

# The Wasp Rag

Official Newsletter of the Winnipeg Wasps Rugby Club, est 1965

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**Club Executive – President** Scott Charney **Vice President/Maple Grove Rep** Andy Young  
**Secretary/Rag Ed.** Cam Knudson **Treasurer** Stephen Anderson **Members-at-Large** Jeremy  
Matviychuk, Ron Enberg, Gary Fasano

## In This May 2004 Issue

- Gentlemen, Start Your Engines: Season Kicks Off May 15<sup>st</sup> vs Wanderers and The Creek – Get Registered!
- Meatball Spices Up Anderson's Co-Worker. Clatworthy Banned From The Grant
- Freedom Fries Tour Of Grand Forks Resounding Success – Endless Articles Inside
- Wasps To Work Security at Punk Rock Concert – Need Volunteers
- Doobs Remembers The Old Waspy Bus (Formerly The New Waspy Bus)
- Bundy Submits To Rubber Glove At US Border
- Curious' Dog Savages Wheel, Reach Out-of-Court Settlement

## *The Cambridge Hotel*

Home of the Winnipeg Wasps  
*Birdsies, Liars Dice and Sports Select Arguments*

## Anderson Misses Practice for Ballet

In an incident that has shocked the Wasps to their core, it was revealed that Stephen “it’s not Steve” Anderson had missed the first indoor training night to attend a ballet recital.

Coach Scott Harland sadly shook his head upon hearing the news and said he would have to rethink his plans for Steve’s place in the first XV front row.

Captain Steve Clatworthy, always trying to find the positive in anything, said that he had spoken to Anderson who claimed to be “the drunkest guy in the place,” as well as to having “the best time in my life”

Wispy’s father, Wild Will Anderson, steadfastly refused to believe that Steve would let his team down to attend such a function but admitted that he was always a little concerned with Steve’s obsession with Mikhail Baryshnikov.

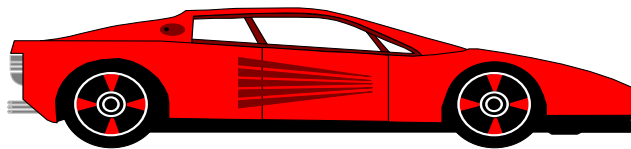
Rag fact checkers contacted the staff at the Gentlemen’s Club who confirmed that Anderson was in attendance the evening in question and stated that they had never seen anyone enjoy the show quite so much but added that it was “unnecessary and somewhat creepy for him to attend the performance wearing a cod piece.”



### Thanks!

A special thank you from the club goes out to Stu MacRae. Believe it or not he’s a manager at Long and McQuade. Last time I was there he was managing the counter staff donut fund. But all jokes aside, the executive would like to thank him for his contributions during our Snow Sevens tournament over the years. For those who do not know, every year that we’ve had the Snow Sevens tournament he has provided the bands with all the musical equipment at no charge. So for those rugby players who have musical talent see Stu @ **Long and McQuade, 651 Stafford. Sales-Rentals-Repairs-Trades-Used instruments bought & sold**

**Tired of car-nage in your driveway?**



See Malthouse Auto (582 - 2150)

Dennis Malthouse is a proud sponsor of the Winnipeg Wasps

## Announcements

**Registration** – Like last season, all players must be registered with Rugby Canada before they can step on the field. For the Saturday games of May and June, all registration forms must be signed by the players and received by Manitoba rugby by the preceding Tuesday, noon. For our first game against Shilo, May 1<sup>st</sup>, registrations can be submitted on April 30<sup>th</sup>. **GET OUT TO PRACTICE and GET REGISTERED.**

**Dues** – Yes, the time has come to pay your dues. And if you are having any trouble with this, then work a bingo, and volunteer for security. Help yourself and help the club. Here is the breakdown:

Regular: \$110

Student: \$55

Social: \$25

Regular dues get a \$10 discount if paid by May 15<sup>th</sup>.

Being registered now costs \$50 dollars per player, so please don't make us chase you down with a dog.

**Sevens Tourney** – Rugby Manitoba is hosting a 7's tournament on Saturday, May 8<sup>th</sup> at Maple Grove. Arleigh MacKenzie supplies the details below. Lets support a worthy cause and get a few teams entered, have some fun and set the pace by winning this tourney.

