



The WASP RAG

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 @ Large- Cam Knudson, Darren Raeside, Miles Jones, Rob Brown, Scott Charney.

In this, the September 2002 Issue:

- McAvoy excites faithful readers with quotable quote after extended absence.
- Rudy escapes Rugbyfest with minor burns and lingering smell of excrement! Compares notes with Ex Don's Photo employee and ablutions pit resident Dark Cloud Macleod.
- Following hot on the heels of revelations in our last issue that a rum-guzzling Australian had been the first Wasp cut off at the 'Bridge, a second incident was reported almost immediately. Whilst allegations of bringing the club into disrepute have waned, Bundy has since issued this statement "What's the big deal, it's pretty common down home- that's why all pub floors should be tiled, not carpeted. You pussies haven't really been drunk until you've ralped in the establishment."

- Wasps executive issue recall notice on all 2002 model imports. Club president, Pistol Pete Nolan was quoted as saying something like "...eeeeerrrr, I canny say what's wrong wi' these guys y'kno. But eeeerrrrrr, I have told Pacman and Maple Grove that we're no' paying our dues until eeeerrrr they are fully fit and we are paid our eeeerrrrrrr bingo money. Afteeerrrrrr all, we've got a f___ing club to run y'kno."
- Dakota St motorists and Cunnington St residents are alerted to be on the lookout for careering golf balls at the upcoming golf day (SEPT 15th). Pembina highway motorists and Round Table patrons have been alerted to watch for flying beer glasses, after the same event.
- Bufty swaps Nicolson's line out calls for the much simpler Duey Decimal system of the Westwood library: "Plus it's a lot quieter in the library without the yap of Gordy and those other backs."
- Survival 5 proposed for DART house. "Forget trapping 'wild' pigs in the Australian outback or gathering coconuts on some bogus Pacific Island, this is the real deal" gloated the *worst import ever*, *Angus Macleod*, as he picked the remains of a gray squirrel's hindquarters from his teeth.

Thunder from Down Under

Ø Readers of this publication have been asking why Curious George is no longer featured: "Isn't he asking stupid questions anymore" pondered one observer. *Answer:* OF COURSE HE IS (it's just that he's in Northern Manitoba now, where the things he says are considered normal). How do we know this? Well check out this doozy during a recent visit. "Barske, what was the name of the movie that came before Santa Claus II?"

Ø People often ask me, they say "Tobes, you're a Doctor. Didn't you feel like surgically castrating Bufty at Rookie night and stuffing his testicles down his throat, so that he couldn't finish THAT story?". Well people, I guess the timing left a little to be desired but basically it was an amusing story that most people were too drunk to comprehend anyway. Besides, Bufty's gonads are waayyy too small to stifle a mouth of that size...

Ø If your name is not on the following list, ask yourself WHY (hint; the people on the list have PAID their dues): Anderson, Andrews, Bacosa, Barske, Blanchard, Bridge, Brogan, Brown, Brunham, Charney, Deally, Den Teuling, Douglas, Enberg, Fenner, Foster, Fasano, G. Foulkes, Grabowski, S. Harland, Harrison, Heibert, Hulme, Innes, Klymzak, Knudson, Leach, Macaulay, Matwiychuk, McKim, McAvoy, Melvin, Morden, D. Neill, Ng, Nolan, O'Dell, Raeside, Reimer, Roberts, Ross, Schellenberg, Seago, Seev, Spence, Schlesinger, St Germain, Summers, Taylor, Whitten.

Memoirs of Robertus Brown's exploration and study of animals during May, 2002 in the wild hills of Edmonton, Alberta (Al – burt – tar).

Whilst studying the unique migration of the *Waspus Drinkus* tribe, I was captivated by the bizarre collection of different species. Such as the infamous 'Scoop Swoop'. Evidently meaning he is so famous he is 'in' famous. To disguise the fact that he is so popular he tries to change his name. I suggest he hide behind the guise of Flanders.

The Wookey, master of follicles. The key element to understanding Wookey dialect is train your brain to inflections of pitch, pauses and mannerisms. Do not try and decipher words from speech. I have tried and many people after me have failed. The most exciting part of studying a Wookey was the fact that they like to sustain misunderstanding by drinking the urine of a 'Bundy Rabbit'. I have not yet seen how this beverage is collected though I suspect it may have something to do with a ferret, a small beaker and quick hands.

Nakedness was prevalent on the second day. Pink was plenty bar the Wookey of course. The 'Elvis Elliot' avoided the bombardment of the hunting Condors. The spectacles worn for fancy seemed to make the shooters uneasy. I of course did not entertain the idea of showing ginger; as I am English and hung like a gopher.

