

Christmas, 2000 Issue



THE WASP RAG

Official Newsletter of the Winnipeg Wasps RFC, est. 1965

Club Executive: President/Maple Grove Rep Peter Nolan; Vice President Dave Fraser; Treasurer/Rag Ed. Todd Andrews; Secretary.Scott Macaulay ; Members at Large Kevin Barske, Scott Charney, Stuart Cox, Miles Jones.

In this, the Christmas, 2000 Issue:

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- 35th Anniversary select teams prove divisive: Knudson explodes after successive omissions. "How could I not be in Jenkins' car pool squad, I'm one of the nicest guys around". RAG insiders suspect he was particularly galled to find that both Harland and Petey had been selected twice in JJ's teams. -
- Overwhelming response to the inaugural "Classic Car Castaways" article. "Cars high on character but low on reliability have been synonymous with the Wasps membership" stated 2nd hand salesman and former Malthouse Auto front man Miles Jones. "And I should know- I sold a lot of the cars that are likely to feature in these columns".
- Rudy Smith contemplates law degree in an effort to offset upcoming trial costs.
- Cambridge heirachy braces itself for Christmas celebrations. Hotel staff admitted that last years event was trouble free but are still cautious as a result of the infamous 1999 event where the sound proof booth was used as a deterrent to unsanctioned tunes.
- Scoop on probation after series of embarassing gaffes which included botched renditions of "There's-only-1-Gary Nicolson" at year end banquet and "The Winnipeg Wasps are on the piss again" on a Colts bus trip to Portage. He also introduced Coxy's father-in-law as Johnny Holmes at the wedding. Sources from the executive state that just one more indescreption might see him re-rookied in 2001.

Thunder from Down Under

- The Rivertrail 7's (previously the Festivale de Voyageur) will again be held in February even though it is unlikely to be at the Forks due to dangerous ice conditions. Possible new teams include the DART house squad, comprising anybody who has survived a stint in the Wasps nest and a new team with a point to prove- those who were never picked in any of the 35th anniversary teams- likely headed up by Knudson and Darren Carter.
- Speaking of Carter, DC and Amanda proudly announced the arrival of their son, Roan (as in Row-an, not the colour) William at 8lb 9oz and 22". His size and demeanour indicate that he is a lock in the making, although reports that he came complete with scrum burns and singing the pizza lady ditty are unconfirmed.
- Start making plans for the Regina Condors snow 7's tournament on the Superbowl weekend. Condors are arranging billets for those that anticipate a cash flow squeeze at that time. The Pirates are also planning to attend so it should be a dandy.
- Tuna reports that the Sweat Shack is having a HUUUUUGE sale of rugby jerseys at the moment.
- I am currently taking orders for fleecy sweat pants and also vests. The vests are small sizes so get one for your wife or girlfriend. Crikey, splash out and get 'em both one.
- As you may know, Roddy and Janita are heading off on a world tour in the New Year until May/June. His mid season return is to be short lived however, as they will be moving to Regina in August 2001. SNAFU 2001 is believed to be the Scottsman's final appearance in the Black 'n' Gold.
- The club is organising high school coaches for next year. Possible (these will be assumed as definite unless something is heard to the contrary) affiliations include:
 1. Kelvin- Bill Bien, Tuna, Cam Knudson, Wispy Anderson, Scott Goodine, Steve Clatworthy
 2. Fort Richmond- Marc Rampaul, Dave Fraser, Dave Bowen,
 3. Vincent Massey- Pete Nolan,
 4. J.H. Bruns- Blake Morden, Wayne Richot

Comrade Cole Celebrates Wasps' Anus Mirabilis:

*Summers stumbles from
closet in Anniversary
weekend debacle*

FORT GARRY - A sheepish Cole Summers made the first few tentative steps in his new alternative lifestyle after the Wasps' 35th Anniversary banquet when the aging Lothario fell heavily for a scrawny transvestite.

Experts believe Summers' 'gaydar' -the finely tuned sense homosexual men have for their own kind - let him down after years of closeted neglect and he mistook a simple Halloween disguise for a gilt-edged invitation to the Love That Dare Not Speak It's Name.

