

The WASP RAG

Official Newsletter of the Winnipeg Wasps RFC, est. 1965

March, 1999 Issue

CLUB EXECUTIVE

President	Craig Peters
Vice-President	Fred Redden
Secretary/Editor	Todd Andrews
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Member at Large	Shawn Kenyon
Member at Large	Andy Young
Member at Large	Dave Fraser
Member at Large	Kevin Barske
MGRP Rep	Pete Nolan
Rag "Pee-on"	Scott Harland

In this, the March '99, Issue:

- - The Wasps bid farewell to one of its finest sons, Darren "Tuna" Raeside who left for Connecticut on the 10th of March. Club spokesman, Scoop Macaulay had this to say "We are certainly going to miss him, although I expect the level of Liar's dice ratbaggery to decrease significantly after his departure".
- - A full wrap up of the Wasps' poor showing at Regina 7's. Former MVP of the event, Scott Harland lamented " We've had a stranglehold on this tournament in the past and we sent the trophy back just to be arrogant- we always like to have it presented to us again. Had I known were going to finish 4th I never would have let Scoop take charge, or take the trophy back. Sun Dogs-hah! More like tan puppies", grumbled the surly veteran.
- - Liar's dice mayhem erupts at the Bridge. Brogan accuses Jones of hiding dice in his navel.
- - Manitoba Lotteries and Gaming Commission investigates "Labatt's Fridge" Raffle fiasco.

Important Notices

- Wasps training will begin on the 1st Thursday in April at 6.30pm, at Maple Grove. It will continue to be held every Monday and Thursday after that at Lord Roberts Fields.
- Thanks to all those people who sold entertainment books. If you still have books or money outstanding then let us know as we would like to have these loose ends tidied up in the next couple of weeks.
- The Wasps summer 7's will be held on the 8th May at Maple Grove. This year's winning team will be invited to go to Vancouver to compete in the national 7's on the May 24th weekend. We would like to thank all those involved in organising the Rivertrail snow 7's (ie Nic) which was a great success.
- Tour organizer Andy Young has asked tour hopefuls to pencil-in "soon" into their diaries for their next meeting at the DART house.
- Changes to the Wasps Phone List: There have been a number of changes to the Wasps phone list since the last version was printed (if you did not get one at xmas time then you can download it from our home page). The changes are:
 - Brogan, Rob - 452 3239
 - Clatworthy, Steve - 488 8831
 - Cox, Stu - 792 3647
 - Jones, Miles - 257 3948
 - Hiebert, Shane- (403) 248 6117
 - Fasano, Gary - 878 3787

Club Executive Discusses Idea of "The Wasp Nest"

At a recent meeting, the Wasp R.F.C., discussed the idea of purchasing a house as a long-term club investment. The Wasps currently have a sizable amount of money in GIC's that has no stated objectives.

The DART house was used as a possible example. The DART house currently is home to four club members, hosts executive meetings and is a clearinghouse for all club business and communications. There is a waiting list to get in. The Dart house owner recently sent an unsolicited letter asking the tenants to buy the house for \$72,000. The letter stated mortgage payments would amount to \$640/month. Rent is currently \$700/month. While we are not suggesting the club should buy the DART house, a similar 5 bedroom house may be worth looking into.

Reaction at the meeting was positive with such comments as a project like this brings people

together, bigger clubs in other cities have gone this route, club functions would have a home, etc. This project should be well thought out, have wide acceptance and be talked about extensively as there are a number of issues to be sorted e.g. should we buy new or used, how many rooms, who decides who stays there etc

You Mean We Lost?- Yet Another Heavily Fined Wasps Tour By Sid Fontoura

"Now, if you drink a lot, and I do, it's hard to date the exact nascence of a bender. When is it that ordinary heavy drinking leaves and a true bust, a tear, a bat, a jag begins?" -P.J. O'Rourke, author

"Where's our trophy? Didn't we win in the Finals?" -Stu Cox, Wasps

Those words sum up the Wasps performance at the Regina Snow Sevens Tournament. Dragging drunks from two provinces, the Wasps and Pirates met in Regina to dampen stranger's mattresses. It was an ugly group of passed out Wasps who met the Pirates touring side at 5 AM on Saturday.

