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THE SCHNEE VOGELI SKI CLUB

GREEN BUZZARD

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Special Christmas and New Years' Edition

Three men died on Christmas Eve and were met by Saint Peter the pearly gates. "In honor of this holy season" Saint Peter said, "You must each possess something symbolizes Christmas get into heaven."

The first man fumbled through his pockets and pulled a lighter. He flicked it on. "It represents a candle", he said. "You may pass through the pearly gates" Saint Peter said.

The second man reached into his pocket and pulled a set of keys. He shook them and said, "They're bells." Saint Peter said. "You may pass through the pearly gates".

The third man started searching desperately through his pockets and finally pulled a pair of women's panties. St. Peter looked the man with a raised eyebrow and asked, "And just what do those symbolize?"

The man replied, "These are Carols." (Courtesy of Ron)

How many ski instructors does it take to screw in a lightbulb? None, ski instructors don't screw in lightbulbs, they screw in hot tubs. (Courtesy of Dale)

Three guys go to a ski lodge, and there aren't enough rooms, so they must share a bed. In the middle of the night, the guy on the right wakes up and says, "I had this wild, vivid dream of getting a hand job!" The guy on the left wakes up, and unbelievably, he's had the same dream, too. Then the guy in the middle wakes up and says, "That's funny, I dreamed I was skiing!" (Courtesy of Dale)



IF YOU DONT GIVE ME
WHAT I WANT FOR
CHRISTMAS, I LL
TELL MY MOTHER
YOU GOT A ERECTION...

That's no way to talk about the North Pole! Illustration courtesy of Leon Laucirica

Editor's note: The following was originally published in the program for the 75th anniversary party.

Twas The Night Before The Big Race By Dale Parshall

'Twas the night before the big race, and up on Mt. Hood
The Schnee's were at Charlies, around the bar its understood;
The drinks were being poured at a furious pace,
And talk centered around the upcoming race;

The boys were all wondering who among them would win,
Would it be Eddie or Jesse or some guy named Jim;
And Scottie in his shorts, and next to him Jack,
Settled down at a table for a long winter's chat,

When above the dull roar there arose such a clatter,
The bartender, Perrin, yelled last call if it matters.
Back to the bar the boys flew in a flash,
Give them Rainier, some Fireball, they've got cash.

So on down the hatch those last drinks flowed
They've got to be leaving before the cars get towed,
When, what to their wondering eyes should appear,
But a big burly guy, with some more Rainiers,

With a little persuasion it went down pretty quick,
They knew in a moment they'd be getting real sick.
They managed to stumble home and make it to bed,
And come the next morning they heard in their heads;

"Now, Peter! now, Terry! now, Jerry! and Ben!
On, Ryan! on Danny! on John and Ken!
Get your asses up, we need to get going!
Get up to the hill, where all night it's been snowing!"

The weather was beautiful, the sky was really clear,
Like the color of pee after drinking too much beer,
So down to Ski Bowl the boys they all flew,
But did they remember everything, no one really knew.

Hats, gloves, goggles, boots, skis, poles,
Off to the chair lift to be the first in the bowls.
Then it was back to the lift line and over to Bill's Gold,
To check out the course and which line was most bold.

They were dressed all in lycra, from their heads to their feet,
Most race suits shiny, some baggy in the seat;
A bunch of tools they had flung all over the snow,
Trying to make sure their skis weren't too slow.

Red, pink or yellow, maybe a mix!
They hadn't a clue of which wax to pick!

What about the edges, did they remember to file?
They didn't want to fall and end up in a pile;

The order was set, they all got in line,
It was a duel course slalom, two at a time;
At the top of the course, there they all stood,
Some really fast, others not so good.

Some were chubby and plump, others slender and slight,
All dressed in lycra, they were really quite the sight;
The starter said ready, it was time to get started,
It got really quiet, and then somebody farted;

Down the course they went, banging gates all the way,
On through the finish, glancing back at the display,
And what should pop up, before their wondering eyes,
The times were the same, they had raced to a tie;

Back at the Beer Stube, when the race was all done,
There wasn't much bragging, as no one had won.
It's now time to end this, I hope I get this right,
HAPPY 75TH TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD-NIGHT