"I couldn't believe it," shocked witness and stand-up straight guy Ron Enberg said after enduring Summers' awkward display at a south Winnipeg Irish pub. "I mean everybody knows Cole is a little bit 'that way.' Who's he trying to kid?"

On the evening in question, Summers bellied up to the bar at O'Reilly's and O'Toole's on Pembina and instantly began ogling a comely blond barmaid whose back was toward him.

When the beerslinger turned around to reveal a painfully haphazard set of falsies and comical wig, Summers scrambled to feign shock and horror. "As if," snorted Enberg. "He couldn't keep his eyes off the poor guy. I know Cole goes for European chicks, but this guy's hairy legs were something else.

"Not that there's anything wrong with that."

The Summers case is a classic example of an absurdly over-active heterosexual lifestyle hiding deep-seated feelings of inadequacy and sexual ambivalence, noted sexologist and therapist Dr. Roddy McLeod said. "Cole has just got to learn to be more comfortable in his own sexual skin," McLeod said. "Really, he's just doubled his number of potential partners, which is a relief since there were only two or three single women in town he hasn't dated."

Summers of course, was not the only Wasp to gain unwanted attention for his sexual proclivities recently, after hard-working lock Steve Clatworthy was heard to praise the virtues of "a small boy and ice cream" as a sure fire hangover cure.

A spokesman for Clatworthy later issued a clarification, claiming the Clapper had actually said "a small bowl of ice cream", but the damage was done.

"There goes another high school coach," lamented Wasp President Peter Nolan, as he added Clatworthy's name to the provincial child abuse registry.

Not all the response was negative though - the North American Man-Boy Love Association praised Clatworthy for his honesty and willingness to explore new uses for ice cream.

Classic Car Castaways II by The Tuna

Remember those carefree days when cruisin' in the car meant more than just rushing to make Wasps practice on time? Well, some of us have had a ghost or two in our "vehicular closets" that can be loosely interpreted to represent a "classic car". Remember Haji's (then Cole's) hip, always cool ,VW van? I know, I know, it's hard to picture Haji without a "built Ford tough" truck. But, everyone goes through transitions (mid-life crises?).

Haji acquired the "lust" van (there was never any "love" recorded in the van during Haji / Cole's ownership) in '87 to commemorate the 20th anniversary of the "Summer of Love." Although Haji was only 6 years old in '67, he recalls feeling a lot of love. "The Buds were a force then, and my natural blond locks flowed free... man, what a time to be alive!" But like a mangy, worn out hippy trying to get a job in the corporate headquarters of Greenpeace, the "lust" van appeared to have seen better days. With no hangups, and a mellow demeanor, it wandered the land at a pace more like Gumby's than Haji's.

It was it's endurance however, which stunned even the most pessimistic. Still groovin' to a different beat of the 90's, the van shared vibes with long time free-love guru, Cole Summers. Cole's plan to relive his college days came later than most. But, as Cole will proudly claim, he "comes" later in many things....

With the demise of Mili Venilli, people lost faith in the music of the early 90's. This was partly responsible for the resurgence of "Flower Power", and Cole was a willing and capable master to lead the parade of "lost youths" back to his commune. Soon the love spread, and people started donating to the cause. Mohair shag and lava lamps garnished the VW. Like Jonestown, people lived in harmony, with Cole preaching against the demons leftover from the greedy" 80's. Soon the cult and it's "commune on wheels" became a target for police and the newly formed Anti-terrorist unit lead by a battle hard tough guy, our very own "Cappy" Pellerin. The "Rag" of course provided detailed coverage of the standoff and as former editor and renowned muck-raker Jon Jenkins recalls, it created enough controversy to split our club right down the middle.

From Field 1 you had a clear view of what at first looked like an old fashioned steam locomotive coming down the dirt road at Maple Grove. It was the VW, with smoke bellowing out of the back. Everyone feared the worst. Cole claimed the fire started because of some faulty wire taps the "police clowns" had planted. The police claim Cole to be the "Karesh" of the North and his own arsenal of pyrotechnics caused the the explosion. Maybe we'll never understand why or how, but one thing is for certain...

A 70's revival Elvis comeback song sums it up best- " a hunk, a hunk of burning love.". Gone, but not forgotten..... RIDE ON.

