

1948/49

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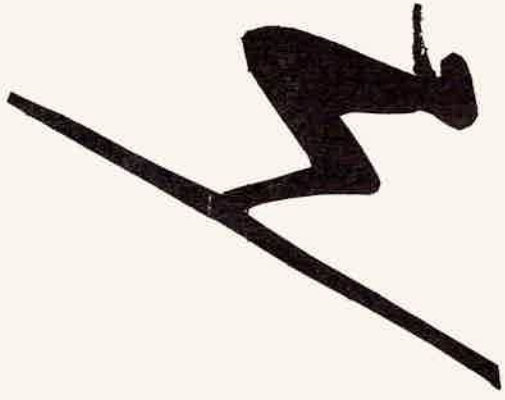

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1973/74

LIFT LINES

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(It was so great - you didn't need a sweater!)
A happy golfer's swing...
These foolish things remind me of you.

Some wriggling worms and a pan of brook trout.
The starry skies brought MARTY KAESS (and friends) out.
A glint of gliders' wings...
These foolish things remind me of you.

We came...we saw...we shopped around.
'Til breaths of that fantastic air
Brought dreams of only staying there...

We had a fire and a hot fudge sundae...
And homemade pies (to help forget blue Monday)
We didn't want to leave...
These foolish things remind me of you.

Renee Schmerler

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MAD RIVER GLEN

sena's social

WHITE ELEPHANT AUCTION SALE

SENA STARR's first social of the season was a huge success with a white elephant auction sale being the feature attraction.

There were over forty items autioned off, all donated by Miramar members. They ranged from ski clothing and equipment to more exotic things such as a belly dance to be performed in private by REBA RETTIG and a pre-historic orgy cup donated by an exhausted JOE SAMEK. A watercolor painting of Mad River painted by TOM HOUTZ received the record bid--$31.00. A private ski lesson by HOWARD BAKER went to MARTY STERN and HARRY COHEN after some very spirited bidding.

ED SPINGARN served as autioneer and with his mellifluous voice and hilarious descriptions had the audience literally rolling in the aisles.

DAVID KAYE and HAL JACOBS were the lucky winners of the two door prizes.

The total amount collected came to $220.00 (no checks have bounced so far) and will be a welcome addition to the club treasury.

Dick Darnell

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the birth of our SKI CLUB

Like the earth and the mountains thereof, Miramar Ski Club was born out of the sea. Even its name is of the sea, and not by coincidence does it sound more appropriate for a boating club than for a skiing group. For our ski club drew many of its first members from the Miramar Yacht Club of the Brooklyn Riviera.

Many of those Brooklyn seafarers were also ski-farers and often ran into one another--at ski areas. Artie Berger, a stalwart of the yacht club, suggested that the skiers from the club might enjoy traveling together, and in 1947 a ski committee was formed within the yacht club. This was the conception and the beginning of the gestation period for Miramar Ski Club.

Those who remember Artie Berger will recall that he had learned to ski during World War II having done so in Austria and northern Russia. His talent for organizing was as great as his fondness for the outdoors. But he had grown weary of the long drive to ski country, which, in the mid-1940's, did not have the advantage of the Thruway, Northway, and assorted Interstate highways. For a change from the exhausting drive over beat-up state highways and back roads through the mountains, he switched to commercial bus tours and became an instructor for one. There, in 1948, he met another refugee from the eye-boggling drive, also an instructor and an efficient organizer--Jerry Klein.

Artie and Jerry got to talking and concluded that their skiing friends were confronted by two serious obstacles to their enjoyment of the sport: transportation and expense. Then they hit upon a solution that eliminated the long drive and the costly commercial bus tour. That was the cooperative, nonprofit ski club to provide regular bus trips to the best snow at the lowest possible cost.

More than 100 potential members showed up at the Brooklyn Central YMCA one Friday evening in 1949 to hear the Berger-Klein proposal for the formation of this club. One small group preferred to maintain a small club traveling by car; the larger group desired a broader organization to accommodate all ski-minded people of good will. And Miramar Ski Club, as we know it today, was born.

In its infancy the club skied mostly in the Berkshires--at Catamount and Mohawk--a trip of only 90 miles. For a change of scenery, the group chose the Catskills, skiing Highmount and Phoenicia. Seeking higher hills and greater thrills, the club (by admission in a 10th Anniversary report) "graduated" to North Creek and Hickory Hill. Even the trip to these areas required two stages, the group staying in Albany Friday night and closer to the ski area Saturday. At Sunday dinner the casually attired and weary skiers stood out in sharp contrast to the formally dressed senators and other dignitaries at the elegant Empire Room of Albany's TenEyck. But they were always welcome.

A big turning point came with a Northward-Ho push to Vermont for the club's first New Year's Weekend to ring in 1951. Three chartered buses and 15 cars transported either 170, 215, or 245 skiers (including 40 AYH members), according to conflicting reports, to Brattleboro, Vermont. The local press covered the activity with an article headlined "Skiers Follow Snow to Town As Hogback Gets Under Way." There followed a somewhat incredulous report of this caravan of chartered buses from New York. Miramar had learned not only to crawl but also to walk by its first birthday.

