

## March, 2001 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 Steve Anderson; Secretary Scott Macaulay; Rag Editor Todd Andrews; Members at Large Kevin Barske, Scott Charney, Miles Jones.

In this, the March, 2001 Issue:

- Eastern correspondent responds to wailing and gnashing of teeth over all time great omissions.
- Kelvin Old boys ride the wave of youth skill and determination to victory at the Rivertrail 7's.
- 'scott nothin left. The all scots and toba's lads go hard (and then home) in Condors 7's.
- Hot on the heels of the much-heralded verbal repartee with Gareth Reece Pat Dunkley, we begin the daunting task of going inside the minds of the Wasps pupae.

## Thunder from Down Under

- As you may know, I have decided that it would be way easier to coach the club than to sort out Coxy's treasury books from the last 3 years. Many thanks to Gary Nicolson for his past efforts and to Wispy Anderson, our new treasurer, - "Good Luck with that"./li>
- Club practices began on Monday the 5th March at Duckworth Centre, University of Winnipeg, from 7-8.30pm. It will continue to be Monday nights, same time, same place for the whole of March. Practices in April will be outdoors on Monday and wednesday nights, time to be announced.
- Hear ye Hear ye all beer drinkers- and I know there are a few of you out there. We need to keep receipts from the purchase of all Labatt's products to ensure that we qualify for the Labatts rebates at the end of the year (we need to present receipts for 83 \* 24's).

- The club is collecting orders for a 4th Set of the millenium jerseys. Please contact me if you haven't ordered one yet and would like one.
- The club will be sending a team to the Sandbaggers tournament in Grand Forks on the 28th and 29th of April. All interested please contact Wispy Anderson on 488 7163.
- Lost and Found: The DART house is currently a storage depot for numerous items including New Zealand rugby jersey (not surprising that it was caste aside by previous owner given last years world cup results) and a pair of Wasps sweat pants. Let me know. I would be willing to swap all for my Scottish rugby jersey lost during the Rivertrail social at Wise Guys on campus.
- The Wasps Executive are implementing a new fee structure for 2001 which offers discounts to members to pay their dues early in the season. This ensures that the club has enough operating capital to pay all its bills during the year. The fee structure is as follows:-

Membership	Jan 1 - June 15	June 16 - Aug 15	Aug 16 - Dec 31
Social	\$30	\$30	\$30
Student	\$45	\$50	\$55
Full	\$90	\$100	\$110

The club needs high school coaches for next year. If you can help the coaches at any of the schools listed below then please contact the people involved:

- River Heights- Michael Saj, Dennis Ng, Matt Hannam
- Kelvin- Crash, Tuna, Cam Knudson, Wispy Anderson, Scott Goodine, Steve Clatworthy
- Dakota- Colleen Horton, Mac, Kevin Barske
- J.H. Bruns- Blake Morden
- Elmwood- Kat Muirhead, Dave Fraser

### Rivertrail 7's - Feel the Chill

For the 3rd time in 4 years the Forks was closed to all river festivities in 2001. This time it was due to the fact that river levels were high during freeze-up but have since subsided, leaving large air pockets between the ice and the water beneath. As a result, the harbour master closed the river to all heavy traffic. With the likes of Tank, Bufty and Jones preparing to don the safeway bags for the the Axe Scents, it was obvious that an alternative venue was required.

To the surprise of doubters and nay-sayers, Capt. Ahab of Doobage called on some old favours from Sammy "The K-Man" Katz and so CanWest Global Park, home of the Goldeyes,

was made available to the club. While high on novelty, the stadium loomed as a logistical nightmare and the already jittery ringmaster, Nicolson, decided to go with the safe option, Maple Grove. After ploughing the road and sidelines prior to the big day, it was widely speculated that Nic camped in the clubhouse on Friday night to ensure an early start and the smooth running of the tournament.

When the last of the Wasps dawdled into to complete the entries, there were 13 mens and 4 womens teams entered. Shabbily, but predictably, the Condors had failed to show, even though the Wasps sent TWO teams to their tournament (see "Feel the Beat", this issue). To their credit, Regina was represented by the Grads and two teams from Grand Forks rounded out the invitational teams. The Wasps were represented by Scoop's Boys, Axe Scents and Kelvin Old Boys.