Nic's Picks

I am reluctant to pick any 35th anniversary team for the RAG, for to pick any one player is to leave out others and in the ultimate team game it is the sum total of all contributions on the field that lead to success. But in the spirit of the project, and recognising the outstanding ability of certain players, I have selected my "picks".

N.B. I hope that these picks are better than those on my NFL ProLine lately!

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all Wasps, past and present.

- Tight head Prop: Ralph Hicks, Dave Fraser
- Hooker: Gary Pacholuk, Blake Morden
- Loose Head Prop: Garther Cheung, Bob Moffatt
- Locks: Shane Hiebert, Rob St Germain, Hans Janusson
- Back Rows: Paul Harland, Scott Harland, Dave Bowen, Geoff Ellwand, Ron Enberg
- Scrum-Half: Guy McKim, Gord Foulkes
- Inside backs: Sid Roberts, Todd Andrews, Darren Raeside, John Swindlehurst, Ted Patterson
- Outside Backs: Dan Hotel, Lloyd Dawes, Jack Brogan, Riley Barkman



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Finals Day Report- by Scoop

The First side did not do as well as we hoped on Finals day. We came out a little flat and lost to the Assassins. A lot of guys blame Todd Andrews but I think that is unfair (I have been defending him a lot lately). If I remember right he was taken out of the game and Miles was brought in.

We were down a few tries at the end of the half. Miles was brought on and turned around the game with some effective kicking. At one point we were down by two tries in the second half but seemed to be knocking on the door constantly. Finally Stu 'nobby' Denston blasted through on a penalty tap. He managed to bust his head open at the same time (see pictures). Our scrumaging was on fire, the Assassins tried various tricks, including feining tight five injury, to avoid any scrums. When Ahab and Bufty finally had a clear target they cleaned house. We were knocking, ready to come back for a glorious victory when Flyshacker broke through on a 100 yard try. Despite the loss, we had a great night. Dozens and dozens at the Cambridge where we all cried into our beers and said goodbye to the imports. Blake had a party afterward that went well until it finally sunk to the gay-porno level when Roddy and a completely stinko Badger could be seen standing naked in the hottub closely holding each other. I regret to this day not having a picture of this.

I have numerous photos that I can email out to those who are interested. They allow you guys out of town to walk through the day from start to finish: Final Note: Okay maybe Todd wasn't to blame for the loss. Actually he was hurt in the first half with a neck injury- some say it was a last ditch effort to make an Olympic team to Sydney. He still managed to walk off and made it to the bar. He was the base for our attack and losing him didn't help on the day.

Jones' Picks:

When asked by the editorial staff of the most prolific newsletter presently in print to provide them with a team of the decade, I thought finally I could get the recognition I deserve.

Luckily, (and contrary to popular belief), I am not that ignorant to believe that I was by any stretch of the imagination the best Wasps stand off of the 90's, But I was the best stand off in the province over 230lbs and still am (any challengers and I just gain weight).

I joined the Wasps in 1992, when the club averaged about 40 people to practice and looked the part of a fully functioning Rugby Club. Last year was the first in my recollection that we did not win a trophy since my joining the club. Eight years of Rugby and at least 5 2nd Div championships 4 Firsts Divs and all the 3rds until it ended in '98. With all that in mind it is tough to pick 15 players and 7 spares for a club that dominated for most of the decade. Here are my picks;

- Props Dave Fraser: Committed when possible, made everyone around him 15 pounds bigger and 2 inches taller. Garther Cheung: Perhaps the most talented prop I ever played with could make a perfect pass while punching an opponent. A rare talent who should have played for China.
- Hooker Gary Pacholuk: Well rounded player, never missed a tackle and always in the right place. Where did it all go wrong Pac?
- 2nd Rows Wayne Richot: Pre- lifting, Big Daddy was the most consistent ball winner on the club. Could cower a man with a stare. Rob Gereghy: - Mobile, Agile and Huge. Fit and fast, Rob was always an offensive threat.
- Back Rows Blake Morden: Tough as nails and surprisingly creative. His fiery character and persona create a man that rarely loses. Roderick Macleod: The best tackler on the club, believes in 100% commitment on the pitch matched only with his dedication to shenanigans off it. Besides anyone who can lose the club \$4000 with a knock on, shrug it off and meet his probable future wife in the same day gets the nod on my team. Dave Bowen: Head and Shoulders above anyone on the Club for Fitness. Dave is 1st to every break down everywhere, every time, anywhere on the pitch period. Scrum-Half
- Marc Rampaul: Pace, skills and a delivery UPS would be proud of. Good travel partner with unconditional love of game.
- Fly Half Sid Roberts: Gets my vote as the clubs Player of the Decade. Unmatched skills, bettered only by his vision. Tactically creative and always willing to point out your faults. Average Boot.

