

XMAS 2001

Official Newsletter of the Winnipeg Wasps Rugby Club, 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- Cam Knudson, Darren Raeside, Miles Jones.

In this, the Christmas 2001 Issue:

- Wasps bus edges closer to "Classic Car Castaway" column after failed attempts to return from Brandon.
- Jones endorses Tuna's popcorn flavourings: "They taste great and if you check the contents they contain 100% of your daily salt requirements- as far as I'm concerned these things are a full meal replacement".
- Mouth from the South defecates in cot: Promised SNAFU article from Wheel fails to materialise ...
- A full wrap of Wasps "Blaze the Gunge" tour...
- Rudy celebrates court victory with a Fort Garry brewery party with his brother and 200 of their closest friends.
- Snow 7's specialists "The Axe Scents" recruit strongly for upcoming Rivertrail event.

Thunder from Down Under

Congratulations to the club executive who did a great job this year and who were unanimously re-elected plus members-at-large Cam Knudson and Tuna Raeside.

#####

Tribute to Thumps

Personally, and on behalf of the club, I would like to wish Marc (Thumps) Rampaul and Riley, all the best on their recent move to Calgary. Moving will not phase Thumps, as he has accepted the challenge to live, work, study and of course play rugby in both Australia and France in recent years. Inevitably, these experiences have seen him develop tremendously, both as a player and a person. He has brought the maturity, leadership and goodwill from such experiences back to our club. Many people have remarked that it was fun and rewarding to be part of the Winnipeg Wasps Rugby Club this year and Thumps' contribution cannot be overstated. I will miss his support both on and off the field and I know that both forwards and backs will join me in saying it was a pleasure to play alongside him. In addition, it won't be quite the same without Riley's smiling face on the sideline and in the clubhouse. While the Wasps Rugby Club is bigger than any individual, the absence of Marc and Riley will surely be felt. While wishing them well in Calgary, we look forward to their return. In the meantime, Thumps has insisted that everybody heading to the mountains must visit and stay with them, regardless of how many in the party.

#####

As we contemplate another year gone, and another one coming, I have taken pause to see **what's hot** and **what's not** in the Wasps world at the moment:

What's In	What's Out
Bin Drinkin' Smokin' and Whorin'	Bin laden
Getting pregnant	Getting divorced
Wasps	Assassins, Rowdies
Specialty beers	Buck fitty draft
JH Bruns boys	Fort Richmond Collegiate
DART house	Anywhere hygienic
Matty Stewart	Dark Cloud, The Cox that Rocks
Pommies	Wallabies, Lions
Touring	Staying at Home
Korean Wives	River Heights Posse

Year in Review (Banquet speech 2001)

2001 began with the club losing valuable players such as Badger, Nobby and Dave Bowen but we also cut some dead wood from our ranks in the form of Macleod and Cox. At that stage it appeared as though the club was a little thin and might be looking at a "development year". In fact, during our indoor practices, players of yesteryear such as Pellerin, Peters and Wayne Ritchot were in attendance, perhaps believing they had a chance to crack 1st div again.

Then, two strengths of the Wasps really came through for us: firstly our ranks were bolstered by Saint who continues to do a tremendous job with the home page. This was responsible for recruiting George Bryson, Matt Stewart and Nick Fenner. Secondly, our old boy connections also came to the fore, responsible for bringing Grant Hinrichsen, Phil Everson and Porky Schneider (3 more Australians- what more could you really ask for?) to the club.

Soon spring was upon us with all the usual signs- the geese flew north; Jones was promising to lose 20 lbs and start playing again (I suggested he lose another 20 so he could try for the backs); Haji had come out of retirement for the 14th successive year and Sid stated that he was harbouring too many injuries and was never playing again (unless of course it was for either superleague and/or playoffs).

Though he had declined to coach the Wasps this year, it was also obvious that the permed locks of Nicolson would be bobbing and weaving amongst the pads at most wasp practices as he showed us how to get ground hog low. I was hoping nic would be more relaxed this year in the absence of darkcloud macleod, who has been a constant thorn in his side at practices and game days in the past. Not so. I still recall the 1st game of the season and getting to maple grove at 6.35 for a 7.30 game and nicolson pacing like a caged lion up and down the road and stating, with the familiar pained look "There's only 55 minutes before our game and we've got 10 players here. I don't understand why it is so hard for guys to be on time. It's been the same for 20 years and this is why I gave up coaching". I was just about to ask why he was still there, more stressed than the last cashew in a bowl of mixed nuts when theoretically he had, in fact stopped coaching... But I already knew the reason for that.

The season started promisingly for the club with 1sts, 2nds and colts teams going well. One of the most pleasing aspects of the season was the excellent recruitment from high schools into our colts team. We had a couple of very successful bus trips to Portage (although the definition of a successful bus trip is now one where the bus makes it back to the city in the same month that it left). The colts lost in the final to a Saracens team containing buffalo and 1st div players but had played well.

The club conducted a brilliant, if morally suspect, tour to Holland. In leaving out the naughty bits, the tour reads thus: we flew to Amsterdam, toured the heineken brewery played a great game to win the final of the Neijmegen Wasps 10's tournament and came home again. A less flashy but equally important trip for the club in terms of junior development was the triangle tour to Brandon and Shilo. The boys tried to turn Brandon into the Amsterdam of the Prairies but Brandon is just not ready for such a relaxed substance abuse policy and this resulted in altercations with several levels of authority charged with keeping the peace.

