

November, 1999 Issue



The WASP RAG

Official Newsletter of the Winnipeg Wasps RFC, est.
1965

Club Executive: **President** Peter Nolan; **Vice President** Dave Fraser; **Secretary/Rag Ed.** Todd Andrews; **Treasurer** Stu Cox; **Members at Large** Steve Clatworthy, Laurence Eta, Scott Macaulay, Mike Saj; **Maple Grove Rep.** Miles Jones;

In this, the November '99, Issue :

- Liar's dice controversies reach fever pitch- a full coverage of the issues and possible solutions (next issue).
- Curious George, who once flabbergasted those around him with such questions as "Who is higher ranked, the Captain or the Officer?" offers new insights into his world of the bizarre and absurd in our Manitoba Buffalo roundup.
- Why do they call them 'minutes' when it dragged on for hours? An update of the last Wasps AGM of the century...

Thunder from Down Under

- The club has 3 entertainment books left. If would like (to sell) one then contact myself or Dave Fraser 269 5959.

Hand over your Dews (DUES??)...

- We have had an excellent response to our appeal for dues this year. As a result, I present to you the 'shirtlist' for 1999- those people who have given all but the shirt of their backs for the Club this season.
- If your name is not on this list but should be, please let me know.
- If you are one of the ostrasized few who have not paid dues then be very afraid- my bell tolls for thee...

Anderson,S. **	Andrews,Todd	Barry,Bob	Barske,Kevin	Bien,Bill	Blanco, Rusty
Brogan,Rob	Brunham, Kalen	Chambers,Bill	Clatworthy,S	Charney, Scott	Cheung, Garther
Cox,Stu	Dentauling,R.	Deally,Don	Douglas,Ian	Enberg,Ron	Eta, Lawrence
Fasano,Gary	Foster,Earl	Foulkes,Gord	Foulkes,Jim	Fox,David	Fraser, Dave
Grabowsky,T.	Guy,Jason **	Harland,Scott	Hiebert,S. **	Innes,Don	Jones,Miles
Kenyon, Shawn	King,Ward	Kosokowsky, T.	Macaulay, Scott	Malthouse,D.	Masse, Jamison
McAvoy, Steven	McKim,Guy **	Melvin,Cam	Nicolson,Gary	Nolan,Pete	Peters, Craig
Poulin,Chris	Rampaul,Marc	Redden,Fred	Roberts,Sid	Saj,Mike	Schwan, Jon **
Seev,Kevin	Smith,Robin	St.Germain,R.	Sydor,Greg	Walker,Gord	Williams, Wade
Wright,Darcy	Young,Andy	your name	your name	your name	your name

**** - Denotes platinum memberships for payments above and beyond the call of duty.**

The Wasps have another exciting announcement regarding their long term junior development program: Laurence Eta and Lisa Boustcha invite everybody to attend their wedding social at the Manitoba Deaf Centre, 285 Pembina Highway. It will be held at 8pm on Sat, 29th January 2000.

The Wasps AGM was held at Sport Manitoba on the 8th November 1999. Here is the readers digest version of the outcome of that meeting:

1. **The President's Report was accepted and was the subject of much discussion re: the club's future/direction.**
2. **The Treasurer's "Report" was not accepted and is to be (re?)Submitted at a meeting of the new executive.**
3. **Elections for new Executive (see above)**
4. **Motions passed:**
 - **That the 2000 executive has the power to award an honorarium to a head coach of up to \$1,500 per year.**

- That the VP be in charge of the high schools program for 2000 which may include a meeting in January to set objectives such as noting the timetable for clinics and assigning coaches to schools.
- *Wasps AGM*
- That the 2000 executive set up a committee early in 2000 who shall be responsible for organising the Wasps 35th Anniversary celebrations.
- That the 2000 executive appoint a committee (who shall report back to the club) to investigate possible investment opportunities (such as real estate) for club funds.

In addition, there were discussions of the pro's and con's of the club being incorporated; of the Rivertrail 7's (Saturday, February the 19th); and producing a T-shirt pronouncing the Wasps as the "Team of the 90's/millennium" (with supporting statistics of course).