The trip to Stowe in those days took about 10 hours and was reserved for 4-day weekends only. It was a two-stage journey, with the first day's skiing at Pico Peak. (Neighboring Killington was nonexistent then.) Return to New York from Stowe was generally around 3 a.m.

Meanwhile, back among the concrete mountains in the city, the organization was taking shape. It began to resemble a Latin American dictatorship with Artie Berger as president and Jerry Klein as treasurer for the first few years. The choice, incidentally, was both democratic and intelligent as these two leaders were extremely capable and efficient--and willing. A constitution and by-laws were drawn up, presented to the membership, and approved in 1952--then, in typical Miramar fashion, they were revised in 1954. An Executive Committee was elected to run the club, and a Board of Trustees was elected to run the Executive Committee--and especially to supervise all financial aspects of the club's

affairs. Dues in 1949, by the way, were $3.00 a year.

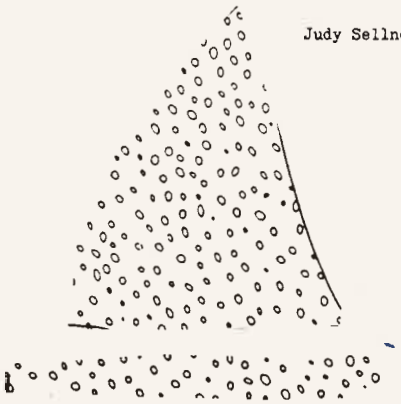
Of course, the first committee to be formed was the staff of trip leaders and instructors--the Trip Committee. The first instructors were Artie Berger, Jerry Klein, and Milt Jay, also a Miramar Yacht Club member. Soon after came Carl Schwartzburg, Lew Kerstein, Gus Singer, Walter Meierhof, and Roz "Francesca" Cash, who was the club's first female vice president--way back then before women's lib.

It took a while for the club to find its permanent city home. From the Brooklyn Central YMCA, the group moved on to the White Mountain Ski Shop, then to the Prince George Hotel, and finally to McBurney YMCA. It took even longer for the club to find its permanent country home, and since the group skied at many areas, Artie Berger and Jerry Klein, later joined by Fran Leven when she became Mrs. Klein (but that's another story), scouted around the mountains during the summer and lined up a network of hotels to be used for ski season lodgings.

Among the growing pains encountered by our young club was a tangle with the ICC in 1951-52, instigated by commercial bus tour companies who saw the club (now firmly a bus club) as a threat to their profits. Not only did these organizations attempt to reserve all the hotels used by the club but also they reported to the ICC that Miramar was operating a competitive business without the necessary licenses. Once again it was Jerry Klein to the rescue. A good deal of correspondence, many telephone calls, an audit of club records and procedures, and assurances that officers received no salaries proved that Miramar was not a business organization, and so it was allowed to continue to grow.

Next issue we'll look back on some of the club's accomplishments and special activities that were forerunners of some of the Miramar traditions we still enjoy today. Come back with us,

Judy Sellner



REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS BEST

WALTER MEIERHOF asks

REMEMBER ?

Ever ski Jiminy Peak, Hogback, Dutch Hill, Snow Valley, Big Bromley, Pico Peak, Sunapee, Cannon Mt., Mt. Snow, Okemo, Alpine meadows, Speculator, North Creek, Whiteface Mt.? This is not just a list of ski areas taken from the Eastern Ski Map. They are all areas skied by MIRAMAR in the years before "The Lodge".

One of our favorite areas used to be Oak Mountain at Speculator, New York - - We stayed in the early 1950's at the Osborn Inn just one mile from the slopes. Cars were provided by the hotel to take us to the mountain as soon as 4 or 5 of us were ready to go. In later years, we stayed at the Hotel Peter Schuyler in Amsterdam. These were the times before the current "Hot Shot Boomers". Speculator is a small friendly T-Bar Area.

Speculator is a small, friendly T-Bar area. The Carnival trips traditionally were held here and we not only had fun and serious races - but we had a masquerade - on the snow - - on skis. Our bus driver, Vern and the Area Manager would be the judges for the best costumes. - - Ice skating was available right behind the Osborn Inn on Sacandaga Lake.

Ah yes, those were the days . . . . .

Stem Christie Writes Encore

the MIRAMAR MURDERS

THE STORY THUS FAR:

"The man of epoxy," has revealed his true identity after the death of G-1 Jim Smith. Faster than a speeding schusser, able to leap tall moguls at a single bound, FBI Man has been masquerading as simple, intermediate-skier Frank Bamberger in hopes to uncover a nefarious drug-running conspiracy involving weekly Miramar ski trips. Returning from Mad River, Frank has promised to unmask the perpetrator after dinner. The menu includes soup, chicken, broccoli, salad, and ice cream with strawberry sauce. Owing to the death of one guest, there is an extra portion available for someone.

NOW READ ON.

Unusually silent, the Miramar skiers straggled onto the bus and took their seats. "Who's missing?" asked Doug Rochester, shaken but gamely doing the trip leader bit. "Where's my head counter?"