After Canada games, the club got stronger with an infusion of youth and there were some difficult selections to make. To the credit of everybody involved, personal disappointments were put aside and decisions were accepted for the good of the club. One situation which really epitomised this attitude was that of Kalen Brunham who played the best rugby that I've seen him play. But, just as he told me he would, Blake had come back after coaching his juniors at the Canada games, was playing well and pressing for

inclusion in 1st div. After discussing with Thumps, I told Kalen at practice that he would be dropping back to 2nd div and I remember him looking me in the eye, putting his hand on my shoulder and saying

"F--- you Tobes, you bald headed wanker".

But I knew he meant it in the most respectful way.

Along the same lines, I'd like to mention a group of guys who made huge contributions to the club this year but for one reason or another did not get to play or didn't get much game time on finals day. They are:

Shawn Kenyon, Cam Melvin, Kyle Neill, Crash Fasano, Guy McKim and Rob St Germain.

This is a fantastic group of young guys who clearly have time on their side and if they persevere, their opportunities to shine for the club will surely come.

The finals day was something that everybody who was there will remember for a long time. I know I will. I felt our 2^{nds} were big underdogs to a huge Brandon pack and in fact I had an email from a mate of mine in the days leading up to say that one of the Brandon players had invited him into Winnipeg last sat to watch them embarrass the wasps; they were pretty confident.

It was an unbelievable game just for the fact that we went from volcanic hot to Winnipeg cold but then hot again. For anybody who wasn't there or who maybe enduring medium term memory loss as a result of last sat night, the boys led 26-5 at half; but allowed Brandon 3 tries in 7 minutes to make it 26-24 and had to run into the wind for the remaining 20 mins or so. The final 10 minutes at the end was just a fantastically determined effort, they should all be extremely proud of, which had all of the 1st div even more fired up. Colts players Dennis Ng, Elliott Hannam, Josh Dunlop, Danny Isierski, Aaron Corvino and Kyle Neill had significant game time while Kevin Klymzak and Paul Szyskowski had been ruled out due to injury.

In 1st div, the high of winning the final was preceded by the lowest point of the season when we lost the last 2 league games to assassins and wombats. Any time you lose to the wombats is not a good thing but it was more than that, I just felt that we had a great group of guys that wasn't playing to its potential. The last two weeks we practiced well and turned things around.

In the final the score was nil all at half even though we had 2 tries disallowed. The turning point actually came when that peerless proponent of pectoral prominence, Steve "tits" Clatworthy, was sent off. If you get a chance to watch the video, you can see that he came in with a right fist that had started winding up on the 22m line and connected about the 5 and I was mildly surprised that the video didn't pick up the sound of the impact. I'll let him tell you all afterwards how it was "so totally justified" but bottom line is that Zuby called him over and said "You came in from quite a distance to throw a very obvious punch which started a major altercation". It was there that tits cut him off and said, "Sorry sir" and hastily started towards his place in our line. But Zuby wasn't done and came back with "no, I don't think you're anywhere near sorry enough, you're off to the bin."

So with 1 man short, just like Mandelbaum in the classic Seinfeld episode, we took it up a notch. We scored 3 unanswered tries in the next 10 minutes and when Zuby waved you back on Steve, I just want to go on record as denying that I ever asked him to leave you pacing in the end zone for another 5!

When asked by the Editor of the lance this week to list the pointscorers, I realised that tries were scored by wing fullback and centres for 2nd div while in 1sts tries were scored by both wings, fullback and centre reinforcing that what a talented club we had and that we played an enterprising style.

The obvious question is whether we can do it again next year and my oft used reply to that is "does a 1 legged duck swim in a circle..."

After fielding requests from Wasps around the world on who played where on the championship teams, here they are:

Position	Colts (10's)	2nd Div	1st Div
Prop	Guy Page	Tank Denteuling	Mike Saj
Hooker	Aaron Corvino	Robin Smith	Chris Schneider
Prop	Dom Isfeld	Ward King	Scott Charney
2nd Row	Elliott Hannam	Elliott Hannam	Kevin Barske
2nd Row	Brett Schifke	Ian Douglas	Steve Clatworthy
Flanker	Matt Hannam	George Bryson	Trevor Grabowsky
Flanker	Nick Lupien	Kalen Brunham	Ron Enberg
# 8	Kevin Klymzak	Scott Macaulay	Blake Morden
Half	Dennis Ng	Dennis Ng	Marc Rampaul
Standoff	Josh Dunlop	Josh Dunlop	Todd Andrews
Centre	Matt Gavritsus	Jeff Fecyk	Darren Raeside
Centre	Danny Iskierski	Scott Harland	Steve McAvoy
Wing	Michael Wilson	Jim Fraser	Matt Stewart
Wing	Dave Gray	Ofolee Quaye	Rob Brogan
Fullback	Paul Szyzkowski	Cam Knudson	Gord Foulkes

Reserves	Jamie Hutchison	Danny Iskierski, Aaron Corvino, Doug Ross, Steve Anderson, Shawn Kenyon, Kyle Neill, Guy McKim, Rob St Germain, Don Deally, Gary Fasano, Justin Harrison	Sid Roberts Grant Hinrichsen
-----------------	-----------------	---	-------------------------------------