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Toast to Scoop By Scott Goodine

Since I haven't lived in Winnipeg for a while or played rugby for an even longer while, I'll start by introducing myself and my relationship to Scott. We both came out of high school during those heady years of the mid-eighties when anything was possible. There was no reason we couldn't do anything including living in our parent's houses for the next 7 or 8 years. After all, we had fellow Kelvin alum Gary Pacholuk as a role model. I ended up playing relatively seriously from '88 to '92, before my rugby career dissolved in an orgy of beer, food and women. Well, the first two at least.

From '92, my participation dropped as I started to spend more and more time away from Winnipeg. In '94, eager to see the world and facing an ultimatum to leave my comfortable abode on Oxford Street, I took a job as an English teacher in Seoul, South Korea. I tried to convince Scott to join me and failed, but the promise of a job with free rent eventually lured fellow Waspies and stay-at-homers Cam Knudson, Steve Anderson and Karel Federsel. I should point out that Scott entered commerce and met Sonja all within three months of my departure, thus getting his life in order. Pure coincidence, I figure. Nowadays, I make it aback to Winnipeg about once a year in the summer and can usually be seen getting quite drunk at the Cambridge. No, no. I am a fair bit fatter than Bob Berry.

Scott joined the club in 1986 and it was his involvement that spurred my interest in playing senior rugby. We had played together at Kelvin and I had felt little interest in continuing. My feelings changed after a chance encounter with Scott. He recounted a story about the club's

recent trip to Brandon. In those days it was a tradition for the boys to have a few beers at a local strip club after the match. Scott, being 16 or so, could not believe he would be allowed to enter. He also could not believe that there really would be naked women there. Surely the women would not be completely naked! Well, they were and Scott had the time of his life. Apparently he could not stop talking about it the whole way back to Winnipeg. Needless to say, I was out for practice the following Monday.

The third team in those days was a wonderful and successful combination of the old and the new. The older guys, like Bob Constable, Don Innes, Lyle Hicks and amazingly, Rob St. Germain (who was old even then) were able to impart their rugby knowledge (and in Constable's case his skewed world view) on the eager new players. This led to several 3rd team championships and laid the groundwork for a lot of future development. In those days it was not uncommon for an older player to take a special interest in one of the younger players (though thankfully not a "Graham James" style of 'special' interest). In Scott's case, Tony Coy became his mentor, both on and off the field. If Scott took any abuse from an opponent, Tony was all over the guy, screaming "Stay the fuck away from my son!" While this usually worked in protecting Scott, it certainly confused opponents as Tony was a black Jamaican – a stark contrast to Scott's rather pasty complexion.

In '90, Scott, myself and twenty-odd other Wasps headed off to Scotland and Ireland. Scott and I, being close friends, were naturally paired as roommates. Seemingly a good match, our friendship was severely tested when it was time to sleep. It seems I snore (though personally I don't believe it) while Scott is one of those sensitive souls who needs immediate silence to sleep. One night after a few pints, we returned to our room and went to bed. I guess he simmered and stewed for a while but eventually the MacAuley temper came to the fore. The next thing I knew, I awoke to Scott holding a pillow over my face. He claims he was just trying to wake me, but I'm not so sure.

There were many others stories from that tour, most involving Waspies failing miserably in chatting up the local ladies but one really stands out, which occurred during one of the daily sightseeing trips. Sadly, I missed this encounter as I chose to remain in bed sleeping off the previous night of booze and rejection. Scott, perhaps due to my snoring, chose to go. The day trip involved traveling from Scotland to the Lake district of Northern England. On the bus, the tour director, Roger, asked everyone to produce their passports, as they had to clear customs to cross the border. Scott, Ray Ericson and Pacman did not have their passports. Roger explained that they could not enter England without a passport. However, he had been through this border crossing before and it was quite lax. He suggested that they get into the luggage hold to cross the border. The boys agreed, happy not to cause the whole day trip to turn around. After getting in the hold of the bus, they continued to the border. In a few minutes the bus stopped and they could hear Roger conferring with the Customs Officer who kept demanding to look in the hold with Roger trying to dissuade him. Eventually the hold was opened and a flashlight shone in. Sheepishly, the three Wasps left the hold, unsure as to the seriousness of their offense. However, the laughter of the other tour members indicated it was all a hoax. The Custom's Officer was in fact, Ken, the tour bus driver!

