

SNAFU 2001



THE WASP RAG

Official Newsletter of the Winnipeg Wasps RFC, est. 1965

Club Executive: President/Maple Grove Rep.- Pete Nolan; **Vice President-** Dave Fraser;

Treasurer- Steve Anderson; **Secretary-** Scott Macaulay; **Rag Ed.-** Todd Andrews;

Members at Large- Kevin Barske, Scott Charney, Miles Jones.

In this, the SNAFU 2001 Issue:

- Wasps heirachy fears random drug testing could deplete 1st div team following Dutch "blaze the gunge" tour.
- Bufty berates Knudson after lonely Sandbaggers tournament in North Dakota. "At least the Wheel notified everybody when the World Cup tour went tits up. I didn't even have a wing man go to the social and try to pick up somebody's mother, like at Barske's wedding last year".
- Wasps return battered and bruised from Rugbyfest. Fortunately, no sport related injuries were reported. Tuna's exhaustive coverage rivals the epic "War and Peace".
- Dom (the phenom) astounds all by being the first 15 yo to play a full game of 2nds at prop and then last the whole night with the lads afterwards.
- Jones attempts court injunction to suppress beep test results.

Thunder from Down Under

- There are 2 upcoming road trips on the Wasps calendar. Our triangle tour this year includes a game in Brandon on September 8, overnighing in Brandon, and a game against Shilo on Sunday. We will also be taking the bus on a 1 day road trip for a game against Dauphin on September 23.
- Congratulations to Don Innes and the JH Bruns Junior Varsity team who won their final in the high schools league.

The Blake Morden-coached JH Bruns senior team lost their final in overtime to Minnedosa. Other Wasp teams included Kelvin, Elmwood and Dakota coached by Nicolson/Crash/Dave Fox/Jason Guy, Kat/BigDaddy and Mac/Barske respectively. The Wasps colts team is represented by players from most of these schools and we thank the coaches for their enormous time and effort.

- People often ask me, they say "Tobes, why do we have so many Aussies on our club this year". Friends, the answer is straight forward: the team containing the most Australians usually wins (see World Cup, Super 12 and British Lions results).
- **LOST AND FOUND:** has anybody seen Chris Robinson. He has moved house and we can't find him. A lad of that size can't hide forever.
- The club is collecting orders for a 5th Set of the millenium jerseys. Please contact Doobs on 284 6806 if you haven't ordered one yet and would like one.
- Anyone interested in playing rugby for the Hartford Wanderers for August-Mid November, please contact Tuna @233-7375. They are a good bunch of guys and play in New England Div.1. Trips to Boston, Providence, and New York. They will set you up with a job (Doorman, Bartender etc) and a place to live.
- The Wasps Executive are implementing a new fee structure for 2001 which offers discounts to members to pay their dues in a 'timely fashion'. 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

"WANDERER'S MENARD DOES CLEAN SWEEP OF BARFSKE- FEST '01 by Tuna

I could have left it at that but there's more to it. A lot more.....

Big Sid picked us up at 8:30 am on friday and took us back to his place to meet his wife and new baby girl. Being a family man, this all seems normal. But, not for Rugbyfest. Sid felt the same and we decided that it was noon somewhere in the world and cracked some beers while he popped in the "Exiles", a rugby movie we were in. I hadn't seen it yet, and forgot that Gordy had played for every opposition team in the movie. Also, that wasn't a stuntman playing Big Sid, he can really chug beer that quickly. After a few more beers, Sid promised us the "best" donairs in Edmonton, which I had specifically asked for. Unlike Scoop, who, one year, was desperate for "any old" donair, just " 'cause we can't get donairs in Winnipeg"! Sid returned with burgers instead, but offered compensatory beer as a

penitence, so I had to accept. In fine Fontura form, Sid's kid, Isabella arose from a deep sleep with the smell of greasy food in the air. Sid's wife, Kathy came down to join us and we ate and drank like one happy (Portuguese) family. Minus the male chauvinism. After another beer or three, it was off to the airport, but decided to stop at the Riviera. Yes Riviera. Amazingly they let us in. I think it was my honest approach this year. I signed us in as Wasps rugby team for which I received a half hour lecture on morality and such, and our own floor. We also wanted to load up on supplies, but the liquor store wasn't open for another hour. Sid had put him self in charge of picking up Wasps who were flying in, and was dealt a bad hand by scheduling. Tour virgin Dougy Ross was arriving at 2:15pm., while the CCSU boys were getting in an hour before. They were all set for rides, but we figured we'd meet them, give them a warm welcome, and have them get us some beers for the hotel while we waited for Dougy. Sure as shit Dougy's plane was delayed until 4:00ish. So, since we had finished the last of Sid's beers on the way, we decided to meet the boys back at the Riv and my buddy Dano (CCSU coach) hopped in with us. Dano excited to be in Canada. He was even more excited to see a liquor store attached to our hotel!