Although sunny, the day lent itself to peering through the windows with a beer-in-hand rather than wallowing through snowdrifts with ball(s)-in-hand, such was the windchill. As the preliminary rounds went on, Nicolson struggled to find a playoff format that accomodated the uneven number of mens teams. Sid Roberts suggested one but was then found to be computationally challenged when it came to tallying the for and against. Finally, Nic settled on a personal favourite: the 6 teams with the most number of players with names that were the same, or rhymed with, mountains in the Rockies went through, with the top 2 teams getting byes.

As the Grads, Assassins, Wanderers and U19 Buffalo battled it out, KOB and Axe Scents displayed contrasting preparations for their semi finals. Suffice to say that the textbook build up undertaken by KOB during the bye time confirmed them as unbackable favourites while the Axe Scents focussed on reaching a state of euphoria such that no arctic wind or Scott Coe shoulder charge could cause them harm. In hindsight, the extra bar time afforded by the bye was the biggest blow to the Axe Scents' chances of hoisting the Ceinture Fleche at the end of the day.

In the semi finals, KOB defeated the Assassins but not before the annual brewhaha forced the early end of the game, while a tired, tipsy yet determined Axe Scents squad overcame an early deficit to beat the Grads, thus avenging our semi final defeat in Regina. As the two teams took the field for the final- KOB consisting chiefly of fine athletes honed to a knife edge by Capt Fox and the Axe Scents consisting of 2 rookies, 3 has-beens and a couple of fine athletes dulled by liquor, the only remaining strategy for victory was bovious:- insist that the match be shortened to 1 minute halves and, in the event of a tie, the outcome decided with a belching contest.

Running with the wind in the 1st half, Brogan's kickoff sailed almost to the dressing rooms. From the ensuing scrum at halfway, Fox outwiled Toba and trotted in under the 2 by 4's! After this dismal start, the Axe Scents fought back with a try to Fecyk and were unlucky not to go in

again before half time as an errant pass from new Aussie recruit, Phil Everson, ricocheted off Brogan's shoulder to be swooped upon by KOB who promptly ran the length of the field to score.

The second half was less of a contest, and was suitably ended with Andy Majewski 'caressing' Tits out of his way to score the last of three tries. This rubbed salt into the emotional wounds of Clapper who was omitted from the original KOB squad. He was to have his revenge though, venting his fury on a hapless Grad at the second annual Festivale social at Wise Guys on Campus. Apart from that, the social went as expected: Doobs struck out, I lost my Scottish jersey and the dejected Capt of Scoop's boys failed to show up.

Final Note: Avid readers of this column will know that the demise of Scoop's Boys, a team built on a sleazy platform of back handed deals and short term glory, was foreshadowed a long time ago. The 2000 team of mercenaries, hellbent on accumulating trinkets and baubles, was decimated this year. OK, so you failed to make the semis, who cares, but not showing up at the party; now that's just poor form.



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## Classic Car Castaways II -by The Tuna

Remember those carefree days when cruisin' in the car meant more than just rushing home to see Oprah with Dr. Phil? Well , some of us have had a ghost or two in our "vehicular closets" that can be loosely interpreted to represent a "classic vehicle."

Remember "Curious George's" '85 Honda nighthawk motorcycle? He got it in '92 or '93 and was immediately transformed into a bad ass (Dumb ass???). With the same grey, leather jacket as Dieter from "sprockets", and 650cc's between his legs (and I'm not talking about deadly semen build up), he strutted like the guy who had just taken home the prom queen. I rode with him a couple of times but wasn't as confident as Stevey. "Curious" displayed a showboat quality not unlike "Evil Kneivel", often riding no hands, or jumping over 10 backs (or 3 forwards) at one time before practice at the Mennonite school on Waverly. I even witnessed him ride with his mouth open, eating bugs "for protein".