The Pirates had just arrived and had not yet heard of Posh Wasp's driving adventures, or of the \$175 open liquor ticket the boys got because Rob "Wee Heave" Brogan had to bring his beer outside of the van when he peed. But they did smell the effects of cramming 10 people into one hotel room.

Breakfast was the first big event, and the Regina clubhouse, as usual, put on another great meal. After drinking a cup of bacon grease to see if I could make the cook throw up (she didn't), I watched Fathead of the Pirates try and eat his own weight in sausages so he would have extra energy in the games. True to form, Fathead almost threw up 30 sausages in the first game.

And oh, what games they were. Playing on the Prairie in the middle of winter is something not fit for humans, so the boys dealt with it the only way they knew how. 39 Jerries later, Jarhead was running up the sidelines only to get tackled by an 8th man on the field. In the ensuing fight, which then led to a brawl, Jarhead was heard to say, "Can I make you a paper flower?" We now have the dubious honour of being the first team in Regina snow sevens history to brawl. We won that game.

Unfortunately, the presence of liquor in the town of Regina led to our downfall. The semi- final started off and the ref had to wait while we tried to get 7 players who could still feel their feet. We started with 4 of 7 guys sweating booze from every pore, and the Regina cop Jarhead had previously made fun of wound up running rough- shod over us. At least we were the first in

the hot tubs which Regina so graciously provided.

I thought I had a great hot tub, right next to the beer table, until Wee Heave threw up in it. I know Jackie Brogan's bairn and legacy let his father down because I saw Robbie pay for his own drinks, not once but twice. Maybe with some coaching Jack can teach his son the way.

After cleaning out the puke in the hot tubs, everything was great. Cox passed out on the peanuts in our room, Jarhead also passed out so we had the chance to put the pizza on his chest and Posh Wasp had the 12 hours he needed to make himself look good. Wait for the upcoming duet with Posh and Bryan Adams.

The party that evening was the usual lunacy, with Miles Jones drinking milky drinks and the Pirates drinking out of plastic footballs. The highlight of the evening came when Fathead was asked by a good-looking girl if Barfske was gay because, "... he's so beautiful and dances so well." Barfske responded by siccing the "bird of prey" on her.

Morning was a predictably ugly event, with Wheel and Buffty coming into our room to eat the left-over pizza from Jarhead's chest. Coxy was still reeling from the lambasting I gave him when he woke me up at 6 in the morning so I could "feel the love in the room." Apparently sleeping with ear defenders on is an indication that I want to be woken up early by a nancy-girl who slept almost all night and tried to avoid going to the social by watching tennis. Breakfast at the Landmark Inn revealed the last of the tales; the beer girl shaved, and finally took her top off. Wee Heave however failed in his mission, because she was not impressed when he threw up in the hot tub again. Reports also surfaced that Robbie again paid for his own drinks. Wheel was his usual charming self and showed up after wiping off his runny mascara. He was verklempt because he was thrown in a hot tub and his beer tickets had gotten wet.

And finally, Cox summed up the tour when he asked to see the trophy. The look of shock on his face when we told him that we lost in the semis was only marginally poorer than when he was told that he was going to have to ride in the van on the way home; his limousine had left without him.

The ten-hour drive home was pretty easy. I was kept awake while driving by Jarhead and Fathead's snoring, and then there was the horrible "pillows" incident. Lucky awoke in the middle of his dream and asked me if I wanted him to drive. I would have said yes, but his eyes were closed and he had turned to look at the window to ask his question instead of turning to look at me. I was not sleepy however; there is nothing quite like the bracing, invigorating smell of 4 fat guys sweating liquor and farting gin in a truck full of damp clothes for 10 hours to keep you awake.

The Regina tournament is a lot of fun; don't ask Jarhead, he thought we were in Minneapolis.

The Pirates should plan on attending this event.

