

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

July 5, 1986
Vol. 1, No. 1

The Dallas Reds Daily Worker

"All the News We Could Think Of"

Ruggers of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your brains! In this, the first issue of the ineptly-titled Daily Worker, the Editors address the issue of the Official Dallas Rugby Football Club Annual Meeting, which was marked by the complete absence of most of the club. This was made up for by the presence of a whole lot of beer, which exercised the majority of the voting power, and particularly explains the election of Lou Molvin as Captain. Lou certainly appreciated that, as it is a big step up from his former position as Village Idiot. However, eventually everyone sobered up, figured out what they'd done, and decided to follow Chuck Lueckemeyer's lead and defect to the Harlequins. Yet it must be admitted that Lou's captaincy has already started off on the right foot, as he has announced that the team shall not be forced to run a triathlon in order to get in shape for the club golf tournament.

The first official action by newly elected Club President Russ "Roscoe" Livingston was to announce that he had sold the Dallas R.F.C. to the UTA team, to be operated as a subsidiary and farm club. Roscoe explained that he'd had it up to here with all that commuting in from Arlington.

Pat Antaki, elected to the position of Treasurer, has already placed the enormous Club funds at his disposal into blue chip stock. The Dallas R.F.C. is now the proud owner of 1/12th of a share of A T & T, which means that, besides the dreary Annual Meeting, we'll all have to attend an even duller Annual Meeting and wear little telephone pins on our lapels. But, as Pat says, it's the price of fiscal responsibility.

News for this issue: there will be another Team Meeting on Thursday, July 24th, again at the Tropicana because we had so much fun at the first one. Subjects on the agenda include choosing selectors, what to do about finding a coach, seeing if Lou's moustache is visible yet, and various other matters. Also, the Editors have learned, from a reasonably reliable source, that serious practices start on August 5th. Anyone caught smiling will receive the dreading Carlos Johnson "Rugby and Eating are No Laughing Matters" lecture.

For those desiring more news, I hear there's an excellent article on the Middle East in Newsweek. You could also try calling the Hotline.

Next Issue: The Larry Prahm Golden Toe Awards
Summer Parka Fashions by Ricco
"Ask Mr. Fixit" by Boyd Adams
"More Fun With Loose Change" by Mel Brooke
...plus many, many more.

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

The Dallas R.R.C.

Daily Worker

August 2, 1986
Vol. 1, No. 2

"Get your news on the Rag"

Hot flashes from the last gasps of Summer Sevens: the Texas A & M tournament lived up to its moniker, sort of. By all accounts, it was the "hottest rugby in Texas," even though everybody stayed around mostly panting and wheezing. The highlight of the weekend was Boyd "Don't Mess With Me, I'm a Light Sleeper" Adams, who was used as a test case for the innovative Eyebrowless Cooling System which worked so well for Lou last year. Boyd hasn't shown his face around the team since, and is rumored to be looking for a tiny toupee.

Most everyone heard that the first team lost in the tournament to the University of Tmmmrgrgghhhllaa, since our stout lads in their humiliation can no longer pronounce the letters Yew-Tee-Ae. U.T.A.'s powerful group went on to lose in the semifinals to a new entry, the Bastrop Hair Stylists' Sevens Side. By the way, the eventual winner of the tourney was Austin.

At the team meeting at Juan Murphy's on July 24, it was again resolved by unanimous vote to do nothing about choosing selectors. Word has it that we'll employ the method of selecting sides recommended by Joe Borgerding, used by his team in Ohio, which involves astrology, Quija boards, and perhaps Zoltar the Magnificent. It was resolved to buy two sets of team jerseys, one in red (white collar) and one in black (red collar and cuffs), and to raffle off what remains of our current team jerseys, which all look like Bill Thacker Originals anyway. The Committee in Search of a Coach is considering various candidates and supposedly will have a decision by the date of this newsletter. If they don't come up with one, they all have to take a lap.

Win Dayton reports that Luke's Locker, on Oak Lawn just down from Juan's, will be stocking a certain amount of rugby gear for those of us who never quite got the hang of ordering stuff from Rhode Island. They've got a heckuva selection of boots anyway.

Hot news: August 3 (tomorrow) heralds the Fourth Annual Carlos Johnson Invitational Golf Tournament; this is a Best Ball affair, with runner-up awards going to Best Tee Collection, Best Ugly Club Covers, and Best Bob Uecker Impression (glub). First Official (and mandatory) Practice: August 4 (Monday) at Griggs Park. For the first two weeks, we'll have four practices a week (Monday through Thursday) for purposes of honing our puking techniques, and will resume a normal practice schedule on August 19. The season will kick off with the Fort Sill Tournament on September 13; maybe it'd be a good idea to get in shape and win the sucker. On the principle of "when in Rome do as the Romans," for this tournament all playing members will be required to shave their heads and wear khaki underwear.

For those players who are stupid enough to want to be judged on their rugby performance in hundred-degree heat, timed, examined, and denied Gatorade, there's a Texas Select Side Trial in Austin on August 16th. The strategy for this one is to send down our best and brightest so that heatstroke will teach them a little humility.

Next Issue: Interviews with Disappointed B.D.W.E. Candidates
Mel Brooke's Financial Column
"Ask the Assassin" with Joe Heaton
Chuck's Tips on Panhandling and Hair Styling
...plus many, many more.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

small print: the Dallas R.F.C. Daily Worker is published erratically and unprofessionally, and should not be relied upon for your daily news, especially with regard to what Carrothead Reagan is up to or when we can expect Sandinistas barbecuing in our backyards. All opinions expressed herein are those not of the editor, but of a guy named Vito who weighs 326 pounds, carries a gun, and is very, very mean. Any news and information, especially something about a team member that is embarrassing and will ruin his already fragile reputation, should be reported at once to the editor at 387-1326, and then maybe the Associated Press.

"Get your news on the Rag"

"The working class can kiss my ass / I've got the foreman's job at last / I'm back to work and off the dole / You can shove that red flag up your hole..." An appropriate quote provided by Team Poet Laureate Joe Borgerding (ask him to explain it), for the 1986-7 season is off and running. Before getting into last weekend, however, a brief recap since the last edition of the Daily Worker:

Some of the team went up to Wichita Falls for, of all things, a bicycle race. The reasoning behind this was that the biggest bicycle race in the world is in France, and the French play rugby, too, so naturally our rugby players should race bicycles. Or something like that. Anyway, Win Dayton took top honors in the special Drunk Driving category the team occupied, though it sounds like he would have been waxed by Joe "Ironman" Heaton if Joe had had toe clips, tires with air in them, had started on time, or hadn't gotten lost three times.

Prior to last weekend (hold on, I'm getting there) the team engaged in a series of trials scrimmages, providing a unique opportunity to maim anybody competing for your position. First to go was Jeff Simon, who acquired a new eyelid. Then, at the big Saturday bang-em-up, Win Dayton managed to take himself out during a grueling impression of Jack Lalane, and Glenn Abel found out that squash does nothing to toughen up knees. All told, about six players joined the casualty lists; and that was before tackling practice.

Then came Saturday, against Our Wang, locally known as the Wang-kers, who managed to Wang the first side for awhile, being up 9-7 at halftime. The A-siders gathered their battered pride together and raced in with three tries in the second half, though, coming away with a 25-9 win to begin the season. Joe "The Claw" McKenna came away with one of those; also pounding the end zone turf were Jim "Permanent Wave" Angstman and John "Game Hen" Cornish.

The Second Side "Fun Bunch," showing perhaps a better team than the group that won the TRUs in April, rallied behind Captain Dan Polkari and Grand Wazoo Roscoe Livingston to overcome an early 0-0 deficit, putting down seven tries on their way to a 38-0 romp over Our Wang II. Roscoe thinks he had a hat trick, modestly crediting himself with a penalty try awarded, but actually dived in for two tries. As did Rusty Cohorst, in his first appearance for Your Heroes. Steve "Mr. Electricity" Voltman wove his way in for a try and an assist, and Pat Atkins got robbed of one. Not to mention the highlight of the afternoon, when Your Editor accomplished something but rarely seen on a rugby pitch: missing a between-the-posts conversion attempt.

Regarding the third side match, nobody seems to know

exactly who won, or even which team Dean was coaching. SMU II fielded a colorful side of mismatching jerseys against the Boys in Black, including Mel Brooke at fly half.

If anyone didn't catch the new rules last weekend, there is a \$2.00 fine for not having proper kit on (black and red socks, black shorts, shined boots), not staying to watch your teammates in their games, having an ugly hairstyle, or not knowing where the capital of Idaho is. And a \$1.00 fine for being late to the pitch. Gino will be conducting raffles each weekend to raise money for the team; next weekend he's raffling off Boyd's daughter. In a heartwarming display of devotion to the team, Chuck Lueckemeyer has already pledged to buy the first 200 tickets.

Coach's Corner: Actually, I couldn't quite decipher the accent. Something about "pace" and "mates," with stuff like "posting the five-eighths" thrown in. Ask Dean what it all means; better yet, ask him what they do with all those sheep in New Zealand.

On Saturday, we take that long drive over to our sister city Fort Worth, home of Billy Bob's and violent crime. Lock your cars and leave your women in them. Plus, a driving tip from Mel Brooke: on the way over, be sure to keep one hand on the wheel, and one hand on the stick. Especially if you've got an automatic transmission.

Next Issue: Reverend Thacker's Prayer Pillows
Lou "Night Train" Molvin Sings the Blues
The Jan Nansel Fashion Spotlight
Win Dayton's "Stretch for Pain" column
...plus many, many more.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

The Dallas R.R.C. Daily Worker

September 14, 1986
Vol. 1, No. 4

"Get your news on the Rag"

Last weekend marked the advent of the First Annual Fort Worth Rugby Tournament and Team Heatstroke Championship, which posed the eternal question, "Why can't all those Tongans go back to some godforsaken island where they belong?" Your Heroes showed up bright and early on the dot of 8:00, only to discover that we had no game scheduled until noon. And all the pent-up frustration of hanging around for four hours and not drinking beer emerged in the first game, against the Fort Worth Pedestrians. Dean "Lombardi" Robinson was instrumental in firing the Dallas attack in the first half, as the Big Red Machine (or "Point-a-Minute Offense," take your pick) piled up 19 points in 20 minutes. Though Dean limped off at halftime, his replacement Jeff Kolberg ably took over to ignite another second half romp. Score? Everyone seems to have lost track, but best guesses put the final at 31-0.

The semi-finals were destined to be less of a walkover, however, as Carlos "Quisling" Johnson and Chris "B. Arnold" Chefchis had brought two full Texas Select Sides into town. They anticipated a leisurely day of watching Select backs and forwards race in to the try zones, and had planned to weed out anyone scoring less than thirty points for the day from the side. It was not to be. Texas did strike first, with a Mel Brooke penalty goal, to lead 3-0, but were unable to penetrate the stubborn Dallas defense all afternoon for anything further, ending up on the short end of two penalty goals and a 6-3 score. Particularly awesome was the Dallas pack, led by Still Bill Guenveur, Tournament Captain and Rabble Rouser.

Your Heroes looked forward with eager anticipation to facing the other Texas Select Side in the finals, but were overruled by officials who thought the first game a fluke. So they compiled the best possible Select squad they could think up, moving Jim Aston to center and Mel to fullback, i. a renewed effort to prove their supremacy. Again, a Mel Brooke penalty kick, 15 yards out and between the posts, put Texas up 3-0. And again the Selects were unable to penetrate the Dallas defense. Unfortunately, the only penalties awarded to Dallas were upwards of forty yards out, and Your Editor went 0-3 for the game. And though Dallas consistently penetrated the Select defense, dominating in both the backs and forwards, they were unable to crack the try line and suffered a bitter defeat, 3-0. Rubber match, anyone?

The Jan Nansel Coaching Clinic: This week Jan had lots to say, mostly in expletives. What it all boils down to is that whatever we've been doing up to now is wrong, and we should be doing things his way. Forget that New Zealand crapola; if they're scared of a little nuclear power, they're bound to be weenies. And put the cups back in the jug.

On Saturday is our first cup match, against Foat Wuth Wun

and Tew sides, who, being from Foat Wuth, expect us to quaff Perrier on the side lines and serve quiche afterwards. Unfortunately, they had a look at us last week and should be armed and dangerous; lock your women in your cars again. Games will be at Glencoe Park, McCommas & Central; first side kicks off at 1:00, second at 2:30, and third at 4:00. Foat Wuth, however, is scheduled to arrive at 9:00.

Errata: Lou "Night Train" Molvin, chest mightily swelled with captainly pride, informs the Editor that it was he, and not Jim "Permanent Wave" Angstman who scored a try last week. Not to mention Jerry "Flightless Waterfowl" Hawkins, who reputedly toed the ball in and fell on it in the end zone, which both scored a try and collapsed the ball. The Daily Worker regrets the error; and if you believe that, the Editor has some oceanfront property in Nebraska you might be interested in.

PLAYER PROFILE OF THE WEEK

Name:	Jeff "Hebrew Rocket" Simon
Position:	Horizontal and Under the Table
Ambition in Life:	Just One Drop Goal
Influential Books:	The Internal Revenue Code
Most Admired Player:	Boyd Adams
Most Admired Referee:	Tom Ziptin
Most Admired Politician:	Lou Molvin
Favorite Pre-Game Activity:	Smoking de ganja
Favorite Post Game Activity:	Smoking de ganja
Favorite Night Time Activity:	Smoking de ganja
Favorite Day Time Activity:	Trying to turn financial statements into rolling papers
His Dog:	Very nervous when approached from behind
His Food:	Mayonnaise & Tartar Sauce Pies
His Scotch:	Dewar's White Label

The Daily Worker was scheduled to have a picture of the Hebrew Rocket, suitable for framing or dart boards, but this was unavailable at press time.

Jeff has been with the team for two years now, and has contributed to the team in many ways, but has failed in his quest to get the team to drink Maneschewitz and sing "Hava Nagila" at post-game parties. A reputable source informs us that Jeff's most memorable night was the night he got engaged, when he wet the bed, wet the wall, and then passed out while diddling the object of his affections. His fiance, by this time used to inquiring "Is it in yet?", hardly noticed. He is, regrettably, leaving the team to go to Chicago, where he plans to open a restaurant serving kosher Mexican food and magic brownies.

Next Week: A Look at Dean Robinson and His Quest for a Bionic Hamstring

Bill Guenveur: "I Did It My Way"

Jeff Simon's Replacement: Can Boyd really do the job?

Profile of a Burlesque Star: Joe McKenna

"Get your news on the Rag"

Um... About last weekend... Well, the second side looked typically strong, despite playing nearly everyone in totally unfamiliar positions, and won 21-9. Events of note included Jan Nansel's untouched run up the sideline for a try, which demonstrated that, at least this once, his legs could flap nearly as fast as his jaws. Greg Schragin missed only one kick on the day, which usually means he only had one attempt. But not this time, as he acquired a new perspective on the goalposts from the wing position. Dan "Polecat" Polkari and Rich "Popkick" Walden, journeymen scrumhalfs both, had exceptional games at other positions and still can't get over running more than six steps without slamming into a forward.

This sort of play must somehow be linked with the black jerseys, since the Dallas R.F.C. First Side looked more ready for a Pillsbury Bake-off than a rugby match. Mel "Smell" Brooke's first penalty attempt was good, which put the side up 3-0. This advantage lasted for most of the game, as Mel missed the next two, Dean missed the one after that, and nobody could get close to the try zone. Fort Worth capitalized on about five Dallas errors in quick succession, put down a try, and came away with a 4-3 victory. Said Fort Worth team captain Bill Black: "That's one small step for man, and one giant leap for fingertip binding on mauls." You figure it out.

The third side took the field against Denton I, who supposedly had some pretensions to playing first division ball but have serious trouble tying their own shoelaces. They did manage to eke out a 13-10 victory in three 20 minute periods. One standout was the running of Rusty "Csonka" Cohorst; Rusty prefers to make his own holes, which is part of the reason he can't keep a girlfriend after the first night.

This Week's Limerick: There once was a girl from St. Cyr
Whose reflex reactions were queer
Her escort said, "Mabel
"Get up off the table,
"That money's to pay for the beer."

DEAN ROBINSON: A MAN BARELY ABLE TO PLAY A HALF

Last week, in hush-hush conversations with Government men wearing dark glasses, an unidentified spokesman said, quote, "We can rebuild him. We have the technology. We can make him better than he used to be. Better. Stronger. Muy macho." Unfortunately, Dean wants to go home again someday, and wouldn't be let back in to New Zealand with nuclear powered legs. And the only way to avoid this would be to have him cart around fifteen automotive batteries wherever he went, which might tend to cut down on his speed going around the wing. Thanks but no thanks.

By the way, a belated bit of official recognition is here provided for Win "Jack Lalane" Dayton, who has taken over the post of club treasurer, having been turned down in his request to be Warmup Leader. Win promises he'll keep hours billed to the club at a minimum, but wants security interests in all our cars just in case.

President's Corner: Grand Poobah Roscoe Livingston, though hampered a bit by a recent head injury (Doctor's report: Upon examination of the cut, the medicos found out why Russ is so light-headed: there was nothing in there. They funnelled in two and a half pounds of sand for ballast, and then sewed him up. Now if you listen at Russ's ear, you can hear waves crashing on the beach. But I digress.), is still as lucid as ever, though given to mumbling for hours about buying team socks and putting team patches on them. He says that the team t-shirts are in, and should be purchased by all right-thinking members, along with the Dallas R.F.C. Secret Decoder Ring, the Dallas R.F.C. Home Decoupage Kit, and the Dallas R.F.C. Triple Paned Energy Saver Windows, available at all Tru-Valu Hardware Stores or by phone order from Channel 21.

This weekend, on Saturday to be exact, there should be an intra-team scrimmage at 10:00 a.m. at Glencoe, since Dean decided not enough people were put on injured reserve from the last one. Be there at least by 9:30, and B.Y.O.B. (Bring Your Own Bandages). Also, there's a rumour floating about that Jim "Permanent Wave" Angstman might be hosting some sort of daiquiri party on Saturday night; this seems pretty farfetched, as Jim hasn't paid for anyone else's booze within anyone's recollection. Look out for Geno standing near the door shaking a jar of quarters.

Next Week: Lou Molvin Gets a Token Mention
Chuck's Tips on Debutante Dating
Glen Abel: Winning Through Chutzpah
Talk to Plants the Greg Schragin Way
...and many, many more.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

The Dallas ~~XX~~ C. Daily Worker

October 2, 1986
Vol. 1, No. 6

"Get your news on the Rag"

YEAY, FRIENDS, AND PRAISE THE LORD. That is, nobody was seriously maimed or injured at all last weekend. Excepting, of course, Dean, who withdrew at halftime from an SMU game merely out of force of habit. The Black side, consisting as it did primarily of single men, beat the Red side, despite the Red side's having more experience and spare tires in the pack. This was in all likelihood due to the greater probability of the Black side having been, er, satisfied the night before.

We certainly do know about how satisfied two eminent room mates were last weekend: after the daiquiri party, Jim "Permanent Wave" Angstman discovered Dave "Godzilla" Carson inhabiting his bed late at night. Dink admits that Jim was the best looking thing to share a bed with him for some time, and we'll just let Jim's quote stand alone: "I had to ask him to roll over." 'Nuff said. Meanwhile, up in Kansas, our esteemed team captain was forced to share quarters with Mike Chambone, which explains his new nickname: Lou "I'm Not Lisa" Molvin.