It was always on the back of everyones minds that one day, Blake would showup at practice and announce- "Guess who they dragged in to the ER today? MacAvoy in a body cast!" Jim Foulkes and I were riding down Bishop Grandin after practice one cold, May night, when it

started to pour. The rain turned to sleet and before getting to Pembina Hwy. , we felt the pavement getting icy and so we slowed down to 100 km/h. My bike started to skid and then wobble. I gained control and looked back to check on J.F. That's when I noticed a single headlight approaching on the outside of the off-ramp, not slowing down and looking dangerously out of control. "Curious!!!!" Yes, he beat us to the Cambridge and no, he had no studded tires...

A few weeks later, we all breathed a sigh of relief when Steve had crashed his bike! Well, he was OK (broken femur but alive!) and so Rag staff were sent to investigate. Apparently, Steve's police report had lawyers hovering. The blame was placed on a driver of an oncoming vehicle who, according to Curious, didn't see him as they turned in front of him. The fact that it happened during broad daylight, and that no witnesses were available, made Scoop, the Rag's investigative reporter, (an apprentice under the wiley veteran, J.J) go "hmmmm!"

The ambulance chasers had dollar signs in their eyes, and the police were too busy chasing the "unibomber" to worry about details in the curious one's claim. So Scoop did some digging. "It was my first undercover story, and boy was I nervous! J.J had me dress up as a skater and mingle with the local street punks. Turns out the whole thing was a scam! Curious had arranged a street show trying out a stunt he saw on t.v. He charged admission to raise money for his upcoming trip to the land down under. "It took me two weeks and a lot of smoking dope with these skate punks to get the juicy bits, but man it was worth it!" The gamblers had showed up this day, and with 20/1 odds for MacAvoy! A lot of CA\$H was at stake. Steve was to speed down the ditch on his street, then gain enough air from a ramp set up over a driveway to jump over a minivan. Where it all went wrong was a lack of communication between himself and his ground crew. Buddy decided to make some last second "tweaks" by moving the van up a little bit as the curious one approached. Well, Curious shit himself, missed the ramp entirely and hit a parked car which threw him 60ft! On top of a broken femur, Steve suffered severely bruised ribs. The parked car he hit was one of the "bosses" brand new Cadillacs. So, he sent one of his "boys" over to make sure Steve wasn't just hurting because of his bruised pride.

After all the dust had settled, Steve had to come up with a story that cleared everything and left him with some CA\$H left over. That's when the bogus claim was concocted. Curious paid off the bookies. The guy with the Caddy was square and, after his accomplice (the guy who apparently "hit him") was rewarded, Steve had enough to get himself to Australia . The daredevil in Curious had barely been asleep when, just as his leg was on the mend, he had to stop in Whistler en route to do a little snowboarding. I think we were laughing too hard to ever find out the details of how he broke his leg again and had to return home, tail between his legs. I know that the "curious one" failed to see any humour at the time, but can laugh about it now.

He did eventually visit Australia. Infact, Curious celebrated his 21st birthday in New Zealand, and according to Sid Roberts discredited Canada with his lightweight drinking style.

Remembering him fighting Pif for the puke bucket on rookie night, I don't think he needed to go to NZ to prove that point! Curious has now moved on to bigger and better things to crash; helicopters, and a brand new Yamaha 1100cc V-Max! However, in our memories foerever (and in a metal graveyard) is Steve's first heartache, the '85 Nighthawk... GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN-----RIDE ON!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Jenkins' REAL picks:

Q: How can you tell a plane carrying Campbell Knudson and Darren Carter is on the tarmac at Winnipeg International Airport?

A: The engines are off but you can still hear the whining.

It recently came to my attention (remarkable isn't it, how the sound of a nose going out of joint can be heard clear across the continent) that certain occasional members of the Wasp family were somewhat disappointed in the makeup of my all-time XV lists. I thought, foolishly as it turns out, producing three different lists might go some way to spreading out the dubious glory as it were and send everybody home happy. Alas, my utopian dream was not to be. "There's just no pleasing some people," Brian of Nazareth famously opined as he slipped a few shekels to the ex-leper, and I'm left feeling his words have never been more true. As the dull grumblings of the aggrieved, the shrieks and yelps of the bruised egos and hurt feelings, the fingers-on-slate shrillness of those unfortunate few so (to their minds, anyway) unfairly omitted, rumbles its way across the prairies and wafts inexorably across Superior like so much furtively vented flatulence, I find I'm forced to respond. Therefore, in the interests of soothing any ruffled feathers out there, please accept my all-time favourite, bar-none, best-f\_\_\_ing-guys-to-ever-lace-up-a-pair-of-boots-in-the-service-of-the-Winnipeg-Wasps-since-the-dawn-of-time list.