29 year old bachelor

2 many pounds

1 live in girlfriend

3 daily meals

a lot less shenanigans

equals 1 missed WASP

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

CLASSIC CAR CASTAWAYS - By TUNA

Remember when cruisin' in the car meant more than just rushing to return a movie to beat late charges? Some of us may have had a ghost or two in our vehicular closets worthy of the loosely rendered title "classic car". This Rag's chosen story features a vehicle that was dear to my heart. My first car. A 1974 "gendis" yellow (not just pale yellow), Pontiac Ventura. It was actually my Grandpa's. He had it for a short while after a lady in his apartment block died and left it to him. She had bought it brand new and only drove it in the summer. In the winter it was put up on blocks and kept covered in a closed in garage my Grandpa had built. She had no family that wanted it, so she left it for him. My Grandpa took perfect care of it . He used it more than Mrs. Mills, but it was hard not to. I was 15 and 1/2 and taking Driver's Ed, so basically, the idea of driving a big, ol' steel car was portrayed as dangerous through those propaganda filled movies they showed us. My Grandpa had secretly known that I had stolen a car down at the lake when I was 13, so he knew that I was keen to drive. He offered to take me for a lesson. He picked me up on a sunny Sunday morning. I'll never forget how I felt. The pressure was on me since the other famous "first drive incident". It involved my mother, his car, and a tree. I almost lost it at the beginning. I started the ignition, put the beast in drive and lightly brushed the accelerator. "Zoom." I couldn't believe the jump it had. Those babies were considered mid-size cars at that time,

but they still had Pontiac's stock 350 cc's, V8. Anyway, I slammed on the brakes, falling short of ramming my Dad's car in front, pulled out and off we went to my grandpa's favorite driver testing site- Brookside Cemetery. When my Grandpa was in the hospital (6 months later), we were looking after his car, and I had just got my license. He told my mom to let me take it to school. I didn't have far to go, so not much could happen to and from school. Maybe not, in hindsight. However taking it out whilst skipping class with 5 of the "boys", didn't lead to much good. We were cruising over the Salter Street Bridge and gained too much speed on the flat part. When we got to the top of the incline, the light turned yellow, and I hesitated for just a second, thinking we could beat it. We might have, except a car was still in the intersection, taking his old, sweet time to turn. I started to brake. Nothing happened. I was flooring the brakes and it was hardly doing a thing. "Hit the brakes, man!" I remember someone shouting from the back seat. At this point I was even trying the emergency brake. The guy in the intersection was like a deer in the headlights. Frozen. I was just starting to slow down, maybe to 60 km/hr when I thought about an evasive steering manoeuvre. Unfortunately, this guy's car was longer than the number of consecutive practices that Nick has used the term "Buffalo head". I had nowhere to go. On the train tracks of disaster, we braced ourselves. We virtually did no damage to the other "car", a '77 "Country Squire" station wagon. I think they used cast iron to make those things. The Ventura was totaled. The ambulance took me to the hospital since I had hit the hard plastic steering wheel with my face. I thought my nose was broken since I felt cartilage blocking my left nostril. The intern stuck some pliers up there, then said it wasn't broken. "Please Doc, I need something to be broken, or I will have when I get home!" "What the hell were you doing on the Salter Street Bridge during school hours?" My Mom's first question. Should I say a chess tournament at St.Johns High school? Don't think so. "Cruisin". The Autopac compound is a place they should take all young drivers. You take a walk through the yard and look at these crumpled pieces of metal and wonder which fatality you'd read about matched which cars. There were dozens. "Is it written off"? I asked my Dad. "Yep. But we're buying it back and getting it fixed. Your Mom doesn't want to tell your Grandpa that you wrote his car off." My Grandpa passed away a couple of months later.

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

I was allowed to drive his car after a 2 month hiatus but of course I had to prove myself in order to get it consistently. Next May long, I packed up the Ventura and headed to Grand Beach. I had brought back some over proof Lemon Heart Rum from the States, a couple of weeks before. After finishing all my beer at 4 am at a party on the Friday night, I started on

the LemonHeart and kept going all day Saturday. Later that day, we decided to head to to Victoria beach for a bonfire party. I felt fine to drive, but after some convincing, I handed my keys over to "Pipes", who many of us know was lucky to be alive 10 times over at this point. Solidly on the 'roids, he wasn't drinking, and so was the only sober person around. There had been a huge accident which everyone was talking about, and brought the RC's swarming. "Are you sure you haven't been drinking?" I ask Pipes, as he takes a swig of water from a tequila bottle "and could you please keep that down?" Having Pipes drive was scarier than having the drunkest person behind the wheel. But it was legal. I was gripping the door handle the way Pipes was nonchalantly swaying into the oncoming lane. "Pipes , why are you trying to kill us?" (Laughs) "I like to get a better angle when I'm going around tight corners." "You mean BLIND corners." We made it. Pipes went back for another carload and got locked out of the campsites. This turned a 1 hour round trip into a 4 hour event. I had such a bad feeling that I could not enjoy the many fruits of a great beach party. Man, was I happy to see them when they showed, with my car... Now I could enjoy myself. It turned out my "bad vibes" were true. My buddy from the B.D.I had been killed in the bad accident. I was drinking with him that day and was supposed to go with him to Victoria Beach. I had passed out when him and his buddy (who wasn't drinking hardly, and I assumed was driving), had decided instead to head back to the city to make Kevin's baseball game. When they left, they literally pulled the seats from under us. My buddy and I woke up at the same time feeling refreshed after a little kip but sunburned to hell! We also wondered why we don't remember a thing. Damn Lemon Heart... saved our lives. We had little time to reflect on our close calls when the boys were back on the stupid-train and I was the engineer. We were coming back from a weekend at a friend's lake where we had survived a boating experience which I know used up 1 of my 9 lives. To make a long story short, we had my buddy's 10 year old brother pissed, which is fine, even fun. As long as it's not my kid. The problem was he was the best option to drive us home in the boat, at 3 AM , and with the worst drunk navigating. The Ventura was primed and ready to rock that weekend. Driving home on the Trans Canada, we had her pinned passing cars like they were ants on the road. I think we averaged about 170-175 km/hr. The car floated like it was on a bed of cotton candy. No ticket either. The sinking of the Ventura.It all came to a sad end under a bus. A parked bus. We were at the Pemby after our our football game late one October Saturday night. I was driving myself and a packed carload of my Ft Garry Lion teammates from the Pemby to Monty's. It had been raining, but just as we got outside the Pemby it started pouring. I mean a torrential downpour. In the car we started fogging up and seeing was a lot of just guessing. Just when I got the whole seeing the road sorted out, we noticed a car in front of us doing a couple of fish tails. He was about a hundred meters ahead of us at the Mc Gillvary & Pembina Hwy. corner. "Look at that guy, he must be pissed", someone remarked . Just as we were going around the corner, we noticed why he had been fishtailing. When I turned my wheels to round the corner they didn't grip the road like a tire should. I mean c'mon, it helps! We started to hydro plane and were destined to hit the bus. It was by how much I could determine. We had so much momentum with the weight of the car and it's 5 burly passengers (I was the smallest at 185LBS). We didn't seem to be traveling that fast when we jackknifed under TransitTom. But the boys felt it. The seat gave way and the two front passengers hit pretty hard. I was driving, so I reintroduced myself to the steering wheel and fractured my jaw on the gear shift. Of course this had to