There was no sign of the Central Connecticut boys and we couldn't wait. With no "50" I decided to start my Stanley Cup collection with "Blue". We started with a case each, but went back for more after hearing that the rest of the CCSU boys were stuck at the wrong Ramada. Dano, Big Sid and I caught up on old times and basked in the pleasures of Canadian beer. Sid went to pick up Dougy and Clapper and brought them back to the hotel. Dano and I "held the fort", making frequent trips to the bathtub, and watching a documentary on "rocket" Richard. Dano, was surprised that they would honour a French Canadian in Western Canada. I told him that we need them for their goal scorers and goal tenders, especially with the Winter Olympics coming.

Big Sid and Dougy had played airport intercom tag for a while before they found each other. Clapper showed on time, a novelty for him that weekend. Actually, we were graced with Clapper's presence for most of Friday night until his "new" friends showed up at the clubhouse and stole him for the weekend. If only his friend's friends had been handy to play with the Wasps. But they weren't the type, and found themselves in a strange place most of the weekend. Also, the fact that they were out all weekend and didn't "play" with any Wasps must say something. Their will be some fines to uphold at SNAFU. On the way to Friday's clubhouse for "free" beer, (just what we needed). Big Sid asked for help in setting up the medical tent. "The Pirates need a few helping hands". "No problem", I told him. As pissed as we all were, we'd be the workhorses for half an hour, then get into the beers. Besides, Sid had been our cabby all day, and true friend to me and the boys. We got to the pitch and Sid headed back to the airport to pick up Helmut . (We all had booked different flights to keep Sid away from our beer). We found the Pirates game, but no Pirates who were putting up tents. "In the back of Fathead's truck", someone told us. This was no ordinary tent. After glancing around at 4 drunk Wasps, Dano decided that we could do this on our own, but we needed beer first. After a couple of pitchers and a lot of engineering chat, we allowed Kiwi from the Pirates drive the first post into the rock hard ground. Kiwi's been around enough to know that "he who holds the sledgehammer, is sledge hammerer, and those with their beers in hand are the Wasps watching!" We didn't see kiwi with it for very long. Clapper and I took turns, at first hitting each other. But soon, the big, lead posts started goin' down. Clapper thought he'd better strip down to reveal his "wife beater", in true blue collar fashion. Unfortunately for him, the girls were too busy drinking our free beer to notice. Meanwhile, Dano with his experience in a variety of things, led the structural engineers in their task of figuring out where to stick their poles. A few of the CCSU boys had arrived, so, we put them to work right away. Besides the Pirates 2nd div. hooker offering some sound, last minute, technical advice, we had put the damn thing up ourselves! The only thing we left for the Pirates to do was secure the straps to the posts. We were done. Dirty, sweaty and bleeding. Coxy, who had "played" his first game with the Druids, came over, sheepishly, watching over shoulder to see the reaction of his teammates. They normally wouldn't allow one of their own to converse with "outsiders", but made an exception for this once. " I hardly touched the ball, man! Did you see me out there?" "Actually, Coxy, every time I looked up from building this f___ing tent with this f___ing broken sledgehammer (it broke after the 3rd pole) you were picking your ass! And when I chugged down a quick beer and glanced over to your game, you were trying to find your balls in those nut hugger green shorts of yours. Are those for Aussie Rules?"

"No man. Man, am I sore." "So am I. It's great to see you, let's get a beer". In the clubhouse, the party was into full session. After washing my black and blood soaked feet in the sink in the Pisser, I needed a drink and was on my way to the bar when I was pleasantly surprised to see that the CCSU boys had engaged in a broom race against each other, in an attempt to have fun with beer. They were later to get serious with our hi-test stuff, and suffer the

consequences. Chucky from the Assassins had found himself in a "Bind"(Literally) as he was taken as a sex slave to one of the girls from B.C. Somehow he managed not to go home with her. Must be gay. Anyway, the Wasps had arrived and I did a quick head count. Real quick. Saint was the easiest to spot, then Clapper and "friends" (don't get me started), Helmut, Dougy, and myself. The rest of the boys were probably on route, somewhere between the Cambridge and the parking lot of the Cambridge. It was then I realized I had better start a recruiting campaign that was as unescapeable, and propaganda filled, as the Vietnam Draft. I'm glad I'd had an offer from some guys from Kelowna to slut with us. They met us on Saturday morning and were keen to play as much as possible. Turns out they played with Crash's son but he couldn't make it for some reason. They talked about Danny like he was the bomb. I now see why. Back to Friday night. The CCSU boys had now realized that there were chicks with handcuffs taking "prisoners" to be their sex slaves (B.C girls) and were eager to participate. I admired their naivety, and coyness, and tried to recall my first time seeing girls with toys...

