



05 November 2020

THE SCHNEE VOGELI SKI CLUB

GREEN BUZZARD

WWW.SCHNEEVOGELI.COM

President's Corner: Hi Fellas,

Wow what a fall. The weather has been fantastic. Looks like we are making some headway on planning for ski season. From what I have heard regarding operations on Hood, we should be able to get a few, maybe most the Schnee races off. It will mean adjusting the schedules a bit and maybe a night race or two. PACRAT is also looking like we will get some races in!

We had a World Cup party at my place a few weeks ago. We saw the women's GS from Sölden. They didn't have much snow on the hill, but the course looked good. Shiffrin was out with an injury. The Italians took 1st & 2nd. The next race is in Lech Zurs, Austria. I'm planning to show that one too, so watch your email for details.

Our meetings have moved to a once monthly format through December. Last week we had a virtual HH in-place of the 2nd October meeting. Several guys joined in and had a good time.

I have found a YouTube channel with some Warren Miller classics, so I plan to have a Warren Miller screening soon. On that note. I'm always looking for ideas of ways to get the club together so please let me know if you have any suggestion.

As we get close to ski season my social media always starts showing lots of Europe. So, I thought I'd share some. Here are a couple of links to some of my favorite places.

<https://www.valgardena.it/en/val-gardena/>

<https://www.kronplatz.com/en>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iq2oFmdleBc>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qu4zh92NGVk>

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0Esu_5udSVg

Ciao,

Bob

The Fourth General Meeting of the Season will be held this coming Tuesday, October 13. As restaurants cannot currently accommodate large groups due to Phase I restrictions, we will be holding the meeting at Bruce Parshall's house. 4311 SW Freeman St. Portland, OR 97219

Doors open at **6:30**, meeting to start promptly at 7 PM. **BYOB**, the Club will provide pizza.

Membership Dues: It's past time to pay dues for this season. They are \$75 until Nov. 30th. Dec. 1st they increase to \$90. On Jan 1st, those that haven't paid will be removed from the membership rolls. The majority have already paid but there are still several who haven't. Given the situation this year it would probably be easiest to pay online by clicking on the SVSC logo at the bottom right of any page on our website and it will take you to the payment page and you can pay online for a small fee. Or you can mail to our PO Box or you may pay Dale directly if you see him. Thanks. -Dale

Highway Cleanup: We had our second Highway Clean-up on October 17. About 20 of us showed up, the weather cooperated, and we were done in a little over an hour. Then it was on to Charlie's for a beverage or two and finally on to Huckleberry Inn for lunch on the club. Thanks to everyone who helped. Unfortunately, we were unable to get the shotgun shoot in due to forest closure. -Dale

Schnee Vogeli Logo Gear: Ed Carman has hats for \$20, and t-shirts for \$7.50 which are already made. Please contact him directly if you'd like to purchase. Call him at 503-643-0182 or email him at edcarman2007@yahoo.com. The Schnee Store is online at <http://stores.mytprint.com/svsc?winst=1583386103547&of=0>. This round of orders is due to close to ordering and go to production on November 15th. We have not yet met the minimum order requirement so we could use your help. There is some great gear there, go look.

PACRAT Racing: PACRAT is working with the resorts to see if we will be able to race this season. As you might have heard, things will be a little different this year due to COVID. There will be no weekend events and weekday/night events will be limited to 100 participants. For those who participated last year there is a quick question Dale sent via email that will help PACRAT decide how to proceed. If you haven't answered it yet, please do so. Stay tuned for additional info as we learn more. -Dale

Attention All Members: The messages in the Green Buzzard regarding Captain Buzzard sightings in Govy were part of a scavenger hunt organized by Christian. Adam Miller put the clues together and was rewarded!



Adam with his prize, a fine bottle of bourbon

Pray for Snow: Given the COVID situation we are not doing the usual Pray for Snow this year. We looked into a Tailgate for Snow but doing something formal/planned brings insurance issues into play, both for the club and for the resorts. Keep your ears open for something informal. Dale

Membership: Join us in welcoming three new full members from our election on October 13th. Congratulations to Bryce Kaufman, Jeff Griese, and Jeff Langfeldt.