The final day, Flower, a member of the *Waspus Drinkus* tribe secreted pheromones at the Pirate tribe banquet. The taint forced the young Edmonton girls to lick him. The musk smell resembled a crude veggie oil goo.

I hope to catch the migration of these fine beasts next year. I suggest any other hopeful traveler should do the same.

Yours truly, Robertus

1 Washed Up Zimbabwean

Occasional Wasps games

Many Tri Nations losses

Repeated Cricket thrashings

2 many excuses

Cambridge shenanigans

equals 1 missed WASP

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

Text Box: The Cambridge Hotel Home of the
Winnipeg Wasps Birdsies, Liar's Dice, Sports
Select Arguments Snowy Saturdays 4pm- close

PICKING NOSE IS HEALTHY

According to American and British physiologists, this very bad habit of which parents always try to cure their children turns out to be very healthy. The question is, that mucous membrane of human nose has many receptors. Stimulating them could influence different functions of human organism. For example, in this way brain activity could be stimulated. This is probably why many people, while thinking over some difficult problems, start picking nose. Moreover, picking nose could help to faster get rid of grippe and usual influenza. Stimulating receptors situated in nose helps to the organism to more actively fight with the illness. This, of course, does not mean that this habit is now considered to be decent. It is still improper to pick nose in a company. Though, somewhere all alone... Why not increase your health?_

Dear Wasps...

From: Chris Schneider [chris_schneid7@hotmail.com] Sent: 2002-Aug-08 6:12 AM

Hey boys whats been happening? recently got an event email from saint re. snafu..... already fuck time has flown i remember running around gettin my butt chewed off by those crazy mossies. Was it the same story this year?? How's the team going still top of the table, winning everything?

Dublin's been going ok, all u can do here is complain about the weather i think we've had a handful of days over 20 degrees . have got some travel and cultural activities done lately went and saw uk largest waterfall the other day a whopping 130m (looked more like 60..... even from my height) then went to the pub and watched the gaelic football. Also watched a hurling match the other day all ireland 1/4 finals.....f---in nutty irish run around with axe handles trying to hit each other but it was awesome to watch- a cross between AFL and field hockey then went to the pub and listened to irish music. Hopefully will go up to the north this weekend to belfast. yibbida yibbida thats follks i've gotta clean this stinkin house. Catch ya on the flip side

Chris (porky) Schneider

The company that supports us and blurs our vision



Wasps "Truth or Rumour" By MJ Super Sleuth.

With the season in full swing, and the boys telling more BS stories than ever, its time for the second installment of WASPS truth or Rumor?

1. Rob Brown, brought in to maintain the streak of useless British Imports, has never played in a single competitive game of any kind, in any sport, in his entire life, due to injury. T R
2. Mike "Bufty" Saj, revered across the prarie as a fierce scrummager, recently was forced to spend 2 weeks in an anger management course, following a roadrage incident involving an elderly Mennonite couple from Steinbach.. T R
3. Gary Nicholson, once the spokesman for the Bonnie Home Perm Kit, was recently awarded "Most Anally Retentive Parent" by the Teachers Guild of Strathmillan Elementary School in St James, for fostering what a spokesperson described as "a vision of complete perfection for Jeremy.". T R
4. Angus Macleod, brought in to maintain the streak of useful Australian imports, is a recent graduate of The University of Western Sydney – Hawkesbury where he attained the worlds most venerated Land Assessment and Management Degree. The aforementioned degree has enabled Angus to attain gainful employment at both Branigan's and Lot 115, two of Winnipeg's most prestigious Property assessment firms. T R
5. Captain, Lieutenant, Colonel, Major, Darcy Wright, has been working covert op's, for Special Forces groups based out of New

Westminster BC, ensuring no terrorist activity will effect Canada's burgeoning opportunities in the sea lion export market. Thus explaining why nobody had heard from him in 26 years. T R

6. Gary Pacholuk, often thought as the best hooker in club history, was recently arrested following a harrowing incident at the executive bath house, when his two for one coupon was revoked. Arresting officer Pellerin stayed said charges when he realized he was actually trying to exonerate his mail away bride. T R

7. Kevin "Beast" Klymzak was recently reported to have downed an entire bottle of liquid bubbles on Canada Day, in what he described as an effort to impress "sum Ho's". It was later noted that said "ho's" were disturbingly unimpressed describing the incident as "stupid and unpatriotic." T R

SNAFU Snorts by Dark Cloud and Nobby

Interest for SNAFU this year was higher than the subjects of this report at the Sunday night social, as we prepared to welcome back old friends and looked forward to the bleeding of some over-eager rookies. As tradition dictates, we gathered at the 'Bridge on Friday night, to recall tales of past years over a jumbo or 2 with out of town travellers. Thankfully, Dan Corley and the St Pauls Pigs showed up or Saint would have been talking to himself...

