



The Wasp Rag

Official Newsletter of the Winnipeg Wasps Rugby Club, est 1965

Club Executive – President/Rag Ed. Scott “Doobs” Charney **Vice President/Maple Grove Rep** Andy Young **Secretary** Cam” Noodles”Knudson **Treasurer** Stephen “Whispy”Anderson **Members-at-Large** Jeremy “Meathead” Matviychuk, Ron “Haji” Enberg, Gary “Parts Unknown” Fasano

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- Nehra Seeks Less Stress, Begins Air Traffic Controller Training
- The Return of Dennis the Menace, Nger the Snger

A friendly reminder from the executive!!!!

For those who owe dues they are due!! Looks like both teams will be making the playoffs and for those who haven't paid they will not play. Men's \$110.00 Students \$55.00.

The Cambridge Hotel

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

Congratulations go to:

Troy and Jane Calder who celebrated their wedding in England this past July ?

Ron Enberg and Jackie ? (please find name) on their engagement this past July.

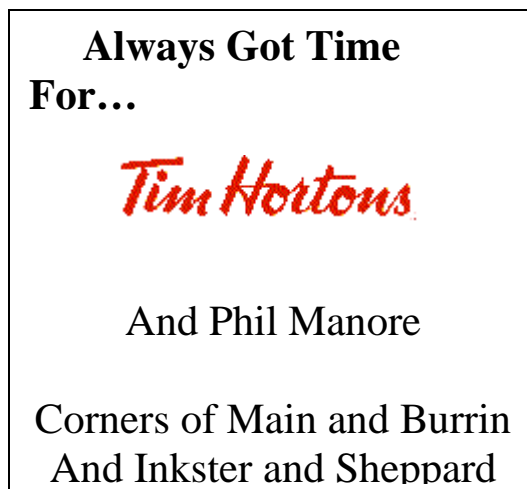
Grant and Alana Hinrichsen announced the birth of their daughter Kaitlyn, on August (need details)

To Ward King who found and introduced his long lost son, Reid Schoales to the Waspies this season
“Ron” “Hedgehog” Jeremey Matviychuk for sharing his recent adventures with us

Current Events and local Wasp Gossip by Doobs

- An imposter, has jumped province and not his sister, by the name of WPM or “Words per Minute” .He hails from the Rider Pride province of Saskatchewan and enjoys talking. Thanks for joining the Wasps and keep up the good work supporting the Riders. Because without them the Bombers wouldn’t have a team to beat. F.Y.I. we’ve also deemed WPM as the honorary Import of the Year. We had originally labeled the award this year as the “Inbred of the Year” but we Waspies have enjoyed the company of many other famous Saskatchewan inbred brothers and we wouldn’t want to put you in the same category as them. Roddy “Dark Cloud” Macleod, Trevor Grabowski, and Darren Carter are just a few of the finest that come to mind.

Phil Manore recently displayed his love of the Shriners at his Wedding Social. Substituting the famous little cars that the Shriners drive in parades with Tim Horton’s 40th anniversary bike from “the Wizard of Ozz”. Phil proceeded to demonstrate his riding abilities in the middle of the dance floor whilst surrounded by rappers, short-skirted Nicaraguan bombshells, and the one Wasp who won all the Moose Head gear. The Wasps didn’t win the bike, but all had fun and the Wasps local drunk (surprise, surprise) won the Moose Head Gear. Thanks Phil for putting on a great social and we wish you and your bride the best in Cuba!!!



Helping Wasps get dates since 1965

In past years readers have been treated to many all-time Wasps lists compiled by countless veterans with long years of experience and significantly reduced memories. Inspired by a contest a few years ago to name the spell-check alternative, Patchouli, I have comprised an all-time Wasps Checklist XV. See if you can guess their real identities.