Over the sound of music, laughing, and plastic cups being "clanked", there was the distinct sound of "trash talking coming from the CCSU corner. A select touring side from all over B.C, called "Rear Action", had somehow got into a verbal barrage with the young Americans. This was to be a "TSN turning point" for the weekend. Dano and I had now made the fatal mistake of ordering each other double Lemon Harts, with beers to boot, and sat up at the bar to look the part of serious drinkers. We started chatting with an old Clan prop, a good guy, even for the Clan. Then, as props and backs eventually do, they ignored me, so, I started to chat with a guy named "Speedy", a hooker/scrumhalf for "rear action", and Meralomas old boys. He found out that we shared a few common interests, including scotch. Quite a few scotches later, I gathered up the troops, or what was left. Dougy had called it a day and Clapper had too. Saint was close to being taken by the aggressive B.C girls, but she decided that he had too much experience to give. Besides, alcohol counters Viagra! That left Helmut, Dano and I. Helmut was looking worse for wear, and as we accepted a ride from one of the Pirates, we found out why. Helmut decided to wrestle around with Tit from the Pirates, and fell short of winning. Fell onto his head, actually, as Tit held Helmut over his head, then, after blowing the frothy heads off of too many, they both headed down. That's when Helmut hit his head. It wasn't to be the last B.R.I (Beer related injury) for Helmut or the Wasps, nor was it to be the last man. Helmut entertained in front of a crowd. The Riv was gearing up for a rough night ahead. As we pulled up, I noticed the same scruffy looking German Shepherd that I'd gotten to know a few years ago when Knudson got us kicked out of our room; or I got us kicked out of Knude's. Either way, same dog, different toy cop. All seemed quiet though. Too quiet. Dano snored. Loudly. I made temporary earplugs which did the trick and Dougy tried to block it out by thinking about techno sounds. Helmut was bothered the least partly due to the fact that his egg shaped bump on his head was growing at an alarming rate which made him really tired. I awoke to a pounding on our door. Dano opened it to find one big, mean looking lock from "Rear Action" who entered the room to demand an answer to his missing kit bag. All I knew is that I felt sorry for the poor guy who has it, and is discovered with it. Turns out that there were 3 rooms of Rear Action guys staying on the same floor as us and CCSU. After a quick chat with the CCSU boys, apparently there was trouble in the hen house on Friday night between them and Rear Action. "We were bad last night", said one of the CCSU players, "but they were nuts!" A prop, Frank, who Saint and I met at OTS, and Speedy, their hooker/scrumhalf, knocked on the door of one of the doors of the CCSU rookies at 4am. N'synch, the rookie who'd started the trash talking, made one more vital error. He let Frank and Speedy in. Frank and Speedy each chose their own beds, stretched out and went to sleep. Naked. I made a point to speak with the manager about the incidents the night before and how for once, we weren't involved. I felt a little like the teacher's pet, but I had to disassociate us from the Rear Action boys. They had been given the royal boot, and I didn't want the headache of moving us and CCSU to a different hotel- at least until Sunday, anyway...

We got to the pitch in good time and there wasn't hide nor hair of the other Wasps. The boys should've either checked in at the Hotel or been at the pitch if they had left relatively on time and spent less than a cumulative 2 hours at a bar (s) in Regina/Saskatoon/ Moosemin. I spotted J.R, Lindsay, Gauthier and some other Assassins and Wanderers in the clubhouse and instantly started my recruiting campaign. J.R wanted a game and was slutt enough to even play for us. But, I had to offer up scrumhalf, which was my trump card. Out of the Wanderers only Mike Menard agreed to a half, but, only as a wing or fullback. Even nonprofessional rugby sluts are selfish, crybabies now-a- days. The Bell bros. didn't bring their boots, and even though I shouldn't have been, I still was, shocked! After several more aggressive tactics, I had the "Wasps" 15 including the "engine room" rotation of Saint, Fontura and Chapman. They leaned and the scrum leaned. Oh yeah, the rest of the Wasps showed up at kick off. They had showed up earlier to the pitch, but headed to the hotel as we were on route. The kelowna boys were keen to contribute but it took forcing Mike Menard

into space to get the Wasps on board. I literally blocked a defender whilst stuffing the ball into Mike's hands and pointed him to the far goalline. After his 60m run, he pulled up lame and left. With a suprisingly sober and rested Wasp group (Except George who drove the whole way managing only a few cat naps) jumping in at half time, we pulled comfortably in the lead and the Pirates hopes were shattered. In between games I went to get a beer and find out when CCSU were playing next. I wanted to get a half with the guys I used to coach. That's when Clapper told me about the tent. The Pirates hadn't bothered to put the straps on the tent the night before and some strong winds flattened the damn thing. I couldn't wait for someone to blame us. I also noticed that the schedule had been all changed around. Apparently, after the trash talking, Frank, Rear Action's prop, got the schedule arranged so they would play CCSU Sunday morning. I was worried. After talking to Jo Reinbold, the tournament organizer, I found out that she had agreed to the switch, if and only if, Frank promised that they wouldn't hurt any of the CCSU boys.

Our second game vs. the Tallisman (Saskatoon) was hard fought. Yes, they played hard, but we made things hard on ourselves and felt like we were fighting a losing battle. We spent the whole second half in their end but came away with no points. Actually, we had scored what would have been the winner, but the ref called it "held up", even though the only person around Anthony Pereira (kelowna) was me, making sure that no one interfered with our try. Our feisty Portuguese scrumhalf was none too happy. Game tied. I sat outside for awhile and had a few with the boys. We took turns buying pitchers or drinking the beers I had brought from our bathtub full. I noticed Coxy was buying pitchers as well, but all for himself. I've drank with Coxy enough to predict his fate this night. His wife Lori showed up to pick us up and take us back to their place to clean up, then meet the rest of the Wasps/Pirates for dinner. Coxy wanted to stop and pick up a 12 but was showing full effects of a long day on the piss. He didn't play with us at all, as his body was too sore from his game the night before. Lori nipped the idea quickly in the bud, adding that if we needed a drink there was wine. Coxy agreed that the wine was a good thing, as well as beer.