Hi everyone,

I am sending this email out as a reminder to all clubs that on Saturday May 8th at Maple Grove Rugby Park there is going to be a 7's tournament. This tournament is a Charity tournament and all proceeds are going to Special Olympics Manitoba. I have attached a document that has more information about the tournament and your support and participation would be greatly appreciated. This tournament is also aimed at the high school leagues so if you coach, please consider this as a great opportunity to develop your team. Pledge sheets are available by contacting Christian Taylor at [lucky7srugby@yahoo.ca](mailto:lucky7srugby@yahoo.ca) or by phone at 792-9714. We are encouraging teams to pledge their entrance fee of a minimum of \$200. The team and individual that brings in the most pledges will be acknowledged (some form of a prize). So we encourage everyone to try to do their best to raise money for a great cause. There are no league games scheduled on this date (Aside from one that was a special request) and we would really like to see participation from all clubs. Looking forward to seeing you there!!! If anyone has any questions feel free to contact either Christian or myself. I can be contacted at 489-6025 or by email. Thanks again!!!

Arleigh Mackenzie

**Security Detail** – The Wasps have been offered a great fundraising opportunity by Mitch Blanchard who now is night manager at the Ramada Marlborough. We have agreed to supply 16-20 able bodied ruggers to work security at the hotel for a concert. The date is Wednesday, May 26 and the hours are 9PM to 3AM. All Wasps provincial rep players will receive \$60 towards their Buffalo costs and other club members will receive \$30 “bingo bucks” that can go towards dues or year end banquet. Contact Jeremy Matviychuk to offer your services.

**Rugbyfest** – is just around the corner. What else needs to be said? Victoria Day long weekend, May 22-24, Edmonton, Alberta. The Pirates are set to host us once again and as always, it is assured to be a highlight of the season. Get your plane tickets or organize a car pool to get yourselves there.

**Bingo** - Monday, June 7 5:45 at McPhillips Street Station. We need 7 volunteers. Contact Knudson.

## **CLASSIC CARS – by Doobs**

It's been a while since our last installment of classic cars. My story is not of a car. Those who've ridden and driven her have deemed it a classic. And that is why I am going to share a couple of my experiences whilst touring on the Old Wasy Bus. I hope this inspires all new members to join every tour made by the bus, and brings back some great memories/stories to those who have endured it's many voyages.

### **My First Brandon Trip**

Pretty simple. Show up at the Cambridge for a Saturday afternoon trip to play the Barbs, have a few beers, sing some songs and be back by about 7:00. I'm new with the Wasps and most guys didn't really know that I had started out with the Barbs and that I had family there as well. During the game my relatives show up to watch the Wasps kick some ass. As we are saying our good-byes and loading the bus one of my hillbilly relatives passes me a 7-Up bottle that's filled with "White Lightning."

"Have some fun with a couple of boys" were the last words from this hillbilly before scrambling onto the bus and departing for the pub. We're on our way to the Double Decker and Tank asks me. "what's in the 7-UP bottle that so special?" I go to Tank, "it's White Lightning!!"

"No way let me try some?" Tank drools. Before you know it everybody is shooting this poor mans tequila down likes its water. Whatever I had in that 7-UP bottle was gone before we set foot into the Double Decker which maybe is a ten minute ride form the pitch. After an extended (10 pitchers too many) visit at the Double Decker we decided it was time to get on the road. Now for those who do not know the effects of a whole bunch of white lightning and 10 pitchers' beer in the belly do not ask Tank. For he will not remember. You may want to ask his wife though. We were supposed to arrive at the Cambridge around 7:00 which is where Tank's wife had been waiting, no churning in her car until midnight. Tank has never been on the bus since.

