

The Dallas R.F.C.

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Editor

Daily Worker

December 19, 1986
Vol. 1, No. 13

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS EDITION

SOMEHOW, somehow, the changes and work just didn't work out. The Dallas R.F.C. took the field with a bran' spanking new first side configuration, and things started off pretty well. Two Dean Robinson penalty goals put us up 6-0. Unfortunately, it was all downhill from there, as those were the only points scored by the good guys. Near the end of the game it was not a pretty sight.

HOWEVER, the second side held the Quins to four points, despite their difficulty in generating offense, and came away with a hard-fought 7-4 victory, maintaining their unbeaten status.

AND AS PER USUAL, the Harlequins failed to invite us to the post game party at the Boardwalk Beach Club. As per usual again, most of us showed up anyway just to spite them and to show off our Ugly Shirt Night apparel.

In other news, a farewell party was thrown on Friday night for Dean "Lombardi" Robinson, who will be off home to New Zealand for Christmas, but plans to return for the Spring season. As his visa expired sometime in 1978, Dean plans first to be ferried by submarine to the Yucatan Penninsula. He then will run through the jungle (re-injuring his knee in the process) to Mexico City, where he will charter a DC-3 to smuggle him over the border along with the usual 38,000 pounds of cocaine. Parachuting in to Brownsville, Dean will then hide in the back of a truckload of cantalopes for the final run up to Dallas, arriving just in time to suit up for the Texas A & M match. Dean then plans to win the Irish National Sweepstakes and be elected President...

...And the merriest of Christmases to all of y'all.

Next Issue: Jesus Was a UFO Space Alien Child
Mike Metzke is Really Employed at Santa's Workshop
Jim and Ricco Get Bus Passes for Christmas
...plus many, many more.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or ladies with personal Christmas gifts, if you know what I mean and I think you do, should be directed to the Editor at 4255 LBJ Freeway, #143, Dallas, 75244, 387-1326.

SPECIAL DAILY WORKER CHRISTMAS BONUS ON BACK

A Visit From St. Nick - The Morning After

'Twas the day after Christmas, and all through the pitch,
The ruggers were scratching their syphilis itch.
The stockings were hung by the bleachers as well,
In hopes that the ref would faint dead from the smell.
The forwards were nestled all snug in their rucks,
While trampling on backs like so many Mack trucks.
And our new Kiwi coach had put on his tall shoes,
Going off in a search for some sheep to abuse.
When out by the goalpost, there arose such a clatter,
Like two props debating on which one is fatter,
Away to the try line I tripped in the dirt,
And landed with dog turds all over my shirt.
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh filled with eight kegs of beer!
With a little old driver so wobbly and sick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
Through the mud of the try zone he lurched and he grinned,
And he slurred like a man with three sheets to the wind:
"Now, Molson! Now, Miller! Now, Foster's and Bud!
On Schaefer, and all that American crud!
From the top of my mug to the pit of my bum,
I'll get so damn blitzed that I'll play in the scrum!"
As fly-halves will pass the ball quickly then duck,
So flankers will clobber some other poor schmuck,
Or second-rows knock the ball on in loose play,
St. Nicholas dumped all the kegs from the sleigh.
He stood there and drunkenly said that he'd played,
The fine game of Rugby since in the fourth grade.
He played on the wing and was fast as a deer,
'Till he started in on his eight kegs of beer.
And that is how come, for a Christmas Eve's drive,
He weighs near as much as a normal tight five.
As I brushed off the turds from the place where I sat,
St. Nicholas fell in the mud with a splat.
A bundle of bottles he'd flung on his back,
And he reached in and pulled out a gallon of Jack.
He passed 'round the liquor, then asked if he might
Play third side front row, be loose head or tight.
He had a broad face and a round little belly,
That shook as he chugged like petroleum jelly.
He was chubby and plump, and all of our bunch,
Thought even a scrumhalf could eat him for lunch.
But with a wink of our eyes, and a twist of our head,
We let him go play, and so left him for dead.
He spoke not a word but went straight to his work,
And lifted a prop with a sharp little jerk.
Two tries and a goal St. Nick scored on that day,
Then threw up on the pitch, and so ended his stay.
He sprang to his sleigh, and grabbed all his booze,
Before I could ask him to pay this year's dues.
But I heard him exclaim as he weaved out of sight,
"Good Rugby to all, and to all a Bud Light!"

--Your Editor