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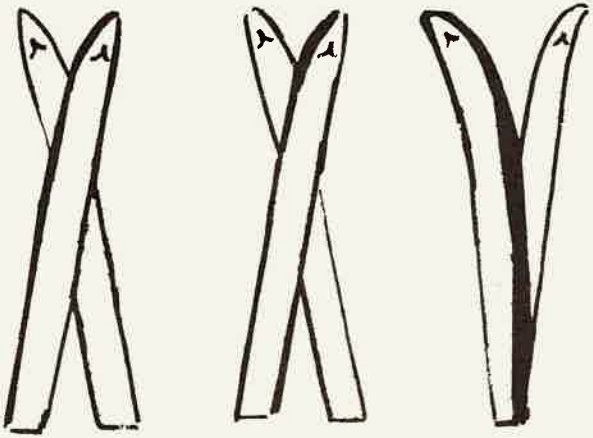
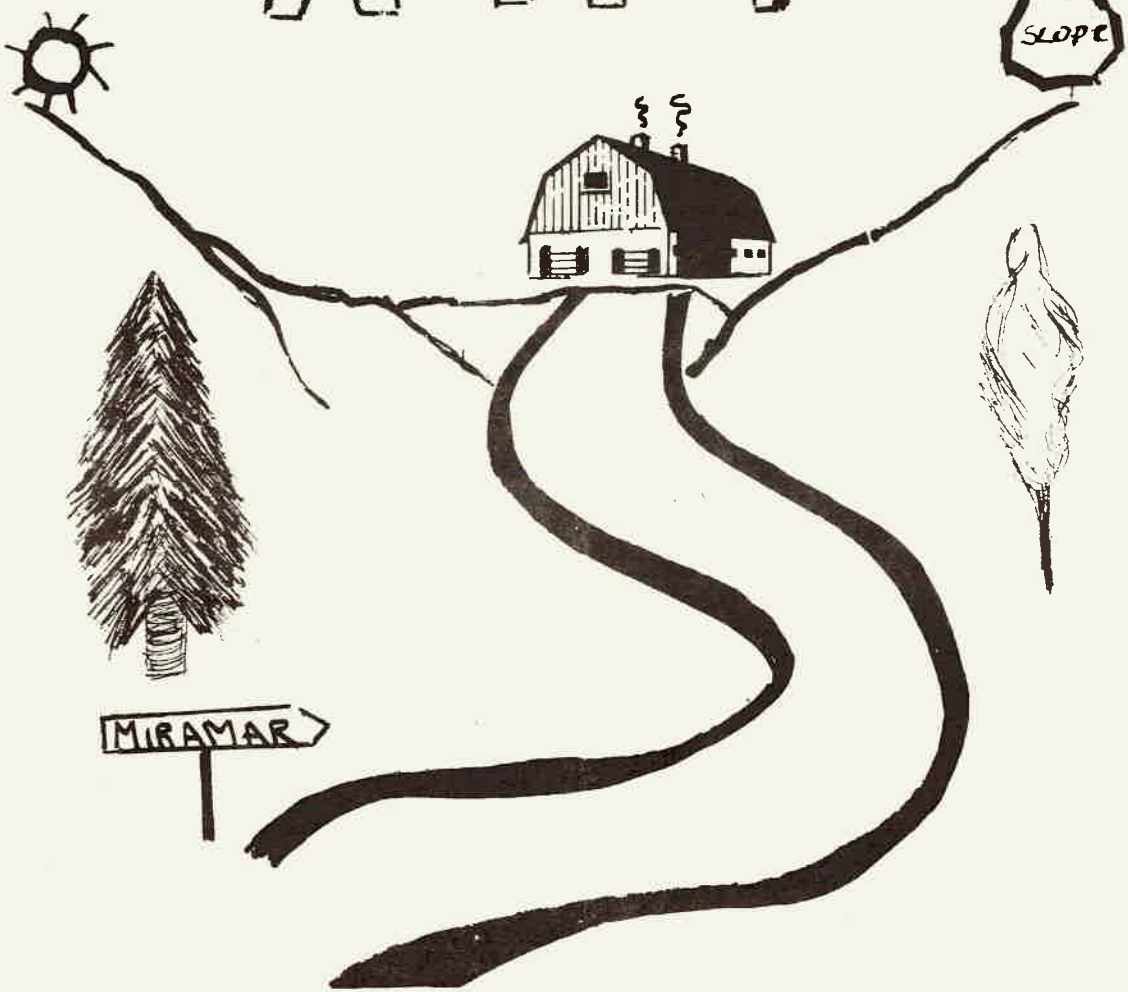
LIFT LINES