happen in front of the cop shop, so I had to wait on the bus (which needed repairs) for someone to grill me, then give me a breathalyzer. I was a little nervous, I'll admit it. It wasn't that I was pissed, but I still would have blown over. I'd had a couple (Of pitchers) The cop walked on the bus and I did a double take. It was my buddy, Paul Turner's brother. He asked me a few questions, knew I was not pissed, then told me to get to the hospital to get my jaw checked. Dave Fraser drove me . We both agreed that my jaw needed treatment, and both agreed that I should ice it. I did. Two ice cold 50's at Monty's. That was the short but much lived life of my '74 Pontiac Ventura. Gone but not forgotten. Ride on...

Dear Wasps...

From: Stewart, Archie [Archie.Stewart@ccra-adrc.gc.ca] To: Winnipeg Wasps Rugby Club Subject: Great Year for the Wasps

Peter, just thought I would drop you a note to congratulate the WASPS RFC on having just simply a great year of rugby. I am sure you and the club executive are very proud of the club's accomplishments this year. I hope that son of mine (Matthew) contributed somewhat to the club's success. I know he was just simply delighted to have played with the WASPS this year and was taken back at how gracious and accepting the club was towards him and Nancy. I am sure that as long as he remains near Winnipeg, he will be a "WASPY" as he calls the team, he is hooked on the team. Switching from the flanker position to wing appeared to be a good fit for him and the team. As his father Peter, it was a delight to have met you, the coaching staff and many of the players during my visit to see Matthew play three games this year. I was very impressed with how the players, coaches and executive respected and treated each other and socialized together. To me this was a sign of a championship, successful and great club. Matthew was unable to attend your banquet this year with regrets as he had a soccer tournament in the US to attend. I was just talking to him yesterday and he is already talking about the next rugby season with the WASPS and hitting the weights and a fitness regime. I am hoping to get out again next year to see a few games as well. Please congratulate the coaches and players for me. Regards Archie Stewart

From: SCOTT CHARNEY [scharney@jetequipment.com] Subject: Give yourself a pat on the back

For all you Waspies give yourself a pat on the back, buy yourself a beer and take pride in the fact that we all play the greatest f---ing game on earth RUGBY. I had my first league basketball game last night and already miss 1) Rugby 2) wasp class/swagger 3) hitting

lameass lazy whiners who cry at contact and the ref. Hail to all wasps rugby players, you guys are the best!!!! A frustrated rugby player who needs somebody to punch!!! Your Prop, Doobs Doobs, I can understand your dilemma. I just finished our soccer season with a trip to Florida for the national championship. Now I usually would not mind going, but I got carded the first game and was gone for the next game, only to get another card in the final. All I have to say is that rugby players are not meant to play soccer (even wingers). Feeling your pain Matty Stewart

**From: Jonathan Jenkins [SMTP:jmdjenkins@hotmail.com] To: Andrews, Todd (AGR)
Subject: Shame about the Wallabies**

Good thing your bumbling boyos weren't taking on Argentina on their latest European tour. It looks like the unfortunate cancellation of the Canada test was in fact a clever tactical manouver on Australia's part to avoid an almost certain hiding. Oh well, I guess there's always Rugby League....wait they lost to Great Britain too. And didn't Ireland beat Australia in the Gaelic crossover? And a draw with New Zealand of all people in cricket?? That mournful tune you hear in the distance is the Last Post for a once-proud sporting nation. Alas Australia, we hardly knew you. While I have you on the line, how about putting aside one of them there hats and tuques for me, I'm good for it. JJ

Consider these trivial losses a philanthropic gesture from the south to the north, after they try to get back on their feet after the devastation of foot'n'mouth, a losing lions tour etc etc.

PS The only hats and beanies left are (to be) stained with my urine. Hope that's ok.

MESSAGE FROM THE PREMIER OF MANITOBA

Legislative Building

Winnipeg, Manitoba, CANADA

R3C 0V8

On behalf of the government and citizens of the Province of Manitoba, it is my pleasure to send greetings to the Nijmegen Wasps Rugby Club of the Netherlands on the occasion of their 30th anniversary.

Rugby is a game of strength, stamina, strategy, and intelligence, which has a strong history and tradition. In Canada, the game has become more and more popular, thanks in part to the contributions of the Winnipeg Wasps Rugby Club. As you embark upon this special anniversary, take a moment to look back on the years and how far you have come in that time.

There has always been a special bond between the Dutch and the Canadian people. We fought together

side by side against the Nazi insurgence in WWII and have remained steady friends ever after. I am pleased that these special bonds of comradeship will be honoured by playing a "friendship game" in honour of Dutch liberation in the Second World War. Canadians were proud to play a part in making that happen and are equally proud of how our relationship with the Netherlands has grown since that terrible time in history.

Again, on behalf of all Manitobans, I am pleased to extend our best wishes to each of you and wish you well in the future.