- Centres Todd Andrews: Heart and Soul of club and firsts for last 4 seasons. Club Captain who makes you want to play better. More moves than an inbound sailor at a Thai whorehouse. Darren Raeside: Greyhound pace and tenacious defensive ability. One of the clubs best finishers. Wings Steve Anderson: Electric Pace and finish. Right-place-at-the-right-time type of player. Dan Hotel: Dominant in the early 90's. Like Chris Carter and touchdowns, all he does is score tries.
- Full Back Jim Foulkes: Hard Runner, great foot skills and consistent goal kicker. Not sure that I have ever saw him pass...

Reserve List

- Ron Enberg: Most versatile player the club has had this decade. Once blessed with speed, now with knowledge, Haji epitomizes the true Club Man.
- Steve Tait: One amazing season does not a decade make but if it did the Queenslander would be on the squad. Total team Player, fastest sidestep I have ever witnessed, through more dummies than the Mercedes Test lab.
- Ward King: Made opposing front rows cringe when on the pitch. Typified the front row mentality. The anchor of many dominating Wasps packs, he helped make Dave and Garther as good as they are.
- Trevor Grabowski: Not here long enough to start but makes the squad as a guy that brings his lunch pail and work boots to every game, practice and function.
- Jon Jenkins: The best second fiddle I ever meet. His Stunning physique coupled with devastating pace never seemed to drag him down. Has scored a number of amazing tries most of which came in touch games. Club stalwart until, at 42 he decided to get a career.
- Guy Mckim: Has Played every position for the Club from Prop to Fullback at Top level. A true club man who has probably done more for Rugby in Manitoba than the MRU.
- Scott Harland: Could turn a game around single-handedly. Strong runner at both back row and the centers. Loves the game almost as much as himself.
- Stu Denston: I know he played in 2000 but this is my list so I can do whatever I feel like. Probably last years provincial MVP, dominated all comers in Manitoba and led by example both on and off the pitch. Renewed the local's faith in Australians following Andrews' plentiful list of debacles.

SNAFU NOT READY FOR "BAJA ROSA"

Well, SNAFU has come and gone and now it's time to reflect on the moments we had-or could have had if Jerry hadn't shown up. Yes, Jerry and a few familiar friends gathered once again at our favorite scratching post to "start things right on Friday night!"

Some things never change... Bob Barry could have been away for 50 years and the 'Bridge

would always be his 1st stop in town. Wasp regulars were joined by old boys Bob Moffatt, Dan Corley and other St Pauls Pigs Old Boys (including "naked pig"). The Cheetah represented the Pirates while the Carters also made the trek.

Being Rookie Night, Nobby, Ahab, Matt "flower" Hannam, Badger, Hoops, and Ryan "pidgeon" Gray were out to impress. Despite a collection of over-coloured (but filthy), high browed and generally tacky array of truckers hats, the boys seemed to blend in, rather than stick out at the 'Bridge.

With the bar staff barely able to quell the cries for more jumbos, the Pigs started a dangerous trend of ordering pitchers. Management considered re-instating Trudeau's WAR MEASURES ACT, sensing a state of emergency. Cut-off and ready for action, the angry crowd followed the lead of "Pistol" Pete Nolan. "Onward to the Darthouse!", Pistol charged. Wasting little time, Tuna brought out the "boot" to separate the men from boys or, as it turned out, the forwards from backs.