Apr. 74





LIFT LINES

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Editor
Rosalie Scudellari

Staff
Ayako Oshio

Assistants
Barbara Huntley
Rosalind Seidler

Contributing Authors
Fran Eglowitz
Marie Finney
The Graziano's
Herb Hamberger
Ed Koch
Walter Meirehof
Chris Wu

Contributing Photographers
Cynthia Berman
Walter Meirehof
Rosalind Seidler

Typist
Shirley Cooper

Cover
Toni Marinucci

Printing
Spinner Press

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★ THANK YOU SHIRLEY COOPER

When ROSANNE BOWLES, the typist for LIFT LINES, was injured, I began to think that the black cloud hovering over LIFT LINES had finally enveloped me. A plea, from the pit of my despair, was answered by ROZ SEIDLER, who promised a typist.

And to my rescue, came SHIRLEY COOPER, the very same former editor of LIFT LINES who won an award for MIRAMAR for her issues.

And I know why! - Ed.

SENA'S SOCIAL

★ MIRAMAR SKATE PARTY

Another first for Miramar, a skating party at the world famous Rockefeller Center Skating Rink. And judging from the smiling faces in and around the rink, I would say it was a resounding success - thanks to our able Program Chairwoman, SENA STARR.

The turnout would have been better if only those people who thought it was too cold had thought warm instead. It was a protected area and suprisingly comfortable. Those who stayed away don't know the fun they missed. So I want to see you all there next year.

The opening act was by none other than this reporter. Having imbibed a few martinis and bragged about my skating prowess, I went on the ice but found I couldn't even stand up. After two quick falls, someone came over and said, "Wouldn't it be better if you took off those rubber guards?"

Miramar can be proud of its good skaters. There was FREDDIE DUNDEE doing her Highland Fling, HARRY MILLER tracing a figure 8, DAVID KAYE dancing, HAROLD UNGER and REBA RETIG -- and just too many more to name. And then there were those who didn't skate but came anyway -- LAURETTE SHAPIRO, CARL AGNELLO and others who deserve a round of applause for their Club Spirit.

Steaming coffee, tea and hot chocolate were served with a variety of petite Danish pastry. Everyone had a good time.

CHRIS WU

Memory

★

REMEMBER ???

Waitsfield, Vt.---- It wasn't always our destination. In the pre-Lodge days there were many hotels we used to go to.

There was the Adnabrown in Springfield, Vt., and skiing at Okemo with its 6000' long Poma Lift -- the Hotel Latchis in Brattleboro for Mt. Snow with its oil-dripping overhead rail chairlifts -- and Hogback, the ski area where you park at the top and ski down to the T-Bar -- the Hotel Bartlett in Rutland to ski Pico Peak and its famous Sunset Schuss racing trail. There was Lake Placid and Whiteface Mt., a great area where you "hang on for dear life" the first time you ride its hair-raising upper chairlift. We stayed in Glens Falls, N.Y. as well as North Adams, Mass. and went to nearby Jiminy Peak and Dutch Hill with its expert Christiana Trail -- the Worthy Inn, Manchester, Vt. for Big Bromley and Snow Valley -- the Waterbury Inn, the Pavilion Hotel in Montpelier and the Hotel Barre, all for northern Vermont skiing -- and Littleton, N. H. for Cannon Mt.