**Props** - Darren Carter. A tyro. Paralyzed more opponents than anyone in the history of the game. Feared for both his scrummaging technique and his facial stubble.

**Hooker** - Darren Carter. Can throw the ball on a dime from 50 metres with one eye closed. Would occasionally amuse himself in scrums by hooking with his nostrils.

**Back row** - Darren Carter. Mammoth in defence, a lead-pipe cinch at lineouts and more creative in attack than Picasso on acid, Carter redefined the essence of back row play. His uncanny ability to anticipate the offside line forced the IRB to rewrite the laws four times during his early playing days.

**Halfbacks** - Campbell Knudson. No single player in the history of the club (or for that matter the game) ever developed the telepathic understanding between himself at the pivots than Knudson. The sight of the slightly built yet physically devastating Knudson firing his trademark

bullet pass to himself on the fly before carving the defence with his incisive dummy and jaw-dropping sidestep is not to be forgotten.

**Centres** - Campbell Knudson. A one-two punch of epic proportions. The deft skills, sleight of hand and all-encompassing vision of Knudson sublimely complemented the nuclear power on his outside, where Knudson's explosive pace and power had to be measured in megatons.

**Back Three** - Campbell Knudson. Was there any doubt? More speed than a biker party. Hugely talented and without a doubt one of the nicest guys to ever wear the black and gold. A true saint whose beatification is sorely overdue.



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### Regina Snow Sevens - Feel the Beat! By Miles "Khari" Jones

The Wasps again took up the challenge this year to enter the Condors Snow Sevens, held over the Super Bowl Weekend in sunny Regina. As usual, the sojourn started at the 'Bridge with the battle weary troops led on the one side by Thumps Rampaul, while the fascist extreme splinter group run by Scoop left early to catch up on their much required beauty sleep. The trip commenced with the usual gas stops (both internal and external), a plethora of piss stops, coupled only by the need to stop in the worst bar in the world in Moosamin, which could be apply re-titled Moosawymn. Toba's fledging attempt at humor while mocking the native snowmobile posse luckily fell on deaf ears, enabling the boys to make the one-drink-exit unscathed.

Upon arrival, Senor Grabowski had set the boys up in his parents palace, who were holidaying in Mexico. Grubber immediately ordered "the best pizza in the world" and to be honest it was pretty good; certainly as good as anything else that could justify the existence of Regina. If Toba's plans for run at the cup had dwindled as a result of shenanigans during the trip, they all but disappeared during the night. Apparently Grubber's parents had not notified him of the intricacies of the apparently movement-sensitive house alarm which seemed to go off every time somebody rolled over. Each time it was followed by a phone call from the security company and calls from Uncle Grubber to make sure it was still just us.

After a fitfull night, the lads rose at 8:30 expecting a quick breakfast and long day, but to their bitter disgust they were scheduled to play at the tardy hour of 11:30. Following a quick team building session involving the usual gaseous humor and stories of unfathomable sexual positions demonstrated by lil Donkey Ride (Pukey), the team arrived at the clubhouse with their game faces on and wits firmly about them. That was until Coxy showed up. On his way to his new job/life in Edmonton, the pie eyed, leopard like creature showed us all just how lucky we are he left. Sporting a 3 day beard and a 2 day hangover Coxys hands were again at their best. Scoring at will all day averaging 2-3 tries a game, bettered only buy his 3-4 beer per interval rendering him completely useless by 1.15 pm. Luckily Tuna, Thumps and Tobes filled the backline out with Jones and Pukey. Up front Barske, Nick "2Pac" Tenzen and Rudy "Jailbird" Smith battled admirably all day losing in the semi's to eventual champs the Grads.