Then, of course, we have the True Love Story of the Week, written by our roving reporter ON THE SCENE:

"As the rented vision of loveliness wafted into the scenic premises of his beloved Yale Street Ice House, worthy successor to Beautiful Bubba's Lounge, it was apparent that Gene Killian was truly smitten. It was apparent from his eyes, the drop of saliva quivering at the corner of his mouth, and the tiny mountain threatening to burst his shorts."

For those of you who didn't show, Gene was treated to a belated birthday present at the Ice House: a "stripper" who mercifully kept most of it on, and then took Gene two out of three rounds in arm wrestling. Gene was amazed, infatuated, and homesick. "They all look like that up in Tennessee," he explains. Bonnie was reputedly "unavailable for comment." See what you guys who don't show up at the bar miss?

Also at the bar, Bruce "The Fig-Ghost" Schertz put in an appearance, and dutifully received the expected pie, bottle of champagne, and social disease. The Figman is now off to Georgia, mistakenly thinking that Herschel never signed with the Cowboys and went home. What a fan.

One more comment about the scrimmage on Saturday: it appears that Ray "Otis Elevator" Compton had his very first go at propping then, and received an education at the Reverend Billy Thacker's School of Rugby and Wardrobe Maintenance. Bill says that his special techniques on propping and kissing hands with underwear showing are available for a price.

For those of you who are dissatisfied with the Ice House, I am advised that the official Chuck Lueckemeyer Peter Meter reading for last week was 7.8, which is five points higher than the highest count ever recorded at Bubba's.

And on Saturday, there are actually four games, if you want to count watching a bunch of old farts wheezing around the field at 11:00 as a game. First side kicks off against Houston R.F.C. at 1:00, Second side against Houston R.F.C. at 2:30, and third side against Mayberry R.F.D. at 4:00. Oops-- no, Houston is really bringing a third side, which will be recruited from Griff's Bar down there on Friday night. All matches will be at Glencoe, which should be in one hell of a mess by the time we're through with it.

And an early reminder about next week: anyone without a note from his mother excusing him from going up to Tulsa with the team will have your car engine overhauled by Boyd. Consider yourselves warned.

Next Week: Steroids: Geoff Smith Tells All

I Was a Teenage Figman
A Selection Plan From Allah
...and much more that makes no sense at all

SPECIAL DAILY WORKER BONUS SECTION

The Official Lyrics to the Dallas R.F.C. Club Song:

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

The Dallas R.F.C.

Daily Worker

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

October 9, 1986
Vol. 1, No. 7

"Get your news on the Rag"

Last weekend Your Heroes got to put into practice a bit of esoteric New Zealand rugby strategy, as the Houston R.F.C. lumbered into town with its huge pack of grunting and odorous forwards. Dean "Lombardi" Robinson figured that since Houston's strength was in their pack, they would be expecting us to use our backs to run around their backs, who are, in terms of mobility and ball handling, hard to distinguish from their forwards. "But we'll fool them," Dean craftily thought. "We'll run right into their strength and away from ours." Oddly enough, it worked, to a certain extent. The first side won over Houston 13-3, on a Smell Brooke penalty goal and tries by McJoe "McWing" McKenna and Lombardi himself. Special kudos go to the Dallas pack, which pushed the Houston bunch in some truly manly scrums and proved that weight isn't everything (Jerry Hawkins excepted).

The second side sported a new look, as Rich "Wandering Minstrel" Walden went out to the wing and new man Larry the Marine went into center. Unfortunately, despite an overwhelming superiority in talent, the second side Blacks never quite put it together and failed to score a single point. However, their defense was rock solid and Houston failed to score either; the game ended 0-0.

The third side overcame Houston's retread bunch in their match, but Your Editor was unable to acquire reports of who scored what, when, where, and why, since his idea of the five "W's of Journalism is Wine, Women, Whiskey, Whimsy, and Woolgathering.

Why do you think they call it the "Arse House?" Ask Griff Owen: after the matches and post-game barbecue, Griff once again proved his unswerving loyalty to our club, the visiting team, and the beer for which we wobble. A visiting player introduced himself to a young lady via a particularly Houstonian practice: he bit her on the cheek. The young lady for some reason objected to this - perhaps because the cheek was not of the facial variety - and made her displeasure known, whereupon Our Hero adroitly mooned her. "It's my best side," Griff explained.

This Week's Rebuttal to Last Week's Hatchet Job: Says Gene Killian: "Sounds like a personal problem to me." Thanks, Gene.

At the sparsely attended team meeting following Tuesday's practice, the team voted to place our collective destinies in the hands of the following selectors: Dean Robinson, Lou Molvin, Mike Metzke, and Mel Brooke. However, the latter two will be restricted to voting on players within their areas of specialization. Most people thought that that meant Mel will vote on backs and Mike will vote on forwards, but actually Mike

will vote solely for very short players with moustaches, and Mel will only vote on inebriated Britons with severe financial problems.

In a related incident, Lou announced that, considering his elevation to the post of Selector, the following bribery rates will apply:

Most forward positions: Twenty bucks and an unstained copy of Penthouse

Eight-man: Enough Jack Daniels to keep him drunk for two weeks

Most back positions: Tickets to a Cowboys game plus a gram of the stuff the Cowboys use to get up for that game

Fly-half: \$1000.00 in Brazilian cruzeiros plus a new apartment where he can hide from Dean.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK (or, "Don't Blame Me")

"Boyd is just a six-pack and nine months away from being a grandfather." -- Joe Borgerding

Next Week: Dee "Turf Toe" Claybrook: Will He Walk Again?

Absolutely Nothing About Boyd

Griff Exposes Other Body Parts

Lose Unwanted Ounces the Wally Gator Way

...plus many, many more.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, total fabrications, or bomb threats should be directed to the Editor at 4255 LBJ Freeway, #143, Dallas, 75244, 387-1326.

The Dallas R.F.C.

Daily Worker

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

October 16, 1986
Vol. 1, No. 8

"Get Your News on the Rag"

ROAD TRIP!! In fact, we're between two road trips at present. However, you'll have to wait for news of the San Antonio trip until the next issue, since the Big Guy tells me that premature disclosure tends to foul up the stock market. So: last Saturday the Dallas Rugby Football Club and Love Merchants trundled themselves up to Tulsa to play the Tulsa Dead Fish. Your Editor and three hardy souls cruised up the night before in Jan Nansel's Super Road Trip Machine, passing en route through such major Oklahoma metropolises as Wetumka, Woleetka, and Ramalamadingdong, before settling down for the night in the Tulsa suburb of Cotusa.

During the night, someone tried to burgle the Road Trip Machine, and would have made off with both sets of the team jerseys but for the heroic antics of this week's M.V.P. (Most Valuable Pooch): Jan's dog Sport, who scared him away. As this week's M.V.P., Sport gets a dog biscuit, a can of Joe Heaton repellent (Joe's been lonely), and a peck on the cheek from Richard Dawson.

Come game time Saturday, most team members wondered what had happened to Gene Killian, Mel Brooke, and Steve Barrett, who were nowhere to be found. The first side took the field without them, placing Jeff "Hands" Kolberg at fly, plus Jan and new man Mark at the centers, and narrowly lost to the Dead Fish 12-9. The difference in the game was a Tulsa try scored off a fouled up penalty attempt: the forwards and two backs charged, leaving Tulsa with a five on three overload in to the corner. Dallas's scores consisted of three journalistic penalty kicks; a further 45 yard attempt went wide right at the final whistle.

Again with the first side game: with the exception of line outs, won mainly by Tulsa's Eagle second-row, the Dallas forwards were, one and all, IRON MEN. The "Thack Pack" rolled up scrums and loose play, dominating even more than it did against Houston. Additional notes: Jan "Dale Carnegie" Nansel was thrown out, late in the game, after punching a Tulsa player who had the colossal effrontery to help Jan to his feet. The entire team found this simply shocking, given Jan's long history of cool-headed performance on and off the field. Jan comments: "I would demonstrate some of this on Your Editor, but he's faster than I am."

DATELINE: OKMULGEE, OK. And why was it that three players failed to show up for the first side match? Was it because Boyd put a new water pump on Gene's car? Believe it or not, NO. They all drove up in Bonnie's car, which started making noises like a syphilitic water buffalo thirty miles south of Tulsa. Gene trudged over to nearby Jerry Boy's Quik-Stop and Bait Shop for a tank of gas and a bucket of minnows, and were on their way. The car conked out again, with divine providence, right at the City of Faith (Praise God!). Oral Roberts, regrettably, was

unavailable, being up in his Prayer Tower laying hands on choirboys. So our intrepid bunch had to settle for his brother: Anal Roberts, who prayed, whacked his Bible a few times, and laid hands on Bonnie's carburetor - and pulled out a minnow. Gene had gotten confused back at Jerry Boys, and put the bait in the gas tank and the gas in the bait bucket. A mistake anybody could make. There was no hope; the car had to be left there. In a fever of loyalty and general lightheadedness, Steve Barrett hitched a ride with leftover members of the Manson family, but Mel chose to stay with the car, amusing himself as he generally does on road trips. Eventually, they all made it up for the second game.

The second game was a typical Second Side boring runaway: 21-0, with John Cornish putting down two tries.

Post game news: everyone but four (count 'em) hardy party animals took early flights back, so Dallas representation at the bar late on Saturday night was limited. We did, however, corral this week's Quote of the Week: "Jan is a hard-on in a bottle." (Felice, at the Sunset Grill).

Felice later disappeared with a Dallas player who shall go nameless. The remaining three repaired to Cota. Unfortunately, Greg (oops!) turned up shortly thereafter, wondering where we'd gone, professing eternal loyalty to Diane, and pointing out he'd only disappeared to get a burger down the street. Needless to say, this was a great disappointment to his comrades.

And some seriously belated stuff: at the Western Trials a few weeks ago, Lou Molvin, Mel Brooke, and Jeff Simon, through a combination of outstanding play and sexual favors, made the Junior Western Side! Give 'em a hand. Give 'em another hand. Give 'em a fifth of a hand...

Injury report: Roscoe cut his head open again, which promises to be a regular feature of Dallas R.F.C. games in the future. Tulsa doctors were puzzled by the sand dribbling out of his forehead, but sewed it up anyway. Chuck will be back on the pitch this week, as long as nobody hits him in the sternum. Still no sign of Win, but Glenn Abel is now to the point where he keeps forgetting which leg to limp on.

On Saturday are two games against Alamo City, in San Antonio. First match is at 2:00, and second match at 3:30. Remember the Alamo - and particularly how the locals were all slaughtered. They beat us last year, but I am minded of what was heard wafting on the breeze as we drove past the City of Faith: "Revenge is mine, saith the Lord..."

Next Week: Phil Bond's Porn Movie "Thunderballs"
In Search of Bill Guenveur
The Coco, Fran and Ollie Show
...and nothing more, since I'm outta here

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or things that are totally unfit to print should be directed to the Editor at 4255 LBJ Freeway, #143, Dallas, 75244, 387-1326.

The Dallas R.F.C.

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

October 21, 1986
Vol. 1, No. 9

Daily Worker

"Get Your News on the Rag"

That's right, you guessed it: Last weekend was the Battle of the Alamo all over again, as Lou "Santa Anna" Molvin breeinged hees troops een and made tostada chips out of the foolhardy locals. The first side adopted the tactic of keeping Alamo City pinned in their end by well placed Kiwi kicking. The player of the match was Mel Brooke, who hit five out of eight penalty goals, and dislodged several quarters from inside his shorts in the process. Dean "The Bionic Boot" Robinson went down near the end of the game; when the referee asked him "how many fingers," he said "fourteen." But he was lucid enough to pass to a party who shall go nameless for the only try of the game, as well as to hit a perfect drop goal. In an exclusive post-game interview granted to the Daily Worker, Dean commented that he "simply aimed for the middle set of posts." Final score: 22-0, in favor of the good guys. Welcome to the first division, Alamo City.

The second side took the field without Jan "Dale Carnegie" Nansel, Pat "The Grey Ghost" Atkins, or some other people who do not have official nicknames yet, but ran wild over a thoroughly buffaloed and demoralized Alamo City II. Frank "Godfather" Artiles had a hat trick, as did the Ebony Connection: Konrad "Wheels II" Broussard (2) and Mike "The Welsh International" Wilson (1). Dan "Herschel" Polcari ran over 400 yards en route to a 50 yard try, which was exhausting enough to watch, let alone do. Gene "O.J." Killian rounded out the tries by lumbering in for one; this made him so delirious that he tried a pop kick on the following kick off, which will get him a rebuke from the International Forwards' Society. And Greg "In Deep Dookey with Diane" Schragin put over two penalty goals and three conversions, to round out the 44-3 embarrassment. Five players share "Player of the Day" honors: Frank, Konrad, Dan, Phil "Hammerhill" Bond, and Peter "Austin Connection III".

Of course, none of the spectacular ball handling displayed by Your Heroes this weekend quite matched the Catch of the Week, as was registered on the trip down, when Brown "Woofer" Brooke contributed his breakfast and lunch to the interior of Roscoe's car. His girlfriend Donna provided a cup, and then her cupped hands, to handle the overflow, and is now shopping for one of those baskets that one generally sees attached to horses' mouths. And probably for a new boyfriend, too.

At the bar following the matches, apparently nothing out of the ordinary occurred, which means that everyone got drunk and made total idiots out of themselves. Your Editor assumes that the Dallas R.F.C. upheld team honor and tradition by not only winning the games, but by winning the party, the raffles, and any women foolish enough to show up at the bar. If not, it was probably due to Gene smoking some real stinkeroos or Roscoe spreading AIDS to yet another unsuspecting city.

News has it that: Paul "Whiplash" Williams is suing the T.R.U. for his injuries, hoping to recover the whole \$23.49 residing in the Union treasury plus Chris Chefchis's collection of porn and Swedish leather goods... Joe Borgerding may be exposing his naked face for this year's Halloween party, so the officers are laying in an emergency supply of paper bags... the Lueckemeyer family is following tradition by starting up a new magazine, Rugby Living, which will feature homes around Texas with rummage sale furniture and empty beer cans all over the floor... and Russ "He Wears an 'L' for Lacerated Face" Livingston is having a network of stitches implanted all over his skull, just in case.

Our next game is slated for November 1, against Austin at Glencoe Park. As per usual, first side will kick off at 1:00, second side at 2:30, and third side at 4:00. Post game will feature a belated Halloween party, probably at the Ice House. Costumes will be mandatory, especially for players like Dink and Lou, for whom anything would be an improvement. Awards will be given for Best Costume and Most Excessive Public Nakedness. Austin, too, is being encouraged to bring up costumes for this; if they're good enough disguises, maybe they'll actually meet some women for a change.

Next Issue: Gary "Super Slo Mo" Myers's Scrumhalf Clinic
One-Syllable Sonnets by Geoff Smith
Connect the Dots on Ricco's Head
...plus many, many more.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or obscene phone calls should be directed to the Editor at 4255 LBJ Freeway, #143, Dallas, 75244, 387-1326.

The Dallas RFC

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

November 6, 1986
Vol. 1, No. 10

Daily Worker

"Get Your News on the Rag"

Saturday, November 1, 1986: The day started off with the loss of a Dean Robinson coached team: the SMU MouseTongues. The MouseTongues were dropped by the DRFC Third Side, who could be said to be Dean Robinson coached as well, except that Dean doesn't even know any of their names. Our new forward coach, Paul "Maori" Quinn, showed up and played, performing a tremendous run downfield which culminated in his fumbling the ball while he crossed the try line. Anybody who laughs at this, however, may get his head shrunk and hung in Paul's closet. Another New Zealand visitor provided a try, then disappeared in search of a sheep. New man Steve "Wrongway" Scotton, after steaming off towards his own try line from a lineout, redeemed himself with a try to round out the score at 14-4.

Christmas came early for Steve "Candy Hop" Barrett in the first side match: Steve picked up a divinely providential bounce off a truly feeble kick en route to the first try. Mel "El Shanko" Brooke, coming off a great game against the Alamo bunch, fired one low and hard from the left post in an attempt to put somebody's eye out. "Lombardi" Robinson then put a drop goal through; according to Dean, it was from sixty yards out into a fifty m.p.h. wind - and it was done in a hailstorm, and left-footed. Corroboration for this story was not available at press time. Joe "Cazylegs" McKenna roared in from fifty yards out for the next try, and Mel retained the "El Shanko" nickname by bouncing the conversion off the post and crossbar before it slimed its way through. Cazylegs added another try, gaining Player of the Match honors, to cap off the scoring at 17-10 over Austin.

As for the second side, Greg "Candy Hop II" Schragin scored the first try off a Blessed Bounce, adding to the mountain of evidence that we of the DRFC are truly God's chillun. "Herschel" Polcari showed his classic form in the second try, Mark "Rastaman" Schermann put down two, and Frank "The Godfather" (or is it "Dogfather"?) Artiles added another to complete the 29-0 rout. Player of the Match Rich Walden played a particularly gritty game, though failing to add a backflip for his dozens of admiring fans on the sideline.

Paul "Whiplash" Williams continued his history of monumental contributions to the team by spending the afternoon heckling opposition kickers. Pablo was 11-for-16 in the "Hey Fred" department.

The party on Saturday night was highlighted mainly by a parade through some of Greenville's bars, and by some appropriate costuming. Mike Chambone, long recognized as one of the ugliest guys on the club, proved that he makes an even

uglier woman. On the other hand, Grand Wazoo Roscoe, who also showed up in drag, was asked out by several drunk team members who shall remain nameless.

Some belated notes: In San Antonio, Troy "Don't Misspell my Name" Ferckin became a charter member of the "I'm Not Lisa" Club after bunking with the Bone; anyone doing this in the future is duly warned to bring along some chain mail underwear. Very belatedly, the Daily Worker hereby bestows its first "IRONWOMAN" Award on Bonnie, who was the only female to make it up to Tulsa. Plus, she sacrificed her car in the process. Bonnie also provided our Quote of the Week, when she commented: "I've never done it at the State Fair." Runner-up for this honor was Boyd's daughter Jennifer, who harked back to the first Q.O.W. in saying "It won't be my fault."

Some current notes: As a service to lonely team members, Londoner and new man Nick Ruoy has graciously consented to give funny accent lessons to all you guys who pour beer on your hand on Saturday nights to get your date drunk. The best funny accent after the lessons will win a complimentary black and green jersey and a copy of Chuck Lueckemeyer's "Five Easy Pieces" list of pick-up bars. Happy hunting, guys.

This weekend we're traveling down to everybody's favorite cesspool to play the Houston Old Goys. The Editor only used that nickname because Glenn Abel thinks it's funny; besides, he threatened to staple a Jewish beanie to my head if I didn't. The first side game should kick off at 2:00, and the games will be played at Burnet Bayland Park, home of the Creature from the Black Mudhole. The Old Goys, though not the most formidable team in Texas, may have a lock on the title of Most Obnoxious, so be forewarned.