Gary Doer

Heroes of Holland by Cole Summers

Long overdue, WASP touring was reborn this past May-June when the 8 strong WASP side visited Holland for a series of fun matches and serious fun.

Significantly, on the eve of departure a large turnout of WASPs celebrated our impending tour at a bon voyage barbeque at Ryan and Jen's.

Although it would have been easy to find an excuse not to join the tour, one look at the participants convinced me to pack my bags (much to the chagrin of fellow tour members who helped me lug them through Europe-Thank you Rudy, Jeff, and especially Doobs).

Upon arriving in Amsterdam, we proceeded to a corner bar where we watched 'models on bikes' as they pedaled by on their way to work. The many pints of beer and hilarity led by Tobes' infectious laugh were a great start to the tour and characteristic of the week. The three days in Amsterdam boarded on the outrageous. From a certain tour member's successive nightly visits to a transvestite bar (and almost getting more than he asked for-'He' only wanted beer-honest!) It was sex ("He did what with how many women?"), drugs, and rock and roll.

From Amsterdam we traveled the short distance by train to Tank's home-town of Nijmegen. From our initial greetings and pick up at the railway station by Nijmegen WASPs players, the hospitality shown to us was absolutely incredible. Every conceivable effort was made by the Dutch to make our visit as enjoyable as possible. We stayed in the attic of the WASP clubhouse (a great arrangement) sleeping on comfortable army cots, and awoke every morning to the smell of breakfast being cooked by Bart Smits and his fiancée, women's WASP rugby player, Anda. For all the large and the hundreds of small gestures of help and friendship on and off the field, I want to thank the Dutch players and supporters reading this...you were simply wonderful.

On Friday night the Winnipeg WASPs (the side completed by Nijmegen) played the Nijmegen WASPs in the 'friendish game'. Afterwards, we celebrated in the clubhouse, and then ajoined (*retired*) to a local bar (or three).

The following day was the all-day 30th Anniversary celebration of the Nijmegen WASPs. We began with fun games (most of them new to us) on the pitch, followed by the banquet, presentations, and socializing. Todd

gave a great speech and presented our plaque. I read the message from the Premier. For both, we received enthusiastic applause from the large crowd of celebrants. After, we hit the town, then returned to the clubhouse for more beer and dancing, eventually crawling up to bed at 6 a.m.

At 10 a.m. we were awakened by the sound of arriving teams participating in the ten-a-side tournament. Jeff Gidney (Jazz Golf, etc.), having joined us the day before, was on hand to witness his first rugby game. A knowledgeable former athlete, and father of a U.S. college hockey player, Jeff was an enthusiastic supporter and VERY impressed by our boys' play. Aside from playing a brief half in the 'Oldies' match, I photographed and cheered the boys on throughout the tournament. After much carousing and little sleep, our boys shook off the cobwebs and 'got-up' for all their matches. Every single WASP played exceedingly well. Todd Andrews, who had his arm in a sling between matches, was a terror; Scott MacAulay scored two tries in one game; Robyn Smith, the 'little guy' as Jeff called him, played like a giant, alongside the great play of the big strong men: Ryan Dentauling, Scott Chorney, and Kevin Barske. Of course, our boys were more than ably assisted by the outstanding play of the Nijmegen WASP players who completed our side. Thank you Bart Smits, Ron Pilgrim, Maurice Van Rossum, Merijn Loose, Freek Oosting, Tamara's boyfriend, and Frederick from France.

The moment of the tournament for me, and other onlookers, occurred during the championship game. Ron Pilgrim, the ex-Pat Canuck who coaches the Nijmegen WASPs turned to me and said, "Look at Ron, he's not only playing great, but he's having fun!" Ron Enberg was actually smiling as he ripped the Maraboe defense for many long runs and a couple of tries. (The Maraboe rugby club comes from Maastricat, 2 hours south of Nijmegen). Many guys echoed 'Toba' when he said Enberg was the MVP of the tournament.

In the final, the WASPs were down(?) a try at the half. In the second half, the boys walked away with it, decimating the Maraboe defense with four unanswered tries. It wasn't even close. Naturally, I was going nuts on the sidelines, cheering the boys on. It was a great introduction to rugby for honorary WASP, Jeff.

The post-game party in the clubhouse featured Tobes giving the victory speech with the trophy, large Canadian flags hoisted by the Dutch, and of course the rugby song competition.

All the Netherlands teams the WASPs played were gracious in defeat. Check the pictures I took-the boys have copies-and you'll see the Dutch with post game smiles on their faces, some holding Canadian flags, in the true spirit of friendship and rugby tradition.

The Nijmegen WASPs celebrated with us in a local pub later that night. The party featured the boys (and girls) in various states of undress, Scoop the 'Human Surfboard' being surfed by Rudy, as we carried them throughout the pub.

In conclusion, I'd like to thank all of the tour members for an experience of a lifetime, Ryan for getting us to his country, and Tobes for planting the seed. The character, the crazy joyfulness, the class of all the guys showed again and again throughout the tour. I am honored to have been in our boys' company on tournament day. The 'Espirit de corps' and 'fighting spirit' were incredible. It was truly a 'moment in time' that I, for one, will never forget.

For me, my friends, the WASPIes who took the tournament by storm, along with our Nijmegen hosts, are truly the 'Heroes of Holland'.



The company that supports us and blurs our vision



"Blaze the Gunge" Tour Recollections

The Wasps tour to Holland in May/June 2001 was a bit like the 60's- if you can remember exactly what took place then you probably weren't there. As a result these notes may at times seem vague...

