

Song for an early ski patrol banquet. Words by Don Christian sung to the tune of *Super Skier*

**E269** (our NSP registration number at the time)

He came skiing down the mountain doing ninety miles an hour,  
When he caught an outside edge...  
Well, they found him on a rock with his hand around his ski pole  
That poor skier will never ski again.

CHORUS:

Send up a cry and a hue for the rust-parka'd crew,  
Have them save my darling boy,  
With their splints and toboggan let them mend his cracked noggin.  
He's my son, my only pride and joy!

The cry rang 'round the mountain. He lies bleeding like a fountain  
What an awesome and fearful sight.  
There's a body on White Lightning and the blood is simply fright'ning  
Need a ski patrol? Here comes one into sight!

CHORUS:

First came Pat and Lacy carving turns both fast and racy.  
As they practiced for Grand Marnier,  
Followed close by little Randolph matching turn for turn with Lacy  
And his father lagging back a long, long way.

CHORUS:

"Put the brakes on," cried our Patty. "All this speed sure drives one batty.  
Now I think the snow's turned red!"  
"Keep your shirt on, girl," called Randy, "I have got some bandaids handy."  
And 'twas done as soon as it was said.

CHORUS:

A toboggan came a flying, Michael, Dick, and Tim all trying  
Very hard to show their worth.  
When it comes to rapid first aid and sled handling on a steep grade,  
These three chaps are just about the best on earth.

CHORUS:

Here are Judkins and George Young with their fanny packs among  
Those assembled at the scene.  
"In my fifteen years patrolling," moaned George, "it is so appalling  
So much blood I ne'er 'til now have ever seen!"

CHORUS:

"Get a compress on his head, ere he bleeds 'til he is dead!"  
Yelled John Leckie to the crew.  
"As your old first aid advisor, watch for shock—now don't be shy, sir  
And load him in the sled when you are through."

CHORUS:

Into a toboggan gently, gliding smooth as in a Bentley  
Our poor hero now did ride.  
In the horns was Reb McCowen and George Elliott was tailman,  
While Hans Amrhein was skiing along side.

CHORUS:

“Bob Houser, where’s Bob Houser?” “Sure he’s drinking coffee now, sir  
While he smokes a cigarette.”  
And Bob Mason with a shout screaming, “Put that damned thing out...  
Or I swear that I a fire hose will get!”

CHORUS:

“A pox on school,” cried Audrey, Robert Leckie, Dawn, and Patti  
As they sat in classes long.  
“To be out upon the snow rather than in school to show,  
Can it be so very far from wrong?”

CHORUS:

“Wait a moment, Steve,” called Maxwell, “that is *not* my best side I tell...  
You. Please shoot me from the other side.”  
“Oh, I’ll try,” said Steve, “to take it, ’though my cam’ra  
Your face will break it.”

“I THINK,” said Mark Prysi, “IF THIS SONG CONTINUES MUCH LONGER, I’M GOING TO SIT  
DOWN AND BE SICK!”