

The WASP RAG

Official Newsletter of the Winnipeg Wasps Rugby Club, est. 1965

Club Executive: **President** Don Innes **Vice President** Jeremey Matviychuk **Treasurer** Pete Nolan
MRU Rep Kirk Gorham **Secretary** Dennis Ng **Members-at-Large** Dave Wilson, Scott Duesing, Rob Kinnell **Rag Co-Editors:** Dennis Ng, Kevin Barske Visit www.waspsrugby.com for contact info.

In this, the Summer 2006 Issue:

-Clatworthy, Barske, defect to Cuba, join national team.

A jubilant Fidel Castro welcomed the newlywed Waspsies, saying: "Batista was a great lock, but he didn't fit into our team-first mentality. Since he was cut, we've always been weak at second row, but with the addition of our Canadian comrades, our team should have a good shot against North Korea in the Communist Rugby World Cup. This is the best thing to happen to Cuban rugby since the Koreans drafted Knudson and Anderson."

-Doobs stuns Cambridge patrons on Carols night, announcing: "my biological clock is ticking."

Expectant father Ron Enberg countered: "I'm living proof that Doobs has decades left before he can say something like that. Front row players can't tell time anyway."

-Scoop becomes homophobic after mom tries to coax him out of the closet at screening of Brokeback Mountain.

In a related story, Scoop's new paranoia pays off for the Big Lebarske at the Regina Snow 7's. With a big Queen-size bed in the spare bedroom, Scoop opts to sleep curled in the fetal position in a cold, dark corner of the Wheelburrow basement rather than share a bed with the Dude! Beano (AKA: Teenwolf) was overheard saying "You mean, you don't even have to sleep naked anymore to get your own bed? What a rip off!"

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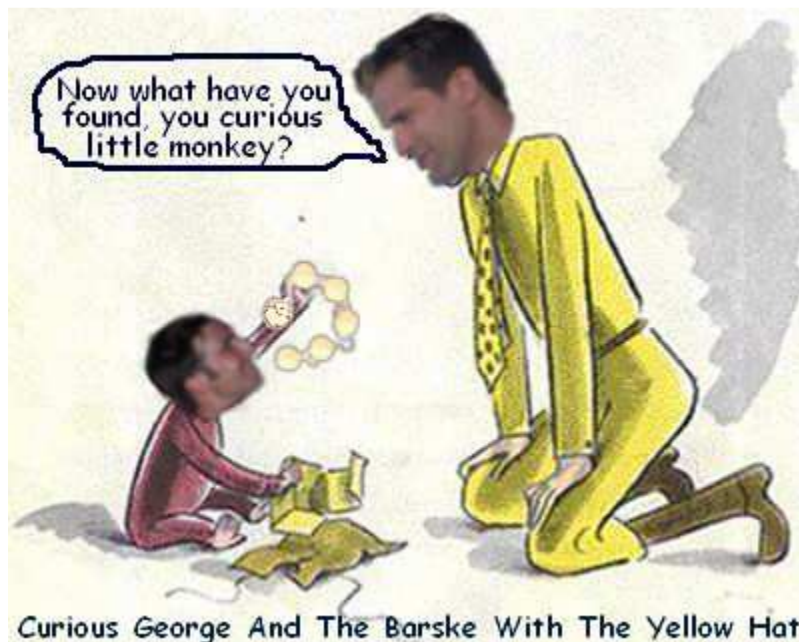
Upcoming Events

The Season starts Thursday June 15th vs. the Saracens at MGRP, 7:15PM. Be there!

The Wasps are planning a tour to Minneapolis for the Jesse James tournament on the September long weekend. We need to gauge the level of interest before we go ahead with further plans. Please let an exec member know asap if you would be interested in going (see exec list, front page).

Announcements

- Congratulations to Kevin Barske and Heather Nuytten, who got married in Cuba over the winter.
- Congratulations to Steve Clatworthy and Julie Crave, who also got married in Cuba over the winter.
- Congratulations to Ron Enberg and his wife Jackie, who announced last week that they are expecting their first child together. The child will not be born in Cuba.
- Congratulations to Todd Andrews and his bride-to-be Jodie Teetaert, who are to be married July 1st in Deloraine, Manitoba.
- Condolences to the town of Deloraine, Manitoba, who won't know what hit them.



Dueling Divas By The Big Lebarske

Unfortunately, the days of Lawrence “Posh Wasp” Eta strutting around in his fancy clothes and powdered berries are a thing of the past. It is men like Lawrence who take props wearing socks with sandals under their wings and instruct them in the ways of higher society. When Posh Wasp moved to California a couple years ago, he left behind him an emptiness, a fashion void if you will. If he had been around longer, Waspsies both young and old may have benefited from his chic style. We may never have had to witness young Nic Lupien prancing around in that one piece spandex outfit. And surely, we would have missed out on lots of laughs at Sid Roberts’ expense if Posh were able to pass on some basic hair grooming tips to our new beloved Kiwi coach. Alas, there have been some hard time for the Wasps of late but I think there is a light at the end of the tunnel. My brothers, there is a new domestic Diva that walks amongst us! His name is Muffin Stewart! Here he is cooking breakfast for the boys at the Regina Snow 7’s! Mmmmm...uffin!



