

# The WASP RAG

Official Newsletter of the Winnipeg Wasps RFC, est. 1965

**Club Executive:** Pres., Craig Peters; **Sec.** Todd Andrews; **Treas.**, Stu Cox; **Members @ Large**, Roddy Macleod, Andy Young; **Maple Grove Rep.**, Pete Nolan; **Rag Ed.**, Todd Andrews; **Rag Pee-on**, Scott Harland.

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## IN THIS ISSUE:

- Condors deal sends Macauley and Carter to Regina for undisclosed number of beads and "Wasps only" hot tub at next years Regina snow 7's. Mac Applauds executive deals stating "Carter is a drunk and a sponge, Scoop was a good bloke but look at the pretty beads".
- An inside look at the case of the missing Jerry at SNAFU social. A certain Rookie is helping senior Wasps with their investigations, expected to be charged with gross negligence and undeniable stupidity
- Barbarians get divine help at home tourn. Wasps conjure their own miracle, parting Wanderers defense like the Red Sea.
- W(h)ales tour information. Initial fund raising ideas include painting Gary Pacholuk with black and white stripes and throwing him off the BDI bridge to chants of "free Pacman". See wheels' spiel for more info.

## Thunder from Down Under

This is my 1st RAG since returning from Edmonton and I would like to thank all of you for continuing to provide such a variety of scandalous, preposterous yet somehow amusing stories. The sharpest of our readers will no doubt recognize a more regular and skillful reporting of these anecdotes. (ha!, S.H.) There are a number of things worthy of mention before continuing my musings, starting with the most heinous:

- it has come to my attention that a number of people have not paid **DUES** this year. Enough with the False Economies and Fiscal Bastardry- if you are injured and have not paid then you have no medical coverage. In addition, you will not be allowed to participate in the finals so make an effort **IMMEDIATELY**.
- I have a number of **Wasp jumpers for sale** for \$10-20. Call me if interested (284 6806).
- We have ordered a new set of jumpers for the 1sts thanks to the generous sponsorship of Tropicana juice Co. We will also be ordering Wasps jumpers for people who would like to own and these will cost \$77 incl tax. As part of our ongoing commitment to our sponsors, try to remember to keep Tropicana and Labatt's receipts.
- We are in the process of ordering **club shorts**. The shorts are black, no button and have a Wasp on the front of one leg and "Tropicana" on the other leg in Gold. These are **\$25** incl. tax so call me if interested (284 6806).
- A **Regina tour** is planned for the 29th /30th of Aug. Ring me (284 6806) or Gary Nicholson (832 2178). We hope to have a large number of rookies/colts on the tour and are taking the bus so a good time is guaranteed. Tentative ETD is **6pm Friday 28<sup>th</sup> from the 'Bridge**.
- The club is sounding out **prospective coaches for the 1999** season- it's worth a thought!!
- Remember to bring a loonie to our games to contribute to **strapping costs for Dana**. I think we all agree it is worth it just because we don't have to see **Sharone's thigs** or suffer her banquet speeches.
- As you may be aware, the Tri- nations series is coming to a close and the Kiwis have finally shown their true colours- a bunch of **over-rated, Steinlager- swilling, Wallaby wannabe's** and I have penned a couple of tributes:

The Eagle was a lad from down under  
Whose team trod the Kiwis asunder  
He said it's a shame  
They can't lift their game  
But with guys like Sid it's no wonder

Now Jeff was a lad from the Cape  
whose team left the Kiwis agape  
after an effortless win  
he said with a grin  
that wasn't a win, it was rape!

**Upcoming games:** **Wasps II** vs Wombats Thursday Aug 27 @7pm. **Wasps I** vs Assassins Thursday Aug 27 @ 7pm  
**Wasps II** vs Assassins II Thursday Sept 3 @7pm **Wasps I** vs Wanderers Thurs Sept 3 7pm  
**Wasps II** vs Wanderers II Sat Sept 12 @ 1pm **Wasps I** vs Saracens Sat. Sept.12 @3pm

Finally, I would like to summarize the excellent efforts of the Wasps' SNAFU 10's team:

The 10's team started without Barfske who was seconded by Gereghty Productions to make a movie but was bolstered by the return of the tainted Saint, Dave Bowen. We recorded good wins against the U of M wombats and Minneapolis. Unfortunately, the

Minneapolis game was marred by the appearance of Rob 'Barnyard' Bernard, just when it seemed he had left the Province forever. The Cox that rox etc lit up in these opening fixtures but it proved to be a case of early ripe & early rotten as he was a spent force for the rest of the weekend. These two wins put the team into the winners' pool along with the Trinidad Caribs and the Saskatchewan Prairie Fire. Both these teams soundly beat us on Saturday afternoon but with a number of players unavailable due to injury or other commitments we were still confident of a good showing on Sunday. That was until the effects of Saturday night were evident. The Wasps new policy this year meant that players paid their own entry and could conduct themselves as they saw fit and this proved a license to pillage and plunder for Macprowl and Cox.