### **Brandon Bombshell**

Here's another story of a Brandon/Shilo trip. We played Brandon in the afternoon, and had to leave early in the morning. I was the driver that trip and was surprised at the payload. 21 rugby players, Ralph, and Jeff Fecyk's motorcycle due to the menacing thunderclouds to the west. After getting the old bus rolling to a top speed of 99 km/hour I realized that these fat bastards were possibly the heaviest load that I have had whilst driving. Little did I know this would be its last Brandon voyage. We played the Barbs, hit most of the local drinking/stripper establishments, and ended the night talking to some of Brandon's finest undercover law enforcement officers. I was lucky enough to be staying with my brother overnight and had parked the bus at his place. I get up the next morning and drive the old clunker to pick up the boys for a 2 O'clock start in Shilo. Just before I shut it off , BOOOM. It backfires. By this time Gary Nicolson has a coffee in his hand and has been trying to round up the herd out of bed. "Doobs, that didn't sound to healthy". I agreed and then tried starting it up. It turned over but would not start. After 20 minutes of trying different farm related techniques to get this bus moving, it still did not start and panic by Nick (and myself) was setting in. With the help of my bro. we then managed to find one of the problems, the fuel filter. During our recovery mission, Mac had already started to drive players to Shilo, for he was the only Wasy with a car. Well after we changed the fuel filter, the crazy old bus started. We all gave a Wasy cheer "The Winnipeg Bus is on the piss again, on the piss again, on the piss again!!!" Yep it was on the piss again, much like some of our old Wasp vets. One beer and it's lights out. We loaded everybody on the bus made a left turn on to 18<sup>th</sup> st. got past two sets of lights with big smiles on everybody's face and then a noise like the cannon of the Black Pearl shooting off, ignited. Our bus was hit and slowly sinking off the

waters of 18<sup>th</sup> and Victoria. The wounded, holding their ears from the impact, didn't know what hit them. We now had no wind to carry her onward, no muffler, and our beloved undercover policeman was checking out our registration whilst I guided her onto a side street. "You do realize that your registration sticker is from 1999?" The police officer yells from inside his car. "I safely assume that you have the 2002 sticker and that you'll put it on. Looks like you guys have bigger problems to worry about!" And we did. I was left to tow this bus back to Canadian Tire while Mac delivered rugby players 5 at a time to Shilo. We ended up winning, having Crashes wife and her friend Wendy drive from Winnipeg with vans to pick everybody up, and eventually leaving the bus behind for Canadian Tire to fix. They never did fix it properly for when Todd Andrews went to pick it up he got about 10 miles out of Brandon, it died and was left in a farmers field over winter.

### **To sum it all up.....**

I have probably bored you enough, so if you'd like to hear about other bus adventures, buy me a beer at the bridge and I'd be happy to tell them to you. They include, Cam Knudson's stag, the Portage blackout, the time I felt like making the Chewbacca species extinct, and Todd's coming across some certain red-head on the bus porn flick.

The end of the story goes like this. We sold it for \$900.00 to a fella who was going to import bicycles from the States. My girlfriend and I, about nine months after we had sold it, were coming back to the city from Victory Lanes one night when we noticed a yellow bus on the side of the road with some dimming hazards on. It was quite dark, but there was no missing the wasp on the side. It was dead once again, and Chantal couldn't stop laughing.

## **CheeCheeBooms**

Congratulations to Bill Bien and Stephanie Holloway who have announced their engagement. No date has been set for a wedding but Bill has assured us to it will be in the future.

Congratulations also to Trevor and Cassandra Grabowski are the parents of a second little Grubber, Tabitha Ann, born on "a Sunday in March" in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. She weighed in at 7 lbs 6 oz and just slightly shorter than Trevor.



*Helping Wasps dance since 1965*

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## More On Nicknames

By Steve Anderson

There have been over the years a number of players with Nicknames.

While some players have tried to give themselves a Nickname, (mostly in hopes of having people think something completely false about themselves. ie Gary “Crash” Fasano trying to get himself renamed “Lightning” in hopes that people would believe he had something to do with speed or smarts, when it was really because his throw-ins, like lightning, could never strike the same place twice. Or Jeremy “”Matviychuk – no nickname yet, who tried to have himself renamed “Yogurt” to convince the ladies he was smooth and creamy, when in reality it was used by a lovely young lass from Thunder Bay to describe his physical appearance, while he was at a TJ bar-b-que loafing shirtless in a chair, with a beer in one hand, a mouthful of smokie and a bag of chips on his lap.) they have never stuck and it has always been some sort of action or appearance that has given rise to the new handle.