This years theme, "Feel the Beat", was demonstrated with the boys wearing a collection of nickname emblazed undershirts purchased from Zeller's. Such frivolity was not appreciated by certain members of the Prairie Fire who saw it as a direct insult of their slogan, "Feel the Heat". And we thought those simple country boys wouldn't get it... The splinter group of All Scotts were eliminated following a thumping at the hands of the Iron Curtain from Saskatchewan in the other semi. (Side note: question for Carter, How desperate does one have to be to make an all star team based around half the prairie fire squad, to win a snow rugby tournament where the winner receives but a cup full of Jerry? Certainly if they had played with as much "FIRE" last year they might have won a game... What's next, are they going to challenge the local Geriatric Bingo Club to a game of touch?).

The Hot Tubs were full of the usual mix of hideously obese pirates and the one girl with the decent body that each club begs to get into their tub. The boys eventually headed back to chez Grubs to cook up an enchanting and spellbinding mushroom dinner. Clearly this was not the best option as the gents all soon fell fowl with a mild form of food poisoning and choose to eat a full meal elsewhere.

Kelsey's saw the lads eat their real meal with only the loud and unnecessarily rude shots at the waiter from our very own Napoleonic, wrestling-tight-wearing, Gordon Foulkes, to interrupt his intriguing stories. Gordon joined us via a wrestling meet where he was the token tossee for the afternoon qualifying round at the mini man toss event. Rudy's post-dinner dreams of an early tap out with a young lassie were soon erased when he found out she was more dangerous than the seat beside Pavorotti at a buffet table. Unfazed, he spent the night consoling a few bottles of brewhouse. The Cabaret was good for a while but greener pastures called as the boys split and headed to two bars through miscommunication.

From here as one would expect the night became a blur with different wasps returning to grubs place between the hours of 2.30 and 7 am. Grubber had about as much knowledge of the best local, greasy spoon breakfast eateries as he did of his parents alarm system. Despite numerous setbacks- home safely were most, in time for the Superbowl kickoff.

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

1997 Final  
5 bad passes  
3 lost opportunities  
2 many reminders (sid)  
1 engagement  
no more shenanigans  
equals 1 missed WASP  
whatever you do (Coxy) this one's for  
you

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: jstott@spirewired.com

To: draeside@embassygraphics.com

Good to hear from you Tuna!

Congratulations on your daughter, that's fantastic. I wish we could have hooked up when you were down in Ottawa. Things here are going well. I finally finished school and got a job in an advertising agency downtown--cool work, fun atmosphere, but crazy deadlines and some very long nights. Since then I have moved over to a Web company (Spirewired) and a slightly less stressful environment. Rugby was a bit of a write-off last season as it took a back seat to othermore pressing matters--moving, new job etc. This season looks to be a bit of the same as I am getting married in October. That being said, I'm still training when I can and will look to play as often as possible. How are things out in the Peg? I saw the results from the super league, you guys did great. I think Ontario is pulling out of the league for next year and will look to tour instead. Our whole league is shit right now. Guess I should attempt to earn a bit of my huge salary now. Pass on a hello and my email to all the lads. Cheers,

James(613) 567 6524

*E- Well, well, Stottsy  
is getting married.  
Hopefully, that will be  
the end of the "sore*

*ass saga". We considered finding him a job in the 'Peg but we already have somebody from Ottawa (Matt Stewart).*

From: Stewart Denston [stewdenston@hotmail.com]

To: tandrews@gov.mb.ca

Tobes, I just wanted to pen a few words which I hope you can find space for in that chip-wrapper of a newsletter.

For me, the option to play Rugby overseas was a huge attraction towards the end of my University studies in 1999. Not once did I think however, of the opportunities that could arise from such an adventure...

When looking back on the 6 months I spent in Canada, I mainly remember the experience of living in a Canadian city and being able to travel around central & western Canada. Sure the rugby was a lot of fun, but the following things are on the tip of my tongue when talking to aussies that haven't travelled to Canada:

- - An absolute passion for living in the summer!
- - The ability to want to party on any night that ends with ...day!!
- - A second to none hospitality standard (overwhelming "your welcomes", instead of "yea she'll be right mate")
- - The BBQ's (go thumps)
- - The unbelievable natural features (rocky mountains etc, Lake Winnipeg)
- - Importantly, how unlike the USA it is, and
- - most of all the mates!!