Fathead had made a reservation for quite a few more than what actually showed at the Sawmill restaurant. Many of the "starving students" of CCSU opted for fast food and cheap beer over a decent feeding. Barfske enthralled the serving staff by bringing his own "nipple mug", while Dano downed double rums impressively, and Coxy drifted in and out of conversation and consciousness. With no Bufty to draw onlookers, the Wasps left it up to a healthy rendition of "Stray Wasp Strut" to let the other Patrons Know that we were not your average bunch of "nipple muggers." Coxy and Lori left me their cell phone # and promised that they would be by the social between 11pm and midnight. I had all my kit at their place and was to spend the night and get a lift to the park the next day. I never saw my kit again or Coxy until the BBQ on Monday. At the "Banger in the hanger", the Wasps suffered a series of blows. Salty and George did a parade of "walkabouts", with little or no success. George later was held speechless (quite a feat) by a girl who had been coaxed into singing with the band. Apparently, George is a huge Joplin fan, and this chick, sounded identical. Looked different though, for George's sake. He got a big hug from her, was doing fine, and I thought he was going to get her autograph, when she ran off with the drummer. It's always the drummer. Meanwhile, Barfske had two blondes on the ropes, and made the mistake of leaving his "fish on the line". He turned to see Menard carting one away, then lost the second one after lack of attention. Knudson was to be our second B.R.I and put a dent in our Sunday lineup. Standing, minding his own smoke and a beer, knudes got hit in a "walk by elbowing."

Hospital and 4 stitches ended his SATURDAY night. Big Sid offered me his couch and a donair, so all we needed was a cab. Menard and Barfske's chick were snuggling on the corner waiting for one as well, and Sid grabbed my arm to follow him across the street. "All the cabs come from this way and then turn around, so I'll flag it down first!" "Great, 'cause it's friggin' cold..." "Here comes one, I'll get it for us." Sid stepped out into the middle of the intersection waving his arms. The sight of a 6' 4" drunk, blonde, Portuguese rugby player, made the cabbie nervous and he made an evasive lane change to bypass him. The bastard drove on to the next intersection turned around and pulled right up to Menard and stopped. Menard 2, Wasps nil. Sid and I grabbed (the best) donairs, and walked to Sid's through the worst area in Edmonton, woke Kathy up (Forgot house key. OOPS, sorry!), grabbed a beer then crashed. At the social the Kamloops boys had been great at informing us all about the schedule change. Our Sunday game had been changed from noon to 10am. Huge. NORWESTERS -a few WASPS- a few less Sid dropped me off with his shorts, socks, but no boots. As I found the field, I noticed a couple of things. There wasn't even a hint of any potential teammates of mine, and the Norwesters had a full side and were even warmed up. Actually, they had 21 players (dressed) and were running through line outs and back line plays. I did the math. Including two guys on the sidelines that looked like they had kit, they could potentially lend us 8. I found a couple of Pirates, including a guy I had

apparently promised

fullback to the night before. Hanwell, Darren Carter's summer stag victim lent me his boots.

I then convinced Norwesters that even if my guys show, we'll still need to borrow a few, as we've been depleted by B. R.I's and stuff. Wearing shorts possibly 3 sizes too big, they took pity.

Finally I see the crew led by Barfske and his nipple mug. "Are we still playing, cause Knudes is out and so is Dougy, and I don't think I can play either." "What's wrong with you Helmut?"

"I just feel like shit."

"Don't we all. Scrum half?"

"Sure."

"Great. Oh, and can you wake up Barfske, he's asleep in the jersey bag?"

I signed my own death warrant by playing standoff but, I must say, a good effort by us and, Clapper????....No, wait, Clapper didn't show up. Neither did Kelowna. The Super League game was to provide for one of the sweetest fines of the weekend. Brendan, one of the CCSU guys was trying to get the crowd going "a la Shea stadium." Undressing bit by bit, he had an impatient crowd to adhere to. Helmut thought he'd help him out a bit by, was that a tackle? With a sneak from behind, half tackle on the half naked American, Helmut tugged at his shorts in a way which made the crowd wish that they hadn't wished for the "full monty." After making sure that the shorts weren't just down, but off, Helmut, exhausted, raised one arm like Rocky after a 15 round K.O. (N.B: They were both made to reenact the scene during court. Again, Helmut seemed to enjoy it way too much...).