The boot holds as much beer as Big Sid got down via a double funnel at Rugbyfest one year (but not as much as he brought back up which included hamburgers). Apparently nervous at the sight of the apparatus, trying to get Badger to sit without knocking something over proved more challenging than the events. It was during the buffet of "interesting" foods for the traditional boat race that an apparent dichotomy began to emerge between the contestants. While the backs considered the food unfit for animal consumption, the forwards seemed pleasantly surprised and looked forward to a free meal which would allow them to drink more. Sensing this indifference, and the frustration of the orgy of onlookers, Tuna added an interesting twist to the evening, demanding that each rookie tell a tale of a sexual event gone wrong. As suspected, these guidelines gave an unfair advantage to the forwards, many of whom didn't know of any other kind. Further damage was done to the backs cause when 'flower' was unable to come up with any sexual event at all.

Leading 2-0, the forwards were heading into an event which many felt gave an edge to the "fleet footed" backs; the broom race. With only 1 beer to chug surely the backs could come back and take the last event? Worth double points, the crowd anticipated a "TSN Turning Point" and followed the show like a faithful golf gallery to the 'last hole' in the Viscount school grounds.

Even though most of the mosquitoes in the Fort Garry vicinity had made their way into the DART house kitchen (only to be sucked up into a 30's model vacuum cleaner), those left outside descended on the Baja Rosa "bright night" landing lights used by the judges to mark the course. As a result it was hard to say if people were slapping bugs or clapping as Badger flew off course and created a new path from the school grounds to the DART house. Or perhaps he was drawn to Dana's BAJA lights illuminating those parts of the anatomy "so prized by superficial males". As peoples attention gradually refocussed on the race it became

evident that Ahab's boys had won.

The battered "rookie" rookies looked like Rocky against the ropes but with no Adrian to inspire. Down 3-0, there would be no comeback. Just one look at Badger's boys was enough.

The party went on until it was decided it was time to go to the pitch. The annual Wasps/Pirates clash was not to be, as there were not enough Pirates or Wasps to field teams. Obviously we don't want this to be a habit.

With such a tradition between the two clubs, we have to have a better showing at both touring to Edmonton and hosting them- nuff said.

Meanwhile, the 7-a-side team battered by "SNAFU flu" (rarely seen in recent years with the new cash tourney) was strolling along with relative ease. Nic' was using his subs like Garther's bartending at karaoke; ridiculously excessive. With only 4 teams entered, the cash 7's final was scheduled for Saturday. This provided both good news and bad news as it allowed us to party on Saturday night but meant that a number of players were still recovering from Rookie night. Nevertheless, we didn't have a try scored against during the round robin part of the tournament and were strong favourites to beat the Saracens in the final after thrashing them 28-0 previously. However, as the game went on it became evident that everything that had happened previously didn't matter.

We couldn't seem to get anything going, and trailed at the half. A combination of untimely penalties and a lack of finish made our task difficult.

This was never more evident than a last minute break by Hoops that seemed certain to result in a match winning try but instead resulted in a free for all on the ground and ultimately a penalty against us. I don't think anybody has been involved in a more disappointing loss but despite this we kept our heads high and congratulated the Saries.

Some of the guys partied hard on Saturday night. Too hard. For them anyways, since guys were missing for Sunday's fixtures. A number of Wasps old boys dropped by including Rob Geherty, Hunting Dog and Craig Bremner and Mac (who managed to play all the games as well). The weekend was best summed up by the efforts of pigeon- who was named Wasps rookie of the tournament. He was enthusiastic, resilient and showed good finish. The fact that he never played illustrates what is important about SNAFU.

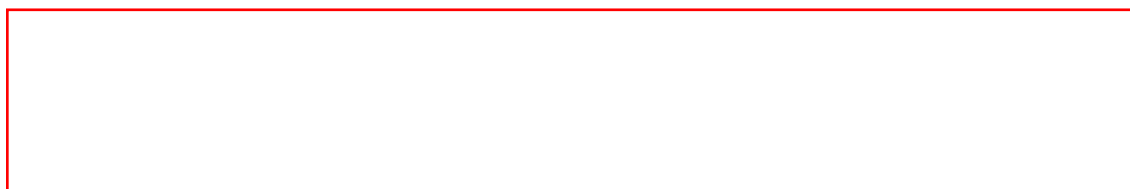
Everybody was looking forward to Sunday night. Cheetah was in fine form and turned Grapes patio into Comedy Central. At the social the usual shenanigans were already unfolding. Jerry had shown his face early and you could sense an energy floating around like those last minutes of calm before a thunderstorm. Badger wanted everyone to join him in having a glass of Scotch. What we had was something that resembled scotch, but it did the trick anyhow.

