

(6) The Skrinker (as written by Bill Sleigh, popularized by Al Sise.)

There are systems and theories of

sking,

But there's one thing I surely have

found,

That sking's confined to the winter,
While drinking's good all the year
round.

Chorus: Oh, here's to the trail and
the mountaintop,
And here's to the skier who dares.
But give me the glass and the bottle,
To drive away all of my cares.

There are christies, gelandesprungs
and telemarks,
There are jump-turns and tempos and
such;
But I'll leave these all to the

Kanonen,

'Cause I love my drinking too much.

A skier must dodge all the trees he
sees,
And the rocks that he finds on the

trails;

But the thing I fear most is the

Heebie Jebes,

And the snow snake's loud, hideous
wails!

(8) Susie and Sammy were Skiers
(More's the Pity) or The Northern
Trails have Some Doleful Tales. (P.P.)

1. Susie and Sammy were skiers
Zowie and how they did ski

Swore to be snow-pals together

Till the last flake of snow should flee

She was his gal-but she done him wrong?

2. For Susie was also a racer

A lady racer was she

Zooming down trails ahead of her man

Swirling powder was all he'd see

She was his gal-but she treated him

bad.

3. Susie was also an expert

At slalom through gate or straight

flush

She'd beat her man by some seconds

Without even a girlish blush

She was his gal-but she was wearing

him down.

4. Sometimes they climbed up the

Wildcat

Or the Sherburne to the Ravine

(7) Tune: Old Black Joe (P.P.)

Gone are the days when a skier's
was rough

Gone are the times when the uphill
was tough

Come are the days which once were
dreams

Of trams in air and lifts by cha
and other scheme

1st: I'm climbing, I'm climbing
Though it may be stop and go
Though my arms yank out and muscle
I'll grab this TOW.

2nd: I'm rising, I'm rising
Though uplift I scarcely feel
I'll sit and freeze in all this
In the SNOWMOBILE.

3rd: I'm swaying, I'm swaying
Though it's stony broke I am
I wouldn't miss the thrill of the
at CANNON TRAM:

: Sammy'd be hot and exhausted

: But Susie'd be fresh, cool and c

: She was his gal-but she was we

: :

: 5. Susie came over the headwall

: Made lovely turns in the snow

: Sammie rolled ignominiously

: From the lip to the floor below

: She was his gal-but she gave h

: 6. One fine day Sammy went bers

: Right in the midst of the snow

: Swore he would not keep up the f

: of an Amazon's gigolo.

: He was her man-but the woin wi

: Screwed up his remaining cou

: With a pseudo-fierce voice he ro

: Susie my sweet little ski-gal

: Choose 'twixt me or the hick'ry

: I am your man-but you've got t

: 8. Susie looked greatly astonis

: And perhaps a little bit sad

: Gazed at her skis and then at hi

: Sighed - then cried, You must be

: I am your gal-but you're askin

: 9. My life on the trail, I lov'

: Alone with the Goddess of Speed

: The peaks always beckon me onwa:

: The Wide Open Spaces -- my Cree

: I am your gal-but you're askin