"I'm on a bender when I start carrying a drink with me, a real drink with ice cubes in a cocktail glass, everywhere I go; to the grocery store, for instance, or to the bank, or in the shower." -P. J. O'Rourke

"What do you mean they don't have beer at the buffet?" -Stu Cox

The Cambridge Hotel
Home of the Winnipeg Wasps
Liar's Dice Venue for the
Pan-Am Games
"Where the Americas Come to
Play"

Tropicana
Beverage Group

Labatt's for evening festivities, Tropicana for morning recoveries, now all we need is a knee surgeon and a law firm to sponsor us...



Tired of car-nage in your driveway? See Malthouse Auto. (582-2150)

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.

BROGANGATE SCANDAL ERUPTS IN CAMBRIDGE!

By Scoop Macaulay

In what has become dubbed The Brogangate Scandal, Wasps Old-Timer Jack Brogan was indicted with cheating at Liars Dice several weekends ago at the Cambridge Hotel.

Brogan flagrantly and openly rolled the box six times in an attempt to roll a fifth Ace. Brogan was on his last quarter and was desperately trying to sting Saracen Brian Erichson. When confronted with why he committed such a disgraceful act he stated "Wake up, everybody is doing it and always has been doing it" After further questioning Brogan then fingered Sid Roberts as a past Liars' Dice cheater.

Earlier in the day during snow rugby, Roberts had been charged with ignoring knock-on calls.

Up until this weekend Brogan has had an unblemished record with a reputation for rolling big at crucial times. This past weekend's event goes a long way to explaining his past success.

Close eyewitness Gary Nicholson explained that Brogan was "...doing whatever it takes to win a big game," and that "he was a bitter man who was looking for a way out of losing that match." Nicholson later stated the Liars Dice has to be better regulated and "He wouldn't get away with that if I was playing."

Wasp insider Miles Jones stated that he believes Brogan should be suspended from Liar's Dice for a month.

Dice box creator Billy Bien was visibly shaken when informed of Brogan's jiggery-pokery. Bien stated that "The dice box was not created with the capability for play by Irishmen."

On a final note of irony the infamous Darren "Tuna" Raeside won the dice game amid controversy.

Festivale Follies

For the 2nd year running, a balmy Winnipeg winter forced the cancellation of our Rivertrail 7's at the Forks. This year however, the tournament was transferred to Field 5 at Maple Grove where there was a bare minimum of snow cover. This was at risk however, as steam was soon coming Nicolson after a spate of organisational glitches. These included a threatened amalgamation of teams after Nic had already completed a draw, the arrival of irate players who not been informed of the change in venue and a number of teams playing unscheduled games against teams outside their pool.

When the dust had settled, there were 12 mens and 4 womens teams in the event. The city teams were well represented and there were 2 teams from University of North Dakota. Notable absentees were the Condors and we would like to take this opportunity to say VERY

ORDINARY EFFORT fellas. The most frequently used excuse by Carter for their absence was that they are saving up money for the Wales trip. As a result, maybe the Wasp contingent of that trip can expect some freebies on tour as the Condors should be all cashed up!!

The Wasps were well represented by Scoop's boys, the Axe Scents, Kelvin old boys and a solid portion of the Colts squad. The Axe Scents suffered last minute setbacks including the withdrawal of Jones (complaining of swelling around the abdomen), the threatened withdrawal Roberts (complaining of swelling around the cranium) and the forced inclusion of Jack Brogan due to a player shortage. With a combined total of 15 players, it was about then that Scoop and the Eagle started haggling in earnest over players for their respective teams. Scoop pulled off a coup by signing up a newly arrived Kiwi but The Eagle countered, snaring the signature of Bufty because he had been to both New Zealand and Newfoundland. By far the biggest signing however, came later in the day when the Eagle picked up Paul Harland just prior to the trade deadline and the semi finals. It was a move that would have done Glen Sather proud and many claim was the tournament clincher. "It's true that he is a Kelvin old boy but, technically, he is also eligible to play for us- I mean accent or impediment, we're both bloody hard to understand..." It turned out to be a superb day, with adequate snow cover, sunny skies and the only wind was the hot air resulting from Jones' sideline commentary (note: this was not inconsiderable and had to be taken into account when attempting conversions...) With Nic calling all the shots from the clubhouse and all the players and referees on Field 5 and drinking consistently between fixtures, the result was bedlam and numerous games were played out of turn. Never the less, at the end of the Pool games, the Wasps were represented by the Axe Scents, Scoop's boys and Kelvin Old Boys with the Saracens also in contention.