What an unbelievable 6 months, should be catching up with Roddy, Tobes and the Jones this year. Anyone else associated with Wasps in any way is always welcome at my place in Australia anytime. It would be the least I could do to repay those of you who made this sensational life experience possible. cheers .

Stewart Denston (NOBBY) Griffith, NSW, Australia.

From: Stuart Cox [stucox15@hotmail.com]

To: tandrews@gov.mb.ca Subject: coach andrews?

Hey tobies,

after passing along my new info to saint so he could update the phone list he informed me that you resigned as treasurer & accepted the head coaching position. does this mean we all have to call you coach andrews? don't answer that. things in edmonton are good. lori & i are settled in to our 1 bedroom downtown. i've been in touch with bigsid via email but haven't got together with any pirates as of yet. i'm sure a bender is looming on the horizon. I talked to the new head coach of the druids the other day, brent gallagher, a guy i played with in 1st div when i was out here. you may remember him from buffalo, he was the little, balding (not that there's anything wrong with that), redhead scrumhalf for the edmonton gold the last couple of years. I'm off to the oilers vs islanders game on friday. i think it's the first NHL game since you me roddy & jonesy went a couple of years ago. See you at Rugbyfest Stu phone #'s 780-482-0113 H 780-429-4550 W

*Ed- You may continue to call me Dr Andrews.*

Hi Todd, Things are going well in the great white north. We have had a warm winter this year, the coldest tem being only minus 33 which we had for 1 day and then back to -2 then next! I hope to be in Edmonton for Rugbyfest in May and have booked 3 weeks off in August so will be in Winnipeg for SNAFU. I have enclosed a cheque for my jersey and dues. Say Hi to everyone for me and keep me informed on what's going on. Talk to you soon. Bob Barry

Dear Sir(s),

I would like to recount an incident which occurred the past New Years Eve. I had attended a social function at the Foulkes/Toews residence to celebrate the 'true millennium' where, during the hotly contested game of Trivial Pursuit, I was condemned for my use of the word "analyzation". On an evening where tolerance, brotherly love and goodwill are the standard, I was verbally abused and shamefully persecuted by two other club members, for my perceived misuse of the word, I repeat "analyzation". Now I won't name names but their initials are JJ and Toddy. Given the nature of the evening (and the fact that I had consumed copious amount of rum at this point) I naturally deferred to my colleagues who by virtue of their lofty professional standing, must surely possess a lexical superiority! After all, I am just a lowly shoveller of dung, a caregiver to the beasts. Oh and did I mention that English was my major at University? No, I'm not a fancy pants, big town newspaper reporter or a learned "Doctor of Weeds" so how dare I use a word that's not found in the stores of their replete vocabularies. Such a sophism is hardly omnipotence gentlemen- Ignotum per ignotius. It is with this in mind

that I present to heretics of Haji's vernacular, the following definition from Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary.

"...an. a. lyze (an a liz) v.t. 1. To separate into constituent parts or elements... (see ANALYSIS J. analyzation n.)"

Although I have suffered the stings and arrows of their caustic tongues and sardonic wit, I don't seek any monetary punitive damages. Rather, I strike a blow for the simpletons... I mean simple men everywhere. Forwards of rugby, we must unite and speak out against such atrocities whenever they arise. Contrary to what they believe, backs aren't the embodiment of the intellect they'd have us think. I submit Australia's tryscoring phenom David Campese for approval: "When you say Dylan, he thinks you're talkin' about Dylan Thomas... whoever he was. The man ain't got no culture."