Next Issue: Pillow Talk with Troy
The Missy Labedis Pinup Poster
A Superhero in Our Midst: Steve the Volt Man
Joe Heaton's 10 Sure-Fire Pick Up Lines
...plus many, many more.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or especially desperate women should be directed to the Editor at 4255 LBJ Freeway, #143, Dallas, 75244, 387-1326.

The Dallas R.F.C.

Daily Worker

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

November 13, 1986
Vol. 1, No. 11

"Get Your News on the Rag"

WINNING UGLY. Yes, that was the watchword of the Dallas R.F.C. this past weekend, as we traveled to the muddy shores of Burnet Bayland Park to play the Old Goys. The first side won 6-3 on a penalty try awarded, and the second side won 9-3 on three TreBoer Snyman penalty goals. There is really very little to report about the games except that Rich "Popkick" Walden decided he wanted a nose just like his idol, Konrad "Wheels II" Broussard's. So he broke it in the game and was off to the hospital, where they sewed him up, gave him a floppy hat and shades, and pronounced him "Honky No More." Richie is still in pain, but is now a full two seconds faster in the 100 yard dash. With regard to the games, other than Richie and Todd Schatzman, both sides were sluggish in the mud, and were fortunate to come away with the victories.

Now, for the first time, for all you team members out there who don't feel you're getting enough recognition on these hallowed pages, we present the first annual Daily Worker Questionnaire. Place check marks in the appropriate places:

Name:

Position:updownsideways

Odd Sexual Habits:leather & handcuffs
....barnyard animals
....bunking with the Bone

Shoe Size:smalllargea Lou Canoe

Recreational Drugs:smoking de ganja
....shooting de Guinness
....smelling old jockstraps

Your Opinion of Dean:looks funny
....talks funny
....is one of them "funny boys"

Bribes Offered to Your Editor:

Instructions: Make a copy of this week's issue, fill out the above, and send it to Your Editor. Depending on what the bribe is and whether she wears a "D" cup, you too can be famous. And don't say I never did anything for the team.

Brief note: Troy "Don't Misspell My Name" Ferckin, taking some time off from his hobbies of doing Don Johnson impressions and tearing sleeves off shirts, informs the Editor that it is

spelled Fercking. And how does the team like Troy Fercking? Beats me, since we've never seen him Ferck.

And, as a Daily Worker first, we actually are putting in something promised in last week's edition:



THIS WEEK'S PINUP

...In this week's pinup, Missy Labedis is caught in an especially frisky mood. Missy likes long walks on the beach, furry animals, and mayonnaise and Saran Wrap parties. She likes to keep her svelte figure in shape by sticking to an all-liquid diet, and knows where to get declawed gerbils at group rates.

Recent news: Mark "Fishcakes" Fischer has returned to the fold after a one year absence, and therefore has to buy everybody a beer. Check your club constitution on this... Rich Harper showed up for the first time in weeks at the bar on Tuesday night, only to announce he's leaving town. Rich didn't buy anybody a beer, so Win promises a bill will go out to him before the week is out.

This weekend sees another, albeit shorter, road trip, as we zip up highway 35 to play the Dr. Denton's, who all wear pajamas with flaps in the back. Though they narrowly defeated our third side earlier in the season, there is no reason for complacency, especially since if we play badly again Dean will have us running sprints until our legs fall off. Game times should be 1:00 and 2:30. Considering the weather lately, whoever is the first to bring out the Peppermint Schnapps gets a special mention in the newsletter.

Next Issue: Various Incoherent Ramblings
Gene Killian Does Duct Tape Oregami
Roscoe Stays Sober for Several Minutes
...plus other fast-breaking headlines.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or envelopes full of hush money should be directed to the Editor at 4255 LBJ Freeway, #143, Dallas, 75244, 387-1326.

The Dallas R.F.C.

Mike Koencke,
Editor

December 4, 1986
Vol. 1, No. 12

Daily Worker

"Get Your News on the Rag"

HO, HO, HO. Merry... What? To most of the civilized world, excepting Chinamen and a bunch of hook-nosed Arabs who never even take showers, we are smack dab in the middle of Christmas season. To the Dallas R.F.C., however, we are in the middle of one thing and one thing only, and that is HARLEQUIN WEEK. Yes, time once again to face that peculiar aggregation of Limeys, Kiwis, Argentines, and Mongoloids who talk funny, dress funny, rarely use Scope, and never attend Dallas R.F.C. parties. WE, HOWEVER, are superior to that sort of poor sportsmanship, so the Daily Worker encourages all you Dallas lads to put in a good showing at the party, especially if we can work the Broomstick Drink on 'em.

It normally goes without saying, but with this bunch you never can tell, that we need a better showing on the field than at the party against this crew, because they always offer a tough match. And the first side hasn't beaten them in the regular season since Joe Borgerding can remember, and that's a long time, campers. Of course, the second side has, and will make powdered Eggnog out of them for sure on Saturday, but everyone knows the second side doesn't count. You can check with Dean on this.

A FIRST IN THE ANNALS (or should that be "anals"?) OF DAILY WORKER "JOURNALISM": Somebody actually sent in a written rebuttal! Your Editor was pretty tickled about this, until he tried to edit the thing. Four hours later, I just said the hell with it, burned my copy of Strunk and White, added some "sic"s, and went out for a beer... So here it is, printed as written:

As a responsible [sic], upstanding member of the Dallas R.F.C., I was shocked and horrified at the misprints that occurred [sic] in last weeks [sic] issue of the Daily Worker! I feel that I have [sic] been unjustly slandered by the Editor in retaliation to [sic] alleged past associations with wayward whop [sic], hung over Harliquins [sic], beer drenched coppers and surprise birthday parties. I maintain that I am innocent and have submitted the following corrections to save my tarnished virtue!!![Ed. note: What virtue?]

1) The pin-up poster was misleading! It was the After shot of my first road trip to Austin. I had just awakened to find myself in a sleazy [sic] motel with the infamous Joe (just one more round) Borgerding, Lou (one eyebrow) Molvin and a sawed-off Italian Tequila Shooter. Under the circumstances I feel I looked pretty good, but I have enclosed the Before picture in order [sic] to save face. [Ed. note: Mercifully, she

didn't; otherwise Your Editor was looking at some big time copier damage]

2) I like furry animals but I prefer a clean shaven face when it comes down [Ed. note: or goes down] to eating. And Saran Wrap parties are fun, but only if I get to play bombardier from the balcony.

3) And unfortunately I can no longer get the declawed gerbils (dang ["dang"] environmentalists) but I can get you a matching set of vibrators & handcuffs- the very same ones used by the Lesbian Olympic Softball Team Our solgun [double sic]: We may get licked but we've never been beaten!! So now you know the rest of the story! Good Day!

WhoLovesYouBaby?? Ms. Michelle Labedis [Plus an extra "sic" for good measure.]

Any rebuttals to the rebuttal should be typed double spaced on a single sheet of white paper, with a return address included, then folded into a paper airplane and thrown off the top of Reunion Tower.

Minor Notes to Clear the Notepads

Roscoe, though invisible around the club lately, is warmly remembered for his Captain Ahab act over at Billy Bob's. Roscoe was about as successful as the Captain, too. A Quote of the Week from a while ago, this from Kay Kile, who, while at the Ice House, said "It's too big to suck on," but then asserted "Let me give it another try." Those desiring to know the context of these quotes can obtain it for a nominal sum, in Swiss francs, paid Your Editor.

Konrad, though also missing in action, has not been forgotten, as Bill Thacker followed Richie's lead by having his nose broken in an intra-team scrimmage. Bill, however, did not go to the hospital, rightly concluding that a lopsided honker could only improve his rugged good looks.

The last games played by Your Heroes were against Denton, where the first side won BIG and the second side won BIG, but it was so long ago that Your Editor forgets who scored what, save that in the first game TreBoer Snyman had a try, Dean hit a drop goal, and a second side flunkie scored off an interception. The day was also notable in that only one of the Denton guys showed up to the bar after the game. Great sports, lads.

Carlos requested me to point out that three South Africans have just emerged from DFW Airport, dressed in ecclesiastical dancing garb (i.e., "bishop tutus." Arf, arf), and looking for some good games of rugby **PLUS A PLACE TO STAY**. They'll only be here for about a month, which shouldn't be too much trouble (and if they get too bad, you can always report them to Immigration). Any lads with the true spirit of Rugby and maybe a spare couch should contact Carlos about this.

Also, Carlos wishes to point out that he has a Panasonic VHS VCR (IUD, DOA, PCP, etc..) for sale for \$200, which comes with a full set of Bill Thacker's "Rugby with the Reverend" tapes on scrummaging. Why I put that in here I'll never know, so don't ask.

Speaking with Paul Quinn on the phone, he said "the coach's foray into Louisiana turned into a wet experience." And "Maori mythology means that that will auger well for the weekend." Of course, the Harlequins have more New Zealanders than we do, so God knows what will happen. Your Editor thinks we'll do great as long as we "have a go at pace 'round the paddock," whatever that means. Also, Paul has a new phone number: 827-4295.

Since the next issue of this rag should be in January sometime, Your Editor feels obliged to point out that there will be a Christmas party and there will be a New Year's Eve party. CALL THE HOTLINE!! Where the Christmas party will be is still a closely guarded secret, since nobody's planned it yet, but the New Year's Eve party will be a Prohibition party (i.e., flappers & gangsters & such), B.Y.O. Champagne, and hosted by Your Editor. We won't say attendance is mandatory, since they tried that last Thursday and five guys showed up. Just be there.

So, games this weekend will be at 11:30 (Old Pharts), 1:00 (first side), 2:30 (second side), and 4:00 (third side), all at Glencoe Park, where the deer and the antelope play. And where seldom is heard a discouraging word, except when Paul Williams "Hey Fred"s the opposition. Let's have a go, hit 'em in the shitter, put 'em in the cheap seats, drink them under the table, and have a really Merry Christmas.

Next Issue: Mel Brooke Sings "All I Want for Christmas
is My Two Front Teeth"

Dean Says Santa's Big Problem is Fitness
Joe Borgerding Out-Red-Noses Rudolf
...plus many, many more.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or prize-winning vegetables should be directed to the Editor at 4255 LBJ Freeway, #143, Dallas, 75244, 387-1326.

The Dallas R.F.C.

Daily Worker

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

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 Peninsula. 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 clohber some other poor schmuck,
Or second-rows knock the ball on in loose play,
St. Nicholas dumped all the ~~keys~~ 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

The Dallas R.R.C.

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

January 22, 1987
Vol. 1, No. 14

Daily Worker

"Get Your News on the Rag"

KIWIS COLLAPSE

Stars & Stripes sails into Cup finals

Nope, nothing of importance in Rugby occurred during this past week. **HOWEVER**, in the America's Cup competition Challenger Finals, the highly-touted New Zealanders, sailing a boat made of recycled insulation ("Kiwi Magic"), got thoroughly stuffed by the Americans, sailing "Stars and Stripes," who now go on to show the Aussies a thing or two. When pressed for comment, Paul Quinn took a swing at the interviewer, then walked away muttering something about "interval training."

A Note From All the Officers, the Captain, and the Coach:
Speaking of interval training, the few hardy souls who had the guts to show up on Saturday morning for training were subjected to more than their share. Perhaps if more than eleven players had turned up, we might have accomplished something productive. Unfortunately, as of late it seems that a number of team "members" seem to think that practice sessions are optional. If these miserable turnouts at training continue, this season will be a very disappointing one. This is a pity, because when everyone shows up we definitely have the talent to take Texas and have a run at Westerns. So get your butts out to practice, dammit.

This week, the Lads in Red travel to Norman "Partytown" Oklahoma, to play Oklahoma Home Ec Institute. Though the OU boys have lost some players in the last year, they still remain one of the best sides in this part of the country, and are reputed

to show visiting squads a good time. So, anybody returning on Sunday without some loathsome disease obviously wasn't trying hard. Game times are at 1:00 and 2:30; those who want to convoy with the likes of Rick "Rubber Dickie" Mendenhall or Roscoe "Elf Molester" Livingston can meet at the Sears at Valley View at 8:00 a.m. sharp.

Next Issue: Why Doesn't Texas Fall Into the Gulf?

Team Meeting in Boyd's Garage
Lou's Tips on Fertilizing the Paddock
Grif's Triumphant Return to First Side Prop
...plus many, many more.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or free samples of experimental hallucinogens should be directed to the Editor at his new address of: 5080 Spectrum Drive, Suite 818E L.B. 106, Dallas, Texas 75248 (214) 387-2904.

The Dallas R.F.C.

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

Daily Worker

February 11, 1987
Vol. 1, No. 15

"Get Your News on the Rag"

Last Saturday the Dallas R.F.C. "A" Squad took the pitch, minus several key forwards who were out with severe venereal diseases plus minor injuries. Captain Lou Molvin, to no one's surprise, had something wrong with his head; Jim Angstman aggravated his vertebrae injuries by sitting on too many bus seats; and Gino Killian strained a calf muscle while kicking Negro schoolchildren. Also out was Winthrop "Jack Lalane" Dayton, who has been busily honing his hamstrings to a peak of Dean Robinson perfection. All of them watched from the sidelines as the Dallas pack, anchored by former wing John "Rolls Royce" Cornish and former tackling dummy Roscoe Livingston at locks, put forth a truly heroic performance. Unfortunately, the combined deficits of too little weight, no previous games, and Paul Quinn's exhausting pregame pep talk proved too much for the side, which lost 14-zip. The score showed little of how the game actually was played, however, as the Harlequins played a reasonably solid 16-man game behind the accurate kicking of Mark "Hey Fred" Gale, who went 0 for 5 on the day. This is the kind of stuff true Junior Eagles are made of.

The Dallas second side put forth another true to form effort, however, as Captain Peter Streck pulled the light yet mobile pack together for a solid match. The Quins struck first on Steve "Quisling" Barrett's second field goal attempt to lead 3-0. Soon thereafter, Cap'n Peter, drunk with power, dived in for the first Dallas try and put Your Heroes out in front for good. A good Dallas backline, featuring Steve "Mr. Electricity" Voltman, Pat "The Grey Ghost" Atkins, and Rich "Howdy Doody" Walden on the wing, had some difficulty getting untracked, until Frank "the Godfather" Artiles picked up a hop in full stride off a well-placed Greg Schragin kick and went in from 60 yards out for the other Dallas try. Two conversions and two field goals rounded out the score at 18-7 for a truly impressive opening second side victory.

Some old yet embarrassing news: Two weeks prior to the Harlequins match, the Dallas R.F.C.S.C. (Scouting Committee, or Stupid Committee, take your pick) decided that calling the Hotline wasn't really necessary and drove all the way up to Norman, Oklahoma, searching in vain for a match with O.U.. What they found was about six inches of snow with cleat marks in it, and a reasonably good bar. S.C. members included Jan Nansel and Sport the Wonder Dog, Peter Streck, Jerry Hawkins, Joe Heaton, Gary Netley, Todd Schatzman, Dalton Souders, Mark Fischer, one unnamed and severely disappointed fan, and of course Your Editor in his capacity as a faithful reporter. Special commemorative patches, with the letters "D.R.F.C.S.C." in script over a stylized light bulb, are rumored to be in the works.

News straight in from the homeland of Paul Quinn: Dean

Robinson (remember him?) apparently bet his airfare on Kiwi Magic in the America's Cup semifinals, and is now trying to hitch a ride back to the States on - you guessed it - some ship called the S.S. Minnow, where he will spend three weeks trying to seduce Tina Louise. That accent gets 'em every time.

Since mid-December we've had three lads from South Africa staying here for their summer vacation (not only do they have apartheid down there, but they can't even get their seasons right). Two of them have already gone back, but intrepid traveler Francois will stay for a few more weeks, or at least until his homeroom monitor reports him absent. Talk about your team spirit: once Francois returns to South Africa, not only will he have to stay after school for a year, but he'll have to clean the blackboards and erasers too.

And speaking of South Africans, Glenn Abel is back in town, having discovered that the women in Boston aren't all they're cracked up to be. In other words, nobody would put up with him there. Though back in town, we won't see Glenn out on the pitch for a while as he is in the market for bionic knees.

This weekend the team travels to your favorite town and mine: beautiful Houston, Texas, where you can buy cheap fruits and vegetables downtown from vendors who used to be oil executives. The only blemish on the second side's otherwise-perfect record was that dismal 0-0 tie with Houston, which will be erased with a vengeance at 2:30. Oh, and there is a first side match at 1:00, too. Call the Hotline for car pooling details, or if you just can't stand another day without hearing Pablo's voice.

Next Issue: The Daily Worker Crossword Puzzle
Pablo's Heckling Clinic
The Scratch 'n Sniff Centerfold
...plus many, many more.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or blackmail threats from God should be directed to the Editor at 5080 Spectrum Drive, Suite 818E L.B. 106, Dallas, Texas 75248 (214) 387-2904.

The Dallas R.F.C.

Daily Worker

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

February 19, 1987
Vol. 1, No. 16

"Get Your News on the Rag"

Road Trip Mania hit once again, as the Dallas R.F.C. took to the highways, and in some cases airways, for its trip to Houston to face the Houston R.F.C.. The current example of Road Trip Mania was best summed up by counting how many players showed up: a whole twenty-nine guys, including professional spectator Coco Lowe. Among the players failing to put in an appearance were this week's special B.D.W.E., Chuck "Islamic Jihad" Lueckemeyer, who attended the wedding of some relative of his girlfriend's instead. Chuck's new nickname is due to the fact, of course, that he never goes anywhere without a "balm." (Sometimes Your Editor disgusts even himself with this stuff.)

Anyway, the first side took the pitch at 2:00 against a strong Houston side, fielding a completely new set of centers (Pat "the Grey Ghost" Atkins and Winthrop "Opie" Dayton) plus Todd "the Assassin" Schatzman, who warmed up for the match by sending one of his own teammates to the hospital on Thursday night. What an animal. Early on, it looked as if Your Heroes would run away with the victory, as Joe "McWing" McKenna picked up a kick from resident Afrikaaner Francois and roared in for the first try of the day and a 6-0 lead. The lead was cut to 6-4 when Houston capitalized on a Dallas try zone miscue, at which point the second side went off to warm up for their match. This deprived the first side of their sideline moral support, and particularly deprived them of Pablo "Hey Fred" Williams's formidable heckling talents. If Pablo had been there, Houston never would have converted the two penalty kicks which made the final score a disappointing 10-6, in favor of the swamp rats.

The second match saw the return of Hey Fred to the paddock as a player, along with a somewhat makeshift squad which included our coach Paul "The Maori Mauler" Quinn at center, Mark "Fishcakes" Fischer at one wing, and new man Liam Whatusisface at the other wing. The pack turned in a solid performance, however, and the backline played superb defense behind the Mauler's efficient direction and Greg Schragin's accurate kicking. The second side racked up a 7-0 lead via a drop goal and try before Paul Quinn was sent off the field for mixing it up a bit too much and biting someone's ear off. After that, it was only a matter of holding on late in the game, to retain the shutout and to avenge the humiliating tie suffered by the second-siders in the Fall.

After the match, the club were treated to the distinctively Houstonian gourmet cuisine of beans, bits of hot dogs, and rice, as Joe "the former Assassin" Heaton went 0-for-6 on the night with the local women. Joe's not ready for a monastery yet, but he does have one helluva crop of calluses.