O.T.S was the catalyst for our 3rd B.R.I and 2nd hospital visit in as many days. After seeing Helmut playing silly games at the feature game, the Shilo boys figured he'd be in for a little ball shaving. Not without a chase. The chase ended when Helmut tested his skull on a hard surface. The surface won. We all waited for the ambulance, but Big Sid went with to make sure they knew what had happened to Helmut. We hadn't realized that we had taken a record long time to finish the kegs. By the time we got back to the hotel it was 11:30. For the first time in my Rugbyfest history, I didn't make it to the parties after. I think I was drugged.... This time Barfske was not going to be denied action with his bird, and hung a warning sign on the hotel door, preventing anyone from doing anything, like sleeping. Helmut returned and was thankful that Sid was with him. "They just thought I was drunk. Big Sid told them that I had hit my head, and maybe had too...many, also!" Dano and Dougy made it to the bar but couldn't finish the race either. Coxy missed O.T. S, which I figured later, was why the beer lasted so long. Plus the Jr. Fire were too busy shagging. Smitty, their coach said that he figures half of them were in the bushes when they were supposed to be on the bus. If those bushes could talk.... Monday's BBQ was great . Coxy picked me up, and I was happy to see some of the clean clothes I had originally packed in an attempt to not wear the same thing 3 days in a row!

The punch o' life tasted great and it was a warm feeling from the Pirates to us and even extended to all 21 of the CCSU boys. The CCSU tour captain, "Q" said it best. " It's truly amazing to see what you guys have going on between your clubs. Keeping this tradition going on for 30 years is what rugby is all about, and we're thankful to be a part of it this year! By the way, where's Clapper from the Wasps? Isn't he up for a couple of fines?"

1998 SNAFU Final

1 dropped ball

\$4,000 gone

2 many reminders

1 cheap engagement ring

no more shenanigans

equals 1 missed WASP

whatever you do (Darkcloud) this one's for you

35th Annual Rookie Bash at Clenlea Research Station by Scoop

The scene was set, the sun was sinking and a fully regaled Wasp Bus was heading South on 75 out to Jacky Brogan's place in the country with phasers set on the 'capers and shenanigan' setting as Dark Cloud McLeod would say. A dozen rookies sat semi-nervously, watching the rest of the bus start belting out the chords of "The Winnipeg Wasps are on the Piss Again" led by the finally returned Buffalo, Buffy Saj. Everyone seemed assembled except of course the two guys who should really be there; the night's M.C. Grubber Grabowsky and the farm's manager, Jack Brogan. Grubber was quickly punished with chugging a beer for to showing up fashionably late to his own party. Jack wasn't at the Research Station garage when the Wasp bus arrived on scene. This of course led to an unnamed Wasp to immediately claiming that he was going to drive the nearby Cat tractor. The unnamed Wasp immediately fired up the large, brand spanking new, tracked-tractor up. The unnamed Wasp who felt that, coming from a farm in Rosser, MB fully entitled him to drive this looming farm implement. The unnamed Wasp was stopped after having fired up the engine and was looking around in an effort to get the Cat moving. Dashing 1st XV Winger, Robby Brogan was gratefully on-hand to hold back the dike until his father arrived. Jack finally arrived and was queried if we were to have the party inside the garage we were in at the time. Jack replied "Sure if you wanted to, or we can go out back. You guys can do what you want, just don't touch my baby." The baby he was pointing at was a large Cat tractor. We did not make Jack chug a beer for being late. We went out back and immediately attempted to start a bonfire with WWII-vintage school chairs. This attempt was unsuccessful until the kerosene fire dance was performed by C(r)appy Pellerin and Jack. It seemed as if group nomination for the Darwinian awards would be a formality with the University's natural gas storage cylinders just metres away. Remarkably, this never eventuated. Beer Chugging Time Trials M.C. Grubber quickly initiated Rookie Time Trials to scout out data for the drafting of the two Rookie teams – Team Grubber and Team Rudy. The results of the boilermaker chugging contest were: Matt "Madcat" Gravritsus: In at a scintillating 3.48 seconds! - The fans in the cheap seats couldn't believe Madcat timed in so quick that he was forced to chug a second time. Madcat responded with an even quicker result. Madcat's game has grown tremendously this season where the hard-running flanker is a constant force on the second side. Ofelee "O" Quaye: Twice contested Pepsi champion in at 4.24 seconds. - A springing wing/centre who learned the game early on in life in England. His only drawback is the game of soccer. Chris "Porky" Schneider: Captured 3rd place a 5.29 seconds Brought in to play the season from Oz in the Wasp Foreign Players Program. Chris is currently being billeted by Rudy where the two have constant fights over who will be the starting 1st XV hooker. Dominic "Flounder / Dominator" Isfeld: 5.33 seconds -Dom-Dom the phenom is a 290-pound 15 year old prop who easily stepped on to the second side and never looked back. Ran through half the opposing