Most of the boys were concentrating their efforts on seeing what the Calgary cowgirls would do for a Baja Rosa sticky light. Not as much as we'd hoped.

The Dark Cloud and Tobes deserve special mention for instigating what has been the biggest turnout for midnight rugby in recent memory (that term is used loosely in reference to SNAFU). In return for their dedication, they lost their shirts wallets and shorts but on the bright side, still had their drinking mugs...

The Monday BBQ was very well attended and a lengthy court session was enjoyed by all except Kalen 'young Nic' Brunham who had to drink two beers out of the prosthetic which was the equivalent of half an hour.

One BBQ newcomer, feigning horror, was heard to gasp "I've never seen so much nudity- and they're all so fat and hairy" "Yep, we call those ones forwards" .



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Letters to the Editor

From: Miles Jones [millhousejones@hotmail.com]

To:all colonials

Subject: Bow Down to the mighty Rose!

To all my dear Australians and Roddy who wishes his Family had been exiled as well, I am sure you are all well aware of the score this Saturday passed, but if you don't it was England 22 - Australia 19. A dominating performance by the Northern Hemispheres best side and probably at present the best side in the world. You will all probably say that they were lucky to win in the 8th minute of extra time with the not so mighty Wallabies reduced to 13 men following two intentional knock on fouls deemed binnable offenses; but my friends it is that beautiful lady luck that rings so loudly for you in most of your recent wins. Anyhow, just one more thought. If you can't beat England what are your chances when the Brit Lions roar Down Under ????

Yours in the Queens hands,

Miles

Dear 'Fondled',

Surely, even to the Queen's most loyal follower, your statement "...best side in the world." can be considered quite ballsy. Indeed, they have really shot up in the rankings in the last year since they couldn't even make the final 4 of the world cup on their home turf. As is often the case with 'pretenders' rather than 'contenders', they are able to pull off unconvincing victories when it matters least but when the chips are down- well, we all know that they are still to take the podium when it really counts. One could draw a parallel analogy with the recent all black loss to another "much-heralded-but-rarely-delivering-northern-hemisphere-squad" As for the game in question, I am sure the Aussies are disappointed as they always take the field wanting to win. However, to go down by such a trifling margin without 2 of their most

pivotal players (I don't want to say "best in the world" as these words are bandied about far too freely and without much thought as evidenced in the original email) in Gregan and Larkham, I would think they would be confident of victory against the 2001 Lions. After all, if England is the "best in the world" how could the Lions possibly be improved by the meagre pickings of other teams, often relying on downunder lads who can't get a start in the south but whose great grandmother was born in "Anytown, UK".

From: Darren and Amanda Carter [dandacarter@cableregina.com]

To: tandrews@gov.mb.ca

Subject: Government Jobs!

If i'd known the amount of free time that's available to certain paid employee's of our wonderful government service I might of actually gone to class in university and not the pub. Where on earth do you find the time to weave the web and copulate the rag? Mostly entertaining, but I'm sure there has been a greivous error in everyone's mind since I appear nowhere in the Waspies all-time sides. I think it's truly unflattering that many of the heroic but often unsung tales of leading the boys astray at the bridge count for nothing.

crap

dc

*Dear DC (or is it
crap?),*

*Yes, you should have
(not "of") gone to
class. Especially those
pertaining to english/
grammar. It is a lonely
existence, spending
hours at the Bridge
trying to keep abreast
on the latest news and
then holed up in my
office, attempting to
make printing
deadlines. Never the
less, I can proudly say
I have never resorted
to copulating the RAG.
Not that I don't think
it's a thing of beauty,
just afraid of the
paper cuts.*

From: Shane Hiebert [pshmagic@yahoo.com]

To: The Wasps

Hello fellow Waspies.