[Though I chose not to mention it at the wedding speech, I will now tell the conclusion to this

story. As anyone who knows him can attest, Ray Ericson is the wrong man to make the victim of such a prank. That night after a few pints, Ray dragged Roger outside of the clubhouse and left him tied to a light post wearing only his poncey Speedo-style underwear.]

It is here, during the speech, that I had to get all teary-eyed and talk about what a wonderful guy Scott is. He is a wonderful guy, truly one of a kind, but I am guessing most of the people reading this already know that and don't need to hear it again. It is here that I also offer a lame toast wishing Scott and Sonja a happy and fruitful future. I do wish them the best but actually, I would like to close with a heart-felt thanks for the way I have been treated by Scott on my sporadic visits home. To meet again after a prolonged absence can be very awkward. Times change, people change and relationships change. I am always happy that upon returning to Winnipeg I know I can meet Scott, go have a few beers and instantly feel as though I had never left. For that I am always and will always be grateful.

Epilogue: Please note that this is not a verbatim account of the speech. I have no notes and do this is from memory. I would also like to mention that due to circumstances, (i.e. a wedding and the fact that I was leaving the next day and would have been unable to defend myself against the inevitable MacAuley counterattacks – Scott being a firm believer in the "best defense is a good offense" school of arguments), I kept the speech deliberately mild. The next time I am in town I would be happy to provide a more risqué version at the Cambridge. I close by sending a warning to Jimmy Foulkes: I bumped into Gord the day before the wedding and got soundly berated for not making a muckraking speech. "We won't be so kind to Jimmy, I promise you that!" Gord told me. Remember Jim, forewarned is forearmed.

(Ed-it took all of my strength as an impartial editor to let the "speedo" comment go to print. After all, the nation that wears them has also won the World Cup twice)

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High Schools Rugby

There will be a Special General Meeting for Schools Rugby on Saturday, December 4, at 900 St. Mary's RD (ST. Vital School Division Offices). A Constitution will be presented to the membership to be ratified. All high school coaches have been asked to attend.

High School Coaches must be level 1 certified in Technical, Theory and Practical courses.

High Schools Rugby Rugby Manitoba will be offering 2 level 1 technical courses in the new year (possibly Febraury and March). Theory courses are being offered by Sport Manitoba on a regular basis. All levels are offered, with the next level 1 scheduled for December 11 & 12.

The practical component is the actual coaching of a team for their season. NOTE: If a person has theory and technical but not practical, they will be allowed to coach that season but must present the appropriate paperwork to receive the practical component.

We will also hold a level 2 technical in the new year (only one course will be held) and are exploring the possibility of hosting a level 3 technical. For both these courses, we have to bring in outside clinicians, therefore, we have to guarantee a minimum of 10 registrants for each course. If anyone is interested in either of these courses, please contact the Rugby Manitoba Office at 925-5664 or e-mail at: rugbymb@autobahn.mb.ca

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Black and Gold Buffalo

This years edition of the Buffalo again saw a strong contingent of Wasps in the squad in various capacities including coaches, manager and 'development officers'. Present in the back line were Sid Roberts, Toddy Andrews, Thumper, Fred Redden, Rob Brogan and Curious George while Big China, Dave Fraser, 'Grubber', 'Bufty' and Billy Bien took turns at anchoring the front row. Dave Bowen, Chris Buddick and Blake Morden saw occasional playing time in the back row.

The MRU gambled on importing three players this season, an experiment that went 1/3rd right and 2/3rds wrong. Kiwi import scrum half Phil Cross was strong all around the park and eventually named the team's MVP. However, it would be fair to say that Australian utility back Adrian Mathews and English prop Phil Gazzola never lived up to expectations.