In our 1st game on Sunday, we carved up the Pigs. In one particular stanza of play, Big China, in combination with the fresh legs of Barfske, roasted the Pigs pack like so many pork wieners. This put us into the semi final against the Fire and we drew 1st blood as the ubiquitous Haji toed through a chip from the Eagle to score between the sticks. It was 7 all at half time and a fine break by Tuna led to a penalty about 5 m out from their line. We failed to capitalize however and the Fire pounced on a loose ball and ran the length of the field in what proved to be the turning point. Morden's hard-nosed play up front was sorely missed in this fixture against the bigger Saskatchewan team and the final score was 17-7. Nevertheless, we had acquitted ourselves well and were keen to secure 3rd place in the play-off with the Saracens. A shower of rain prior to kick off favoured the physical, bustling, relentless (read skill-less, scrappy, boring) style of the Saries but stellar defense by the Wasps denied them time and again. The game was euthanased as a contest after we finished off some clever play by Curious George. Try by the uprights for a 19-7 victory. So we came 3rd and earned \$1000. Each player got his money back plus 2 beer tickets (except for the Tainted Saint who just got his money back), indicating that professionalism is still to fully realize its potential in Manitoba.



The sponsor that supports us AND makes us wobbly

### **WINNIPEG WASPS IN BRANDON FOR EXHIBITION 10'S TOURNAMENT REPORTER-AT-LARGE GORD FOULKES**

On a blustery Saturday morning, the Winnipeg Wasps set out on another adventure aboard the infamous Wasps Bus to Brandon for an exhibition 10's tournament put on by Rugby Manitoba. Following a proposed departure time of 9 am, the bus left promptly at 9:40 with 10 hearty Wasps and 1 Wasp woman aboard. Dave "Foxy" Fox quietly chose not to board the bus, citing safety reasons "If Kalen is driving that thing I'm not getting on!" To which Steve "Clapper" Clattworthy piped in "Yah" and jumped into Fox's car and drove to Brandon. While on the road, the boys (and girl) were entertained by an incredible lightning show to the south, as well as being harassed by carloads of players from other teams going out to the tournament as they blew by the sputtering Wasp bus. Kalen "Hail to the bus driver" Brunham later admitted that he wanted to add some "jump" to the bus and filled it with kangaroo juice instead of high octane "It was an honest mistake!" Needless to say, the bus was not running smoothly and we were making poor time.

Early in the trip, Miles "I'm going to Vancouver so I don't give a rat's ass about you guys anymore" Jones, vowed never to ride on the Wasp bus again. He claimed it was because he was moving to Vancouver but sources later revealed that he was just having "a bad hair day". Shifty British winger Lawrence "Don't call me Larry" Eta was to make the trip with us but due to an impending La Senza modeling contract, felt he was "too pretty" for us and pulled out at the last minute. Also in the travelling squad, back from his professional obligations over seas was "Wispy" Steve Anderson with kit bag under one arm and a box of donuts in the other; much to the delight of Roddy "always looking for a free lunch" Macprowl.

The bus finally rolled into Brandon about a half-hour late for our first match delaying the whole tournament (OOPS!). We had to change into our kit on the bus so with little stretch time (is there ever enough stretch time for Gordy- Ed) or pre-game strategy, our first half outing against Brandon was dismal. Full credit to Brandon on their play who moved the ball around the park to create some nice tries. After a quick strategy session at half time, Roddy pointed out that "we need to get our heads out of our arses and play some rugby", the Wasps went onto a 36-19 victory. In preparation for his trip to Rugby Canada's World Cup qualifying selection camp, Sid "obnoxious Kiwi" Roberts felt it necessary to hone his skills and attended the days matches stating "I had nothing better to do". Sid's chauffeur/escort the ever present, ever-beautiful Simone "Sim" Ramdwar decided to get in some exercise herself, went for a lengthy run which lasted the entire duration of our match. Upon her return, she had the gall to be scarcely out of breath. ("Fit people should be shot" - quote from "Big Sid" Fontura who did not make the trip due to living in another city.) The Wasps next match was versus the U-20 provincial boys. We played much better going on to a 55-5 win but Toddy "Bald Eagle" Andrews was involved in a scuffle with a 12-year-old and only recorded a marginal victory. He remarked during the post-fight interview that "at least it's better than a loss!" The final match of the day was versus the Wanderers, which

saw formerly "Wispy" now "Wobbly" Steve Anderson braking down on the sidelines with clear ground ahead, allegedly "looking for support"! Wasps went on to a convincing 45-12 win anyway.