For some of the young players or returning vets, you might not know the real name of a player, simply know him by their moniker. Scott “Woody” Goodine for example, always thought that Helmut was Shawn Kenyon’s real name, when everybody knew that the name was given to Shawn for his dogged determination to always wear a bicycle helmet when eating spaghetti. (Helmut claims it saved his life when slurping up the noodles.- no one has ever figured this out)

To help some of the rookies and some of you who are ignorant of peoples nicknames here is the first installment of a far from comprehensive list of how the names were bestowed on some people.

### **Kevin Seev – Meatball**

While most of us looking at meatball would assume the name comes from his shape, while others assume that the name came from Kevin’s favourite catch phrase “That’sa spicy meatball” uttered regularly while eating pizza at the Cambridge the name was actually arrived at during his rookie year playing rugby at Kelvin High School.

One fine spring afternoon while Kevin was running (or whatever he does) in the middle of a game against St. Paul’s, Kevin came to a staggering halt, in front of the crowd that had come to enjoy a fine afternoon of rugby, and proceeded to show everyone what he had eaten for lunch and his after lunch snack, by puking his guts out.

It seems that Kevin had decided to skip afternoon classes to go Georges burgers for the famous triple patty monster burger. Having not eaten since lunch, and being famished Kevin finished the burger in three bites. Right before the game Kevin drank a couple to glasses of tomato juice to rehydrate himself. The burger not having been digested came out all balled up soaked in tomato juice and people swear looking like “meatballs” the rest is history.

*So, after his performance at the Grant do we get to call him Oatmeal? - Ed*

### **Denis Ng – Nger**

After many minutes of exhaustive research could not find the story behind this name.

### **Kevin Klymsak – Beast**

Kevin was always a big kid growing up and many attribute the name Beast to his size, others to his one night of drinking whilst at Edmonton Rugbyfest. His heavy drinking and partying lifestyle most of the Rookies on tour concluded that he was not a mad man but a “Beast”. Good as this true story is, the real foundation of Kevin’s name can be found at the Winnipeg Arena. Kevin’s ongoing love affair with the Ice Capades caused some problems for him, but also gave rise to his nickname.

One night a few years ago Kevin snuck into the Winnipeg Arena to see the “Best Show Ever” (Kevin’s line) – Beauty and the Beast. Being the sixth night in a row that he was going to see the show Kevin decided that this particular night would be the night that he “at all costs” meet Beauty. His plan of action was simple. He trapped the actor/figure skater playing the role of Beast in his change room and locked him in a closet. He then proceeded to dress in the Beast costume. However, the show organizers came in when the Beast did not show up in time and discovered Kevin trying to jam his size 15 feet into skates that were three sizes too small.

While being hauled away to jail Kevin was heard to say “All I really wanted was to be the Beast to her Beauty” and another name was born.

In the next issue, did Rob “Haji” Enberg really make a pilgrimage? Does Aaron “Beano” Corvino really smell up a room? Find out.

## **Ain’t That America**

**by Haji**

You know, when you’ve been around a rugby club for twenty plus years, you start to think that you’ve seen most everything. I always like to smugly tell the young fellows, “You know – I’ve been around and I’ve seen some things!”

And Yet, I am still humbled, somewhat surprised and occasionally disturbed by what occurs when you mix rugby players and cheap booze. Here are some things I learned during our weekend excursion to America and the Sandbagger tournament in Grand Forks. Some are true and some are variations of the truth. Though, as George Costanza once quipped, “Remember, if you believe it’s true – it’s not a lie.”

Pitchers of beer for \$1.50 – even U.S. dollars- are good. Watery, but good! (Nick would be proud of the boys – boozing yet hydrating.)

When TJ starts telling you and a group of women, all the variations he knows for the word “anus”, start thinking of all the variations you know for the words “goodbye ladies”.

Don’t f\*\*k with Granny Hinrichsen when he’s been drinking.

If a tall lock named Kevin (either Klymzak or Barske) has the ball in hand and is taking a stab at the defence – when he lowers his shoulder – GET OUT OF THE WAY! I think a number of our American neighbours will concur with this one by the evidence of the lock-size bruises on their chests, compliments of the Special K's.