Adam Willis is up for an associate vote at our next meeting but will only be voted on if present. Recall that associates are required to be present at the meeting, but full membership votes do not require the member to be at the meetings. Sponsors and Cosponsors of the upcoming members are also invited to be at the meeting to speak on their behalf, as well as any other members are welcome in the discussion of the prospective Full and Associate members. Bribes are accepted and encouraged!

I was recently questioned about bringing prospective members/guests to the meetings. The policy is that a Full member may only propose one individual for membership in the calendar year. However, they may cosponsor as many members as they wish. If anyone wishes to bring someone to a meeting, they are welcome to do so. Just introduce them around and find someone to sponsor the prospective member - easy peasy! If anyone is missing or there any mistakes, PLEASE contact me ASAP at 503.807.3807 or rumblefish1951@gmail.com -Jack (edited and condensed for clarity by Andy)

Calendar of Upcoming SVSC Events:

10	November	SVSC Meeting , Location(s) TBD, doors 6:30, meeting at 7 PM
08	December	SVSC Meeting , Hillcrest Sports in beautiful Gresham, doors 6:30, meeting 7 PM



Courtesy of Andy

While walking down the street one day a Corrupt Senator (that may be redundant) was tragically hit by a car and died. His soul arrives in heaven and is met by St. Peter at the entrance.

"Welcome to heaven," says St. Peter. "Before you settle in, it seems there is a problem. We seldom see a high official around these parts, you see, so we're not sure what to do with you." "No problem, just let me in," says the Senator. "Well, I'd like to, but I have orders from the higher ups. What we'll do is have you spend one day in hell and one in heaven. Then you can choose where to spend eternity."

"Really? I've made up my mind. I want to be in heaven," says the Senator. "I'm sorry, but we have our rules." And with that, St. Peter escorts him to the elevator and he goes down, down, down to hell. The doors open and he finds himself in the middle of a green golf course. In the distance is a clubhouse and standing in front of it are all his friends and other politicians who had worked with him. Everyone is very happy and in evening dress. They run to greet him, shake his hand, and reminisce about the good times they had while getting rich at the expense of the people.

They played a friendly game of golf and then dine on lobster, caviar and the finest champagne. Also present is the devil, who really is a very friendly guy who is having a good time dancing and telling jokes. They are all having such a good time that before the Senator realizes it, it is time to go. Everyone gives him a hearty farewell and waves while the elevator rises. The elevator goes up, up, up and the door reopens in heaven where St. Peter is waiting for him, "Now it's time to visit heaven..."

So, 24 hours passed with the Senator joining a group of contented souls moving from cloud to cloud, playing the harp and singing. They have a good time and before he realizes it, the 24 hours have gone by and St. Peter returns. "Well, then, you've spent a day in hell and another in heaven. Now choose your eternity."

The Senator reflects for a minute, then he answers: "Well, I would never have said it before, I mean heaven has been delightful, but I think I would be better off in hell." So, St. Peter escorts him to the elevator and he goes down, down, down to hell...

Now the doors of the elevator open and he's in the middle of a barren land covered with waste and garbage. He sees all his friends, dressed in rags, picking up the trash and putting it in black bags as more trash falls to the ground. The devil comes over to him and puts his arm around his shoulders.

"I don't understand," stammers the Senator. "Yesterday I was here and there was a golf course and clubhouse, and we ate lobster and caviar, drank champagne, and danced and had a great time. Now there's just a wasteland full of garbage and my friends look miserable. What happened?"

The devil smiles at him and says, "Yesterday we were campaigning. Today, you voted." (Courtesy of Ron Reichardt)

Miss Annabell had just returned from her big trip to New York City and was having refreshments on the front porch of her daddy's mansion with her southern belle friends. She tells them the stories of her trip as they stare spellbound. "You just wouldn't believe what they have there in New York City," says Miss Annabell. "They have men there who kiss other men on the lips." Miss Annabell's friends fan themselves and say, "Oh my! Oh my!" "They call them homosexuals," proclaims Miss Annabell. "Oh my! Oh my," proclaim the girls as they fan themselves.