With Tank at the Helm of the tour, disseminating information on a "need to know" basis, it was with mild surprise that I arrived at the airport to see that other Wasps were also present (Rudy, Haji, Doobs, Unky Cole, Scoop, and Kev with Tank & Jen to follow). By failing wear the designated tour shirt to the airport, Doobs was the 1st to to earn the privilege of wearing "the beak". Tank had previously introduced us to the beak at his pre-tour party, with the strict instructions that it be worn by in public by any member of the touring party who committed an indiscretion. Nervous that he might be recognised in the Peg, Doobs promised to don the apparatus as soon as we touched down in Holland.

The inflight service was frequently punctuated by calls for Heineken and it must be said that the KLM staff were very understanding, bringing 2 cans at a time and sourcing them from all sections of the plane as local supplies diminished. Unky Cole supplied the 1st of a journal full of tour quotes with this doozy:

"Check that out, the pilot must have stepped on the gas. The time required to reach our destination has dropped from 6 h 4 min to 5 h 57 min". We replied by stating the obvious: "Or maybe you looked at it 7 minutes ago..."

Wearing the beak and caudal apparatus in Amsterdam's Schiphol airport, Doobs may have appeared to the casual observer, as if he had a large yellow hooked nose with a bright red scrotum resting on his chin. His 1st self conscious pecking actions consisted mostly of a rapid head bobbing or jackhammer motions which, as you could imagine, this did nothing to dispel the appearance of the afore mentioned scrotum. (There were no shortage of beakable offences and as the tour progressed, the 'beaking' displays became more flamboyant, to the point where it might have been considered the 'Wasps Haka'.)

Since the tour only seemed certain to take place in final days before departure, none of us had any Dutch dollars. Still giddy with the effects of alcohol consumption at high altitude, we tried to fool other tourists into thinking the exchange machine was voice operated ("...could I get fries with that please"). We couldn't, but it was still funny.

We checked into the City Hotel and marvelled at the architecture, notably the intricate patterns of the staircases. How did they build them so steep, so narrow and so tightly curved? Mindful of the sense of history encased in such European cities, I wondered whether the previously powerhouse Dutch nation had

been brought to it knees (literally) as a result of bad backs and stubbed toes. Unky Cole had overpacked and was already lagging badly. This was exacerbated by the fact that he was forced to climb an extra flight of stairs as the lower rooms quickly filled. It was refreshing to be able to book into a Hotel and disclose our full name, Winnipeg Wasps Rugby Club, without fear of reprisal.

We decided that we needed a reference point before we began our tours of the city. A brief chat with the 61 year old, buffed hotelier (he was immediately Unky Cole's idol) gave us the info we needed. "The brewery" was within walking distance. After a short stroll, a couple of facts were immediately apparent:

1. The Heineken brwery is not open at 9.30 on Monday morning but plenty of surrounding bars are.
2. Amsterdam has lots of beautiful women, most of whom ride bikes in miniskirts.

Since tank was not joining us until Thursday, we really had no idea whether there was going to be a language barrier. There wasn't as it turned out, with most of us recognising that the menus in the first pub we visited were printed in an english version. Oblivious to this, and intent on breaking down the cultural barriers, Rudy was having difficulty with the Dutch pronunciation of Meatball sandwich which went something like "mmm; mmeee- att boll-ll". This entertained us for hours, before a reefer had even been smoked...

Doobs was jumping around like kids on christmas eve, and was barely able to contain himself when he noticed the 1st "COFFEE SHOP" sign. He'd heard so much about this place where dabbling in illicit substances was tolerated, nay encouraged, and the dazzling array of international hashish products lived up to all his expectations. It was his Nirvana. While other members of the touring party are generally not noted for such activity, we thought we'd see what all the fuss was about... With all this activity took place before lunch time on the first day, it was obvious that we were not pacing ourselves for the 4 days of worldly pleasures offered by the scheming seductress that is Amsterdam.

While we waited for the next canal taxi, Rudy had his first interaction with the street people of Holland, a juggler who offered to strut his stuff for whatever guilders we could spare. Apparently it was not enough, as "his stuff" consisted of him arguing that he was too close to the canal to juggle, in case he lost a ball and his livelihood. Bewildered, Rudy offered to move him away from the canal but it soon became apparent that he was a juggler of words only...

Holland will forever be famous for its women (see #2 above) to everybody who was on the Wasp tour. This fact has apparently long been known by the locals and all patio seating is set up in rows, so that patrons have an uninterrupted view of passersby ("Look at that ass, like 2 minks in a sack" ejaculated Haji). As the sun went down and pedestrian traffic eased, we were finally able to peel ourselves away and try the local cuisine. The pickled herring looked bad but we wondered how 9 million dutch people could be wrong so we all had a herring hot dog. It was bad and they are wrong!

With our guilders disappearing faster than cashews in a bowl of mixed nuts, we all headed for the bank machines. It was here that Haji encountered an unexpected cultural barrier- the ATM's had no letters on them, just numbers. After a few guesses at his combo, he retired with pen and paper to allocate letters to each of the numbers. Satisfied that we had solved the mystery, so that when Haji would spell the name of his favourite *%\$#@ on the ATM, his money would be available. Not so. We walked the 10m to the closest pub and had some more heinies while pondering the situation. We went over all the possibilities and somehow, somebody had the nerve to go over Haji's alphabet, and the missing consenant was identified.

WHERE'S THE DAMN BEAK!