And on the way back from Houston, Ricco "Thermoprop"

Mendenhall decided to spotlight teammates Joe and Boyd while the latter two answered the call of nature, and managed to mire the car in a typical Houston swamp. Manly front row forward that he is, Ricco simply bit on a half-inch log chain and pulled the car out with his teeth, then swam to Galveston with his wrists handcuffed behind his back. Rick will be bringing his sideshow next to Beautiful Bubba's Lounge along with Wilma the Whip Lady -- don't miss it.

In Jan Nansel's Two Wheel Drive Road Trip Machine on the way back, Greg "A.J." Schragin assured Jan that he and Mel would take care of the driving on the way back, then flaked out. The next thing he knew, Mel was pulling the Machine in to One Energy Square in Dallas, secure in the knowledge that his copilot was a true Ironman. Unfortunately, no one else was in the van, so Greg still sports a complete set of eyebrows.

This week's game is against the folks at Our Wang, which means we have to travel all the way out to Lake Highlands Park to play. Your Editor anticipates the first first side win of the Spring season, as well as a typical second side blowout. Games should be at 1:00 and 2:30; bring some women out to make the day interesting.

Next Issue: Reports on the Carnage
Better Rugby Through Chemistry
Mud Wrestling With Ricco
...plus many, many more.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or barnyard animals should be directed to the Editor at 5080 Spectrum Drive, Suite 818E L.B. 106, Dallas, Texas 75248 (214) 387-2904.

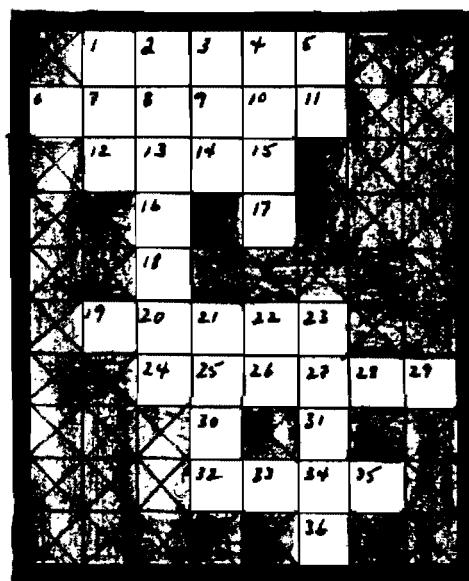
THE DAILY WORKER CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across

1. A Kiwi Abo
6. No one knows who'll play here
12. How much beer drunk after a match
19. Would've played flyhalf if the game were invented then
24. Captain Nemo
32. Our good buddies in green and black

Down

1. The foreskin piggy bank
2. Our favorite beer
3. Another famous (1 down)
4. Not available at practice
5. "To go" to the Jaguars
21. The Dallas R.F.C.
22. -- versus Them
23. The Thack Pack



The Dallas R.F.C.

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

Daily Worker

February 26, 1987
Vol. 1, No. 17

"Get Your News on the Rag"

FINALLY, FINALLY... the D.R.F.C. First Side garnered its first win, albeit over a second division club. In the match against Our Gang at Lake Highlands Park on Saturday, Your Heroes came away with an 18-0 victory on the strong kicking of Mel Brooke and a try by Boyd Adams, set up by strong running and passing by Rusty "Victoria Principal" Cohorst and Steve "Mr. Electricity" Voltman. Joe McKenna did his damndest to follow his coach's example and got himself thrown out of the game, which may not be quite what Paul had in mind. Though Our Gang, locally known as the Wangkers, are in fact a second division club, they played a tight and well controlled ball game, belying their T.R.U. status.

And on the second side, a typical D.R.F.C. victory ensued, though Your Editor was too busy drinking beer and ogling women to remember the final score. What Your Editor does remember is that the return of Wally Gilmore, "the Larry Bird of Rugby," was indeed an auspicious one. The Gator Man showed us all his deceptive speed, and demonstrated his technique for staying healthy: "I don't have any problems, 'cause you can't pull fat," Wally explains. Bill Thacker heartily concurs on that one.

The third side game saw the return of the Maori Mauler to the pitch at flyhalf, plus various other fellows who, for one reason or another, don't make it to practice. The third-siders turned out a solid victory, though, making the Dallas R.F.C. 3 and 0 on the day.

After the matches, the two teams repaired to the Ice House in order to see Birthday Boy Borgerding get his. Get it he did: not only was he pied, but also caked, and serenaded with a poem. As a service to its readers, the Daily Worker, in the name of journalistic freedom and poor taste, is printing the poem unexpurgated (which may get Your Editor into trouble with Ed and Norma Gabler):

Here stands our friend Borgerdine
Who at Rugby is quite the fiend
All the songs he does wail, and he tells quite a tale
And snuff up his arm keeps him mean.
You'd think such a man had it made
But his fame is beginning to fade
There are some who do doubt, and the question is out
Has our friend Joe ever been laid?
My friends, there's a story that's true
Joe used to get fucked 'till he was blue
By his darling lost love, whose cunt fit like a glove,
The big-busted babe, Betty Lou.
Now Joe used to be hung like a stud
--It was quite a prodigious pud

But he awoke one day, to find it quite worn away,
 And said Betty Lou, "See you later, Bud!"
 This is our friend's tale of woe
 For his prick's now as small as his toe
 Though all used to laugh at the sight,
 Whores now pay him to spend the night,
 Because Joe learned to keep his profile low.

Counting his last birthday, Joe is now 30-hmmmmhmmrr years old, and not yet ready for the Shady Keg Home for Retired Front Row Forwards. In fact, Joe can still get around the field as well as he did when he was twenty, which shows you what a ball of fire he was then.

SO: this weekend sees our last major road trip of the season (not counting TRU's or the Austin Tournament), as the Lads in Red travel to Austin to take on the Austin Honeybees. Anyone with an ounce of sense is going down Friday night to get a head start on Saturday night's Sixth Street binge. Games will be at 1:00 and 2:30 out at famous Burr Field, named because that is where Alexander Hamilton was shot by Aaron Burr in their famous duel. You learn something new every day, eh, kids?

Next Issue: Joe's Formula for Brown Cocaine
 Draw a Puppy and Win an Art Scholarship
 Draw a Dollar and Win a Jail Term
 But Don't Draw to an Inside Straight
 ...plus many, many more.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or classified Soviet military documents should be directed to the Editor at 5080 Spectrum Drive, Suite 818E L.B. 106, Dallas, Texas 75248 (214) 387-2904.

And, for everybody who didn't even pull out a pencil last week, (i.e., everybody), the answers to:

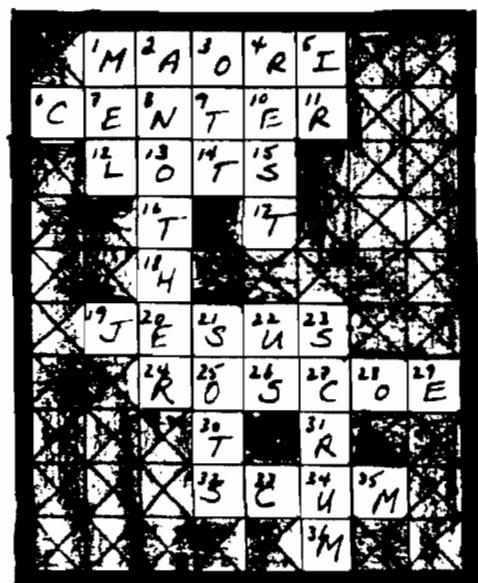
THE DAILY WORKER CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across

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22. -- versus Them
23. The Thack Pack



The Dallas R.F.C.

Daily Worker

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

March 5, 1987
Vol. 1, No. 18

"Get Your News on the Rag"

Last week Your Heroes in Red traveled to the capitol of the great Republic of Texas to take on the Austin R.F.C.. The match looked to be a difficult one, as Austin's only two losses came to Ours Truly and the Quins, they having trounced everyone else. Besides, rain had turned Burr Field into a quagmire, requiring long studs and four-wheel-drive forwards. And the day did start poorly, as Dallas was pinned into its own end early by a ferocious wind. Mel's sixteenth clearing kick was blocked and converted into an early Austin 4-0 lead. However, the Dallas ball control offense began to take hold, and forced the match into Austin's end. The backline took the ball from a 5 meter scrum, with Chuck "Rugby Living" Lueckemeyer taking the loop from Joe "McWing" McKenna for the score in the corner. Later, a Mel Brooke penalty put the side up 7-4, and, late in the half, a bumbled Austin 3 on 1 turned into a 60 yard try for the good guys. Score at half: 11-4, with especial kudos going to the overachieving Dallas pack. Unfortunately, injuries, a penalty, and a late try by Austin combined to make the final score 11-13. Though the first side improves every week, it was a bitter loss.

And as per usual, the second side put forth a solid effort in garnering its eighth Cup victory against a determined Austin Gold side. Greg "The Boss" Schragin put down the first try of the match, either Frank Artiles or Rusty Cohorst (who cannot be told apart anyway) got another, and another try came out of nowhere for the final score of 12-0. However, this was not your typical Second Side runaway, as the final two tries appeared in approximately the final two minutes. An excellent defensive match for the B Gang. Joe "the Dog" Borgerding displayed his years of scrummaging experience by using his forehead to pound his opponent in the fist, which had that prop thoroughly intimidated, at least until Joe had to leave for the hospital.

Your Editor is informed that current T.R.U. standings place our first side in fourth place with a 4-5 record, behind the Quins, Austin, and (of all clubs) Alamo City. Wins in the three matches remaining (against Alamo City, Fort Worth, and the Old Boys) will put us at a final 7-5 and probably in third place, which would bring us a rematch with Austin prior to the championship match. If we can hold off the injuries for awhile, we've still got a terrific shot at it.

The second side, leading its division at 8-0-1, and undefeated since November - of 1985 - goes without saying, and will crunch various hapless opponents on its way to a second consecutive championship.

Speaking of injuries, Ricco Mendenhall is doing his part for the team by chartering a Lear jet to bring Oral Roberts down to lay hands on various players' backs, foreheads, and ankles.

Ricco figured he had to act quick, since Vegas odds are 5-3 that the Lord will turn Oral into a Charburger on April 1st.

And for another belated Quote of the Week, as Missy was overheard a couple of weeks back making an offer to Dan "Polecat" Polcari: "I'll shag your balls for you." Your Editor isn't quite sure what that meant, but it sure sounds suggestive.

The trip down to Austin was participated in by both Roscoe's War Wagon and Jan's Two Wheel Drive Road Trip Machine, thereby gaining the Daily Worker seal of approval. The War Wagon got the worst of it, as Mel did his Lueckemeyer On An Airplane impression and decorated Roscoe's interior with his breakfast. (Why do you think they call it "upChuck"?) Mel Brooke joins Brown Brooks in the War Wagon Hall of Fame, which is a curious coincidence. Sources have it that Roscoe is pestering Brooke Shields, Mel Brooks, and representatives of the Brook of the Month Club to ride with him and a load of air sickness bags to test this theory.

On the collegiate end, SMU looks to have a lock on the national title, as dozens of football players decide to take up Rugby. Unfortunately, it will be discovered that some Highland Park oil man is giving Dean Robinson \$25 and several cheerleaders' phone numbers to come back from New Zealand and coach, so the Pony Ruggers will be forced to play badminton for the next four years.

This weekend sees a home match, presumably at Glencoe Park, against Alamo City, whom we taught a lesson on their home turf in the Fall. They will be aching for revenge, and will be sent home still aching, as we need this victory. The first side is about due for a romp, anyway, so the match at 1:00 should be a fun one to watch. As for the match at 2:30, considering the Fall second side blowout, it will not be a pretty sight.

Next Issue: Low Budget Point Shaving for Bud
Geno Shakes Down Negroes for Lunch Money
Boyd Puke-Proofs the War Wagon *
...plus many, many more.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or magazines banned at 7-11 should be directed to the Editor at 5080 Spectrum Drive, Suite 818E L.B. 106, Dallas, Texas 75248 (214) 387-2904.

* (actually, the next line was going to be "Bonnie Shakes Down Geno for Negroes," but Your Editor figured he was injured bad enough last Saturday.)

The Dallas R.F.C.

Daily Worker

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

March 12, 1987
Vol. 1, No. 19

"Get Your News on the Rag"

Thus far, to put it mildly, the second half of the season has been a disappointing one for the Dallas R.F.C. First Side. What with all the injuries, we've had our hands full just putting a coherent side together, let alone winning ball games. Those problems were highlighted on Saturday in the match against Alamo City. It will be recalled that our lads, buoyed by five Mel Brooke penalty goals, knocked the stuffing out of these troops in the Fall, so a victory was confidently expected. Dallas drew first blood when Peter Streck and John "Game Hen" Cornish capitalized on a bobbed play by Alamo City for the first try. However, Alamo City came right back with a try of their own, to make the score 6-4. Mel then hit a difficult penalty kick, making it 9-4. Unfortunately, that ended the Dallas scoring, whereas Alamo City got a further try and drop goal to overcome Your (Tarnished) Heroes 9-13.

Those who watched the second side trample the AC seconds into the turf in the Fall expected a real walkover this time. They got one, though it looked a bit disappointing at first. Though Jeff "Hands" Kolberg hit a long drop goal (50 meters if it was an inch, he swears) and Rusty "The Horse" Cohorst put down a try early, AC came back with a try to make the score 9-4. Onlookers gasped, ladies fainted, and Sport bit Jan. However, the team soon shook off this annoyance, as El Presidente Roscoe came smashing right back with a breakaway try. It was then Off to the Races for Your Real Heroes: tries were scored by Kolberg, Gary "Super Slo Mo" Netzley, Frank "the Godfather" Artiles, plus another three (count 'em) for Rusty (giving him four on the day), plus a marvel never seen before by civilized man: Greg Schragin got a drop goal. The crowd gaped in astonishment as Greg's powerful leg boomed a goal right through the uprights from upwards of ten yards out, the ball clearing the bar by at least a foot. Regarding the score, the referee soon ran out of room on his note pad, so he had to consult Your Faithful Editor for the final damage: 52-4. Other damage in the match occurred to two unfortunate members of AC's backline, who suffered shattered breast bones from getting in the way of The Horse's stiff arm.

Apparently to celebrate the second side victory, Joe Borgerding shaved his beard off Sunday. The club officers got one look at Joe's naked face (after initially mistaking him for Boyd), and hurriedly readied their counterstroke. Anyone wishing to sign their "Please Grow It Back Joe - For Everybody's Sake" petition, contact Roscoe for details.

By the by, our second side has easily clinched a berth in the T.R.U.s, as if everybody didn't know it already. In fact, if somehow they lose their last two games, they may still wind up seeded first in the tournament. However, it is down to the wire

for our first side who, at 4-6, need to win their last two games to squeak in to the playoffs. What the hey, everybody loves an underdog; except for Ricco, who loves any dog that'll have him.

For those of you who still remember last year, Larry "the Ugly American" (or "Mr. Dropkick," take your pick) Prahm showed up back in town after a short stint in Minneapolis. Most of you who've known Larry can attest to the fact that he not only gets kicked out of bars, he gets booted out of towns too. The only places left for him to go on this continent are Houston (where he'll be appearing shortly) and Terre Haute, Indiana, which has not yet patched in to the national FBI network.

Saturday's match will be against Fort Worth, in Fort Worth. Their first side has just one victory in Cup play, and guess who the unlucky team was. If we can't thrash the daylights out of the lads in green, St. Patrick's Day notwithstanding, we might as well hang up our cleats and play darts with Griff. Matches will be at 1:00 and 2:30 at Forest Park, where we were last time; considering Fort Worth's performance in these areas in the past, bring plenty of beer and women.

Next Issue: The All-Dallas Injured Select Side
Abuse of Selected Players
Abuse of Selected Substances
Self-Abuse for Fun and Profit
...plus many, many more.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or donations for an ankle transplant should be directed to the Editor at 5080 Spectrum Drive, Suite 818E L.B. 106, Dallas, Texas 75248 (214) 387-2904.

The Dallas R.R.C.

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

March 19, 1987
Vol. 1, No. 20

Daily Worker

"Get Your News on the Rag"

Last weekend saw Your Heroes make the long trek over to play Fort Worth. The game was set at Forest Park, which is not far from Lake Michigan, judging from the Force 10 gale which swept down the field and carried off some of the smaller wing three quarters. Dallas had to face this wind in the first half of the match, and only managed a short penalty goal while Fort Worth piled up 13 points. However, the second half was a different story, as enthralled spectators got to see the latest version of the Mel Brooke Show. Mel scored on a drop goal, three penalty goals, a try, a conversion, and the night before with Susanne to round out an impressive weekend for the Boy from Birmingham. The 18-13 final score kept first side playoff hopes alive, pending this week's match against the Old Boys.

The second side match was not nearly as exciting as the first one, mainly because Rusty "the Horse" Cohorst put forth such a disappointing performance. Rusty only managed three tries in the 37-0 victory over a thoroughly shellshocked Fort Worth B squad, as opposed to the four he had the week before against Alamo City. Everyone was upset about this, including Frank Artiles, who tried to make up for his teammate's deficiencies by adding a try of his own, and Gary Myers, who lumbered in with one as well. Greg Schragin tacked on a couple of penalty goals to finish out the romp.

Jan Nansel, while doing nothing for two weeks but pass to Rusty and Frank, has not been idle, as he announces he is getting a petition together for a National Second Side Championship. He, and everybody else, figures we'd go all the way to Florida with that one, and everybody would make Junior Eagle. At least, that ought to be how it works.

Other notes on the weekend: Our Man Griffer spent some time at the Cedar Pub this weekend, where he has become something of a fixture. In fact, the sight of Griff weaving down the front steps and then snoring all night in the parking lot has become a familiar one on Cedar Springs. But not this weekend, when a bandit brandishing a big revolver came in and ordered everyone to lie on the floor. Griff provided one of our Quotes of the Week, when he said "That's not a real gun." The robber then fired a bullet into the floor, which convinced the Griffer in a hurry...

Our other Quote of the Week came from Ironman Joe Heaton. Most people, upon viewing Joe Borgerding's newly-naked face, simply ran for the Hefty bags. Not the Assassin, who said "Were you arrested again?"

And Paul Williams proved once again to be the master of having way too much fun on St. Paddy's Day, as he discovered

that Guinness and motorcycles don't mix. Pablo never bothers with helmets, figuring that his head is his least vulnerable body part anyway; he wound up, strangely enough, looking like he'd been in a motorcycle wreck and sporting a brand new cast with which to intimidate opponents in lineouts. The Rules don't say anything about plaster, do they?

This weekend is our last regular season home match of the Spring, against the Houston Old Boys. The last outing against this bunch produced our famous "Winning Ugly" Victory, which was hardly something to brag about. The first side needs to build on the comeback win over Fort Worth, and the second side needs to get Rusty back on track with at least five tries. Games should be at 1:00 and 2:30 at Glencoe Park, unless the Harlequins hog it as per usual, in which case we'll be back down at Lake Highlands. Call the Hotline. Better yet, call Cyndi on the local Dial-a-Romance Hotline, which is much more fun.