team with his first game with the club and cut two UofM colts in half with some crushing tackling in Colts action. Will be one of the top props in the Union when he gets in shape. Josh "Bono" Dunlop: Took 5th at 5.40 seconds -Good to see Josh back after a season of tree-planting. Josh will lend his cool bearing to standoff/centre for the club with the colts and then senior sides. Doug Ross: 6.1 seconds (would have done better with the video game version of this event) -Doug is entering his second season with the Wasps after having a bad break last year. Recently converted to prop, Doug will add some needed mobility to the second team front row. Kyle "Wheel II" Neill: came in at an Andy Youngish 7.31 seconds. -Looks like the Wheel, plays like the Wheel and runs like the Wheel. The original Wheel I will be in for the week of SNAFU to show Kyle how it's done. Nikky "2-Pac" Tenzen: 7.34 seconds - DART house denizen 2-Pac has taken up rugby and has started his rugby career on the wing. Nik with a "K" Bwalya: 8.03 seconds -Nik was brought out by Cam Melvin and is a constant second team winger. This fun-loving guy is always jovial except when you spell his first name with a 'c'. Grant "Link" Hendrickson: who was the Weakest Link, in at a sluggish 9.18 seconds. -Aussie Number 8 currently emigrating to Canada. Engaged to be married in the near future to a former Canadian Olympian, Alanna. Note that stag night has been slated for Sept 5 at locations yet to be determined. George Bryson: disqualified -The non-drinking 1st XV flanker made a brief appearance before going off to work at the billiard hall. The Draft Team Rudy: Porky, Madcat, Highball, 2Pac and Link Team Grubber: was 'O', Dominator, Dougy, Wheel II and Nik with K. Cracker – Beer Chug The warm up events ended with the expected number of "re-runs" due to finishes that were too close to call or upheld protests. The event consisted of eating a handful of crackers (following by a scream to satisfy onlookers that an acceptable amount of the 'meal replacement' had been swallowed) and then a beer chug. Team Rudy won the first tilt but it was discovered that Madcat was drinking straight sprite and therefore a re-match was held. Team Grub won after Matcat's sprite was dashed with 3 ounces of amoretto although in the end "Wasps Rugby was the real winner".

ED-Perhaps the only down side to a memorable evening was the fact that several so-called veterans appeared to be in much worse shape than any of the rookies. And veteran FORWARDS at that. While the bus made its way to the Roxy, it was abundantly clear that Doobs and Tits would have trouble fitting in with a mixed crowd. Any confrontation was avoided due to the fact that they could not negotiate their way between the rows of seats to the front of the bus, so they remained safely on the bus. The next day, tits even succumbed to the worst scourge known for any big night out, the lost wallet...

For those with CTV Sportsnet, the following web-page lists out CTV's rugby schedule:

http://www2.sportsnet.ca/tvschedule/sked_pages/tv_sked_id_22.shtml

For August, it lists:

08/05 Championship Rugby: British Lions Tour: Australia vs. British Lions

10:00 a.m. - Noon*

08/12 Championship Rugby: Tri-Nations: New Zealand vs. Australia

10:00 a.m. - Noon*

08/19 Championship Rugby: Tri Nations: Australia vs. South Africa

09:00 a.m. - 11:00 a.m.*

*N.B. All time are in Mountain Time.

"Legation at the Research Station" Does Not Lead To Peaceful Settlement

-Spoon Fighting Brawl Considered Greatest Of All Time-

The 35th Annual Rookie Night was the setting for what many considered one of the bloodiest and hardest fought Spoon Fighting bouts of all time.

Defending his Championship was the undefeated, unbloodied, unsullied and quite possibly deranged Ahab of Dubage. Renown for flinging his defeated opponents on the ground after defeating them, the self-styled "Tosser from Rosser" weighed in at a lean 240 lbs. In the pre-fight interview the voluble Dubage repeatedly shouted variations of "Aaaahhh, I'll kill that @\$!#."

Rookie Challenger Dominic "Flounder" Isfeld, fighting originally out of Brandon, Manitoba, weighed in at a stout 290 lbs, a 50 lb. weight advantage he hoped to use to his advantage. In the pre-fight interview The Flounder was heard to query "What do I do?" "Then what?" and "Alls I know is that I'm going to kill this bastard!"

Trouble stirred at introductions when Isfeld aggressively contested the fighting name of "Flounder" repeatedly insisting that his ring name was "The Dominator"

The fight started beside the intense heat of several dozen burning chairs charring in the arena bonfire. Early round action saw the Champ increasing scoring brutal spoon haymakers to the Challengers pate.

Possibly feeling that he was behind on points, the canny Challenger moved to underhanded tactics in the mid-rounds. Moving the spoon handle up in roof of mouth, Flounder resorted to jabbing down on the Champs skull with the edge of the spoon. Despite cries from the crowd and repeated warnings from the match referee, Isfeld continued this tactic for several rounds.

This underhanded tactic had an obvious effect on the Champ stealing away his normally steely resolve. A week after match time, Dubage claims to have dents in the crown of his head.

The brutal slugfest continued into late rounds with no contender giving an inch. Dubage continued to score heavily baffling the Challenger with the Champs apparent loud report of his blows compared to the relatively hush of his attacks.

Refusing the pleas of the crowd for The Flounder to give up what was becoming a one-sided match, the Challenger pushed aside any notions of stopping the fight.

What happened next is still uncertain but will go down in Wasp history as one of the gutsiest and some say stupidest reactions in Wasp spoon fighting history. From deep in the seats, two unnamed accusers charged the Champions second, Bufty Saj of cheating by use of a hefty ladle. Apparently, the unconfirmed accusation claim that Saj had throughout the match been using said 'hefty ladle' to strike the Challenger in place of the Champs blows. Confusion erupted.