The first game was against Edmonton Gold and there was a lively crowd on hand to see the

lads take to the field to the echoing sounds of "Buffalo Soldier". (Haji, in his position as deputy assistant manager for home games, was trying to get the name "buffalo" changed on taxonomic grounds. He gave up, citing that there was no known song that glorified 'bison'.)

It was apparent that bodies were on the line to erase last year's record of 0-6. Behind the boot of Roberts, the playmaking of Cross and Andrews and the judicious use of forward subs, the Buffalo were able to hang on to beat the Gold 22-19. There was a feeling of euphoria (were those tears Bufty?) as the Buffalo lost their collective superleague virginity.

The Buffalo lost their next 2 games at home against the Vancouver Northstars and Fraser Valley Venom but at least gave the fans something to cheer about as both fixtures were hard fought affairs. Everybody was keen to take on the might of the Crimson Tide, and what a memorable weekend it was. There was a stench of conspiracy in the air as all the Buffalo were put in rooms immediately above the inhouse nightclub in Victoria. As the coathangers jangled to the beat of the base below well into the night, so did the tirade of abusive phone calls to Hotel management. Alas, it seemed that could be done to get new roomseven thought the rest of the place was apparently empty. This was a sign of things to come as the Buffalo sunk to their worst ever defeat at Cowichan the following day. It was a forgettable performance and indeed many had no memory of anything when questioned the following day. Coach Nic, keen to get away from the scene of the slaughter (or perhaps under the impression that flying from Vancouver Island to the mainland represented an international flight), was intent on getting to the airport at least 2 hours in advance of take off time. This was thwarted by the team's manager who, much like the native bear population whose fish eating habits are important in nutrient cycling in the forests, recycled all of his previous evening's sushi by the side of the road. As we took to the gloomy skies of BC (these same skies later seemed clear and bright compared to the murky depths of Macavoys mind), Curious George asked wondrously:

"How did they get that writing on the water down there and who is it for?"

I peered out the window but could see nothing written on the water but he was insistent. Altering the focus of my gaze somewhat I saw the words 'DO NOT WALK BEYOND THIS LINE'. Contemplating the situation, I thought that perhaps his inflight reading, 'The Buddha within', had put him in a trance and had him believing that others were preparing for a second coming of some christ like figure and that the people of Victoria were issuing a warning of undercurrents with the obove statent. Indeed, he seemed somewhat disappointed when I explained that the statement was actually written on the wing as a safety guideline for aircraft maintenance crew.

The following week, we were up against our old foe, the Saskatchewan green machine. However, with their marching band, dancing girls and imported players wearing gear that appeared to have been dipped in tiger tiger ice cream (even the players numbers resembled the NFL) this wasn't the local derby it used to be. Even though the Buffalo dominated territorially, the inability to finish off numerous scoring chances, meant they had to settle for a draw. It was after this game that two members of the Buffalo backline took it upon themselves to 'break down the communication barriers' with some of the locals by using the universal language of sex.

Our last game was against the Calgary Mavericks, and a win would mean that the Buffalo would be prairie champions. It was a miserable day but there was no rain on the parade of the Buffalo and their supporters who scored a convincing 40-26. The return was highlighted by the barnstorming return of Nolet from injury and the shoulder breaking, steamrolling of Keith Lindsay by ex Assassin team mate Troy Williams. Dave Fraser vented some frustration at spending some time on the bench during the year and promptly got more of the same after being sent off. The post match revelry provided a wealth of entertainment and was a suitable ending for a successful season.

The Winnipeg Wasps thank Bert and John at HILMAR VENTURE TROPHIES, 3233 Portage Avenue for donating trophies in 1999. PH 837 6660; Fax 889 2212.

Can you pick this Edition's Mystery Guest Writer?

Early one morning in late July I received a phone call from Todd Andrews. "Finally, I've once again been selected to the 1st XV" I thought. However, it seemed he was calling only in his capacity as Rag Editor, not as Club Captain. In any case, the reason for the call was no less honourable and much more worthy.