When Wheel brings over a fellow, about 5'9" and 300+ lbs, and says, "Hey guys, doesn't this guy look like Barske?" – you should answer in unison, "yes Wheel! Why yes he does!" Remember, Andy is probably feeling hungover and vulnerable and he really needs our support at a time like this. (To his credit, the fellow did have dark hair and a goatee, but then, so did some of the women...budda boom!)

Tour rookies. If they're young, quiet and impressionable – be nice to them and ply them with lots of alcohol. Remember, because they're young, they have tons of room in the memory bank and chances are they saw you do something REEEALLLY STUPID and embarrassing. Be kind and look out for them, for exactly this reason. JJ was once just that type of rookie and now look at him. He's a reporter for the Enquirer...I mean, the Sun and he's got a memory like an elephant.

Border patrols do have a sense of humour, but it's best not to test this when they're on the job. If the phrase "cavity search" comes up, don't be the funny man who says, "Why? Are you a dentist?"

Kudos to Wheel and TJ for the kilts as our number ones. Very popular. Now, traditionalists will tell you to go commando but its important to remember that there's only one degree of separation between cool guys wearing a white t-shirt and buck naked. American women don't find the second guy nearly as charming. (Unless of course, your're Curious George and then its all about you, and the point is moot)

Don't f\*c\* with Granny Hinrichsen when he's been sleeping on the floor.

When Doug Ross tells you yet again that "As soon as we get on this next road, it'll lead us back to the UND campus" – do not doubt him (at least not out loud). Even though Grand Forks is a nice, safe, small touch of Americana, it's still a long walk to where you want to be when you're hungover.

When Cole puts in his ear plugs and takes a sleeping pill before bed, he is not doing this for his roommates benefit. Cole's snoring would have given a Husquvarna chainsaw a run for the money.

As Beano said, " when you're one of the only sober guys on tour – those long, rambling, no ending in sight stories that guys tell when they're drunk – are really a pain in the ass! Sometimes you just gotta cut them off and walk away." Good advice my friend. At least that was the point of my story before Beano turned and walked away.

When you get invited to a wedding while in Grand Forks (really happened) and you show up drunk and wearing a white t-shirt and a kilt (probably happened) – it's best not to try and dance with your mate's and upstage the bride and groom during their first waltz. (Might have happened)

Even though you've been drinking for the equivalent of a 40 hour work week and your next stop should be detox – you still get wide-eyed and excited when you see the words "Duty Free Liquor" at the border.

Don't fu\*\* with Granny Hinrichsen when he's at the duty free liquor store

Finally, Bless the rugby gods, than you can participate in world class antics just two hours south of the city and no matter what you've done on the weekend, its still only a two hour drive home on Sunday. Yes Guy!!

## **Kilted Winnipeggers Take Grand Forks By Storm!**

by: Wheel

With much hype and anticipation by players and executive alike, The Winnipeg Wasps set sail on a tour that for weeks was being touted as potentially the "Best non-over-seas, not to Edmonton or Regina, tour ever". I, of course, self proclaimed myself as tour captain the moment the UND girls left us that bitterly cold Sunday afternoon after Festival rivertrail 7's. I decided that if those Yankee's can have that much fun up here in -30, imagine the trouble the Wasps could get into while traveling south into North Dakota in April! So it was set, we had a bus, we had a theme, we had 23 committed players, and we had Jerry. What could go wrong?

It was supposed to have been simple, show up at the 'bridge @ 6pm, have a few quick jumbos, be on the road by 7pm. Here's what really happened. Dubes, who was to be the driver of the bus, came down with sudden case of the runs, citing that he ate to much of his much loved polish sausage the night before. That's when the club turned to TJ. TJ seemed to think he could probably get his class 2 bus license in time since he's in the Army and doesn't do any real work through out the week. He went down to the Motor Vehicle branch, with his eye exam and physical reports in hand to take the written test. All he had to do was score 80% or better and he could take the road test. Well, when they handed TJ the manual to study before the test, he threw it down and said, "They won't ask any stupid air pressure questions anyway, what do I need this for!" Guess what questions were asked on the test? Nuff said. So now tour right hand men, Wispy and TJ helped me come to the conclusion that the bus on this trip was not an option. We decide to wing it and take 5 cars down and do it the Rugbyfest way. With a few last minute cancellations (Wally, sorry buddy, I know you'd give your left nut to be mentioned in this article!), we are 19 strong, it's 6:30, and Grant is no where to be seen, just then, over the barely loud enough Cambridge intercom paging loudspeaker came a cry that sounded like this, "Cam Knudson.....Telephone!" We all burst out in to laughter to later find out that Grant was ok, he was just being held hostage at another local bar by some of his co-workers. 7 pm came, Beano, his garden gnome, and the rest of us, all got in our respective cars and were on our way.