A public apology, published in all of North America's major newspapers would suffice from the parties in question. That, and all the paralyzers I can drink in one sitting. That's paralyzers, not paralyzations my friends. Respectfully, Name and address with held

*Ed- I'm sure JJ would join me in raising our collective eyebrows and rolling our collective eyes at your circumlocutious arguments. That the word exists is no surprise. So does the dinner menu on the wall of the Cambridge Hotel. It also is used rarely, by those who, sadly, know no better. As regular patrons of the 'Bridge would never unwittingly consume anything so hopelessly antiquated, so would conscientious users of the Queens language avoid such cumbersome anachronisms. That's anachronisms, not anachronizations.*

## Junior Buffalo report

The Wasps are well represented at the Canada summer games try out camp with the following athletes identified:

Danny Eskierski- (Flanker, J.H. Bruns);  
Erin Corvino- (Prop/Hooker, J.H. Bruns);  
Paul Szyskowski- (Fullback, J.H. Bruns);  
Ryan Tapa- (Stand Off, J.H. Bruns);  
Kevin Klymszak- (Lock)

All of these players are vying for the opportunity to represent Manitoba in London, England in July and London, Ontario for the summer games in August. Remember, the U 18 team is still looking for individual and/or corporate sponsors if anybody has any extra \$\$\$\$\$. Yours in  
RUGBY Blake Morden, Head Coach

## Profiles of the Wasps Pupae

Full name: Matthew James Hannam

Nickname: Hammer (I tend to take some pretty big hits and they often hurt- leave it up to me to run straight up and down). Flower (Rookie night, I was asked to tell the story of the loss of my virtue. There is no story, and after that damn German boot, I was in no state to even try to make one up).

Height: 6' or 61" (Ed What, depends how good looking the girl asking?)

Weight: 180 lbs (Ed While holding a 2-4?)

Preferred peanut butter: Smooth, the container tastes better than Cruchy peanut butter, plus with crunchy it's double the chewing, why put in the effort?

Preferred underwear: Boxers, really the freedom and comfort of the boxer is unparalleled by an of the other undergarment selections

Favourite movie: The little mermaid, that Ariel is one hot fish.

Favourite TV show: Fraggel Rock

Last book read: Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles choose your own adventure

Who would you most like to be stranded on a desert island with? Any one of the Golden Girls

Favourite position (rugby only): Open side flank, blind side holds so much responsibility.

Favourite junior/high school rugby coach: The one and only Blake Morden.

Full name: Dennis Richard Ng

Nickname: Nger

Height: 163cm

Weight: 60kg

Preferred peanut butter: Smooth- makes good peanut sauce.

Preferred underwear: boxer-briefs or none depending on the weather.

Favourite movie: Crouching Tiger Hidden Dragon.

Favourite TV show: Iron Chef.

Last book read: choose your own adventure.

Who would you most like to be stranded on a desert island with. Laeticia Casta.

Favourite position: Scrum half or prop, i can't decide.

Favourite junior/high school rugby coach: Either blake morden or tony the bald black guy who i've never seen since.

*Ed- Well that's because  
Tony Coy passed away,  
bless his black and  
gold soul.*

Has Your Girlfriend Left You? The Dog Run Away?

If you have any spare room in your house, then you might be able to help billett rugby players from the University of Connecticut who will be staying in Winnipeg from the Thursday the 24th of May until Sunday the 27th (needing accomodation on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights). They are all friends of Tuna's and so in Waspy tradition, friends of ours. If you can help out, call Tuna on 233 7375.

## What Vince Lombardi had to say on

- INTENSITY:
- "There's only one way to succeed in anything, and that is to give it everything. I do, and I demand that my players do."
- "If you aren't fired with enthusiasm, you'll be fired with enthusiasm." "Mental toughness is essential to success."
- "You never win a game unless you beat the guy in front of you. The score on the board doesn't mean a thing. That's for the fans. You've got to win the war with the man in front of you. You've got to get your man."
- SACRIFICE
- "To achieve success, whatever the job we have, we must pay a price." "Success is like anything worthwhile. It has a price. You have to pay the price to win and you have to pay the price to get to the point where success is possible. Most important, you must pay the price to stay there."
- "Football is a great deal like life in that it teaches that work, sacrifice,perseverance, competitive drive, selflessness and respect for authority isthe price that each and every one of us must pay to achieve any goal that worthwhile."
- "Once you agree upon the price you and your family must pay for success, it enables you to ignore the minor hurts, the opponent's pressure, and the temporary failures."