The semis were hard fought affairs with Scoop's boys victorious over the Saracens and the Axe Scents triumphing over KOB. Theoretically, it was an all Wasps final although Scoop nullified this by recruiting Curtis Danyluk from the Saracens. This was seen as a desperate and unnecessary gesture by many of the Wasps veterans in attendance. In the end it didn't matter and Scoop's boys were no match for the men from faraway lands. All teams retired to the clubhouse to enjoy a few tunes from the band, Blues Newton and thence to Iceworks where riotous dancing ensued.

Top 5 Quotes heard from Scott Harland after the arrival of his son, Spencer Grayson

1. It took 25 years of rugby for my head to get that soft
 2. Wow- he has cute red hair, just like... ..my brother. Hmmm.
 3. He's so small- he'll have to play halfback. Does this he's going to argue with me like Gordy?
 4. It's not fair, he already has bigger pecs than me.
 5. Charlene and Scott would like to recall the email photo of their son...
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THANKS to our Edmonton correspondent for sending us this leaked copy of The Cheetah's speech at Jarhead's wedding on the 6th March 1999

Hello,

My name is Sid Fontoura, and I am here to give the toast to the groom, Jarhead, or as it says on his driver's license, "That round-headed kid from Nanaimo".

I will never forget when Paul asked me to be his best man, or his words when he asked me to give the toast for him, "PLEASE DON'T MAKE MY MOM CRY." So Ma Haskins, you'll have to leave. You too Faye. I have known Paul for 7 years, have toured with him and lived with him, and I can honestly say that he snores. Loud. But he is also one of my best friends, a very smart and caring man, and has never ever been on time for anything.

I am the one responsible for giving him his nickname, "Jarhead," which is something that nearly got him killed when he played against the US Marine rugby team a couple of years ago. You see, Jarhead is a very derogatory term for Marine.

I really got to know Paul on a fateful rugby tour to Las Vegas, where I learned of his fearlessness when facing down a pistol, his charming manner with the police and his penchant for hogging the phone. But through all the shenanigans that happen on tour, I also learned that this man was and is a friend.

So much so that after I arrived from a disastrous trip to Europe to try and win back an old girlfriend, it was Paul who showed up late to pick me up at the airport. His words were so poignant that they stick out like it was yesterday, "Hey man, I ran over a kid in your car the night you left on your trip. But it's okay; I got the Miata fixed." But after he asked how my trip went, it was also Paul who insisted that I go out with him, and it was Paul who cheered me up and brought me out of the dumps.

Shortly after that, I moved in with Paul and Dirty Bob and we lived in the House of Pain, the condo Paul owned. Bob and Paul had rooms, and I slept in the dining room. There's one thing you learn when you live in Paul's dining room. He never does the dishes, there are limitless things you can make with Kraft dinner and pork and beans and the counter is where you keep your hammers, phones and everything else you can pile up in a heap. The year I lived with Paul and Dirty Bob was probably the most fun year of my life; three idiots living together in an apartment with a Super Nintendo is more like a screenplay for a comedy and very rarely boring. It also led to some rather bizarre biology experiments, usually involving 4 month old pizza under the couch or the now famous red pepper and 3 kinds of mustard sandwiches. I also remember when Paul started seeing Faye, mainly because he started to blame the mess on us. Faye's first visit was memorable because in the process of cleaning up the apartment,

he actually brought out the dirty dishes which he had kept under his bed for months. Bob and I rejoiced because we had been reduced to eating either over the sink or out of empty salza jars. That vital first impression must have been made however, because you are all here, and all of you have cutlery.

It was interesting to observe Paul as he started to get more serious with Faye, because you could see him progress from the cavalier, "hey a girl called me," to singing the blues (loudly and out of key) and moping when they were apart. There is nothing more depressing than watching a grown man sitting with his ear next to the speaker, with his hair in eyes and listening to the Air Supply tape his girlfriend gave him because it was the only thing that would console him when she was away.