I just wanted to extend my congratulations to the Winnipeg Wasps Rugby Football Club on their 35th Anniversary and let you know how disappointed I am that I could not be there celebrating with you. As a member of the Wasps for the past 20 years I have been through a lot with the club and on this special occasion I thought I would share a few memories of what the Wasps have meant to me during this time:

- - Charleswood Coroners
- - my first rugby tour to Regina
- - Coach Feasby 'sleeping' in his clothes
- - Coaches Feasby and Nicolson meeting the RCMP before us.
- - Shaftesbury Titans
- - My coaches and friends Pacman and Cappy (who knew would be playing side by side a

year later)

- - My friends to this day Craig Peters and Warren King
- - Wasp Colts
- - Tony Coy saying "I'm not here to teach you rugby. You already know that. I'm here to show you how to get in those extra shots without getting caught."
- -Manipogo 85
- -my first try
- - Pirates hosting Rugbyfest 84
- - participating in my first three man lift (thanks Saint)
- - Stray Wasp Strut
- - England, Ireland and Wales 1985
- - my first overseas trip
- - Ireland vs Fiji (same trip); my first live international
- - Trinidad and Tobago 87
- - Panorama
- - The Savannah (three miles in diameter if I remember correctly)
- - The Royalians RFC - Czechoslovakia
- - Peevo
- - Peecha
- - Banjos Apartment
- - The black barrel pub crawl
- - the lemming tour
- - Never (pronounced Nevair) France with Bill Chambers, Gord Foulkes, Scott Harland, Blake Morden
- - my special friends Andre and Danielle Clement
- - Christmas in Barcelona (same year)
- - Winning a first division championship in over 10 years.
- - My close friends Bill Bien, Haji, Gumby, Warren King, JJ and anyone else who has ever worn a Wasp Jersey
- - Visiting my best friend Bill Chambers in New Zealand - a visit to Australia right after that
- - World Cup of Rugby 1999; seeing it live in England Scotland and Wales
- - All of my overseas friends who I met through rugby
- And finally, the people who got me started in 'life': - My coaches, mentors and friends: Gary Nicolson, Guy McKim, Rob St.Germain, Don Innes, Riley Barkman and Peter Nolan

For some of you, I hope my memories sparked a few of your own. For those of you who think this has been a reading of my resume in a last ditch effort to play for Canada, I can assure you that it isn't (unless they still need me). What I am trying to say is that being part of the Wasps has had a big impact on my life and who I am. The Wasps have taken me around the world and given me the friends I have and for that I thank you. Thank you for everything.

Finally, I believe the following says it all: No matter what country I may live in; No matter

which team I play for; No matter what color jersey I wear on my back; I am always black and gold on the inside.

Your Friend Always,

Shane Hiebert

Classic Car Castaways III- The 1972 Volkswagen Microbus By Scott Goodine

During my last reading of the rag, my heart quivered with excitement when I saw the addition of the castaway classic column. This column will have to be seen as the most innovative development in the rag since Bob Constable's ill-fated biology lessons of the early 90's. It is my belief that this column will prove to be very popular as it allows a writer to cast aspersions and discuss events so far in the past that they cannot be verified. Furthermore, many of the participants no longer even reside in Winnipeg, which makes retaliation, at least physically, unlikely.

It is my honour to write the latest of what I hope to be a long series of castaways classics. I can still recall my nervousness as I shuffled into the rag editor's office to propose my idea for this article. It was only after my proposal was accepted, and I was leaving the washroom at the Cambridge, that reality hit me. I was drunk, this article would only mean more work over the holidays, and if I weaseled out of this assignment, Toddy would be sure to ruin my afternoon at the x-mas carols with his caustic remarks.

At first, I considered writing about my second car, the "rice rocket", which was totaled while parked outside Saint's house after one of the year-end parties. However, as time goes by and bitterness subsides, I feel no need to cast aspersions towards a fellow club member over such a by-gone incident. That said, I am sure one stout, never practicing, newly married, truck driving fullback can breathe a little easier over my reluctance to bring up past memories. Moreover, he stills lives in Winnipeg.