Calls went out to stop the fraudulent match but were immediately cast down by the rash Challenger. This fearless

Challenger, nay embryonic Champ, demanded to go on, even after be shown point blank the said "hefty ladle' by the penitent Saj himself.

The match rekindled with Isfeld continuing to score wearing down the failing Champs resolve (or possibly his patience). Eventually Isfeld was crowned Champ, the first ever rookie challenger to be have won a rookie night spoon fight. Crowned Champ and officially renamed "The Dominator" Isfeld will go down in history. Way to go Flounder!

Does the classic car castaway column

Remind you of something U own?

Phone (582 2150) Dlmaltho@escape.ca

Dennis Malthouse is a proud sponsor of the Winnipeg Wasps and the Manitoba Buffalo

Dear Wasps...

Dear Tobes,

I never once stated the words "where's my damn rag" (thought 'em, but...nope....didn't say"em). Fine, you want an article, how's this for a headline in the new 'Mouth from the South' column-... "New Wasp Coach Spends Excessive Time With Young Wasps, while Forgetting Where His Only Real Talent Are: Printing Lies, Untruths, Exaggerated Stories, and All Other Rumors and Tall Tales!!" The damn headline is so long it doesn't even Need a follow up paragraph. Now print it!

determined to see a rag BEFORE snafu,

-the wheel

Ed You may have been hoping that you might get some more 'airplay' with this outburst, viz a viz to the old adage "the squeaky wheel gets the oil". Not so. We have simply aquired a new and improved wheel- the Kyle Neill wheel, complete with 2 functioning knees, driver's licence and various other things that you could not provide...

From: j. jenkins [jimdjenkins@sympatico.ca] To: scott.macaulay@otis.com; Cc: Todd Andrews

Subject: Clan Macaulay

Imagine my distress when I opened my July 20 edition of the Toronto Globe and Mail (a large Eastern Canadian daily newspaper) and discovered a story concerning the appointment of a new clan chief of the Macaulays, a pack of inbred misfits inhabiting one of the bleaker stretches of northern Britain, so comically unadvanced they have yet to develop the

rudimentary entertainment of banjo music and instead force the air out of inflated pig bladders for their amusement.

Anyway, the upshot of this news "story" is that the unfortunate Macaulays have been without clan leadership for some 700 years, since the last chieftain sank into an alcoholic haze from which he never recovered. Well with this as the

only real job requirement, I can only wonder aloud how our fine friend Scott Macaulay managed to dodge election to this exalted post, as he is clearly more than qualified.

Bottoms up,

JMD Jenkins

From: Macaulay, Scott To: 'j. jenkins'; scott.macaulay@otis.com; Cc: Todd Andrews

RE: Clan Macaulay

My Dear Sir:

Your attack upon my family I find insulting and unbefitting a gentlemen, which you obviously are not. I'll have you know that the MacAulays have prospered upon the shores of the Isles of Lewis for untold generations - fishing, picking seaweed and raiding terns nests for eggs. In fact, the great inheritance of the MacAulays was the passing on of the ropes to reach said nests.

Your lies about my clan's chieftainship are scurrilous and groundless. I'll have you know that the post of Clan Chief was abandoned 700 years ago as undemocratic and totally against the precepts of the MacAulay Clan anarchist-socialist collective. Also, a taboo developed over the chieftainship as whoever became Chieftain always seemed to fall victim to accidents. These accidents ranged from lacerations to the neck to deep incisions to the lower bowels.

Finally, as a yellow journalist, you may be interested to know that "Northern Britain" has for some time been referred to as "Scotland". The fault is not yours as I assume from your surname you are of Eastern British descent and thusly poorly educated.

Regards

S.D. MacAulay

Ed-Ah, how it warms the cockles to see, after all the mindless buffoonery that proliferates with email, some caustic, personal accusations, some sarcastic humour- yes something ragworthy.



The company that supports us and blurs our vision



Profiles of the newest Wasps by Flower

Full name: Justin Andrew Harrison

Nickname: Kelowna – self explanatory (Tobes couldn't remember my name)

Height: 5' 11" **Weight:** 190 lbs dry **Preferred peanut butter:** crunchy, like the crunch **Preferred underwear:** boxers, like to just hang around **Have you ever been incarcerated?** I was grounded once, does that count **Ribbed for her pleasure.... true or false?** Married 6 years, can't remember! **Favourite movie:** Pearl Harbor **Favourite TV show:** Hockey Night In Canada **Last book read (without pictures):** Richard Bach, Nothing By Chance **Favourite position:** Full Back **What brought you to this fine town of Winnipeg?** Carried by swarms of mosquitoes **Previous Clubs:** Kelowna Crows, Meraloma's

Full name: Matthew James Stewart

Nickname: None that are acceptable to tell.