Saturday morning we fronted for our first game, against the wombats. This early clash meant that the polar approaches to game preparation by the 2 clubs was not reflected in match performance, and so we were handy winners. Highlights were the tries were scored by newcomers Ryan Supeene and Darcy Spence and the return of the free-running, loose pizzled young redhead from Western New South Wales.

Our second game was a forgettable effort against an emotionally charged Pigs outfit which featured numerous meetings of Sid Roberts and one of his countrymen. It must have been some sort of Shakey Isles secret handshake as the Maori ran with an outstretched arm towards Sid who simultaneously stepped aside before waving back. Knudson, a reluctant "young Nic" at first, had done the t-shirt, sunburn cream and clipboard proud as he shuffled his squad around with aplomb on the first day.

After harrasing waitresses at Boston Pizza, we headed off to reacquaint ourselves with the old Roxy. Nobby was kept fAiRLY busy here and, giving in to his fast food fetish, went home for a big MAC at the end of the night. Jones' efforts to capture the moment were foiled, since no 'special sauce' was spilt that evening.

A predictably small and bedraggled group of us faced the Wanderers first thing on Sunday morning. Sid ensured himself of his first win of the weekend by playing on both teams. Despite Barske winning a wealth of lineout ball, we eventually lost and the knockout format of the 2nd day meant that we had no more games to offer to the latecomers.

After the boat races, we gathered at the Round Table to line our stomachs prior to the social. Here we did our own impression of 'Weekend at Bernie's' by propping the *worst import ever, Gus Macleod*, against the wall in an effort to make him appear conscious. After meeting with Curtis and his buddy Charlie in the carpark, DarkCloud and Nobby were licking their lips at the thought of dancing the night away.

In what has been proclaimed as the best organised midnight game ever, a strong contingent of Wasps (un) dressed and taped up for the eagerly awaited fixture. Maybe we were too eager, as the mounting injury toll forced players back to the sheds. The most notable injury was a heavy concussion suffered by one of the female players after she sustained a knee to the melon. Predictably, about 20 or so generous male players gathered around the young lass, offering to do anything from shoo away mosquitoes to mouth-to-breast resuscitation (presumably nobody offered to clothe her before the ambulance arrived).

Rudy had offered the use of his 35,000 BTU bbq for the Monday BBQ. As we pulled in to pick it up, we noticed that Rudy was stretched out asleep on the verandah of his house. When quizzed as to the comfort level of the slivery pine boards, he replied, "... well it's a helluva lot better than the port-a-potty at Maple Grove where I awoke at 7am this morning".

When we arrived at the bbq, we suggested that maybe Rude should have a seat while we sparked up the barbie. He insisted on demonstrating the capabilities of the state-of-the-art machine and we were all certainly impressed at the tremendous spurt of heat and flame which licked at Rudy's head upon ignition. The singed eyelashes, eyebrows and hair, combined with the undeterred grin, gave Rudy the comical appearance of an early Halloween pumpkin, even if the smell of burning flesh was a bit off-putting just prior to lunch.

Scotty Harland provided an excellent venue for the bbq. Apart from the pool, one of the features of the house was the 4 bathrooms and this was particularly appealing to Rudy as he critiqued each of these for space, comfort and other features that impact the potential for a toilet to double as a bed.

The post lunch game of pool rugby between Wasps originating in MB and those from out of province was a hotly contested game of brawn vs brains. While brawn allowed the natives to win most of the underwater scuffles (the out of province people recognising the hazards of drowning) several imports may seem to be more at home with the naked rubber rooster used as a ball, perhaps as a result of plenty of recent experience with 'choking the chicken'.

Rookie Ryan Supeene was unable to participate in the Pool games because he'd injured his knee during midnight rugby. He vaguely recalled running at full pace and slamming into something hard (possibly a girl's head?) before summersaulting and hitting the ground heavily.

After musing over the 3 Man Lift results, we said good bye to Weasel, Shaner, and others who had made the long trip to be with us for the August long weekend and looked forward to our next travelling gong show appearances.

Rookie Night Write-Up by The Wheel

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