Next Issue: Green Beer Linked to Spread of AIDS Virus
Spread of AIDS Virus Linked to Chuck
Chuck Linked to Yuppie BMW Owners
Yuppie BMW Owners All Go to Bhopal and Breathe Deep
...plus other weird fantasies.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or unsuspecting clients capable of making a lawyer's fortune in one fell swoop should be directed to the Editor at 5080 Spectrum Drive, Suite 818E L.B. 106, Dallas, Texas 75248 (214) 387-2904.

The Dallas R.F.C.

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

April 20, 1987
Vol. 1, No. 21

Daily Worker

"Get Your News on the Rag"

Old News

The players of the Dallas R.F.C. have not been a bunch of happy campers lately. This all started several weekends ago, when the first side, hampered by a percentage of injured players that has since been reported to Guinness, got thoroughly shellacked by the Houston Old Boys, which put to rest any lingering hopes of slipping in to the T.R.U.s. The second side, however, beat the Old Boys handily and marched on in to their first-seeded position.

The Dallas R.F.C. Second Side had not suffered a loss since November of 1985, and was confidently expected to sweep the T.R.U.s, thereby salvaging some measure of pride for the battered Reds. Unfortunately, the Red Injury Disease proved finally to be contagious, with key members Winthrop Dayton and Rusty Cohorst dropping out of the final match, and Your Heroes were defeated, 6-3.

The most recent club function (and, admittedly, the only one for some time) was a sojourn to the sophisticated arena of the Sportatorium in Downtown South, where Geno organized an evening of cultural uplift via professional wrestling. Most of the attendants came away enlightened, broadened, and falling down every fifth step. Jennifer Adams, who has provided a Quote of the Week in the past, contributed the following gems: "Keep your hands off my rubber chicken" and "If you blow on it too hard it dies," both to Chuck Lueckemeyer.

The Dallas R.F.C. then found themselves in mid-April, which is the time of the year when disappointing seasons wash away, and we all ramble down to Austin to play rugby, get drunk, and get naked, in that order. Which is, of course, precisely what happened, except that most of us got drunk and got naked before playing any rugby. Of special note was Joe McKenna's classic Friday night ramble around the premises of the La Quinta Inn, which merely added to the growing body of legend surrounding The Claw.

A quick recap of the tournament: our small squad thoroughly dominated The Woodlands, in the first match of the day, then fell prey to a powerful side down from Oklahoma. On Sunday, the remaining gameworthy players put out a solid performance to quash a team from Oklahoma City, capping a 2-1 weekend we could be proud of. The eventual winner of the tourney was New Orleans.

The club officers held a meeting last Monday, and first decided to promote team stalwart Joe Borgerding from Pitch Chairman to Bitch Chairman. What this means is that, if anyone has something to complain about he'd rather not tell Paul or Lou directly, he can tell Joe at the bar, whereupon it will be relayed anonymously. Joe informs Your Editor that the fee for

this service will be one (1) pint of Guinness per kvetch.

The officers also started putting together a summer schedule for the club, which schedule shall appear in the near future. For now, the first event we can look forward to is the D.R.F.C. Family Picnic, which will be held on May 9th at Randall Park, from noon till dark. Admission for the games, prizes, food, beer, and general hilarity will be \$5.00 per person, \$9.00 per couple, \$10.00 per family, and also \$5.00 for any assorted nubile homewreckers who may put in an appearance. Should be fun, so be there.

The next major item on the agenda is the Seventh Annual Dallas Sevens Tournament, which will be held again at Lake Highlands Park this year. The only reason for this is that Doug Lueckemeyer cleverly got the city to think that it was soccer players who caused all the pitch destruction last year. Otherwise we'd be somewhere out in Grand Prairie. The club officers came up with several highly prestigious Chairman(or woman)ships, which positions may be occupied by anyone who meets the rigorous qualifications (i.e., is breathing). These are: Concessions Chairman, Parking Chairman, Scoreboard Chairman, Touch Judge Chairman, Party Chairman and Committee (preferably a non-player for this one), Cleanup Chairman (oh, boy), Awards/Prizes Chairman, and Publicity Chairman. Any volunteers, or anyone who can think of anything else that needs doing, call Your Editor.

Tentative dates to file away somewhere: the Annual General Meeting (AGM) will be held on June 24th, and we're aiming for either June 27th or July 11th for the Banquet.

Other stuff far in the future, but you should keep in mind: 1) On the weekend of August 6-9, there will be a Celebrity Golf Tournament benefiting the "Make a Wish" program, where terminally ill kids get to meet celebrities. The Dallas R.F.C. has committed to supplying some 40 people to help with the tournament, some of which may have to take a half day off. Hey-- it's for a good cause, and you might just get to escort around some celebrity with enormous talents. I've seen pictures. 2) On August 22-23 there will be another benefit, which is in the process of being arranged by our Worthy Treasurer Winthrop: the Give Blood Play Rugby blood drive, which will also feature (we hope) a short match pitting us against Fort Worth.

Next Issue: All God's Chillun Got Rugby Boots
All Rugby Boots Got Strange Fungal Growths
Speaking of Strange Fungal Growths, Dean's Back
...plus whatever else will fit.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or stoned groupies singing "Zippidee Doo Dah" should be directed to the Editor at 5080 Spectrum Drive, Suite 818E L.B. 106, Dallas, Texas 75248 (214) 387-2904.

The Dallas R.R.C.

Mike Koencke,
Editor

Daily Worker

June 6, 1987
Vol. 1, No. 22

"Get Your News on the Rag"

SPECIAL TOURNAMENT EDITION

Origins of Rugby football and Sevens: In a time of simpler times and simpler pleasures, when things like atomic bombs and edible panties had not yet been invented, some frustrated soccer player named W.W. Ellis first picked up the ball and ran with it. He then got stinking drunk and threw up all over a cheerleader, "thus originating the distinctive feature[s] of the Rugby game." Early Rugby teams sprung up almost immediately, since at least some of the English had finally figured out that pussyfooting around with a funny spotted ball was right up there with buying life insurance in terms of excitement. Besides, now even guys with bellies the size of Wembley Stadium who otherwise couldn't play anything more serious than league softball could now be placed at Prop. Players got to take out all the frustration of being unemployed coal miners on the pitch, and managed to keep some measure of sportsmanship there too: everyone who started fights on the field was immediately deported to Canada, where they all formed the first ice hockey league. An additional benefit emerged when it was discovered that British women go mad for anyone missing several front teeth and having a lopsided nose.

Somewhat later, Rugby players in the more developed countries discovered that there was more to life than rucks and mauls. They started turning part of their attention to art museums, the ballet, and getting laid. This is why the best Rugby is now played in Godforsaken corners of the earth like New Zealand and South Africa, where the highest form of cultural activity is synchronized belching and the sheep are better looking than the women.

One day, up in the frozen wastes of Scotland, it developed that all the players with broken teeth and lopsided noses (i.e., the forwards) were off getting laid. The only players left at practice were two sides of seven backs each. So they got together and devised a game where everybody runs like mad hyenas, avoids passing the ball except as a last resort, and rarely if ever plays sober. This, of course, was the birth of Seven a Side Rugby.

In Dallas, on the other hand, it is the backs who generally are out getting laid, and the forwards who started playing Sevens (since one of the pack was invariably out with a broken nose). Forwards love the game, since with only them playing it is the only time of the year they can actually catch somebody on the field, except for maybe when they're facing a fullback with a broken ankle. With the participation of forwards in the Sevens game in Dallas, Sevens then spread throughout the civilized world, and even to New Zealand. We in Dallas are proud to sponsor our Seventh Sevens, in order to further the great game of Rugby football and leave the soccer stadiums to the soccer fans, who can then forget about keeping track of a 1-0 score and concentrate on beating each other up instead.

The Dallas R.F.C.

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

Daily Worker

"Get Your News on the Rag"

August 15, 1987
Vol. 1, No. 23

WHAT WENT ON THIS SUMMER: Actually, not a whole heckuva lot. If we had gone to all the places we were supposed to go this summer, we would have enough Frequent Flyer bonuses to cut our projected airfare to Australia next year to \$5.67 per person (excluding taxes). Unfortunately, we didn't go to Knoxville, site of an ill-fated World's Fair but presumably a reasonably decent Sevens tournament, we didn't go to Corpus (except for Jan, who seized the opportunity to romance several 200 pound women props), and nobody even put a serious proposal together for Aspen, Atlanta, or the Rockaway Sevens. Still, the Pat Atkins Rockwall Tourney early on was a smashing success, where members of the Greg Schragin Landecor Empire, not to mention the newborn White Rock Mudfish, put in memorable appearances.

Then came the **Dallas Sevens**, on June 6th. All in all, despite the fact that Your Heroes lost to Fort Worth in the semis and an unnamed crosstown group in green and black won the thing, it was a terrific tournament. No one seems to remember the party afterwards, though I have it on good authority that it was loads of fun once the beer arrived smack dab on time. It was a particularly triumphant time for Only Official Female Team Member Missy, who played her first rugby game that afternoon, banged into one too many of the aforementioned 200 pound female props, and lost whatever little sense she had left. All evening she wandered around buttonholing various team members and asking whether she'd played and why it smelled like anchovies in the scrums.

We then had a **DRFC Annual Meeting**, which went normally. That is, everyone spent several hours debating minor points of order while Kolberg asked candidates what they would do about World Hunger, and we again put off voting on a Team Captain. The team did actually vote to amend the Team Constitution, a draft of which is supposedly due by the end of this month. Sources have it that the as-yet-unnamed Revision Committee is hard at work, though they do not know who they are yet. If you find that confusing, you should have been there - you'd be even more confused. Doug Lueckemeyer, via an impassioned plea for team commitment and six-packs handed out to voting members, was elected President, while Roscoe settled for Match Secretary. Dave "Dink" Carson pulled down the coveted position of Treasurer, and is presently looking to buy an old MG he can repaint with team funds. Your Editor, facing the humiliating prospect of being dumped, graciously stepped down in favor of Pablo as Secretary, so he could devote himself to the even more humiliating task of turning out this rag. And, as is usual in these cases, absent Honorary Member Marty Adams was unanimously

voted in as Social Chairman without a chance to defend herself. Jan Nansel was voted in as Pitch Chairman, with only a couple of dissenting votes who feared that this would make future officer's meetings even more chaotic and senseless than they are now. And Glenn Abel, showing the only coherent scheme of the evening, presented a plan for the team to tour Australia in August of next year. Finally the fellows tired of hearing Paul Quinn say "Point of Order, Mr. Chairman" and adjourned to drink enough beer to forget the whole thing.

At the **Texas A&M Sevens**, our first side lost the first match to Texas Tech, then came back to pile on enough points to make the playoffs - and then lost to a determined Old Boys group, who eventually won the tournament. Small consolation. More interesting were Ricco's efforts to leave behind a lasting team memorial at the Chicken and Oil in College Station by hammering a chisel into the table, our team songfest presented to a herd of admiring Aggie crackers, and the Ricco-Derly food fight which evacuated the place.

And then came the **Mudfish Sevens**, at our own home field. As usual, the second side had to make do with novice players who still haven't figured out how many points you get for a try, while the first side continued to improve. The first side had little real competition until the finals, when it lost a heartbreaker to a combination Denton-Texas Tech side. Heaven only knows who won the Mudfish Division, since we were all too busy admiring our trophies with the fish on top while scowling at the "Second Place" inscribed on them.

At the **Carlos Johnson Invitational** Golf Tournament on July 26th, apparently Boyd's team managed to haul in a real ringer and walk away with the title. Though no ladies showed up with water balloons this year, Chuck did take a manly cut at a powder ball on the first tee, which turned out to be his best drive all day.

Regarding the proposed **Australia tour**: we will spend two weeks in Australia in August of 1988, visiting the cities of Sydney and Melbourne, and then catching three days of the World's Fair (and God knows what else) in Brisbane. The projected cost is around \$1,900, to be paid in installments during the course of the upcoming year. If the team and the players manage to raise as much money as we ought to, the cost could be cut in half, and we'd all get cash back just before leaving, if Glenn hasn't absconded with the funds to South Africa. Everyone should know that the initial deposit (a lousy \$150.00) is due by the end of this month. Get your checks in to Glenn on the double.

As for fund-raising efforts: Club members are expected to split up into four-man units for purposes of raising their own little stashes of money (which must nevertheless be turned in to Glenn) for the tour. Paul Williams, having a nifty computer to

play with, is putting everyone's addresses, filthy habits, and sexual preferences on a database, and has announced that his four-man group will raise their money through blackmail. Actually, his original idea was to change the Hotline into a 976 number and make a tape of several minutes of heavy breathing and grunting from a practice scrum for our own version of Dial-a-Romance, but Susie put the kibosh on that one. Boyd has announced a special basement excavation service, Chuck will be doing AIDS tests for team members and his former girlfriends, and Joe Borgerding will open a catering service specializing in post-game pies. It promises to be an interesting, albeit messy, year ahead.

Vaguely Important Dates to put on your calendars: On Tuesday (August 18th), training officially begins, so try to get an early start on getting rid of the beer bellies accumulated while laying out by the pool this summer. On August 22nd (next Saturday) will be the First Annual "Give Blood, Play Rugby" function. The idea behind this is, firstly, to raise money for the club; secondly, to play an entertaining match against Fort Worth while delirious from loss of blood; and thirdly, to see how many players end up in the hospital. In other words, your typical Rugby function. On August 29th will be the great annual bicycle race up in Wichita Falls, where Chuck and Lou will lead the pack on their five-pound magnesium Japanese specials, and Joe Heaton will bring up the rear on his Big Wheel. August 31st, of course, is the last date to get in your Australia tour deposit to Glenn, who promises to invest it all wisely on cases of Schaefer. On September 12th will be the second annual Cowtown Tournament in Fort Worth, on September 17th we vote for a Team Captain, and on September 19th we travel up to Oklahoma for the Fort Sill Girdlestone Tournament. All in all, it should be a big start for the upcoming season.

Next Issue: Volume 2: The Legend Continues

General Ridicule of Anyone With a Funny Accent
Social Chairman Announces Team Tupperware Parties
Players Who Didn't Qualify to Give Blood
...plus standard legal exculpatory clauses.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or filthy Ayatollah jokes should be directed to the Editor at 5080 Spectrum Drive, Suite 818E L.B. 106, Dallas, Texas 75248 (214) 387-2904.

The Dallas R.R.C.

Daily Worker

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

September 17, 1987
Vol. 2, No. 1

"Get Your News on the Rag"

THE KICKOFF OF A NEW SEASON: New hopes, new aspirations, new opportunities to make total asses out of ourselves. Since the last issue, also the last issue of the Daily Worker's epochal first year, a few things of import have occurred, not the most of which was the Annual Banquet somewhere in the middle of August. At the banquet, Glenn Abel put on yet another impressive presentation about the 1988 Australia Tour, leaving everyone wondering whether the actual "tour" will consist of Glenn showing the team slides while quaffing oilcans of Foster's. We did get to see every single place in Australia that we won't be visiting.



Also at the banquet, Joe "The Dawg" Borgerding won the coveted Dallas Cup, Rick "Dicco" Mendenhall walked away with the even more coveted Big Dick With Ears, this one in a Lifetime Achievement category, the Norman Nine shared the Light Bulb of the Year Award, and various people won various other things. The real prize of the evening was, of course, the No-Doz Award, which was presented to the party pictured at left, shown demonstrating his award-winning style.

There was then the Give Blood, Play Rugby function on August 22nd at the Village Country Club, where little of note happened save the spectacle of dozens of out-of-shape lads wheezing their way around the pitch in 100-degree heat.

Most of the remaining time has been occupied in the Paul Quinn version of getting fit, which seems mainly to consist of doing enough squat thrusts, deep knee bends, and teammate hauling to turn your quadriceps into huge slabs of quivering muscle. God I love it. The real heroes of the early practice sessions were the tight-five forwards, who love pain anyway. This was exemplified by Bill Thacker leading the team on a warm down jog around the pitch, and hearing words never before spoken on this planet: "Slow down, Billy!"

At the Cowtown Invitational Tournament last Saturday, Your Heroes fielded two sides (well, actually a side and a half, but who's counting). Everybody got in plenty of rugby, especially

Ironmen like Ricco and Joe Borgerding, who had to be chained to trees to keep them from playing more than five games. The play of both sides was spotty, as the first side beat SMU and Waco but lost two games to a fast Texas side, and the second side emerged with little success. The only notable performances were turned in by new men Jeff Schumate (?), who was all over the field and any woman within range, and Tim (again?). As Your Editor is no longer Club Secretary, he's forgotten everyone's last name, and is deeply ashamed. Hah.) Something-or-Other, who, like Jeff, scored his first try for the Dallas R.F.C. and was duly pied on Tuesday night.

After the tourney, Jan Nansel amazed everyone who thought that he had some discrimination by disappearing with a bit of French crumpet who'd been showing her enormous talents to everyone in sight. This came as quite a surprise, and actually had instigated an A.S.P.C.A. investigation into just what Jan's been doing with Sport. Missy was her usual self at the post-tournament party party at Roscoe's, which is to say that she was last seen shellacked to the gills, begging Dink not to shave one of her eyebrows off. ("Honest, it was all Mary Jo's fault!")

One particular date to remember: on September 25th will be the First Annual Team Scavenger Hunt, where Marty Adams will lead us all on a merry chase after such long-lost items as Rick's hair, Gary Netzley's speed, and Dean's knee, not to mention Chuck "Greg LeMond" Leuckemeyer, who now goes everywhere wearing gay bicycle shorts and checking his pulse. Don't miss it.

This weekend heralds yet another exciting tournament, up in that Jewel of the Prairies: Lawton, Oklahoma. We'll take a full side up there Friday night, spend an exhausting ten minutes or so taking in all the tourist attractions, then hit the pitch at 8:00 a.m. sharp on Saturday. Considering that a large percentage of the participants in this tournament are certified Jarheads who go into a state of shock anytime someone kicks the ball, we should have a shot at winning. Apparently we'll all meet somewhere Friday night and convoy up, but you'll have to call the Hotline on this one.

Next Issue: Dallas R.F.C. Recruits On-Strike Herschel,
Wins Nationals

Harlequins Go On Strike For Better Pay and Pubs
Frank Artiles Goes Off Lucky Strikes
Bobby Witt Actually Throws a Strike
...plus other impossible dreams.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or curvaceous Swedish masseuses should be directed to the Editor at 5080 Spectrum Drive, Suite 818E L.B. 106, Dallas, Texas 75248 (214) 387-2904.

The Dallas R.F.C.

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

Daily Worker

October 1, 1987
Vol. 2, No. 2

"Get Your News on the Rag"

Since our last episode, on this same Bat-time, same Bat-channel, etcetera, Your Heroes, or at least part of them, made a trek up to Lawton, Oklahoma to check out the exciting flora and fauna of the prairie and to bang heads with a few military types. Most of the crew came staggering in to the Girdlestone Tavern sometime after midnight on the Friday before the tournament, still seeing pink enchiladas from the margaritas at the Reverend's bar. Everyone, that is, except for Boyd who slept in his car, and for Geno and Bonnie, who brought up the only station wagon in the world made by Peterbilt.