Apart from his culinary skills, Muffin Stewart is also a fashion diva. We first became aware of his fondness for fancy things while we were standing on the field preparing for kickoff for our first snow 7’s match and the Muff-man and Wally were no where to be seen. I rang the lads up to see where the “F” they were when I was informed by good ole Walt that they were at Wal-Mart. As it turns out, Muffin Stewart was shopping for some pants. “*SOME WHAAAAT?*”, I exclaimed? By the time this shop-a-holic and his Ginger friend arrived at the pitch, there were only a couple minutes left in the match. Weak!!! Is he a witch? Probably! But nonetheless, this diva is a man who is not afraid to go shopping instead of playing rugby. Name me another that would be so bold! Sure he may be cut from a different cloth than Posh Wasp, but at least he looks good in a Sponge Bob T-shirt (and pants)!

**Gibson’s Finest
Rye Whiskey**

Always Got Time For...

Tim Hortons

And Phil Manore

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Wasps Meet With Success at Manipogo by Cam Knudson

It couldn't have been a better Saturday to play some Rugby, May 27, as the boys straggled into the locker room in preparation for the 2006 version of the Wombat-hosted Manipogo tourney. Mild, overcast weather with promises of lots of sunshine and heat later in the day. As it turned out, the latter came just as the games were ending. How perfect. Only four men's sides would participate, a shame for the other clubs.

The games began, late as usual, with the Wasps matching up with last year's senior men's champion Wombats. This was to mark Sid and Tony's debut as coaches, and Sid would be crossing swords with his former Partner-in-Crime, Gary Nicholson.

Everything got off to a tremendous start as we seemed to hold the ball continuously for about 10 minutes, aggressively rucking our way down the pitch. The hard work paid off with a nice try compliments of Jim "Frisbee" Fraser deking and feinting his way over the goal line from 20 metres. After 40 minutes of hard work we were rewarded with the W and a good feeling of confidence for the remainder of the day.

After a refreshing morning ale, the Wanderers were next on the agenda. Once again, committed rucking won the game as we were able to control the ball and move it downfield continuously. Darren Raeside made his appearance at the half and contributed to the victory with a nice run. Instead of running the ball in, Darren decided to squib the ball into the fullback's shins, but he, doing his best Mike Emery impersonation, let the ball dribble through his legs, allowing Ray Ray a most unlikely try. Sid Roberts egregiously missed the easy conversion but thankfully it went unneeded.

The final contest versus the Assassins followed and the side was due for some replacements. Father Time, Guy McKim arrived with his boots in hand and Jamie Wilson managed to get himself out of bed in time for the 2:30 start. Which only goes to remind me to congratulate Beano for making it to an AM game, perhaps for the first time in his illustrious(?) career. Dennis Ng had to leave for a wedding but never quite made it to the parking lot before damaging his ankle in a gopher hole on his way to find his car. Our new trainer Jeremy was finally given the task of coming to the aid of an injured player, although he never expected that player to be wearing a suit and tie while he was strapping his ankle.

This game was scrappy as could be expected and both sides looked a bit like they were struggling against themselves. Cam Oliver burst through with a spectacular run coming up just short of the try line. Big Sammy put a nice try over by the corner, showing some speed to go along with his size and skill. Shawn Hervo moved to scrum half in the second half and played well, showing some enthusiasm and skill at this important, key position. In the end we had finished two tries ahead and our day of rugby was over. Now the important task of drinking lay ahead. I wish I could tell you of all the stories that must have played out over the evening social at Maple Grove, but being an old man, I fell asleep on the couch after I got home and was not able to make it. But Nic Lupien, who played most excellently would appreciate regaling you with tales of his naked Haka. Fortunately there were no Cowgirls to assault him.



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Sandbagger 2006 by Dennis Ng

The journey south to North Dakota began as every rugby tour should, with a group of Wasps meeting at the Cambridge for a couple of beers before hitting the road. Perhaps an omen of things to come, it just so happened that we'd be starting the party on International No Pants Day. Unerringly committed to international solidarity, the Wasps did their duty to celebrate such an important festival at various points during the evening. At no point, however, did the line "did you know that it's International No Pants Day?" result in any kind of off-the-field success. After a hit-and-miss border crossing, the result of traveling with a young Englishman and a fur-coated, pants-less Saskatchewan rugger (suspected to be WPM's long-lost father), the party finally got into full swing with \$1.50 pitcher night at the local drinking hole. A raucous evening fuelled by cheap beer left us with two missing wallets (needed to re-cross the border), one broken hand, a night in the bathtub for one, and 20 or so hangovers. The next morning saw us getting a first-round bye at the tournament, allowing us a couple of hours to scour the city for missing wallets, both of which turned up in the same hotel room (coincidence? I think not). Our opening game was a victory over a young squad from Minnesota, with two Sid Roberts' looking impressive for the Wasps side. Our second game against UND was much more competitive, although a low point occurred before the game even began, when Rufus (WPM's dad) was refused the right to play in his sheepskin coat, with the ref outrageously claiming that the buttons were dangerous. The Wasps overcame such obstacles and again emerged victorious. Instead of playing a final game vs. the Wombats, an adventurous group of Wasps decided that the better option was to find a frat party and crash it. Wandering the streets with a bottle of Jim Beam and numerous fake moustaches, the "White Trash Tour" was now in full effect. Arriving at the tournament social, the Wasp contingent were led by some outstanding moustache and wig work on the part of tour veterans Clapper, Barske, and Wally. The party continued on into the morning, as we headed back to a frat house for more shenanigans. With no arrests, an undefeated record, and only one casualty, it was a triumphant return to Winnipeg.

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