Which leads us to another chapter of this great journey south, the dreaded border crossing. I ask Tyler (from here on in, know as Stunt Cock) and Beastie in my car to sit up straight, have their ID's ready, and to not say anything stupid. We roll up, first question asked, "is there anyone with any sort of a criminal record?" 2 hands go sheepishly up. "Drive around the side and come on in, bring your passport", he says. Best part about being inside was watching Grant (yah, he was there too!) beg the Border guard for the key to use the facilities. (i guess drinking an entire 26 of vodka in an hour isn't good for your bladder?) The guard finally gave him the key as Dougie Ross yells, "it'll be ok Henro, we'll watch you here on this TV!" So back on the road, and now in the states, I guess we should stop for some roadies? Shitty that Budweiser tasted like water, but even using Cdn money AND the awful exchange rate, it was still cheaper than any 6-pack here. We arrive at the hotel, we recognize some cars, see some girls walking around, and we think,

yah this is gonna be great. Just as we step out of the car I hear, "F#\$%ing Wasp!" We turn around.....non other than Mr Rob Bernard. What is an Assassin doing here? If there's one thing I've learned over the years, Bernardo doesn't miss many rugby trips.

We collect our things, settle into our rooms and decide we should hit a local watering hole. The legal age of consumption in the USA is 21 as we all know. And what do you know, that weekend we all were of legal age. Whether by trickery, bold face lying or just plain luck, all the boys were able to attend the "HIGHLIGHT" of the 4th annual Sandbagger 15's! Dollar fifty draft night at Sensations on UND campus. Well.... all except for Grant (see the empty 26 of vodka in Doug's car for an explanation), and Beano who's awful facial hair threw the sure fire, "check his ID carefully" look from the doormen. It was deemed not a true representation of Aaron Corvino, thus was not permitted entrance to such a memorable, and disgustingly cheap function. From there, the night gets a bit shetchy I recall a shooter girl, or was that 2 shooter girls running out of shots, whilst the Wasps rang up a \$200 tab in 15 mins. I recall the boys from Winnipeg doing a STRUT, while the rest of the bar watched in amazement that 15 drunk ruggers, could sing that well at that level of intoxication. From there, the guys were up and down the stairs between the bi-level bar, trying to pick up something more than just their feet. No tries were scored on this night, but a young buffalo 8-man did land some digits.

Saturday morning brought the usual hangovers, awful smelling body odors, and leftover pizza crusts lying all over the floor. In our first match against UND the starting XV and reserves got a chance to finally meet Jerry in a team atmosphere. It had been awhile for some of the club members like Cole and Haji, who remember Jerry "from back in the old days", and when, "Jerry was always there for us." Needless to say a few tears were shed. We introduced our opposition and the referee to Jerry (which was Randy Dilk might I add who didn't even shake his hand!! Damn Assassin) and then the game was allowed to start. The young kids from from North Dakota put up a good fight with the halftime score tied at 7, and the lads wearing black and gold coming out ahead when the final whistle blew 20-10. It was at this point we collectively noticed the slim and trim appearance of a women's team from South Dakota. They looked more like they played volleyball than rugby. So with out delay, Jerry and I went over to introduce ourselves to these young ladies and to reassure them that all things they have heard about Canadian men were true and then some. They seemed to get along better with Jerry than with me, so I took the hint and left them alone.