As per usual, the lads got off to a slow start, facing Oklahoma City, and only managed a 4-0 win. Greatly encouraged, they faced the bellowing suedeheads of Fort Sill and upped the margin to 9-0. Everyone by this point had resigned themselves to minimal scoring on the scarcely-disguised cow pastures serving as playing fields, so the runaway victory over Oklahoma State University of 25-0 came as something of a surprise. The day closed out with the Dallas R.F.C. in their usual position: seeded first, and with us in an unusual position: having enough players to play on Sunday.

Saturday night was a typical night in Lawton, which means that the most fun of the evening was when Your Editor and Jan went to the laundromat next to the Girdlestone and got to watch the team jerseys spin around in a dryer. Apparently another crew followed Lou's inerrant nose for naked women and wound up at a slightly different place, where Joe Heaton had about as close to a religious experience as he's likely to get. Considering that most of the local women looked as if they'd only recently vacated the cow pastures serving as playing fields, there is some reason to doubt the accuracy of this account.

Unfortunately (here we go again), Your Heroes had to face some British types in the semifinals: the Royal Fartillery (so called due to the noxious hot air most of them threw forth). Although playing a gritty (...rhymes with..?) match, Dallas lacked a backline which knew each other's first names, let alone had practiced together. The coordination, or lack thereof, was not a pretty sight. However, though our esteemed coach may beg to differ, there were a few bright spots in the weekend, and we should have the personnel to field an excellent couple of sides.

And, of course, last weekend saw the Dallas R.F.C. idle, as we got to watch the Western Select Side Championships out at Glencoe Park. The Australia Tour t-shirts were unveiled, pleasing everyone except Glenn, who still thinks we should dump

the whole idea and go with three-piece pinstripes with tiny Dallas R.F.C. pins. He thinks that will be much more classy, and will definitely impress any accountants and insurance salesmen we may happen to run into down under.

This Saturday, October 3, we travel down to Houston to Memorial Park to play the Old Boys, in our first Cup match. Games should be at 2:00 and 3:30, and there may be a convoy forming up at One Energy Square (or somewhere else. Or maybe not. What did you expect - accurate information?) on Saturday morning. Call the Hotline. If that doesn't work, call anyone who's not coming down and harass them for being a pansy.

Next Issue: If It's a Cup Match, Must We All Wear Cups?

If We Wear Cups, Must We Drink Our Beer From Them?

If We Drink Our Beer From Them, Will We Get AIDS?

If We Get AIDS, Will We Feel More at Home in Houston?

...plus other dumb questions.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or get rich quick schemes should be directed to the Editor at 5080 Spectrum Drive, Suite 818E L.B. 106, Dallas, Texas 75248 (214) 387-2904.

The Dallas R.F.C.

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

Daily Worker

October 8, 1987
Vol. 2, No. 3

"Get Your News on the Rag"

Last weekend saw Your Heroes travel the interminable 240 or so miles down to Houston for our first Cup matches, against the Old Boys. The day was sunny, plenty of spectators were around, and the Memorial Park pitch actually had some grass on it for the first time in recorded history. The first side took the field against the Old Boys, apparently fired up and ready to play, but saw their optimism deflate somewhat with a defensive lapse, costing a try between the posts. The first side pack came right back with a try of their own, near the touch line, which narrowed the margin to 6-4. Unfortunately, that was as close as it would get, as the Old Boys put down two more tries as Dallas failed to generate any more offense. Final damage: 14-4.

The second side marched on with considerably more optimism, but couldn't seem to get anything going in the first half. At least the defense was solid, and they took a 3-0 lead into halftime. During the second half, the second side backline untracked somewhat, showing some nice movements, but it was the tight five forwards who provided the points, as Boyd Adams and Dalton Souders each contributed a try. As is typical when the pack scores, they put their tries down near the touchlines, but the tries were goaled anyway, bringing the final to 15-0, Dallas.

Some even better action occurred on the way home, as D.R.F.C. players seemed determine to fill the coffers of every county between here and Houston. Geoff Smith, deciding that the bill for sewing up his forehead hadn't set him back sufficiently, got pulled over for doing 85 or so, as did new man Tim Something-or-Other (if you want your last names in here, let Your Editor know). Not one to be upstaged, Joe "the Assassin" Heaton took a novel approach to staying awake on the way back, and decided to slalom in and out of the white lines. The state trooper who pulled him over was not particularly amused, nor impressed with Joe's racing proficiency, for that matter.

Notes from the Secretary: Keep in mind that after the Austin match will be an Australian-themed party, which was a brainstorm (although, in this case, probably no more than a small squall) of Glenn Abel and Marty Adams to promote the 1988 tour and separate you from some more of your hard-won dollars. Also, we do not have in the requisite two-thirds of the club members opinions on the new constitution, which means it, and the club, are in total limbo and no one knows where to go. This sounded like the normal state of affairs to Your Editor, but Pablo states that we need the votes in anyway.

Aside from the above, the week has been one of relative quiet as we prepare to take on our cross-Metroplex rivals, the Fort Worth R.F.C., on Saturday. Game times will be at 1:00, 2:30, and 4:00, at Forest Park in Fort Worth. If you don't know how to get there, call the Hotline. If you do know how to get there, try to avoid the Arlington police on the way home.

Next Issue: Jeff "Kemo Swallowme" Shumate's Cloud Dance
And Injun Joe Joins in Too
Plus Special Zinc Oxide War Paint to Frighten Women
Smoking Buffalo Chips in Peace Pipes
...and maybe some rugby-related stuff, too.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or space alien vivisectionists should be directed to the Editor at 5080 Spectrum Drive, Suite 818E L.B. 106, Dallas, Texas 75248 (214) 387-2904.

The Dallas R.F.C.

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

Daily Worker

October 15, 1987
Vol. 2, No. 4

"Get Your News on the Rag"

WAHOO, COURVOSIER... Or whatever it is that Joe Borgerding sings when he's had too much to drink (i.e., every post game party). The Dallas R.F.C. marches on. This time we marched on over to Fort Worth, where the lads in kelly green had been building strength all summer and scheming to drop a nasty surprise upon Dallas, Dudley Do-Rights that we all are. Fort Worth looked pretty sharp in Sevens, and played a great Cowtown Invitational where they thoroughly trampled our seconds. So it was with basic confidence, laced with a bit of apprehension, that the first side took the field at 1:00.

Early on, it looked like the apprehension was completely justified, as Fort Worth quickly took a 4-0 lead. Dallas came right back with a converted try, however, but Fort Worth responded with a penalty kick to regain the lead at 7-6. However, those were the last points any Fort Worth team was to score all day. Fort Worth wilted under the gradually mounting Dallas pressure and fell more and more apart as the game progressed. Mark Hernandez and Frank "the Godfather" Artiles scored from the wing, and Jim "Permanent Wave" Angstman and his thermonuclear forearm put down two. Mel "the Iron Fist" Brooke added a drop goal and two penalties to round out the final score of 34-7.

The second side match started off fairly slowly, too, as Dallas could only manage a 4-0 lead on a Dink Carson try in the first half. Motivation, desperation, and re-hydration got them going in the second, as the Dallas pack ran away with the match. The second side backline couldn't quite get its attack jelled, but denied the Fort Worth backs any sort of vague threat, shutting them down as badly as the forwards did. The Dinker put another try down, Peter "Man of a Thousand Casts" Streck scored, as did Boyd Adams. Pat "the Grey Ghost" Atkins, by dint of individual effort and dancing down the sideline, put down the only backline score, and Greg Schragin finished up with a short penalty goal. Final damage: 29-0.

And the Dallas third side, sporting such washed-up old hacks as Win Dayton and Joe McKenna, plus some vigorous young lads like Chris Chefchis and Bob Hilton, would have thoroughly dominated its opponent for the afternoon if they had had fifteen players. Unfortunately, Paul "the Maori Mauler" Quinn managed to get thrown out of the match early, upping his ejection average to .667 (a league record), and the Reds had to make do with fourteen. Which was sufficient for most purposes, as those fourteen swept away the last vestiges of Cowtown pride with a solid 7-0 win.

Post matches at the Pig and Whistle was about typical. When the "live" band figured out that the crowd of ruggers didn't exactly amount to their shot at the big time, they packed up and left with all of their \$4.38 in tips. So did the ruggers, most of whom wound up at Dink's house to see how much damage could be done in Roscoe's absence.

The exception to that rule was the team of Pablo Williams and new man "Bouncing" Bob Griffis, who took a different tack and wound up four houses down from Dink's. Pablo and Bob cracked open a few brewskis from the fridge, sat down to watch the Giants and Cards, and started wondering in the seventh inning why nobody else had showed up. They finally wandered down to the right place, tailed by a heavily-armed SWAT team who assumed that striking Cowboys players were burgling the neighborhood and wanted autographs. The cops were disappointed, but luckily had a sense of humor, and let the D.R.F.C. "Breaking and Entering" Committee go with a warning and a \$2.50 fine for the six-pack they drank.

This weekend sees our first home game. Austin will be coming up looking for blood, beer, and women. Two out of three ain't bad, though. After the matches there will be an Australian-themed party (wear something Australian, mates) with a live band and Foster's to publicize the 1988 tour, so be there and G'day. Matches will be at 11:30 (third side versus SMU), 1:00 and 2:30.

Next Issue: Nicknames for Dull Players Like "Your Editor"

Nicknames No One Can Print

Name the State Capitols and Win Used Jockstraps

Names Even Prop Forwards Can Understand

...and irrelevant maunderings.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or schemes to end world hunger by pureeing Bob Geldof should be directed to the Editor at 5080 Spectrum Drive, Suite 818E L.B. 106, Dallas, Texas 75248 (214) 387-2904.

The Dallas R.F.C.

Daily Worker

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

October 22, 1987
Vol. 2, No. 5

"Get Your News on the Rag"

The Dallas R.F.C. came off its first home match of the season last weekend with mixed success. It was a beautiful day, and SMU was playing our third side, thereby assuring a plentiful supply of nubile jailbait on the sidelines. And so the Dallas third side, rubbing the sleep and Friday night's hangovers out of their eyes, took the field at 11:30 against the Baby Reds. In the past, the black jerseys have assured a solid Dallas performance, via sort of a reverse Cowboys-blue-jersey jinx. On Saturday, this didn't happen. Though the far more experienced Reds won 17-7 or thereabouts, the game was a mess and the Dallas backline never reached full effectiveness.

The first side, basking in the glory of being able to wear red (as opposed to pink) jerseys this season and coming off a good win against Fort Worth, then kicked off their match against a considerably more dangerous team from Austin. Right from the start, it was apparent that Austin's tight pack would dominate the game, as it was stealing every ball that went into the loose. Though Jim "Permanent Wave" Angstman continued his scoring binge, roaring in to the try zone off of a lineout, those were the only Dallas points scored in the 4-13 loss. Defense, however, was excellent, and belied the score, as Austin only converted two of around thirteen million opportunities with the ball.

In the second side match, the experienced Dallas group ran away with the match, as per usual, 27-3. Greg Schragin scored a try and converted a penalty kick, George Allen ignored the creaking in his knees to fall on a ball for another try, and Pat Atkins raced in for two. The score would have been higher but for Dallas's debuting flyhalf, Bruce "Flamingo Legs" Dooley, who went 0 for 2 on drop goal attempts which both might have scored if the game had been soccer. As always seems the case, although the seconds came off with a lopsided score, the team has yet to reach its full potential. Current projections indicate that the second side will reach its potential sometime in April, so Roscoe is tentatively scheduling a test match against Wales for the fifteenth of that month.

After the match, both teams repaired to the Ice House to participate in an Australia theme party with a live band and what was supposed to be free Foster's until Glenn Abel came to his senses. Yet another evening of drunken hilarity, where Carlos Johnson got a little too hilarious and assaulted Boyd Adams. Club veterans naturally figured that Carlos simply had let his Boyd-Immunity lapse by not hanging around enough and actually taking him seriously, but that turned out not to be the

case. Austin probably spiked the Foster's with PCP...

Paul Quinn announced at Tuesday's practice, first, that this is a very critical time for the team during which we will all have to come together and get rid of the tensions that have been building among us, and, second, that he is leaving for three weeks to run a marathon in Dublin. The team then ran enough sprints to develop a sympathy for what Paul will be going through, which showed admirable spirit. At the end of practice, Jan Nansel made a public apology to Paul, Dean, the team, and every woman he has dated in the past three years, and received a round of applause from all present in hopes he'd continue bringing the balls to practice.

This weekend, the Norman Nine will be leading the way up to play Oklahoma University on Saturday, since they're the only ones who know how to get there. For those of you who didn't participate in that epochal trip, you take 35 up to Norman, take the Lindsey exit into town, take a right on Jenkins, and the field is right next to the stadium. We will meet at 7:30 a.m. at One Energy Square to convoy up; matches are at 1:00 and 2:30. Supposedly, we will then be traveling over to Oklahoma City to play that crew on Sunday, but Roscoe hasn't been able to confirm it, so we may end up playing touch rugby in the snow. Pablo advises that anyone who fails to call the Hotline this weekend will be forced to wear a lightbulb around their neck for the rest of the year.

Next Issue: Michael Jackson Re-Afros His Hair and Has a Nose Job to Look Like Paul
Paul Has a Nose Job to Look Like Michael Jackson
Dean Says "I'm Bad" and Moonwalks a Few Tries
Bill Thacker, Bob Hilton, and Wally Gator Form the "Dallas Fat Boys" Rap Group
...and more music to your ears.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or Gilbert & Sullivan Musical Rugby Balls should be directed to the Editor at 5080 Spectrum Drive, Suite 818E L.B. 106, Dallas, Texas 75248 (214) 387-2904.

The Dallas R.R.C.

Daily Worker

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

November 5, 1987
Vol. 2, No. 6

"Get Your News on the Rag"

Coming off two exhausting road trips in the past couple of weeks, the Lads in Red could be in better shape. Two weeks ago it was a jaunt up to Norman, Oklahoma, which bears an uncanny resemblance to Bryan-College Station, Texas. That is, everything is painted in the local university's colors and its football games are the only source of entertainment all year apart from tipping over cows in the fields. So, the first side was fired up and ready for their 1:00 match, only to find that it had been postponed until 2:00, as the referee had to get in some late bets on O.U. by three hundred points or so. By the time the game started, the team was already exhausted. It started off relatively evenly, though, with OU showing a great backline and hard-working forwards against a tenacious Dallas defense. Two OU tries were answered by a Jim "Bronco" Angstman special, which heartened the group. It was mostly downhill from there, as OU won about 98% of all ball and ran almost at will. Dallas did put down one other breakaway try, but that was the only remaining highlight. To be fair, OU is showing their best side in years, and look to be easily of national caliber.

The second side took the field determined to come away with a Dallas win, and eventually succeeded, winning by about a try. The match stayed pretty even, though, as second side personnel was limited.

The next weekend was a match against Alamo City in their home bowling alley, with virtually an entirely new Dallas first side taking the field. Alamo City went up twice with tries, only to be answered by two Dallas bursts, one with Bronco bashing his way in off a penalty. The only real problem Alamo City presented was through their representative-side New Zealand fullback, who generally broke four or five tackles per burst. A final try put Dallas away, 15-12, and the Red comeback was only stopped by the final whistle.

The Dallas second side took the field against a group of players, very few of whom even spoke English. Jan Nansel got tossed out of the game early, on hearsay, without even having taken a swing at anyone. It was that kind of day. It looked like AC had kidnapped an entire New Zealand side; still, the seconds put up a valiant fight while playing with fourteen players for most of the match.

Later, most of the Dallas players nursed their wounded pride down at the River Walk, while a few intrepid souls went over to Kelly Air Force Base, where the action in San Antonio always is. Joe Borgerding and Boyd Adams attended the costume

party cleverly attired as Rugby Players, which Your Editor found particularly confusing, and narrowly made it through a surprise drug search on the way out. Having drunk vast quantities of the free beer at the party, Boyd and Joe teamed up to fill up a five gallon jug for the urine test, and the camouflage-dressed servicemen were just too impressed to cause any trouble.

Recent word is that the Disciplinary Committee, armed with rulers for whacking people's hands, is investigating Jan's ejection from the game, and are debating whether to string him up or let him off with tar and feathering...

Time for some re-assessment, rehabilitation... Aw, hell. Maybe we should just have some fun playing this game, for a change. We'll have our chance this weekend, with a home game, of all things. Having been out of town for what seems like an eternity, most of the guys would probably need directions to our regular pitch, much less to the Village Country Club where we'll actually be playing. Should be a fun match against the crosstown rivals we actually get along with, Our Gang. Games will be at 1:00 and 2:30, and afterwards there will be a benefit party for the National Paralysis Foundation with a live band. Team members are encouraged to show their philanthropic spirit and get paralyzed.

Next Issue: Dallas R.F.C. Spankies Our Gang, Those Little Rascals
Spank Your Monkey For Fun and Profit
And No More Mel Brooke Jokes, He Had a Good Game
The Real Boyd-Joe Drug Test Results
...and even some real news, yet.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or hot stock market tips should be directed to the Editor at 5080 Spectrum Drive, Suite 818E L.B. 106, Dallas, Texas 75248 (214) 387-2904.

The Dallas R.F.C.

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

December 10, 1987
Vol. 2, No. 7

(Not So) Daily Worker

"Get Your News on the Rag"

Well, it has been over a month since the last edition of the Nowhere-Near-Daily Worker, during which many things of interest have occurred. Unfortunately, Your Editor has a notoriously poor memory, and cannot be relied on for anything more complex than buying a dozen eggs at the supermarket. And he gets that wrong more often than not. Anyway...

On November 7 was the exhibition-style match played against our local rivals, Our Wang. The Wangers were beat pretty convincingly by our second side, but it took a late try by the first side to come away with the win. The match was highlighted by both teams doing their best to imitate an NHL match, with both "benches" emptying for a brawl and Lou Molvin spending two minutes in the penalty box. As predicted, at the party afterwards to benefit the National Paralysis Foundation, everyone got into the spirit of the thing by ordering lots of stiff drinks. (Arf, arf).

November 14 heralded two matches against Denton, who got beat as per usual in an uneventful couple of games. And on November 21 the Shreveport Swamp Rats showed up in town, and got their heads sucked like so many crawdads. Not that it tasted any good, you understand.

Of course, November 28th was Thanksgiving Weekend, where nearly every rugger gave heartfelt thanks for a week of rest. There are always a few nuts in the bunch, however, and the team was not disappointed. Last year we had the exploits of the Norman Nine; this year it's the Floourescent Five, lightbulbs all. Guido, Greg Schragin, Paddy, Madness, and Andy, two of whom are Americans and ought to know better, set out on the 28th for a long road trip out to Lubbock, in hopes of catching a match or two with the Texas Select Side. Greg already had his special Select Side blazer, bumper sticker, and beer coozy picked out, he was so excited. They made it as far as Arlington before a flat tire stopped them in the middle of nowhere (or close to Arlington Stadium, which is the same thing). Twenty sweaty minutes of working the tire off ensued, and then the lads discovered that even the car had given up patience with them and refused to start. Out came the toolbox, and the Junior Mechanics in the bunch selected what tools they needed to play with the battery terminals. Greg and Madness, meanwhile, tossed the box back in the trunk and cracked open a couple of cold ones, satisfied with a job well done. By the time the battery was cleaned off and the car ready to start, they realized that the keys had been left in the toolbox. Which Greg and Madness had left in the trunk... (Your Editor is NOT making this up.) They

managed to work the rear seat off, but even Toothpick Schragin couldn't squeeze through, so our intrepid band set off for the nearest phone. Greg and Paddy felt they might as well get some exercise that day, and set off running. Andy set off after them, which split the crew into three groups, all of which were consecutively taunted by various cruel drivers whizzing past their extended thumbs. (They tried extending various other appendages, too, but that only brought gales of laughter from passing female motorists.) Finally Guido and the poor slob he was with flagged down a taxi, made it to a different phone than the other bunch, and flipped a coin, deciding to call Mel for help. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Greg's group figured Dean was a better bet, and so the two merry bands passed each other on the freeway en route to the car. And they all gave up on Lubbock and got drunk. The End.