We stayed at the Colonial Hotel and Hotel Moody in Claremont, N.H.; two buses, one at each hotel, and skiing at Sunapee with its expert Flying Goose ski trail. This was one of Miramar's favorite stops in the mid to late 1950's, a very scenic area with a wide variety of trails.

The highlight of all Sunapee trips was the Sunday dinner stop - a fabulous Smorgasbord at the Highland Hotel in Springfield, Mass. 90 tired Miramaniacs would pile into the very fancy dining room where the many guests were dressed for dinner. The elaborate Smorgasbord included steak, lobster and a variety of high-calorie desserts which caused our buses to go home with over-weighted members.

They were interesting and fun years, but the real cooperative spirit of the club came about with the purchase of our "Waitsfield Hilton," a staggering undertaking, unsurpassed by any other ski club.

WALTER MEIERHOF

Lane

An Article Written a Few Years Ago Which I Know You Will Find Enjoyable — — Ed.

★

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY

TO THE CONCORD.

When the ski season is over, what does one plan to do for a weekend? You can't just sit around and think snow from May to November!

A quick telephone call, and a lucky break, and they have room for you at the Concord. What's more, they advise you they are having a thing called (now get this), "An Oo-La-La-Mini-Weekend."

Regardless of what THEY call it, YOU know from long experience it can't possibly be as enjoyable as OUR weekends at our Lodge, either during ski season or after.

Saturday morning you are certain to rise early enough to make the 8:30 a.m. bus from Port Authority, non-stop, to the Concord. But the ski season is over; you are no longer geared to rise at 6:30 am. to be on the slopes by 9:00 (you hope). And, you are ONLY going to the Concord! What's the rush; you can make the 10:30 bus liesurely. So, by 10:25, you are (not so liesurely) handing your ticket to the bus driver and quickly ask if this bus is going to Kiamesha Lake. And the driver answers you, "Well, lady, it sure ain't going to Waitsfield." The bus driver was none other than our own Bill King, who was with the Club for many years driving us to Waitsfield, when the Lodge was considered a "Chicken Coop" (that's what he called it).

Of course, I told him about our Blueberry Lounge, our wall-to-wall carpeting and a few other tidbits.

And he started to reminisce. His memory was excellent. He not only remembered 90 percent of the members still with the Club, but their full names, and many funny stories, anecdotes and incidents in connection with each one.

Curious and very interested, he asked many questions about us all. Some questions get sad answers, such as, "Lou Lerner and Freddie Charap passed away." I had no doubt about his remembrance of Lou because he was so active and skied so often. He also remembered and described Freddie well.

And we talked on about many fun trips. Carnival weekends, when he was always one of the judges -- Snow Balls, when he always came with his wife. By the way, they are now grandparents -- and, of course, he smiled from ear to ear with that proud announcement.

He even indicated a desire to visit our Lodge with his wife in the near future.

And me, yes, I got to the Concord all right. What happened -- two men took my number! Did they call? Will let you know in the next installment!

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WHERE HAS THE SEASON GONE

★CHRISTMAS 1973

Throughout history, the sad and sordid march of human events has been periodically punctuated by inspiring feats of courage and magnificence.

Such is the story of the Miramar Christmas weekend trip.

As they departed their safe haven at the "Y", the dauntless little band of men and women could not suspect then what lay in store. Nor could their good and gallant leader, HAL JACOBS, know that before his trip was o'er, he was to relive the trials of Job.

As the bus loped along the highway, the first foreboding of trouble emerged. "They're all passing us,", exclaimed ESTELLE KASPER, as little Volkses and giant diesels raced by with equal contempt. But their Elders reassured them. "This driver is not familiar with our part of the country," they said. "He has never driven in snow," and "He seems to be new at driving a bus."

Their confidence restored, the dauntless band relaxed and anticipated an arrival somewhere about 4:00 a.m.

But they had not reckoned with the Fickle Finger - the finger that forced the bus to a fanciful turn in a false direction, a feckless folly foreshadowing peril.