Scoring was spread around the squad with everyone getting tries except for me (who took more pleasure in setting up others rather than scoring myself), "Clapper", Sean "Helmut", and "Drew Carey" Hungarian Mike. Jeff "Flash" Fecyk was the top try scorer with 6, he might say 7 but by now it will probably be 27!

In a slightly related story, more proof that God loves rugby players. Two baby-faced bible thumpers, fresh off of their bicycles from Salt Lake City Utah, who had never seen rugby before, came down to the park and within 30 seconds were kitting up for the Barbarians. After 20 minutes of intense coaching and contradicting advice from everyone, "God's boys" were ready. Both ran the ball well and made crunching tackles almost as if they didn't have the fear of God in them. No word on a new prayer meeting schedule for the Barbs.

After the games we made a hasty exit much to the surprise and disappointment of the Barbarians and several local drinking establishments. The reason for the quick return to Winnipeg was an impending social engagement of the bus driver and a "mystery woman"! Remarkably the bus (as did the ride) ran quite smoothly on the way home making only one stop to attempt to help a broken down car of girls on the highway. None of us was a mechanic but "MacProwl" said "I'll be a mechanic if it's worth a look at these birds". Needless to say, they turned down our help. Back on the road, we can thank "Helmut" and his Department of Highways buddies for providing some entertainment for the boys. The uneven road surface was helping our one and only brazen fan Laura Wytrykush "get jiggly with it NA-NA NA-NAA NA-NAA".

Many beers were had by only a few but surprisingly no one had to use the potty. Unlike the trip out to Brandon where Kevin "Barfske" was demonstrating how much of a man he is by SQUATTING TO PEE. Good songs and bad jokes were shared and good fun was had by all. The journey terminated at the M.A.D. house.



## Words of Wheelsdom

- Never miss an easy conversion, on or off the field
- Avoid giving away personal belongings to lure a bird to the nest (especially at the Roxy, just don't ask me how I know)
- **There is a meeting on August 31st at the 'Bridge for all those interested in touring Wales for the rugby world cup next year. Bring a \$250 deposit.**

As coach/manager of the SNAFU social side, it is also my honour to recall some of the famous weekend's events: It all started on Friday night, with Wasps young and old waiting patiently for the Pirates to arrive at the 'Bridge. With long time Wasps Constable, Innes, Erickson and Hiebert joining misplaced Wasps Caveman, Dazza, Steve Anderson, Big Daddy and Tank, the night ended predictably, in a exaggerated-story-telling, back-slapping, drunken sing-a-long. Shortly after midnight, the 'Bridge transformed into something unpredictable- standing room only. That was when the Pirates, Caribs and Condors arrived. Last call came way too fast for most and many patrons transferred to the Round Table. It was then that that all present witnessed the most violent and inexcusable act since the Rodney King beating. The clueless waitress proceeded to empty beer pitchers at 2.30, murmuring something about liquor licenses. While this normally would have caused outrage, we were apparently in no state to comprehend the enormity of what had happened, so we simply went home.

Saturday came way too quickly for everybody with our first game callously scheduled for 10.45am. We played a keen and obviously not hungover Sturgeon Creek/New York outfit. Because we were not playing for \$6000 we felt that rest, water and shade were not in order and Dave Fox and Jason Guy led a procession to the beer tent. On our way to the refreshment area, the social Wasps got their first glimpse of what was to become par for the weekend: a top heavy lass giving a close-up of her 36DD's for a measly set of beads. It was at this point that the potential of the seemingly magical beads was evident. "Wow" ejaculated Helmut, "where can I get some beads like that?". "From Carter" shouted somebody in the distance, "if his beads were gold, he'd be Mr T". "Hey Carter, aren't you married?". "Sssshhhh" was the stern reply. Carter's wife Amanda clearly didn't mind, as she