And I knew for sure that he was completely hooked on Faye when he would stay home on Friday and Saturday night because he thought she might call, or that he would phone her no less than 38 times through the course of a single Nintendo Golf match. So I was pretty happy when he finally admitted that being the world's oldest boy was a job he no longer wanted and that he was ready to get married to Faye. Paul, you are pretty lucky guy and are marrying a fantastic girl. So now, I would like to finally say a toast to the guy who has owed me a new pair of winter boots for 2 years. Would you all please rise and raise a glass for the guy who has never helped anyone move, Paul Haskins.



The company that supports us AND blurs our vision

Manitoba Lotteries and Gaming Commission investigates "Labatts Fridge" Raffle fiasco.

Everybody sank into their chairs and contemplated another jumbo at the Bridge last week as the name ROSALIA JOHNSON of 293 Arnold Ave was drawn as the winner of a Labatt's fridge, full of Labatt's products, as part of the Wasps tour fundraising. It appeared that, with the help of a lot of people, the raffle had been a huge success. A close inspection of the fridge by the Wasps executive at a DART house meeting however, revealed that all was not well. "Well sure, it looks like a fridge and it makes a noise but that's where the comparison ends" blurted Nicolson "And what's with this whole 'Labatts fridge bullshit' -it looks just like any other old,

rundown and obviously-beyond-repair fridge to me". Wheel, who by now was looking a little non-plussed responded: "I don't understand it, it was freezing everytime I put my hand in there when it was sitting in the back yard". "Well perhaps we can market it as a fridge during winter only and as a message board during the summer- see the magnets still work" chimed in Haji who, as always, was looking on the bright side. "We should have had Brogan doing the draw and that way we would have known somebody from within the club would win" stated Scoop, obviously still bitter about recent liar's dice controversies.

News of the scandal was soon leaked to the MLGC and a representative had this to say: "A preliminary investigation of the appliance indicates that the motor is shot, the seals are irreparable and the door only stays closed if it is facing towards the wall. Furthermore, we can find no evidence that links this appliance with the Labatts brewing company, contrary to the implication of the title "Labatts fridge". In short, it is not a suitable prize for a raffle. We strongly suggest that the seller of the winning ticket, Stu Cox, should try and substitute sexual favours as the 1st prize. In the likely event that this will not suffice, you will have to buy another fridge".

Letter to the Editor:

From: Scott Goodine [scejli@ppp.kornet.nm.kr]

Subject: Greetings from Seoul

Todd, how are you doing? I thought I would get in touch with for a couple o' reasons. First of all I must say I enjoy the ribald twist the rag has taken under your stewardship. The fouler the better, in my view. Second Karel has been found alive and well in Bangkok. He was refused entry from here and Japan but the Thais let him in. Cam is just back from a short visit. He says they didn't do any whoorin' but I don't believe him, and plan to loosen him up with a few beers and find the real story. Any ways pass along that Karel is doing all right (if anyone still cares). Lastly I have heard rumors that Scott Macaulay has moved into your pad. Is this true? If it is I'm sure you have added an interesting roommate. Please pass my e-mail address to him and tell the lazy bastard to write me. His address on the Wasp page is buggered. Thanks a lot. Scott.

Dear "frustrated",

Thank you for your letter- we are glad you enjoy the new 'black label' rag. We feel that the renewed emphasis on beer/spew/sex articles combined with in-your-face humour appeals to most of our readers. I was interested to read your letter, which is sprinkled with spelling and syntax errors. The irony is that you are teaching English in a foreign land and supports the notion that any person who travels overseas is instantly regarded as an expert in their field...

It is true that Scoop has moved into the DART house and you're right, he is an interesting character. He has a bed but prefers to sleep on the couch, is obsessed with the 'Risk' board game and is constantly concerned that nobody buys as many groceries as him.

The Winnipeg Wasps thank Bert and John at Hilmar Venture Trophies on Portage Avenue for donating trophies for the Rivertrail 7's this year.