1.Karen Reversal

2. Gary Fusion
3. Don Deadly
4. Wayne Ratchet
5. Kevin Basket
6. Jason Mistake
7. Ron Energy
8. Jimmy Majestic
9. Harman Migraines
10. God Foulest
11. Sutu Macrame
12. Jeff Becky
13. Chris Smeagol
14. Dam Bushkill
15. Steve Macho

Subs: Grater Chewing, Phil Manure, Rich Nitric
Darren Finke, Marc Ampoule, Myles Meaner, Scott
Goodtime, Tyler Mescal, Chris Sunhat

Coach
Riley Brakeman

The latest rumblings from the Cambridge by Doobs

It was with great pleasure at recent executive meeting that I had the pleasure to meet with Geoff Oliver who had helped Ron Enberg coach one of the high school teams. After a few beers and some interesting stories about the past, present and the future of his son and rugby. His son is an upcoming young star and it was mentioned that one of the greatest bonding experiences for younger players with the Wasps are road trips on the bus, especially those with Colts to Portage, Stonewall Etc. Cam Knudson then pipes up “ Yep great times had by all but I think this year we are going to say “No way to beers on the bus for the colts”. We all were talking within our own little groups and then all of the sudden silence. Is this Cam Knudson speaking or has some apparition possessed him? “ “Did you hit your head on something and have gone mad” shouts Geoff. We all burst out laughing b/c Geoff looked as though he was about to throw Cam into the middle of an Argentina scrum!

Seems like Kirk “ Banger Brother” Gorham was very pleased with coach Scott’s description of the latest “Brown shoulder bind” for the second row. “I haven’t been this in touch with life since the invention of the 8 track1” Guy Mckim, however, had the rationale for Gorham’s new found glee. “ I like it because there is no need for the second rows to bind and Kirk likes it because he has trouble reaching around Saint anyways!!”

Hi Waspies,

Bill Bien has asked me to pass this message on to you all. It should be a great time.

Just a quick note to announce our wedding social on October 22nd, 2004, at Crescentwood C.C. from 8:00 pm to 1:00 am. Come out to help us celebrate. Ticket are \$10.00 and will be available this week.

Thanks,
Bill Bien

A rectangular logo with a double-line border. The text inside reads "Gibson's Finest Rye Whiskey" in a serif font, with "Gibson's Finest" on the top line and "Rye Whiskey" on the bottom line.

Gibson's Finest
Rye Whiskey

A logo for Appleton Jamaica Rum. It features the word "APPLETON" in white serif font on a black background. Below that, "JAMAICA RUM" is written in white serif font on a red background. At the bottom, "THE SPIRIT OF JAMAICA" is written in a smaller, black serif font, with the "S" in "SPIRIT" being red.

APPLETON
JAMAICA RUM
THE SPIRIT OF JAMAICA

Classic Cars by Doobs

This story is not of a classic car but one that's still (barely) on the highway. It's Cole Summers, 4 door Late 90's Chevrolet Cavalier. It was a Saturday and it involved both Ron Enberg and Cole Summers to be someplace on time. Now for those who do not know the meaning of Rugby time (being late), look in the dictionary and there'll be a picture of Ron doing his hair and Cole racing a turtle. The tee off time was for 1:46, and the boys (Cole, Ron, and Curious) were to swing by and pick me up. Waiting anxiously outside my apartment, not knowing what Cole drove, comes the Steve Macavoy in his brand new Jeep and Cole in his rusted out Cav. "Doobs just jump in with Cole we gotta cruise cause we're late." yells Ronny who's with Macavoy. I Grab the clubs open the door and, per usual bachelor, there's a bunch of clothes in the passenger seat. "Doobs just give me a second I can't have any clothes on the floor in the back seat b/c there's a little lake forming back there." Sure enough, as with older decrepit vehicles, there was a little leak that was allowing the 3 - 4 inches of rain we've had this past summer.