It was at about this time that Yogurt asked when are the rookies getting their nicknames? Just then Jerry came back from a make out session with at least 4 or 5 of the SDSU girls and I proceeded to ask the girls two favors. First, name this rookie (pointing to Mike Wilson). Smalls! was her reply. Giggling to myself knowing that this name may stick, I counter with Smalls?! OK. Done. Next... we need you to take Jason Black here and don't come back until you have a name for him. Much deliberation ensued. You could see Jason was sweating, I mean he couldn't even ask Jerry for advice to get out of this situation! About 10 mins went by and if you can believe it, they settled on naming him after an old pet fish! Butt-thwomp. The next game was to be 30 mins halves against South Dakota State. We tried aggressively to alter that to 20's or even 15's to no avail. These guys came complete with a coach, matching 80's style jackets, and strict instructions to steer clear of alcohol till after the game. hee,heee,heee. So once again Jerry came to the coin toss with a repeat result from Dilk (damn Assassin). It was apparent that the rest between games, the booze consumed and the lack of subs didn't stop the touring Wasps from putting up the first try 3 minutes into the game. From there on in, there was some chippy play, a few good one-liners and more points scored against than SDSU would've liked. The rusty and beat up by the bottle back line (mainly TJ)

looked in mid-season form while the defense from Brent "Doc" Gallant held the opposition on the goal line on more than one occasion, playing as tough as a \$2 steak. 24-8 is a final score that rings a bell. The next part of the story is best not read on paper as it would be seen on Beano's video camera. It seems the American colleges take their virginal tries by rookies pretty seriously and strictly enforce the Zulu. Although not in the traditional form that we're all fond of. When I saw the 30ft of clear plastic being placed out in a slip-and-slid fashion, I knew we were all in for a show. Each competitor took two turns at the feat while the 50 or so smiling judges chanted, "best yard work ever!"

Early grumblings of having to wear skirts out in public were somewhat deflating to my idea for this tour theme. But once we had 2 victories and a few pops in our bellies, those nay-sayers realized how hilarious this night was going to be, and their tunes sure changed quickly. Complete with a red tartan kilt, a beautifully fitted V-neck t-shirt, colored markers a plenty and a cut out Wasp stencil, this night no one would mistake any of us for anything other than crazy.....or a touring rugby side from Canada! Like a snowflake, not one custom drawn jumper was alike. My favorites were ...1) 6 inches, 30 seconds, and the best night of your life! -yogurt, 2) 6 foot 5, and well worth the climb! -barske, 3) If you wanna go to heaven when you die! -uncie cole. It was now on to a restaurant/bar called Dagwood's. We meet up with teams from South Dakota, Fargo and the hosts UND. It wasn't long before the world famous "On the piss again....." songs started. Only this time the Wasps were, "Wearing Kilts Again.... and wanted some more beer now!" Many songs went back and forth between clubs with the usual beer chugging and good times. But when it became time to climb Sunshine Mountain, the owner of the establishment called it off. (this is why the 'bridge is the best rugby bar ever) Other highlights included being spot checked by SDSU women to ensure our kilts were being worn "traditionally", then leaving their mark with a sharpie signature, meeting a wedding party, making a good impression and then getting invited to join them at their party later. When the 6 of us that attended that reception entered the room during the best man's speech, he was nice enough to introduce the group to his, "Scottish friends from Canada." as 200 people all turned around and starred at our foolish get-up. We then headed to the all ages social, where it was almost a repeat of the night prior with the exception of the \$1.50 pitchers. Details from here on are very scattered, but this reporter can confirm that more points were recorded on the post game score sheet than night before. With one being recored at center field apparently? Sunday was the usual drive home and try to sober up enough to not get stopped at the border.

All in all, it was a great time, I had fun organizing it, many thanks go out to TJ and Wispy for helping make it all happen, to the guys that took their own cars on short notice and to the nice lady at Fabric land who made the afford ability of the kilts etc, work in our favor. We will definitely be doing this again next year, and maybe a trip to South Dakota is in order?? Watch out, the Wasps will be a touring side once again folks. Next up...Gabfest! May long weekend (21st - 24th)

A shitty week at work - pretty expensive.

4 hours at the bar on Friday afternoon - \$50.

A bottle of Vodka for the road - \$20.

Getting fisted at the border - scarred for life.

A weekend rugby tour in Grand Forks with the Waspies – PRICELESS

## Scoop Wrestles Croc For Tuition



**Always Got Time  
For...**

*Tim Hortons*

And Phil Manore

Corners of Main and Burrin  
And Inkster and Sheppard

## **Boston Pizza**

Locations in Winnipeg,  
Brandon  
And Portage La Prairie

“Maybe Get Beano to Make Your  
‘Za”