"They also have women there in New York City who kiss other women on the lips!" "Oh my! Oh my," exclaim the girls. "What do they call them?" they ask. "They call them lesbians," says Miss Annabell.

"They also have men who kiss women between the legs, there in New York City," sighs Miss Annabell. "Oh my! Oh my! Oh my," exclaim the girls as they sit on the edge of their chairs and fan themselves even faster. "What do they call them?" they ask in unison. Miss Annabell leans forward and says in a hush, "I called him Precious." (Courtesy of Ron Reichardt)

A man was driving through west Texas one spring evening. The road was deserted, and he had not seen a soul for what seemed like hours. Suddenly his car started to cough and sputter and the engine slowly died away, leaving him sitting on the side of the road in total silence. He popped the hood and looked to see if there was anything that he could do to get it going again. Unfortunately, he had limited knowledge of cars, so all he could do was look at the engine.

Feeling despondent as he stood looking at the gradually fading light of his flashlight, he cursed that he had not put in new batteries as he had promised himself. Suddenly, through the inky shadows, came a deep voice. "It's your fuel pump." The man rose up quickly, striking his head on the underside of the hood. "Who said that?" he demanded. There were two horses standing in the fenced field alongside the road and the man was amazed when the nearest of the two horses repeated, "It's your fuel pump. Tap it with your flashlight and try it again."

Confused, the man tapped the fuel pump with his flashlight, turned the key and sure enough, the engine roared to life. He muttered a short thanks to the horse and screeched away.

When he reached the next town, he ran into the local bar. "Gimme a large whiskey, please!" he said. A rancher sitting at the bar looked at the man's ashen face and asked, "What's wrong, man? You look like you've seen a ghost." "It's unbelievable," the man said and recalled the whole tale to the rancher.

The rancher took a sip of his beer and looked thoughtful. "A horse, you say. Was it by any chance a white horse?" "Yes, it was! Am I crazy?" the man replied. "No, you ain't crazy. In fact, you're lucky," said the rancher, "because that black horse doesn't know shit about cars." (Courtesy of Ron Reichardt)

An American soldier, serving in World War II, had just returned from several weeks of intense action on the German front lines. He had finally been granted R&R and was on a train bound for London. The train was very crowded, so the soldier walked the length of the train, looking for an empty seat. The only unoccupied seat was next to a well-dressed middle-aged lady and was being used by her little dog.

The war weary soldier asked, "Please, ma'am, may I sit in that seat?" The English woman looked down her nose at the soldier, sniffed and said, "You Americans. You are such a rude class of people. Can't you see my little Fifi is using that seat?" The soldier walked away, determined to find a place to rest, but after another trip down the end of the train, found himself again facing the woman with the dog.

Again he asked, "Please, lady. May I sit there? I'm very tired." The English woman wrinkled her nose and snorted, "You Americans! Not only are you rude, but you are also arrogant. Imagine!"

The soldier didn't say anything else. He leaned over, picked up the little dog, tossed it out the window of the train and sat down in the empty seat. The woman shrieked and railed, and demanded that someone defend her and chastise the soldier.

An English gentleman sitting across the aisle spoke, "You know, sir, you Americans do seem to have a penchant for doing the wrong thing. You eat holding the fork in the wrong hand. You drive your cars on the wrong side of the road. And now, sir, you've thrown the wrong bitch out the window." (Courtesy of Ron Reichardt)

Capt. Buzzard's Note: Hope you find this newsletter enhances your time on the toilet. Contact Jim Feldman if you're having problems viewing this PDF in your web browser. Please send questions, comments, or contributions to buzzard@schneevogeli.com or 5302 NE Simpson St, Portland, OR 97218. - Andy Hobart