A couple of years ago, a great friend, good sport and Wasps stalwart passed away- Tony Coy. He was a key part of the rugby world for many, many Wasps. At the time of Tony's passing, many of us joined together for beers and we spoke of putting together a RAG article- a salute to Tony Coy as we remembered him. For whatever reason the article was never written...until now

Tony Coy was with the club at a great time in our history- a time when our ranks swelled to incredible numbers. It was a time when post-practice-beer-swilling at the Cambridge regularly included 25-30 guys, none of whom spilled a drop or left before Franko sent them packing at closing time. It was a time when practices were attended by 50 to 60 players from the age of 15-50 and there were 3 forward packs. None of this scrum machine bullshit- pack on pack baby. Oh yeah, I guess the backs did some shit too. Jeez, I'm getting teary thinking about it- the timeline is around 1980 to 1990 (rounded numbers for all the forwards out there) with the the apex of the decade from 1984-1988.

During that time we were coached by such notables as Guy McKim (go figure), Gary Nicholson (go figure x 2), Derek Reid and the General, Riley Barkman. My apologies Saint- you may have done a stint there too but I can't remember it so it obviously wasn't too notable. The Wasps enjoyed something of a recruitment binge around 1980, with Jonny Jenkins, fresh out of Kelvin, a central figure. Nic and others (Lloyd Dawes, Doug Schon I believe) had set up a great program at Kelvin that had popularized rugby. The nutty professor, Ed Byard, took over the program around 1980 and over the ensuing years tons of players washed from the high school league

into the Cambridge and onto the field for the Wasps.

During the mid 80's the following players, and I'll never name them all, joined: Brogan, Jenkins, Pacman, Pellerin, Deally, Turik, Blanco, O'Rourke, Morden, Harland (x 2), Bien, Foulkes (x 2), Vincent, Blanchard, Swindlehurst, Covernton, Callis, Swail, McCord, Forrester, Peters, King (x 2), Hiebert, Gumby, Enberg, Bary, Bowier, Crozier, Hoerton, MacFarlane, Schon (x 3), Smee, Ritchot, Gow, Chambers, Baren, Barlow, Haw, Jamieson, Lavoie, Kelman, Randal, McManes etc etc, who had come to join the likes of the Hicks brothers, , Gorham, Nolan, Lake, Huntington, Gaudaskas, Wilson, Kleysen, Whitten, Dawes, Innes, Nic', Mac, Barkman, Saint, Cooper, Guenther, Elwand, Byard, Corley, Shettler, Hotel, Campbell, Summers, Constable, Murray, Steve 'what's-his-name' (the guy with the clean shorts), the infamous Al Hall and the hard-charging Tony Coy. Al Hall and Tony Coy were among the best the Wasps had to offer to the young recruits. Make no mistake, the established Wasps of the early 80's were pivotal in hooking many of the players I've mentioned.

In the early 80's, the Wasps introduced the 3rd XV due to swelling membership. Many of us cut our teeth in this team, following the lead of Al Hall who frequently scrum halved the side. I remember Al on our rookie night in '80 or '81 in the basement of Travel Lodge with just a few beer left. There was a humorless old broad at the front desk that had come down a few times, reading the riot act and trying to get us to leave. Not a chance. Her last trip down, when she really went off, had us singing Zulu warrior with Al spinning around the room with his shorts around his ankles. We might all still be there if we hadn't thought "Sheila, the she-wolf of the SS" as Al called her (much to her delight) was going to kill us.

It was also Al who, appropriately, provided the motivation for a game against the St James Zots by dubbing them the 'Hitler Youth' of Manitoba rugby. It was during a game against the Zots that Al provided entertainment at the Zots expense by adding a cough to the cadence for putting balls in at scrums. Back then we were pretty simple- "Ball...In...NOW". Al had a blast making the call like so: "Ball...In...(cough)...Now". They'd always strike when he hacked and get called for 'foot up'. Al would get a chuckle and have a comment to rub it in.