Height 6'0" **Weight:** 180lbs/ 12 stone **Crunchy or smooth peanut butter:** Crunchy (I like nuts in my mouth)(Not really, but hey it's a good one) **Boxers or briefs:** Boxer briefs **Have you ever been incarcerated?** Nope, but I've incarcerated others. **Ribbed for her pleasure.... true or false?** False, when your this long, It's really doesn't matter **Favourite movie:** Braveheart (it's the Scot in me, beating the English and all) **Favourite TV show:** Who's Line **Last book read (without pictures)** The Stone of Tears **Who would you most like to be stranded on a desert island with?** I'm going to say my wife, because she is here behind me. **Favourite position (rugby only):** Flanker, beyond a shadow of a doubt. **Favourite junior/high school rugby coach:** Bob Allen (Confederation High in Ottawa) **What brought you to this fine town of Winnipeg?** School and the Wasps club, of course. **Previous Clubs:** Barrhaven Barbarians

Full name: Stephen Andrew Salt

Nickname: Peppa... I think that is because of my last name...

Height: 6'1" **Weight:** 225 dry 250 wet **Smooth or crunchy peanut butter?** Crunchy **Boxers or briefs:** Briefs in a game, boxers elsewhere **Have you ever been incarcerated?** Nope **Ribbed for her pleasure.... true or false?** false **Favourite movie:** Anything Kevin Smith **Favourite TV show:** Hockey Night in Canada **Last book read (without pictures):** Monsoon (Wilbur Smith) **Who would you most like to be stranded on a desert island with?** Charlize Theron **Favourite position:** 8-man **Favourite junior/high school rugby coach?** Adrian "Sooty" Sutcliffe **What brought you to this fine town of Winnipeg?** Work and predetermined fate to play Waspies **Previous Clubs:** Abu Dhabi Bats, UAE National U19s, Wilfrid Laurier University

Here are the results of beep tests held so far this year:

Name	19-Mar	05-Feb	25-Jun		Name	19-Mar	05-Feb	25-Jun
Anderson, Steve	6				Hinrichsen, Grant	8	8.5	
Andrews, Todd	10	10.5	10		Isfeld, Dom			5
Barske, Kevin	9	9	10		Iskiersski, Danny			9
Bridge, Robin		10	10		Jones, Miles	5	4.5	

Brogan, Rob		9			Kenyon, Shawn	8	7.5	
Brunham, Kalen			5		Knudson, Cam		7	
Bryson, George	8	8			Lyon, Todd		9.5	
Charney, Scott	8	7	5		MacAulay, Scott	7.5	8	7.5
Clatworthy, Steve	7	8.5	8		Majewski, Jim	10		
Corvino, Aaron			6		Melvin, Cameron			5.5
Fasano, Gary		4			Morden , Blake			7.5
Fenner, Nick			9		Neal, Bart	8		
Foulkes, Gord	7	8.5			Pellerin, Marc	7.5		
Foster, Earl			7		Page, Guy			5
Fraser, Dave		8			Raeside, Darren	11	11	
Gavritsus, Matt	6	6.5	7		Ross, Doug		7	
Grabowski, Trevor		8			Sadler, Trevor	11		
Gray, Ryan	11				Saj, Mike		6	
Hannam, Matt	8	4.5			Tenzen, Nick	8.5	8	
Harrison, Justin		6.5			Average	8.00	7.71	7.70

Haji's Picks

After my last scathing letter to the editor, I feared I would never again be solicited to submit an article to the Wasps newsletter. Alas, Rag Editor "Tobes" realized that he might be depriving the membership of a wealth of inane, trivial, even ridiculous insights into Wasps rugby. After some pleading, and the promise of a public apology, stemming from his previous indiscretion, Toddy has asked me to compile my list of all time Wasp XV. (Actually it went more like "Yeah, Haj, Bufty wasn't able to finish his article on 'Rugby Boots and Bunions'. We've got space on the last page of this issue and I desperately need some filler, do you want to put in your all time Wasps XV?") How could I deny such a heartfelt appeal?? So here it is- with pride and without prejudice, Haji's picks for the top XV Wasps I've had the pleasure of playing alongside. As an addendum to this list, I would like to present what I call my "Alamo XV". These are gentlemen who embrace the spirit of Wasps rugby, who were and are dedicated, skilled and came to play everyday. They would have made Vince Lombardi proud. As Woody Boyd once said, "If I'm ever in a life threatening situation, with no hope of getting out, I want you guys there with me. These are the guys I want with me:

Position	All time XV	Alamo XV
Prop	Garther Cheung	Brian Dupasquier

Hooker	Gary Pacholuk (c)	Lloyd Dawes
Prop	Dave Fraser	Ward King
Lock	Rob Geraghty	Shane Hiebert
Lock	Stew Denston	Bill Chambers
Flanker	Paul Harland	Rob Crozier
Flanker	Dave Bowen	Darren Carter
# 8	Blake Morden/Ken Campbell	Gary Nicolson
Scrum half	Steve Tait	Marc Pellerin
Standoff	Sid Roberts	Jon Jenkins
Inside centre	Todd Andrews	Craig Peters
Outside centre	John Swindlehurst	Guy McKim
Winger	Dan Hotel	Darren Raesides
Winger	Steve Anderson	Marc Rampaul
Fullback	Jack Brogan	Gord Foulkes