Your Editor wishes he could say that the Flourescent Five ran out of gas on the way home, but figured that would strain the credulity of even the most naive forward on the team.

So, after hearing the above saga, everyone was reasonably loose for Harlequin week, last week. The 'Quins came down to our home pitch to play, and found a little better side than they had bargained for. Unfortunately, it wasn't quite good enough, and lost 12-0, but the Dallas R.F.C. first side played a tough game and had nothing to be ashamed of. Particularly interesting was the fact that no major fights broke out, for the first time in years.

The second side was determined to avenge the first side, and did so splendidly, winning 19-3. The first half was a bit slow, with a try and conversion coming late in the half, but the second half showed total Dallas dominance, with the score belying the many wasted opportunities.

This week's Quote of the Week is from Paul Quinn, who quoth at practice: "It would've been perfect, if it wasn't all fucked up." That barely nosed out another personal favorite, which was also stated at practice: "You improved as you went along, but we can't afford that in the game!" What a guy.

This weekend sees our last road trip (hell, our last game) of the fall season, as we travel down to Houston to face the Houston R.F.C. Games are at 2:00 and 3:30 and are NOT at Memorial or Burnet Bayland, so call the Hotline to find out where they are at. Glenn says that an additional \$200 was due as of December 1 for the Australia tour: get your checks in. Also, the Christmas party WILL be next Saturday night, on December 19th, in the party room at Jim Angstman's apartment complex on Manderville. Get your gifts early (1 per person, \$10.00 or under). **Further**, Your Editor would like to remind everyone of the Third Annual New Year's Eve Party to be held over at his parents' house. This year it's an "Inquiring Minds Want to Know" party: you can come as a space alien, you can come as Bigfoot,

you can come as the son of Elvis and Joan Collins. And if you've recently been featured in the National Enquirer or the Weekly World News, you can even come as yourself. Don't miss it! *

Next Issue: Special Flourescent Lightbulb Awards
Let Your Jersey Mildew for That Special
Red and Green Christmas Look
Boyd Repaints Santa's Sleigh and Gets Sued
Madness is Really Just an Ugly Elf
...and stuff dreamt up whilst sniffing misteltoe.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or something special to put in my eggnog should be directed to the Editor at 5080 Spectrum Drive, Suite 818E L.B. 106, Dallas, Texas 75248 (214) 387-2904.

* Come to the Christmas party or call the Hotline for details.

The Dallas R.F.C.

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

Daily Worker

December 18, 1987
Vol. 2, No. 8

"Get Your News on the Rag"

HO, HO, HO!! By gum, the Dallas R.F.C. might just have a merry Christmas after all. On Saturday some rolled, some flew, in to Houston for their final match of the Fall season against the Houston R.F.C., and everyone immediately got lost. No one could believe that we were playing on a field that actually had grass on it in Houston, and so everyone circled aimlessly for a while searching for a likely-looking gravel pit. Finally everyone realized that we actually were playing on grass in Houston for the first time since 1974, and the first side warmed up and took the field.

The first side, debilitated by injuries and lacking several players who couldn't make the game, soon found that their unending series of bad breaks had not ended with the Harlequin match. Houston downed a particularly greasy try, then fell on a blocked Red Snapper Walden kick for another. Their Afrikaaner fly half converted both and added a field goal, despite his outrage at having to play on the same team with Richard Prim. A Dean "Cantaloupe Knee" Robinson penalty kick provided the only Dallas points of the first half, as halftime saw Your Heroes down 15-3. It was a particularly frustrating day for Paul "the Maori Mauler" Quinn, who spent most of the first half screaming "TEN YAAAAAAHD CIRCLE, REF!!!" and was looking around for a folding chair to throw¹ when the referee threw him off the sidelines. Paul spent the rest of the two matches skulking behind trees with a periscope, trying to figure out what was going on.

Anyway, Houston had been running and penetrating well, and things looked pretty grim. However, in the second half, Wally "Gator" Gilmore took charge, and the Larry Bird of Rugby² dummied to the outside and slipped in for Dallas's first try. The pack drove in for another, the Gator Man touched one down while the ball was still in a Houston scrum, and Deanerino converted two to cap the BRILLIANT Dallas 19-15 comeback win.

The second side was so darned proud of the first side that they did not manage a single point in the first half of their match. No one could quite figure it out, as the powerful Dallas backline, anchored by Greg Schragin³ with Jan "Dale Carnegie" Nansel returning to center and Joe McKenna staying at center, plus Jeff "Hands" Kolberg at fullback, rambled for around 50

Footnotes

1. Remember Bobby Knight?
2. As opposed to the Mark Aguirre of Rugby, who would have to be Dee for temperament (and lineage).
3. He brought along two extra sets of car keys, plus another one hidden in the wheel well, to be sure to make it all the way to Houston.

yards every time it laid hands on the ball. Perhaps the problem was that the biggest member of the Dallas scrum stood a towering 6'0", which made for some pretty bleak lineouts. Finally, during the first part of the second half, their efforts succeeded with a picture-perfect try in the corner off a Kolberg assist (who belied his nickname by not dropping a ball all day). New Man Stu Whatsisface added one of his patented crashes up the middle for another, bringing the final to 10-3. Wins are nice to have, but this one should have been a blowout.

So the Merriest of Christmases to all of y'all, and try to avoid gaining more than forty pounds apiece over the holidays. And anyone who doesn't show up at the New Year's Eve party gets eggnog poured down their shorts.

Next Issue: Holiday Arrest Reports on the Guys

Just Say "No" to Nonalcoholic Punch

Just Say "No" to Anybody Named Dewey

Just Say "Blzzzzrtt" Before Sliding Under the Table

...plus mucho mas and fuzzy dice.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or Christmas gifts illegal in forty-eight of the fifty states should be directed to the Editor at 5080 Spectrum Drive, Suite 818E L.B. 106, Dallas, Texas 75248 (214) 387-2904.

THE DAILY WORKER
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

Some Special Christmas Gifts, or What they're Asking Santa For

RICK "RICCO" MENDENHALL: A complete selection of "Sergeant Rock" comic books plus real grenades for bus trips

DEAN "COACH" ROBINSON: Arthroscopic surgery, plus a new accent that will fascinate Kim

PAUL "THE MAORI MAULER" QUINN: Cosmetic surgery to look like Michael Jackson for the ladies

JOE "THE DAWG" BORGERDING: For his idea of heaven, a girl who'll do it in the middle of a scrum, plus an I.V. filled with Guinness Extra Stout

LOU "CONAN" MOLVIN: Chuck Lueckemeyer's advice on how to ward off engagement rings by using garlic and holy water

JAN "DALE CARNEGIE" NANSEL: The respect and admiration of his fellow teammates, a Ferrari, and to be President of the United States

GREG "GREEN THUMB" SCHRAGIN: Death to all his creditors

BOYD "FLUSH" ADAMS: The position of local Civil Defense coordinator so he can wear a keen metal hat

CHRIS "HAIL TO THE CHIEF" CHEFCHIS: The power to levy taxes on Union members and be President forever and ever

MEL "QUARTERS" BROOKE: No more Mel jokes in the Daily Worker about pouring beer on his hand to get his date drunk

GREG "GUIDO" GOODMAN: New traveling partners

BILL "REVEREND BILLY T." THACKER: More bizarre shorts, plus vestments he can wear in private while anointing himself with some special oil

JEFF "SQUAW or KEMO-SWALLOW-ME" SCHUMATE: A new nickname, plus a wear indicator on his willie

DOUG "NO NICKNAME" LUECKEMEYER: Slipcovers for the furniture for officers' meetings at his place

GLENN "G'DAY MATE" ABEL: Would settle for Dean's knee

ALL OF THE ABOVE AND EVERYBODY ELSE: Tar and feathers for your Editor...

The Dallas R.F.C.

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

Daily Worker

October 20, 1988
Vol. 3, No. 1

"Get Your UNOFFICIAL News on the Rag"

Well, for most of the members of the Dallas "We're NOT the Reds, Dammit!" R.F.C., it seems like only yesterday that the last edition of the Daily, or maybe Annual, Worker came hot off the presses into our eager little mitts. Actually, it has been around ten months, mainly because Your Editor just doesn't have the spare time he used to. However, a recent poll indicates that the only stuff D.R.F.C. members generally read is scratched onto condom dispensers in bar toilets, so Your Editor figured the team needed some less highbrow material, lest the whole group start wearing glasses and going to the opera.

O.K., the quick ten-month recap: We had a much more successful Spring season, beat Austin in the semifinals of the TRUs in Shreveport, then lost to That Other Dallas Team, who had rested all Saturday courtesy of AlamaBozo City, in the finals. June was great for Sevens rugby, as we won the Pat Atkins Invitational, the Dallas Sevens, and the Corpus Christi Sevens. Jim "Bronco" Angstman threw away all his vibrators, and his collection of Vanna White blow-up dolls, just so he could sleep with all that hardware. The remainder of the summer went a bit downhill, but the intrepid Dallas lads still went up to Nationals in Milwaukee with a gleam in their eyes and dust on their boots. The mud wallow Dallas had to play in caused major problems, though. Summer Sevens fields in Texas average out to around 87 on the Rockwell Hardness Scale, and nobody had seen mud in years. But we did make it to Nationals.

In August, the Dallas R.F.C. took a small jaunt Down Under, visiting Australia for two weeks and escaping just minutes ahead of the authorities. Everyone had enormous amounts of fun and came back audibly sloshing. Not only that, but play steadily improved on tour: after a big loss against Port Hacking, the margins got narrower and narrower against Liverpool and Souths, until we beat the Nambour Toads proper, 19-6. Unfortunately, we ran out of time before we could schedule a Test match.

The present season has been disappointing, as the only way we can get a full team together for practice seems to be if we use Sport and Jib as wings. Play has been steadily improving, though: after a humiliating loss to... U.T.A., of all people, Dallas rebounded in a come from behind victory over Fort Worth in its first Cup match, and then struggled against strong juju and Klan demonstrations on the sidelines to tie the fast Watembezi R.F.C. from Kenya, 15-15.

Last Saturday, Okalawhomma University rolled into town, eager to demonstrate that their whipping of Dallas up in Norman last year really happened and wasn't just another Norman Nine story. A resurgence of Dallas pride showed the Not The Reds dominate play throughout the game. Most of the match was played down in O.U.'s end of the pitch, allowing numerous drop and penalty goals, as well as tries by Bob Klxprtzwkckzypecki on the wing and some ugly guy from the pack, too (they all look alike, anyway). Mel Who, the flyhalf (you know, the goofy-looking guy with the accent), had an excellent day kicking, too. Final score: Dallas 35, O.U. 9.

The second side took the field against a team which was mainly Okalawhomma's firsts, who, it must be admitted, were exhausted after being shoved around for an hour and a half. New Kiwi Bruce MacGregor, who is, amazingly, still with us after having lodged with Peter Streck for a few days, put on an impressive kicking display, which went unnoticed by newlywed Mel Who, who has enough troubles as it is.

Tuesday night's practice heralded a Coaching Innovation, showing that we have indeed come a long way since the days of Paul "Rump Ranger" Quinn. George Allen has been visibly disappointed in the speed shown by the team during sprints, so he hired several local minorities to snipe at the group with .22s. No one has yet figured out the benefits to this. However, we stand to be in absolutely brilliant shape very quickly, as everyone starts wearing body armor to practice.

This weekend, Galveston comes to town, all proud and blushing after their recent promotion to First Division rugby. As Dallas has not played them within anyone's memory, the whole thing is something of a mystery. Games will be, as usual, at 1:00 and 2:30 at Lake Highlands Park. Beyond that, if you want information, read the official newsletter or call the Hotline.

Next Issue: Boyd on the Wagon

Man Bites Dog

Mick Jagger is Really a Skinny Elvis

Dean Lasts a Whole Game

...and other stuff too weird to be true.

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or tax shelters involving adult bookstores should be directed to the Editor at 14651 Dallas Parkway, Suite 350, Dallas, Texas 75240 (214) 387-2904.

The Dallas R.F.C.

Daily Worker

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

November 10, 1988
Vol. 3, No. 2

"Get Your UNOFFICIAL News on the Rag"

Since the last edition of the No-Longer-Even-Weekly Worker, the Dallas R.F.C. has been on an up-and-down roller coaster. First it was Galveston, coming into town for the first time in recorded history for a cup match on October 14th...

New Kiwi Bruce MacGregor dummied outside and slid in for a try in the first five minutes of the Galveston match, and Mel Brooke's conversion placed Dallas ahead 6-0. Everyone heaved a big sigh of relief: "THIS time we didn't start slow and cold." The whole team promptly slid into a coma, and allowed the scrappy Galveston team to break free for three tries, answered only by a Mel Brooke field goal. Finally the side woke up, far too late, and the perfectly executed overlap sending Bob Klepetka into the try zone was not enough. The Good Guys lost, 15-16.

Everyone was naturally miffed at this lost to a team which until recently was Second Division and has to play in one of the most Godawful cities anywhere, and vowed revenge on hapless Fort Sill, who showed up all unsuspecting on October 21st. That match was played in Fort Sill's half for the whole game, resulting in about five Brooke field goals. A couple of late tries rounded out the solid victory, and everyone felt a little better about themselves, the Dallas R.F.C., and the national presidential campaign.

A couple of solid training runs later, after George Allen bumped us up to triple pyramids to start off practice, our one away game of the Fall season came around. And the Lads in Red rolled in to Houston on Saturday vowing some more revenge for the Galveston fiasco against the Houston R.F.C.. In short, it did not work. Another typical low-scoring game ensued, where Dallas came out on the short end and even the second side got beat.

SO WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE DALLAS R.F.C. ANYWAY? Everyone seems to have his own theory, but most of them boil down to what Your Editor has been hearing continuously for his going-on five years with the club. That is, we have not been playing with enough INTENSITY. We have got to WANT to WIN, RUN harder, and PLAY harder. We have got to get SERIOUS about PLAYING RUGBY!!...

BULLSHIT. That is precisely the WRONG approach, and is the exact reason why we are NOT winning. Everyone in the T.R.U.

should have figured out by now that all a team needs to do to beat us is build a small lead, just enough to that the "Dallas R.F.C. Panic" sets in. That is, everyone on the field decides that he has got to win the game all by himself, which causes a complete loss of control of the ball and of the game. A great example was provided in the Saturday match when Mel was being urged to go for a drop goal with over twenty minutes left in the game. We are all deathly afraid of losing, and so instead of playing to win, we are playing NOT TO LOSE. Consider our main nemesis in the world. FTQ. Every time a Harlequin match approaches, every player on the team gets to witness an entire week of Dallas R.F.C. Panic. "We just CAN'T LOSE to the 'Quins!" And of course we do lose; in that atmosphere no one can relax enough to play up to 100% potential. RELAX? Yes, relax enough to let our training, our skills, and the enormous talent we have on this team take over.

This Dallas R.F.C. squad has more talent than any other side I've played with in my going-on eleven years of rugby, but can't show it because every single player, myself included (who, by the way, had a crummy game on Saturday), is too damn wound up to play to his ability. Furthermore, we're too damn uptight to even enjoy what we are doing, and that is the whole reason we play this game, isn't it?

What this team needs is ENTHUSIASM rather than intensity, some FUN, rather than grim-death-to-our-opponent, and a POSITIVE, rather than a negative, attitude. Winning is the most fun of all, and that is what we're here for. See y'all at Birraporetti's for happy hour, 6:00 tomorrow.

P.S. Game times against Our Gang are at 1:00, 2:30, and 4:00 at Lake Highlands on Saturday. If you want more useful information than that, read the Official Newsletter of the Dallas R.F.C. (copyright pending).

Next Issue: I sure do hope something funny happens

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or totally unprintable dirt on club members should be directed to the Editor at 14651 Dallas Parkway, Suite 350, Dallas, Texas 75240 (214) 387-2904.

The Dallas R.F.C.

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

December 1, 1988
Vol. 3, No. 3

Daily Worker

"Get Your (Underground) News on the Rag"

So what's news? Hah. Everybody SCOFFED at the Your Editor's Guaranteed System of Winning and Solving All the World's Problems Except for Maybe Jesse Jackson outlined in the last edition of the Daily Worker. They SNEERED at the harebrained ideas and cheap photocopying (If only Your Editor had a Mackintosh...). And now they're sneering and scoffing out of the other side of their mouths, as Your Heroes went out and booted some Our Wang hinies on November 12th. Some UNBELIEVERS say it was just because everyone decided to play well, and make a plausible case out of it... NAH.

So the Dallas R.F.C. took the pitch against Our Gang on November 12th, on a beautiful day in the neighborhood (Can you say "Revenge?" Sure you can.). The Gang-ers came on strong in the start, deliberately sending a forward who looked like Raul after being stuffed in a trash compacter to run over Your Editor for the first score. Dallas was behind 4-0 early, but it didn't last long, as mounting Red Pressure (which is something like Excedrin Headache No. 37 but more intense) kept the Wang on their heels for the rest of the match. Your Editor's whack to the noggin kept him from remembering much else, except for the brilliant try scored by Philth "The Dirtman" Bond, who took advantage of his inherent nasal streamlining to blow past everyone for the score. The pack, anchored ably by Jim "Bronco" Angstman, Lou "Night Train" Molvin, Pat "Mr. Personality" Collins, and several stumpy front-row forwards, kept ball in Dallas hands all day and had their best game all season. Final score: A Lot to 7.

The second side won too, as per usual (except for in Houston, and that doesn't count), showing once again that there is still some Dallas Depth left this season. Only God and maybe Dee Claybrook know the final score, though, since Your Editor was gamely working his way through a sixpack by then.

But for the past two weeks, what with the Thanksgiving break and all, it has been an intensive period of All Dressed Up With No One to Head Butt on Saturdays. Some team members have been taking advantage of our practice location to confuse opposing sides further, so, henceforth, all linout and backline calls will be in Spanish. Also, Raul has emerged from his seclusion with his designs for new team jerseys, tastefully made of black and red velvet with sequins and a picture of Elvis on the back. As Boyd has nothing to do these days, he is recruiting

his entire neighborhood to make the new apparel, and we should be a group of Hot Tamales by January.

Coaches Corner: George Allen reports, firstly, that the Triple Pyramids are not working out, as all that jogging between the lines is wearing his keister out. From now on, he will sit in a deck chair with a mint julep and point to where we should run. Also, George reports that he is a frequent subject of Discrimination On Rugby Coaches (the subject of a permanent Texas Rugby Union "DORC" Committee) because of his national origin, and is taking remedial measures. He is taking accent lessons from Des Kirkwood and from now on wants to be called "Ian".