I remember standing on the sidelines with Al and Lyle Hicks before a play-off games against U of M at Fort Richmond Collegiate. We were all having a smoke. The ref was whistling to start the game and Al started mouthing off about having just lit up. So the 3 of us finished our butts, while the referee waited, before taking the field. In my dreams, the ref was Colin Gibbs which makes the memory even sweeter.

I don't doubt there's a million stories about Al Hall. When Al passed away he was buried in full Wasp colours- right down to the boots.

Tony Coy was a different kettle of fish. He hadn't been with the club as long as Al but had an excellent rugby background:- jamaican by birth and raised in Britain. Tony played with Nottingham Notts in Britain and then with the Ottawa Irish and Edmonton Clan before settling with the Wasps. He took many of the youngsters by the throat in the 80's... (did I say that). After scaring the shit out of a few of us with a some edgy comment or mock attack, he'd unleash this

huge grin with a good belly laugh and promptly buy you a beer and declare you as his 'girl'. Many of us would sit there, drinking uncertainly, not sure what to do next. He coached the fledgling Colt XV and the early to mid 80's and did so with zeal. Maybe not the most gifted rugby strategist, the one true attribute Tony had was the ability to inspire comradery. Tony wasn't the slightest bit worried if you would ever play for Canada, but if you could demonstrate to him that as a rugby player your team came first- in making plays, in taking or making tackles, in standing up for one another- then he considered you a success and was proud to tell you so.

Tony's coaching career extended beyond the club and into our extended family of schools rugby. He coached at Kelvin and reinvigorated the Junior High program at River Heights where his commitment to the boys was almost legendary. His legacy to the club in not only in the members who were coached and hooked on the sport by him, but also in his efforts to aquire the touring bus we still use. His involvement was not limited to coaching and organizing; he was also quite the player. He was intense and never too embarrassed to toss the odd left or right if the occasion required it. Oddly enough, the one thing I recall most about Tony was his... wingspan. He wasn't blessed with blazing speed, subtle tactics, nor was he much of a jumper in the line but he had incredible wingspan. He was the most proficient shirt collar tackler I've ever known. Couldn't run anybody down but could often get close enough to tickle the back of their neck. Same thing in line-outs. Loose leaf vertical. Barely enough room for a page of loose leaf under his feet when he jumped but long arms and and ten inch fingers- played a lovely tap ball of many a line-out. Tony could be the 5th man in at any break down and waayy out on the periphery. But then there would be those serpentine arms to pluck the ball out from you. He'd never rip like he coached us to... all hands. No shoulder... no thump. Just those damn tentacles.

One of my better memories is of Tony scrawling the 'Cat's Ass Ragby' slogan on the dressing room wall at the Tatra Smichov clubhouse in Czechoslovakia. Good, clean, fun boys... both Al Hall and Tony Coy. Indulge your memories fellow Wasps. Tell a few tales to the young and uninitiated. Raise a glass to Hall and Coy and enjoy all your rugby... CHEERS.

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Letters to the Editor

From: FROM: Scott Goodine [SMTP:scejli@kornet.net]

Todd, Would it be possible to list the roster from the finals in the next rag? Cam and I are quite confused on who played. Cheers, Scott

Dear Confused,

The 2nds were beaten in the semis by Brandon and were: Rob Thompson, Laurence Eta, David Fox, Craig Peters, Gord Foulkes, Guy McKim, Scott Macaulay, Kalen Brunham, Ian Douglas, Shawn Kenyon, Greg Sydor, Jim Majewski, Danny, Gary Fasano, Ryan Der Teuling (missing were Miles Jones, Kevin Seev, Ward King, Gord Walker)

1st Div Premiers (subs in brackets); Bill Bien (Mike Saj), Robin Smith (Brian Bishop), Scott Charney (Garther Cheung), Kevin Barske, Steve Clatworthy, Ron Enberg, Trevor Grabowsky, Wade Williams, Marc Rampaul, Sid Roberts, Todd Andrews, Steve McAvoy, Dave Campbell, Rob Brogan, Stu Cox. Subs Fred Redden. Previously injured: Dave Fraser (broken thumb), Chris Poulin (dislocated elbow).