Nobody answered.

"Who signed up for the head count? Cathy, do you have the chore sheet?"

Cathy Carmody, the bookkeeper for the trip, dug into the trip leader's attache case. "Ask the driver to turn on the lights," she said. "I can't read the name here."

"I got a match here," said Bob Graziano. He struck it.

Bernie Gittelson blew it out. "The Surgeon General's report," he said, 'warns that inhaling the sulphur from matches is even more dangerous than cigarette smoke. In a confined space."

"I agree," said Burt Cohen, "Anybody wants to light matches, let'em all sit in the back of the bus."

"How about a butane lighter?" Bob Golden inquired.

"Or a pipe?" added Dave Reisman.

Jules Wilner ruled, "You're all out of order. Cathy, can you read who's the head counter?"

"Jay Schwartz."

"Where's Jay?"

All the members looked around. "He isn't aboard."

Frank Bamberger arose from his seat. "Operative P-2 will rendezvous with us later," he announced. "His mission is to collect additional and, if I may say so, damning evidence against the malefactor. He also asked me to save him some white meat."

"Skip the head count," said Bill Moroney. "I want a hot shower."

"Roll'em," said Doug Rochester. The bus roared onto Route 17 and down the hill toward Waitsfield.

It was a normal homecoming. The toilet in Hilltop didn't flush, the hot water ran out after twenty-five showers, it took fifteen minutes to find the key to the bar, the celery hors d'oeuvres were limp, the bed lamp fell off the wall in D, two pairs of boots, a sweater and a book entitled "How to Swing While Single" was forgotten on the bus and had to be retrieved separately, and there wasn't any dry vermouth.

At cocktail time Laurette spread the word. "David brought a projector and a movie. Anybody who doesn't want to attend Frank's inquisition, just stay in the dining room after dinner."

"Gee, Laurette, don't you think we have to cooperate with the police?" asked Wendy Gerst.

"Frank Bamberger isn't the police, replied Tom Houtz. "He's playing cops and robbers. Typical Hollywood."

"Hard-core or soft-core?" asked David Kaye.

But unknown to the conversationalists, FBI Man had heard them. "Time for such nonsense later," he declared, his voice a metallic threat. "If the killer isn't revealed before bedtime, he may strike again."

Not even Laurette could resist the forcefulness of Frank's presence. "Okay, Frank," she whispered.

Dinner was not the usual festive occasion that night at the Miramar lodge. Most ate silently, noting only that there were two vacant seats--those of P-2, Jay Schwartz, and G-1, the late Jim Smith.

While dessert was served a frigid breeze chilled the dining room as Jay Schwartz entered, covered with new snow. "Four new inches," he announced. He beckoned to Frank, and they whispered together for a moment.

As Frank returned to his seat he smiled with satisfaction. "That's it," he said. "We've got the goods on him."

"And I've got the goods on you," roared a New England voice. Advancing into the dining room behind a 12 gauge shotgun strode a familiar figure clad in red checked jacket and knee boots. He pointed the gun at Frank Bamberger.

"Who's he." asked Anne Purvin. "I've seen him before."

"Me too," said Joan Asher. "Do you know who he is, Carl."

Carl Angello replied, "I know I've seen him before. I saw him today, I think. Now I know who he is.

"Who?"

"The attendant at the top of the double chairlift at Mad River."

Martin Stansfeld rose from his seat and advanced toward the lift attendant. "Sir," he mumbled, "I must protest against this intrusion, and I entreat you to lower your firearm. I feel that I must warn you that while hospitality admits of a welcome to the uninvited, certain standards of behavior are required of even an intruder. Lower that weapon, sir, or face the consequences."

The attendant turned toward Martin, shotgun still raised, his face puzzled. "What's this guy mumbling about?" He asked the dining room. "I can't hear him." The FBI man swiftly advanced, emitted a transfixing yell, slammed the attendant with a karate chop and, utilizing jiu jitsu, threw him across the room. The gun clattered to the floor. Quickly FBI man pinned the intruder and from some hidden pocket, brought out handcuffs.

"Get him out of the kitchen," screamed Barrett. "No one but the cook, the trip leader, and the lodge operations chairman are allowed to go in the kitchen. You know the rules, Frank."

"Frank, is he part of the smuggling ring?" asked Judy Sellner.

"This is an unexpected development," Frank replied. "At the moment I can't say."

"Eh, paisan. Big Anthony, did he send you up here with a contract on Frank Bamberger?" Bob Graziano asked the handcuffed intruder.

"What are you saying?"

"Are you the hit man?"

"Hit man! I'm the father of the girl that this Bamberger feller. . .

He said nothing more. Some observers thought that they'd seen another karate chop, but Frank's action was so fast that no one could be sure.

(end of installment two)

Coming in the next installment--What does this new development mean? Can a girl from a little skiing town in northern Vermont find happiness as the wife of New York's most eligible bachelor? Who committed the murder? Did Jay Schwartz ever get his white meat? If the intruder is kept in the lodge overnight does he have to pay a guest fee? Who is the muffled figure waiting outside in the rapidly falling snow? Who done it?

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