O Woe! Fate would permit no advance. The upgrade in their wake would permit no retreat. The two bald tires on the rear of the bus bespoke not of confidence. And the picturesque river two feet to their side offered no solace. They had been halted. But then, in the cold dark of the night, one could detect individual acts of heroism. HOWARD BAKER and SAUL GINSBERG, lonely sentinels on the road, shoveled and muttered bravely but to no avail.

Finally the order was given to abandon ship. The dauntless band, never losing faith in Providence, transferred to a school bus and arrived at the lodge at seven o'clock in the morning, in the dawn of a glorious grey snowy day.

After a cheery breakfast, everyone went to sleep and wake-up was called for 12:30 p.m. Their weekend had only begun.

And then what did they do, this weary bedraggled lot? Why, they shrugged off their troubles. They skied Sugarbush, Mad River and Glen Ellen. They enjoyed.

Saturday night dinner sparkled with wine on every table as Miramar toasted the recent nuptials of ESTELLE and HERB HAMBURGER.

Christmas Eve saw SANTA SPINGARN heartier and funnier than ever before.

The trip had its sad moments too, bringing injury to DOROTHY LINDER and young STEWART DURELL. CYNTHIA BERMAN offered an eloquent plea for support for the local ambulance fund and received a generous response.

Tuesday morning, with luggage on board, the bus would not start. Back on the school bus, MARIE FINNEY led the singing of hymns and carols, and the faithful band did indeed arrive at the ski area. Even the sick bus eventually recovered and the hard-pressed band boarded for the long, l-o-n-g voyage home. Glasses were lifted and voices raised in song. FREDDIE DUNDEE was equally at home singing Scottish airs or Hava Negilla.

It had been an extraordinary trip. Heroes and heroines were legion. HAL JACOBS as trip leader was steady, rational, compassionate, with the help of BERNIE GITTELSON as staff.

On the Great Monument of Time it shall be written of this noble band, not that they endured, nor that they overcame, but it shall be forever inscribed, "They triumphed."

HERB HAMBURGER

1974

★

MURRAY'S WEEKEND - NEW YEAR 1974

We're up in the country having a ball
We're skiing on rocks and sandy topsoil
We're up in the country hoping for snow
We just ate meatballs after returning from Stowe.

We're up in the country and tomorrow we will know
If Murray still remembers how to make snow.
If Murray should fail us, he will hang from a tree,
But not on our property
For this weekend I'm in charge of debris!

On the way to Stowe it began to snow
And I dreamed once more of you
And the first time we kissed on the double chairlift.
Now I'm left with the Mansfield blues.

ED KOCH

★ NEW YEARS 1974

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have asked you here today so that you may consider the awarding of a unit citation to those magnificent beleaguered troops that motor marched to the green mountains and faced those great blue crystal peaks. With uncommon valor, they ventured forth day after day to throw themselves bodily into headlong battle with conditions that rival the most miserable any of us have encountered in recent memory. They came from

every walk of life, every shape, every form, from the rich and from the poor, from the humble, from the meek - all showed no sign of fear, but went about their task with true determination that must only be considered heroic.

Daily, the great mobile monster would take this heroic unit to Mansfield or Sugarbush. They would set off in small desperate groups, each trying to find a place to perform their mission. Hour after hour, subjected to the cruelest of elements, they would ski as best they could. First on snow, then ice, then gravel, then dirt, then grass, until they were worn to a frazzle. Their equipment was ripped and torn, yet they purged onward to the amazement of all non-skiers.

Every night, the bus driver would stand searching the unfamiliar faces, waiting for one of his tired comrades to appear and surely as the sun would set, there would come from the tree lines, from the warm-up huts and from all those little niches where they found shelter, small ragged groups returning.

When all had been accounted for, his job only half done, the fearless pilot would return them to a warming fire and a hot meal, and they would bind up their wounds, enjoy a little entertainment and suffer a restless night. Red-eyed with fatigue, they again would search the radio bands for news of their elusive foe.