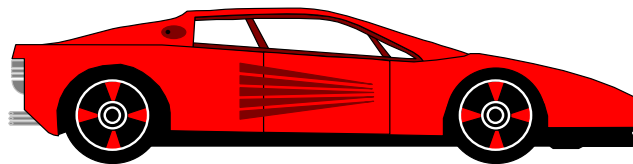
was seen making her own forays to assist the Carter Cartel's efforts to corner the bead necklace market. Our next game was at 12.45 against a sickeningly fit and energetic Denver team. It was a close game, which we eventually lost 15-0. A post-match discussion revealed that all players felt we should practice our 2 big plays- Labatt's Blue and Labatt's Lite. Being somewhat dedicated and keen to see these plays take full effect, we practiced hard until our 5pm fixture with the Pirates. As expected at the end of a long and debilitating day, the game itself rose to no great heights and a 7-7 draw ensued. Festivities continued at the 'Spag factory' and it was there that the Pirates made their best showing of the weekend by coming dressed as beautifully figured women. Fathead, Jarhead and Toma will never look as good again. In addition to the furtive glances at the semi-pornographic gowns by waitresses and patrons alike, the Pirates groped and caressed each other while moaning the words to "I touch myself" and the evening was declared a success. We progressed to U.N.F. and became alcoholically polluted and eventually headed to Big Sid's. Klapper generously provided the remnants of the crowd a lift and despite some discomfort, we proved that 8 people, a spare tire and 36 beer do fit in an '86 Mustang. Highlights from the Sid the Cheetah's included late night skinny dipping, the Frase that pays spinning LP's as he did in high school and the Cox that Rocks again being blocked.

Our next game was Sunday morning against an over-alert Saracens/Barbarians squad. Captain "Lead by example" Young made it to the game 1 minute before the 9am kickoff, to join the other 6. (The only people who show up at early Sunday SNAFU games are still very drunk, sober, married, didn't get lucky at the social or never left the place the night before-I suspect these 6 all had Carib billets or fit into the above categories) Game forfeited, so back to drinking at 9:08am.

The Sunday Social- well, to use a sprinting metaphor, it was a fast track, many personal bests were achieved and some new records were set. One of the records was the number of picnic tables that collapsed for the piddling reason of having too many people jumping up and down on them. Another record was the number of midnight naked rugby players- greatly increased thanks to Ray Skett (the school principal) who requested that there be absolutely nonnudity whatsoever and I mean it stop this instant. Alas, in order for the Universe to maintain balance, each fete must be accompanied by a tragedy. SNAFU is, above all else, steeped in the types of traditions that form the binding fabric of our unparalleled sport: beating the Pirates, Friday at the 'Bridge, the UNF hall, broom races, naked rugby, Mondays' bbq and kangaroo court, to name only a few. Remove these threads and eventually the fabric is undone. I mention this because one of our own members, albeit a rookie, showed a clear disdain to all that us drunks hold dear; LIAM forgot the JERRY! As Jim Foulkes and Kevin Barfske sobbed into their empty cups, Kalen shrieked "He's not my brother! No brother of mine would lose JERRY!" but he could barely be heard above the wailing and gnashing of teeth (and thumping of gums).

Monday bbq was a huge success with the Wasps, Edmonton Pirates, Regina Condors, Brandon Barbarians, and Trinidadian Caribs reveling in each other's company. Judge Jarhead conducted Court, and was himself surprised by the astounding volume that a stomach can (or can't) hold. The three-man lift found Garther facing 5-1 odds, with the absence of reigning champion Bill Bien. Garther did not disappoint his many supporters, and managed a gleeful laugh during the actual lift. Another great tradition was the Red River Drive- tee off a golf ball from Ted's yard and send it across the Red. Big Daddy Richot, Stu MacRae, and Steve McAvoy cleared the immense water hazard, but many fell short. Garther magnanimously (this issue's token long word) handed the Caribs coach the club. Garther's father's club. Garther's father's new, \$300 Big Bertha club. The Coach took a swing and got a smooth, high trajectory but only about 40 yards distance. The ball never moved. Was it the greasy food? Sweaty hands, or Caribbean laissez-faire that sent the \$300 Driver arcing out into the water we may never know. But we do know that Big Berthas float and Garther's voice has octaves that never appear on karaoke night. After a stunned silence, laughter engulfed all but Garther and the Carib Coach as the Australian bald Eagle applied everything he learned from watching thousands of hours of Baywatch (stripping down and running in slow-motion). Dripping river muck, Toddy returned with the club, someone tried to revive Garther, and everyone drank some more.

This was a truly outstanding SNAFU- non-stop laughs, lots o'beer and the Pirates being hosted in true Waspie style. See you all on the next tour-Regina Snow 7's!



### Malthouse Auto

Dennis Malthouse continues to offer excellent rates on car repairs and service, as well as a great choice of used vehicles. Such as: (All vehicles safetied, all prices obo.)

- 1987 Hyundai Excel, 2dr, 4cyl., 4spd. New front struts, rear shoes and clutch. Good condition, \$1,500
- 1990 Tempo 4 dr, at, ac, new front struts and brakes. Ex cond. \$4,250
- 1991 F150 XLT 302, at, extended cab, 4x4 short box, new tires and motor, excellent condition. \$12,500
- 1994 Tempo, 4cyl, 4dr, at, low mileage.