We're off, but need to speed to gain back the 20 minutes that are lost. Unlike most 20 year old golfers it was agreed by all that we should at least get there a few minutes early to stretch and swing the clubs. Like that was going to happen. We speed off and you gotta love Cole b/c he's always got stories to tell and that's what was going to make the trip that much shorter. We were golfing in La Salle and did not know where the course was and had to keep up with Curious for Cole and I did not know where the course was. As soon as we hit the perimeter, Curious guns it, and is almost out of sight. *Almost*, Cole in the midst of one of his cuckoo bird stories, decides the Cavalier should catch up. "Doobs, I don't think I've ever been this fast with this car" shouts Cole, whilst I'm sniffing on the burning oil fumes trying not to laugh. "We're at a hundred twenty and climbing" Cole says in a worried tone. "But we've got to get there early to warm up, you know b/c we're athletes right?" I yell to Cole. At this speed of course with the windows down it's like a freight train in the old Cavalier. We roll up the windows at 130 km/h and continue to try and catch up with Ron and Curious, **BIG MISTAKE**. Out of nowhere with all the windows up comes this hurricane Frances-like breeze throughout the cockpit. Cole and I look at each other in shock... "What the %&*". I look back and there's Cole's rear windshield completely submerged from the top part of his car. It was about to become road kill if we didn't slow down. "Cole I think you'd better slow down to ninety or else this you're not going to have a rear window". One of the funniest moments I've had in another soon to become classic car. We just made it in time, no warm-up. Cole shot a fifteen on hole #1 (no warm-up), Curious shot two balls at almost every tee-off, and tons of laughs. And leave it to Steve Macavoy to screw Ron (and Cole) over by not giving him a ride back to the city b/c it was too far for him. The day ended up with Ron cramming into the rear seat observing the Cavalier's best attempt at brewing up an electrical storm inside the car. It had all the makings, wind swirling in the back like a tornado, moisture from the Lake Cole off the floor and heat from the three of us laughing about our golf games. P.S. Cole you might want to give Gotta Go a call.

For those who ever have been to the bridge on a Friday night during the SNAFU weekend it can be described in many ways. We have beer, which always enhances certain emotions, the new influx of females arriving that we've never seen before because quite honestly over the course of the year, it's quite rare, and the anticipation of our wonderful friends the Saint Paul Pigs arriving. Every year we have the core group of guys come up and it's great b/c as years go by and they walk, no sway in I ask myself, "Oh yeah I know him but is he getting older or is he just full of rum?" Along with the pigs comes our brother and loyal Wasp Saint, who always shows up early that Friday has a couple with the boys and is there to greet them with open arms, rum and pitchers of beer. Now that I have set the atmosphere a little, for those that do not know Saint, this Friday night is much like Christmas Eve to a 3 year old. Everybody's excited but Saint is much more for there a reuniting of old friends. So we're sitting having a few beers just next to one of the entrances and Saint has been in touch with some of the Minnesota boys on his cell. "Yep were on our way and should be there in an hour" says one of the pigs. Hour goes by so does a few more beers. That same night Saint's daughter is having a BBQ in their backyard for it's her birthday. Saint mentions how she was having some friends over etc. the excitement is growing with every other new person that walks in. Lawrence Eta, Rudy, some fine females from the U.S. show up, and sure enough in due time the Old Pigs walk through the door. Saint's there to meet and greet with a huge smile. The first three walk up to him "Hi Saint nice to see you, you old &*\$@." They put out there hands to give him a greeting and hug and just before he can open his trap with a response his cell phone goes off. "Oh shit, just hold on one sec. I've got to grab this". The pigs are going O.K. we'll just keep walking to where my nose has been leading us this long journey and find a couple pints at the bar". Ten minutes go by and the place is boisterous with old and new rugby players enjoying stories. Just as the night gets going Saint's ghost reappears and I ask, "Where did you disappear to, you we're all excited about meeting the guys they show

up all smiles ready to give you a hug and shake your hand and you take a cell phone call?? What's up with that?" Saint replies " Gee whiz, it was my daughter at her birthday party, a flipping budgie bird flew into the back yard and they all were freaked out, unbelievable." I go " You're joking, right" Saint goes "No I'm serious so I told her I don't give a shit, and hung up". Gotta love kids.



Dennis Malthouse is a proud sponsor of the Winnipeg Wasps Rugby Club
(582 - 2150)

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