After a pretty big night at one of the local bars, we decided take part in the famous Heineken brewery tour. Unky Cole took pictures of himself with some strangers girlfriend while Doobs left his camera behind at one of the stops. While this in itself was 'beakable' we also managed to take it to the toilets for some classic butt close ups. Sadly those photos didn't turn out. In fact every single photo from the 4 rolls of Doob's film was blurry. It's not know whether there was a problem with the camera or whether this an accurate depiction of most of the scenes. After the brewery we considered getting our public transport options. We looked around at the cars and wondered how Barske would fit even his schlong into one of the 3-wheeled machines let alone either of his legs! We boarded a canal tour headed for the Van Gogh museum and Anne Frank's house. Our cultural tour continued with a trip to the red light district. Of course we were appalled with the public displays of semi-nude, beautiful women who specialised in pleasures of the body. So disgusted, that we felt it was necessary to go back every night and shake our heads in dismay...

Walking the streets of Amsterdam takes a lot of time for a rugby touring party. Everywhere we looked, there was another pub. In vain, Scoop tried to apply drop in rules such as "OK guys, we are not stopping until we walk for at least 20 minutes".

We settled into a routine in Amsterdam which revolved around our 10am breakfast deadline at the Hotel. This was where we swapped stories or enquired about the whereabouts of missing party members. One particular evening, Rudy was part of a 1 man splinter group who was unaccounted for after 4 am until 9 when Haji awoke to find that he had just returned home and was leaning forwards against the the bedroom wall. Fearing for his room-mate's safety, Haji enquired "Are you OK Rudy?". The two words of reply- "MANDELBAUM, MANDELBAUM" plus a pumping of the fist was enough of an indication that he was fine and in fact was ready to "take it up a notch or two" for the rest of the tour.

As we departed Amsterdam for Nijmegen, the feeling of relief was tangible. Like the morning after a big night out, we wondered if there was any incidents that we would be accountable for later. We were only half way through the tour but were knackered and had yet to step onto a rugby field. Just as we threatened to go to sleep and maybe recharge our batteries, Unky Cole pulled some giant cans of Heineken from his backpack. There was lots of interesting scenery on the trip, although the highlight for Cole was being able to see the tracks while flushing the toilets.

After arriving in the Neijmegen train station, we checked out the town. Seeking shelter from the prevailing winds in a park in the center of town, we were approached by the local vagabond, since we were clearly invading the privacy of his sleeping quarters beneath the trees. After his experience with the juggler in Amsterdam, Rudy felt confident about befriending the vagrant, and began singing songs with him. The friendship was cemented when he was allowed to swig from the 'brown paper bag'.

We wandered back to the train station and tried to prise Unky Coles' bags from their locker, but like gays in the army, they just didn't want to come out. Laying on the front steps of the train station, we waited to see if Tank had organized some sort of pickup. Unky Cole eventually emerged, dragging his bags behind him. After initially scoffing at suggestions that the bags were not designed for such treatment, a brief inspection revealed that a large hole had worn through the bottom of one of the bags; the one belonging to his friend and Czech-tour-leg-sugar-daddy, Jeff of Jazz Gold. Too tired to backtrack for any lost items, we thought at least we could follow the trail home in few days time anyway.

Just as the sun was setting on day 5 of the tour, we crammed into a couple of the Neijmegen Wasps cars and headed off to their clubhouse, our home for the next 3 days. We were all immediately impressed with the building, which had full bar and cooking facilities downstairs and an attic/meeting rooms upstairs. The bar area was festooned with Wasps paraphernalia and it seemed almost like a homecoming. We marvelled at photos of a young Tank, and guessed that he was a sveldt 240 lbs. After earlier bragging that my worldly traveling experience had allowed me to pack light, the real reason became obvious as we set up our mattresses and fold out cots. I hadn't brought any sleeping gear and so I had to make do with putting on as many clothes as I could fit and then wrapping myself in a large dutch flag. Staring at the ceiling in the attic, each of us entertained thoughts that were so tantalizing, so outrageous that we dared not mouth them. In time though, Bart confirmed our most optimistic notions; "OK guys, have a good time. You'll have the clubhouse and bar for the next four days." Sweet dreams boys.... Sweet dreams.

We toured Tank's home town of Wijchen, joining in a couple of the local weddings at the local castle. We marveled at the history of the place, such as the locals who risked their lives harbouring jews in the ceiling of the castle; and who decided to start putting mayonnaise on the fries. Mum and dad Tank, looked after us with a fantastic array of Dutch food that made us think that Tank has done well to keep as trim as he is...

Friday night was the occasion of the one off test (10-a-side) of the Winnipeg Wasps vs Neijmegen Wasps. Played in drizzling rain, we secured the serviced of Pat, a transplanted Nova Scotian; and Tank's mate Bart. Frederick also played for us, since he had spent almost two years working in Carman, MB. Freddy was to prove the most exciting addition to the team as his girlfriend was a sex therapist. Immediately, we confronted her with our most pressing issues pertaining to sex; namely, that we were not getting anywhere near enough of it. Anyway, with the NM Wasps somewhat undermanned, we ran out convincing winners 48-12. The game was marred/highlighted by a number of horribly conversion attempts from in front, including two by self proclaimed ex-kicker, haji. SOOO beakable...

Saturday was family day for the NM Wasps and we were impressed by the large number of junior Wasps teams who played in a tournament. There was also an assortment of games, each of which required a level of co-ordination we just didn't have after 4 days in Amsterdam and we were reduced to resorting to the excuses of jet lag and language barriers. We were hoping for an early night but Tank had other ideas, challenging us to finish off 2 kegs at a family birthday party. We took the opportunity to tidy up on some housekeeping (public beaking) matters. After finishing the night at the clubhouse with a couple of nightcaps, we were aware of a familiar but eery phenomenon as we climbed the staircase to the attic: we shook our heads and rubbed our eyes at the large sheets of paper that had been placed on all of our beds. 'DRINK 4 LARGE GLASSES OF WATER BEFORE YOU GO TO BED'. Was it the spirit of nicolson, intervening from across the atlantic ocean?