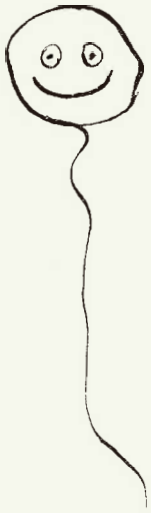
At eight o'clock MURRAY BRETTSCHNEIDER, their fearless leader, would call them forth to return to battle. His lieutenants kicked and prodded until all were ready to face the task of the morning assault. As one weakened and fell, another in their midst unflinchingly bore his place. Charter members were replaced by members, officers by troops, troops by guests. All showed a singular determination to conquer the unskiable. Their vigilance was finally rewarded with one evening of sublime merriment and one short day of excellent skiing.

In conclusion, the Miramar tradition of New Year's Weekend was carried forth magnificently by Brettschneider's Brigade.

I therefore recommend them for this citation.

Thank you.

CHRIS and BOB GRAZIANO



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This was an exciting appearance headlined by Scottish singer FREDDIE DUNDEE (disguised as a Miramar guest). She played guitar, sang, joked and livened up the evening, scoring with the song, "I remember Morris in the Springtime," accompanied by BERNIE GITTELSON and his harmonica. One of the peak moments: a collaboration between Freddie and HAL JACOBS, with Hal performing his unique "Spanish Dance on Table Top".

Skiing may have been minimal that weekend (Trip Leader CATHY CARMODY no doubt wondered why she had ever left three feetof snow in Aspen to come back to three inches of snow in Vermont), but Saturday night rated Excellent. 4 Stars!

MARIE FINNEY

MIRAMAR CLUB RACE

February 23, 1974...With the cry of "Raw Meat," Race Chairman DOUG ROCHESTER superintended the Miramar Club Races at Sugarbush. We had split-second timings, thanks to the fact that we used the Nastar course set up on the T-Bar. Some people did so well, they won Nastar medals as well as Miramar trophys.

Here are the winners:
Men's "B" - JOE SAMEK
Women's "B" - LYNN PARKER (But ANDREA STEWART was hot on her trail a 1/2 second away.)
Men's "A" - JACQUES FRIEDENSOHN (with DAVID KAYE only 2 seconds behind, so don't get smug Jacques.)
Women's "A" - Not run due to lack of Class "A" racers.
Men's "Invitation" - Trip Leader, DICK STEWART (Over 2 seconds ahead of HENRY MARTINEZ and ED KOCH)
Women's "Invitation" - HILDE GAWLIK, who was also awarded a Nastar Bronze.

Other Bronzes went to DOUG ROCHESTER, DAVID KAYE and HAL JACOBS. Silver Medals went to GERRY OZIN (who would have won the Men's Invitational except that at the time he was only a guest and not yet a member), DICK STEWART, ED KOCH, HENRY MARTINEZ and JACQUES FRIEDENSOHN.

A great weekend!

MARIE FINNEY

COME TO THE SNOW BALL

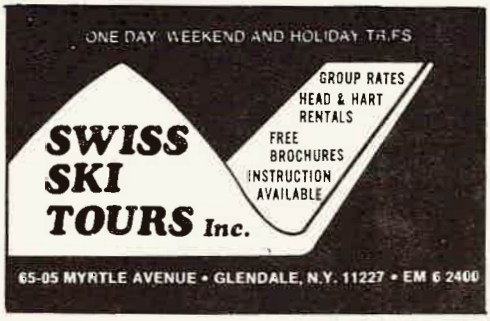
ubi

★ WE NEED HELP, please

Do you know how the club can reach the following former members or their families. The financial secretary needs any information you can possibly give. Last known address follows their names.

Robert Cowen - Princeton, NJ
Sylvia Dworkis- NYC
Stanley Greissman - Flushing, NY
Sid Rayburn - NYC
Mike Rubel - NYC
Mr. and Mrs. Jean Weber - NYC
Gertrude Weilerstein - Bronx, NY
Lester Hauer - USNAF Seattle, Wash.
Estate of Fred Charap - NYC

WELCOME our new ADS



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BY JUDY SELLNER

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