I am going to write about the first great love in my life, my 1972 VW microbus. Sadly being a fat kid with really awful hair (get a hold of a Kelvin yearbook if you don't believe me), lends a certain amount of truth to this statement. Tragically, I owned what every high school kid dreads, a shaggin' wagon with no shaggin'. I acquired my van in traditional River Heights style; it was handed down from my father to my brother and then to me. By the time I got hold of it, the van was rusted through the bottom, the sliding door would not open without falling off and there was no pretense of heat in the winter.

It was during my first two seasons of club rugby where my van became a mainstay at club functions. As a young kid enamored with the sport, I could be easily convinced to take the van on small road trips. Numerous times seven or eight guys piled into the van to go to Brandon

or the cottage. I was quite proud of my burgeoning social position in the club. It was only the retrospection that this article brings that I realized I was being used. All the boys were quite happy to let the young kid drive so they could juice it up in the back. So to Gumby, Jenkins, Warren King, Shane and all the rest of you, screw off you bastards! To Ward, Crash and others still living in Winnipeg: Hey, no hard feelings.

It was the summer of 89 that my van received its christening, going to Grand Forks for Ruggerama.

Sadly it seems that this tournament no longer exists. Too bad as any tourney 2 hours from home with kegs of beer on the sideline is worth keeping. Anyway Scoop and I decided it was time for us to make our touring debut. Meeting at the Cambridge on the Friday night, Shane Hiebert and Warren King were more than happy to leave the driving to me. After some problems at the border (note to Scoop: "A hospital" is not the correct answer to the customs officer's question 'Where were you born?'), we stopped at the Superpumper, where I learned from Shane an inarguable truth that I will take to my grave. It IS exactly 6 beers from the Superpumper to Grand Forks. While Scoop, Warren and Shane all proved this, I however had to drive. Once again, Screw you, bastards!! (Except Scoop, who I am almost certain to see next week). Once in Grand Forks, a good time was had by all. How could you not at a tourney selling shirts with the slogan "Eat the bugs, slap the women"? I still have my shirt, and I have heard from good sources (June) that Crash still wears his in public.

That Saturday night one drink led to another and the next thing I remember is being shaken awake by Crash the next morning and hearing the pedophiles dream phrase, "There are young boys playing in your van". Well, myself being no Clifford Olson and Scoop still asleep, I went out to shoo the kids away from my van. It seems that the night before someone had unwittingly tried to open the side door and it had fallen off. To their credit the kids pointed out that the van WAS parked next to the BFI box. I had to agree with their line of reasoning but insisted that they had to leave after only one more game of truck diver.

After some more rugby on Sunday, it was time to return to Canada. Shane and Warren cadged a ride in former Griffon and now Wombat, Steve Corrigan's, limo and Scott and I embarked on the return journey. Following directions from Crash, Scoop and I somehow ended up on the wrong highway with little gas and no money. Fortunately, even at that young age I had the good sense to disregard Crashes directions and realize that Devil's Lake was not on the way home (Crash vehemently denies this version of the direction fiasco but who has more credibility, Crash; or Scoop and myself). We eventually made it back to Winnipeg and vowed to attend Ruggerama again. Tragically the club never made it back.

Like all castaway classics this story has a sad ending. Not two weeks before going to Scotland and Ireland, in 1990, the van died. I would go into detail as to what happened but I don't need the verbal abuse about my mechanical incompetence. Worse still it died while parked in

the parking lot of Scoop's employer the Colonaide, parked there as I was picking up my passport. Though Scoop assured me that he had pull and the car wouldn't be towed, it ended up in a place worse than death, the impound lot of Dr. Hook. I guess I learned a valuable lesson that day. Do not place a lot of faith in the words of a 19-year-old pool boy. Eventually I negotiated a deal were my father's friend would accept ownership of the van in lieu of the towing fees. I was left without wheels of my own until my grandmother's timely decision to quit driving in the spring of 1991 and I inherited her ice Rocket", a 1974 bright red Datsun D210. But that is a story for another column.

The Cambridge Hotel
Home of the Winnipeg Wasps
Birdsies, Liar's Dice,
Arguments, Brawls

\$4,000 knock on
1 scapegoat
3 premiership trophies
4 Rugbyfest roadtrips
5 midnight rugby games
2 many shenanigans
equals 1 missed WASP
whatever you do (dark cloud) this one's for
you