For the final time during our stay, Bart and Anda yelled from the kitchen that our bacon and eggs were ready. This was our last day and included the final challenge of our tour, the Neimegen Wasps 10's tournament. After emerging from the gloom and filth of the attic (DART house?), the team suffered third degree cornea burns while playing our first opponents, the Devils. The gaudy mix of bright yello9w and fluorescent red jumpers shone like 10 suns in the showery conditions. Indeed, the jumpers could not be stared at for any length of time. Next we played Wageningen (whose bright purple strip was only slightly less blind) and registered our 2nd win. Perhaps the extra challenge of kicking over the cross bar but pulling the ball up short of the jungle was the impetus needed by our kickers, as conversions became more reliable.

In our final pool game, we played the University of Maastricht (home of the famous international treaty) Maraboes (Storks). It was immediately obvious that there would be no negotiation or political immunity granted during this meeting and we were beaten 21-5. Never the less, we had secured our place in the playoffs and would face our host club, the Neijmegen Wasps. This was a game that pitted us against our new found friends and was played in great spirit. Tries by the Haji and a free running Scoop helped us to victory, and a spot in the final against the baby faced assassins, the Maraboes, already established as our arch rivals.

A good crowd had gathered on the sidelines for what was anticipated to be a ding dong battle for the cup. Running into the wind in the first half, we recycled the ball well and kept possession for long periods. However, the plucky Maraboes made some try saving tackles and we trailed 10-5 after the first stanza. The 2nd half featured bullocking runs by Doobs, crushing defence by Barske and more terrier like performances from Haji and Rudy. At times, the menacing Wasps pack appear to have some sort of impenetrable force field around them as they carried the ball downfield with an 'escort' of University players. As time wore on, so the weight of possession became telling and finally the weight of Tank told as he crashed through from short range, to break the game wide open. Before the crowd cheers for their returned prodigal son had died down, we raced in a couple more. Final score: 22-10. In fulfilling a lost bet (made in a state which should have been enough to render the bet 'null and void'), I circled the field with the cup. JUST the cup.

After presenting the Wasps with a tour jersey, all the teams swapped songs with some the same as ours and some not. The camaraderie was a great advertisement to the sport. Happy but hoarse, where else to continue partying but at the local Irish pub. Previous outings had confirmed that there was no such thing as a line up outside nightclubs in Holland and this was no different. With a crowd-friendly DJ behind the bar, undressing became the norm as we disrobed for, among other things, the Full Monty theme. The 'highlight of the night' was undoubtedly the classic body surfing by Rudy.

No sooner had we got back to the clubhouse than we had to pack and leave for the train. Unky Cole admitted defeat and pleaded for Doobs to carry some of his luggage home while he went on to the Czech republic. Doobs agreed but would later regret this when we were grilled at Canadian customs for having muddy boots (this was at the height of the foot'n'mouth scare). Already edgy, the customs agent threatened to go through all our gear. This was when Doobs broke into a sweat as he realized that Unky Cole's 'medical supplies' could raise some eyebrows amongst officials. Thankfully, no search was implemented. Scoop toyed with the idea of smuggling some of Hollands delights back into Canada but of course there was no way of keeping Shoarmas or Calzones fresh on the plane...

Wasps Tour Quotes:

Cole: *Hey, hey guys!!! That pub across the street is open, It's 10:00 o'clock in the morning, lets get a beer.*

Cole tries to bring in orange bike fender he found in the street into a dance club

Barske: Cole, you're going to have to leave that outside because the orange fender check is full.

Cole: *Boner City!* and hides fender in bush

Unky Cole: *It is one of my biggest regrets that I was never able to get my two biggest idols, my father and Lars Erik Sjoberg, in the same room and introduce them.*

Rudy: *Maybe they were the same person.*

At the Nijmegen Wasps home ground...

Scoop: *Do you think it's going to rain this afternoon?*

Ron from NS: Looking from Scoop to sky and back at Scoop with outstretched hands. *It already is raining.*

Scoop: *OK, but is it going to rain any harder?*

Scoop to Cole: *Rudy got himself in trouble with the law. You explain it Tobes.*

Tobes: *Weeellll. He's....in...trouble...with ...the ...law.*

Walking by a restaurant...

Scoop: *Ever tried any Indonesian boys?*

Barske: *Do you realize what you just said, heh heh?*

Scoop: *You're not going to let that one pass eh?*

Barske: *Nope... Hey guys, did you hear what Scoop just said....*

Tour Scoreboard:

Test Match vs NM Wasps (won 48-12)

Tries: Barske (2), Haji (2), Scoop, Tobes (3) **Goals:** Baske 0/1, Haji 0/2, Tobes 4/4

Nejmegen Wasps 10's Tournament

Round Robin, vs Devils (won 19-10)

Tries: Bart, Cedric, Scoop **Goals:** Haji 2/4

Vs Waningenen "purples" (won 19-5)

Tries: Bart, Doobs, Haji (2), Tobes **Goals:** Bart 0/1, Doobs 0/1, Haji ½, Tobes 1/1

Vs Maastricht University Maraboes (Lost 21-5)

Tries: Rudy **Goals:** Rudy 0/1

Semi Final vs NM Wasps (won 19-0)

Tries: Barske, Haji, Tobes **Goals:** Haji 0/1, Tobes 2/2

Final vs Maastricht University Maraboes (Won 22-14)

Tries: Haji (2), Tank, Tobes **Goals:** Haji 1/1, Tobes 0/3

Team for the Neijmegen Wasps 10's Final:

Props: Doobs, Tank **Hooker:** Rudy 2nd **Rows:** Barske, Scoop **Half Back:** Ron

Standoff: Tobes **Centre:** Haji **Wing:** Freddy **Fullback:** Bart **Manager/Pharmacist:** Unky Cole