Other Really True Reports(if you can't trust the Daily Worker, who can you trust?): Jim Angstman thinks that his dog is not getting enough respect, so his new name will be Rambo-Deathsquad-Killer. Boyd never gets enough respect, so he reminds everyone that he was tricky enough to talk Marty into marrying him. Jan, too, never gets any respect, so he will be decking his van out in 100% shag carpeting and tassels with a statue of Jesus on the dashboard for the debut of the new uniforms. Steve Sims and Peter Streck get more respect than they ought to, but they both decided to shave their facial hair off in hopes of being mistaken for new players. Garry Netzley says he isn't getting enough respect, so would like to announce that he isn't really from Cleveland. And Bob Klepetka doesn't get enough respect, but he's holding out until everybody wears funny-looking cutoff sweats to practice.

Speaking of respect, our Saturday opponent is, of course, the 'Quins, who get way too much respect. Time to knock their respective schwanzes in the dirt. Also, Saturday night after the match has traditionally been Dallas R.F.C. Ugly Shirt Night: the player who shows up with the Ugliest Shirt gets an extra free beer, plus lots of extra free public ridicule. Games are at 1:00, 2:30, and 4:00, as per usual, and should be at Lake Highlands Park, though don't quote me on that. Call the Hotline instead.

Next Issue: Respecting Sideline Venereal Diseases
Inspecting Female Sideline Fans
Suspecting Ricco for Steroid Use
...and various other respective as-pects

Dallas Rugby Hotline: 826-6875

Note: Any news, contributions, or tips on avoiding ugly wax buildup should be directed to the Editor, who gets no respect, at 14651 Dallas Parkway, Suite 350, Dallas, Texas 75240 (214) 387-2904.

The Dallas R.F.C.

Daily Worker

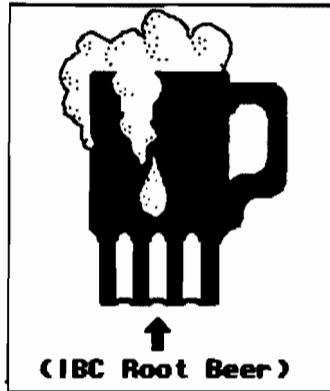
"Get Your News on the Rag"

Volume # 3, No. 4

January 19, 1989

Yes, it's an entirely NEW AND IMPROVED edition of the Rag, cleverly printed on a fancypants publishing program to conceal its total lack of any redeeming substance. Since the last edition of the Daily Worker, Christmas and 1988 have come and gone. The first twenty years of the Dallas R.F.C. ended off with a rousing bunch of theatrics, as several members called a special Team Meeting to disapprove vocally of the way the officers handled a particular problem. After what seemed like hours of long winded and mainly incoherent argumentation, everyone knew how we had lost a team member and valuable sponsor, but nobody knew how to fix the situation. All concluded that we'd like to have Jerry back as a player at least, if that is at all possible.

And so it transpired that someone, in his eagerness to plan for the D.R.F.C.'s twentieth anniversary weekend, scheduled the Texas Select Side. With one week to prepare and no activity for a month, the prospect of facing a group of Select backs and forwards romping all over the pitch in a tune-up for the New Orleans Mardi Gras Tournament looked pretty grim, but Your Heroes gamely practiced in the shadow of mud, sludge, cold, and a howling Dean Robinson to get ready. The instigator of this scheduling



disaster was widely rumored to have a lock on the 1988-1989 Lightbulb of the Year Award, as practices saw a dismal turnout. Anyway, after the Old Pharts had wheezed their way through a match with the Texas XXX's, Your Heroes took the field on Saturday and proceeded to start tackling everything in sight wearing red, white, and blue. Three spectators and a dog (wearing the wrong colors) had to be carted away in ambulances due to overzealous forwards. Texas won most of the ball during the match, but generally found themselves flat on their backs immediately thereafter. Amazingly

enough, though the Dallas pack lacked the three players described as "anchoring" it in the Our Gang victory (for various reasons), the forwards both held their own and consistently hammered their Select counterparts. Guido Goodman put down an early try, and Neal took a last ditch Kiwi Bruce pass in for another as the Red Machine brought home a big 8-4 win to kick off the Spring season. Some time after the match, all who could afford to pony up twenty-five bucks for some barbecue and beer showed up at the Sons of Herman Hall for the Twentieth Anniversary Bash, featuring the Stratoblasters and some REALLY old farts from the club's early days, who performed a rousing rendition of an appropriate

over-the-hill song and the famed Zulu Warrior Dance. Oh, yeah, and everyone gave plaques to each other, too, and talked about wonderful memories and in general had people off looking for the Dramamine for a while there.

In the Old News Department, after the last edition of the Rag the Lads in Red fell unfortunate victims to a better prepared Harleyqueer side and lack of December participation. Then there was a Christmas party and a small New Year's Eve get-together at Mel and Suzanne's. Pablo's annual New Year's Day celebration and sheep-shearing contest was a success, as per usual.

As for now, the re-motivated Dallas R.F.C. still has to consider ways of getting more warm bodies out to a cold practice pitch. The victory was a great kickoff to a Spring season, and showed all of us what potential we have on this team. Those "Texas R.F.U. Champions 1985" shirts are looking pretty old these days. Call someone and get their hineys out to practice. Buy 'em a beer afterwards. Come to think of it, buy Your Editor a beer afterwards, too.

Saturday, January 21st, is our first Cup match of the Spring season. The Austin R.F.C. will roll into town wondering just what they have gotten themselves in for when they find out we beat Texas. Ideally, we won't disappoint them, either on the pitch or at the bar

afterwards. Games should be at 1:00 and 2:30 at Lake Highlands - Be there, bring beer, bring friends... hell, bring your dog too.

Dallas R.F.C. Hotline:
826-6875

**Next Issue: Dallas R.F.C. Engineers Run on I.B.C. Root Beer,
Puts Coca-Cola Out of Business
George Allen Engineers Training Runs for D.R.F.C.,
God Help Us
Joe Borgerding Runs On and On, But Nobody Listens
...and other hopelessly inane twaddle.**

Note: Any (UNOFFICIAL) news, information, or secret Ninja rugby skills techniques should be directed to Your Editor at 14651 Dallas Parkway, Suite 350, Dallas, Texas 75240 (214) 387-2904.

The Dallas R.F.C.

Daily Worker

"Get Your News on the Rag"

Volume # 3, No. 5

February 7, 1989

THE GENERIC DAILY WORKER: in our last game, Your Heroes took the field against Austin, who, with their newly-acquired Welsh coach, have been all fired up this year, even though Wales recently lost to the Fijian

Women's Team. However, **Mel "Handjob" Brooke's** foot was in typically erratic form, **Kneeless Dean Robinson** lasted nearly 80 minutes of the game and then took **Neal "Red Raider" Braswell's** knee brace away from him, and the underrated Dallas pack, led by **Philth "the Dirtman" Bond** and his ? inch nose, put forth a manly effort in the 33 - 3 BLOWOUT.

Actually, it was the Saturday before the Saturday before last. Austin never seemed to have a chance, as **Neal** roared in for two tries almost immediately, **Dean** wheezed his way in on a sprint for another, **Stu "The Missing Link" Nolan** fell on a bungled Austin line-out for a try, and **Bruce "Echidna Nose" MacGregor** sailed in off an Editorial assist to cap off the scoring. The Dallas pack, and indeed the whole team, roamed at will over the pitch in a brilliant show of support rugby. All the way to the T.R.U.s, lads.

The only negative note on the day was that the match saw both the return and the departure (for awhile, at least) of **Pat "Mr. Personality" Collins**, who decided to impress his new fiancee by screwing up his knee late in the

game. "There have *got* to be better ways to get laid," quoth Pat.

Saturday, January 24th, also was the last match in Red for **Jeff "Squaw" Shumate**, who is moving to California because he thinks he'll find better looking women there. Hah. He should be back in a couple of months.

In other notes, January 22nd saw the return of **Chris "The Stud" Mendem** from his hyperextended Australia tour. Chris acquired the nickname of "The Waterbug" for his running style over there, but changed that by hanging around for upward of three months with a bit of Australian crumpet. Or maybe he was busy sodomizing kangaroos ala **Paul Williams**. Who knows?

Also, the Austin match saw the *Official De-but* of new Dallas R.F.C. Captain and Cover Boy, idol of hummers all over the city, **Greg "Guido" Goodman**, who promised to wait at least three months before getting all upset with everyone and going off to play with U.T.A..

The only upsetting thing about the Austin match is that not only did the Bumble-Bees bring a side that got thoroughly shellacked, but they failed even to bring a second side. To all you new guys out there: this is not considered good form. Dallas's Seconds instead got to drink plenty of I.B.C. Root beer on the sidelines while watching Our Gang beat Waco. The Second Siders would have made Hungarian goulash out of Austin anyway, but somehow a forfeit is a trifle less satisfying.

SO. For the last two weekends, absolutely nothing went on. First we had no match scheduled at all, and Your Heroes were instructed to train on their own. Everyone duly sprinted back and forth to the bar all weekend, and did plenty of twelve-ounce curls. And the next weekend, the Denton R.F.C. was scheduled to swing into town to get thrashed. Weenies that they are, they passed out and cancelled the match, using the lame excuse that there was ice all over the field and the temperature was around five below zero. Candyasses.

Some of the Dallas R.F.C. managed high spirits anyway, meeting over at Birraporetti's on Friday night for loads of beer and pizza, then traveling to **Mark "Fishcakes" Fisher's** house for a going-away party in honor of **Winthrop "Jack LaLane" Dayton**, who is joining the general exodus from the Club to hobnob with a bunch of towelheads and start wars over trade restrictions on behalf of the federal gummint.

Also departing for sunnier climes was **Peter Streck**, who announced suddenly he was leaving for Knoxville to try to figure out **Geno's** parentage. Geno certainly doesn't know. In fact, the general scene of late has resembled a bunch of rats (and ugly ones, at that) leaving a sinking ship (that is actually riding pretty high in the water, to beat an analogy to death).

By the by, Saturday is an actual Cup Match and our only road trip of the Spring season (not counting the Austin tournament and the Western championships) against Alamo City in San Antonio, providing a heaven-sent opportunity to show those lads how grateful we really feel for their forfeiting to the Quins in the TRUs last year and screwing us royally. **Paul "Ahab" Williams** also has plans to go by Sea World, dress up like Shamu, and bilk them out of several tons of pickled herring. Don't miss it.

Dallas R.F.C. Hotline:
826-6875

Next Issue: *Joe's Top Ten Video Picks*
Dink's Top Ten Antibiotics
Ricco's Top Ten Insurance Scams
Pat's Top Ten Leg Braces

...and other useless information.

Note: Any (UNOFFICIAL) news, information, or a Batman utility belt should be directed to Mike Koenenka (Your Editor) at 11651 Dallas Parkway, Suite 350, Dallas, Texas 75240 (214) 387-2904.

The Dallas R.F.C.

Daily Worker

Mike Koencke,
Editor

Volume 4, No. 1
October 19, 1989

"Get Your News on the Rag"

RECAP SINCE LAST SUMMER:

Naaah, too long. After failing to win our own Sevens tournament in June, everybody decided to take the rest of the summer off to work on their tans.

And so, sometime in August, Your Heroes gamely plodded back on to the pitch to get fit for a brand new season. The first test of the 1989-1990 edition of the Red Machine came at the Fort Worth Tournament where, as per usual, the only people interested in what was going on were T.R.U. officials watching the Texas Select Sides (and everybody else) collapse from heat stroke. Again as per usual, Fort Worth commanded that everyone be there at 8:00 a.m. SHARP, and then proceeded to tell Dallas that we would not be playing until noon. The first match was therefore played against the Arlington Tongans by a thoroughly bored side, which nevertheless managed a win. New coach Brad "Pik" Roomer threatened to put everyone to work in the diamond mines if tackling did not improve. Improve it did, and Dallas beat the Texas Select Side with an impressive show, then limped away from the tournament with the half a team that was left after injuries.

The regular season then started off with a road trip to Norman, Oklahoma to play O.U., who we trounced on handily when they came down here last year. Dallas wound up having to play new man

Monster Matt Scott on the wing and Ricco's girlfriend at prop, and naturally had a rough time of it, losing to the traditionally powerful O.U. side.

THEN a whole bunch of players previously assumed lost in space somewhere turned up, and all of a sudden competition was again keen to play on the second side. Against Fort Worth at home, the first side put forth something of a lackluster effort, but won anyway. The second side, returning to its T.R.U.-dominating form, crushed the Greens 24-7, with Garry Netzley lumbering in for the only Dallas try. The rest of the points came from penalty goals and a drop goal.

The numbers turning out to practice were encouraging, at least, and only three players had collapsed and died during Tuesday sprint drills, so Dallas headed out to Gator Country to play the Shreveport Swampheads with optimism and confidence. This was Dean Robinson's swan song with the club, and he intended to go out with a bang. But since Ricco "Crispy Toes" Mendenhall had been playing with matches and was a no-show, Dean placed Monster Matt at prop, Eric "Leonid" Schragin at hooker, and new man Chuck Whatsisname (sorry, old roster) at lock, and the only thing that went out with a bang were several Dallas forwards. Dallas's lack of experience in the tight five allowed the Swamphead pack, weighing in at

around 325 pounds per man, to work the young Dallas lads hard. Dallas eventually came back from a 9-0 deficit, but still could only manage six points in the loss.

The second side "Fun Bunch" took the pitch with a vengeance, and showed the Swampheads a thing or three about how the game is played early. The backs ran at will around their opposite numbers; Garry Netzley scored his second try in as many games off a quick line-out which completely confused all of Shreveport and half of Dallas; Joe "Crazylegs" McKenna and Bob Kilpecki or Klepetka (whatever; take your pick) ran wild, and Dallas scored 30 unanswered points in a solid 30-6 victory.

CURRENT STUFF: as subtly hinted above, Dean has moved to the Pacific Northwest to fulfill his lifelong ambition of becoming a lumberjack so he can wear plaid and not get laughed at. He left Brad "Pik" Roomer in charge. Brad's hat size is now two sizes bigger, and he plans to buy a whistle and grow a beer belly to look more like a coach.

OFFICER'S CORNER:
Secretary Brad Weber "couldn't think of anything." Treasurer Ed Robertson, when contacted, raved and foamed at the mouth for awhile about people not paying their dues, as he is wont to do. After having been calmed down and given chocolate, Ed wanted to remind everyone that the club will pay the \$15 for insurance if you have paid your dues, and that if anyone wants to work the Rolling Stones concert (on November 10th and 11th) you

must fill out one of his special forms by the end of next week. This means you must comply with all pre-Stones requirements, which includes getting thumped by Boyd so you can have fat lips just like Mick. El Presidente Jeff "Claude Rains" Kolberg could not be reached for comment, and may be dead or gone to Havana.

THIS WEEK: on Saturday we travel down to our usual pitch to play Our Wang, who still think they qualify as a first division club. It will be up to us to prove otherwise. Game times will be at 1:00 (First Side), 2:30 (Fun Bunch), and 4:00 (Third World Aborigines).

EVEN LATER: After mauling the Dallas Blueboys (or Wangkers), we travel to play Austin next week. The week after that we go to Denton, and sometime after that we travel down to the Humidplex for the Houston Tournament. Whew. Maybe the club officers will at least let us stay home for Christmas.

DALLAS R.F.C. HOTLINE:
826-6875

Next Week: Matt's "Eat Raw Meat and Win" Diet; Garry's "All-Ale Try-a-Game" Diet; Kiwi Bruce is Secretly Selling Hair to Ricco; Ricco's Patented Foot Balm and Dessert Topping

...and other edible goodies.

[Any news, information, or unprintable ethnic jokes should be directed to Your Editor at 14651 Dallas Parkway, Suite 350, Dallas, Texas 75240. 387-2904]

THE Dallas Rugby Football Club

Established 1968

September 5, 1991

DAILY WORKER

Vol. 5, No.1

ELVIS APPEARS AT D.R.F.C. PITCH

Yes, you've been reading about how Elvis never really died, but has been popping up all over the country and parts of Canada like a paunchy Pillsbury Doughboy. The King of Ruck 'n' Roll showed up at the Dallas R.F.C.'s first match on Sunday, and played a manly game at flanker, where nobody could tackle Ol' Swivelhips. Or maybe it was Mark Ferguson with electrical tape around his head. It sure looked like Elvis...

The start of a brand-new season! During the long summer of sevens, nothing much out of the ordinary happened, except that the newly-elected Dallas officers proved their worth by dragging out some old compromising pictures and blackmailed Ashley Smith into staying around for another year. Ashley started by taking it out on the club with a vengeance, as fall season practices started back up in August. The main goal for Dallas play in September was to use a few games and the Fort Worth Tournament as tune-ups before we face the real competition.

This may have been the original idea, but the club failed to reckon on what a strong side St. Louis would be bringing down for the inaugural Fall match on September 1st. Club officials reckoned that the Ramblers would be all worn out by getting pounded by the Harlequins on Saturday, then would be all hung over on Sunday for our match. It did not work out quite that way, as the Ramblers

brought down one powerful side, humbling the (all too deserving) 'Quins on Saturday, 17-6. The 'Quins then demonstrated the good fellowship and Rugby spirit for which they are justifiably famous: they handed the St. Louis boys a beer and directions to the West End, then went home to nurse their wounded egos. Consequently, the Ramblers were loaded for bear on Sunday, and ran up a 15-0 lead in the first half against Dallas. The Dallas pack came back strong in the second half, and the margin was cut on a couple of quick Dallas tries: one beauty where Goose MacGregor picked up a candy hop from a Hopalong Kolberg kick, dishing it off to fellow Kiwi Anton for the score. Another Kolberg kick was recovered by Steve Barrett, who managed to provide new man Paul _____ (insert last name here; Your Editor needs to update the roster) for the second try. Unfortunately, that was the last of the Dallas scoring, and the Ramblers put down another try en route to a 22-10 victory.

The Dallas R.F.C. second side played the Ramblers a closer match, keeping them scoreless for much of the game. Unfortunately, close didn't count, and Dallas found itself on the short end once again.

After the game, the Dallas R.F.C. official Kick-Off Party and Fall Drunk commenced down at the Stepladr, including, courtesy of Social Chairman

Geno "Dad" Killian, 50¢ beer and a live band. Most of the old hands around the club figured the beer would be Schaefer and the band would be a couple of guys with kazoos, but Gene proved everyone wrong for once, as Junior and the Comets made the visiting lads feel at home, and the hometown lads feel bulletproof.

Coach's Corner:

Ashley Smith ran off to England for the World Cup without so much as a by-your-leave, or a fax of comments for Your Editor, but promises to return with even more disdain for Five Nations rugby, plus maybe a few ideas.

President's Stuff

Jeff Kolberg could not come up with anything; either that, or I couldn't hear what he was saying over the creaking in his knees.

Treasurer's Report:

Direct from the Ed Robertson 976 Party Line:

DUES: Playing members have two options: either (1) Pay \$80 for fall & spring by Sept. 15th, or (2) pay \$45 for the fall on Sept. 15th and \$45 more on Feb. 1st. Social Members dues are \$35 for the year. They are due Sept. 15th. Social Members will receive a club tee shirt and the monthly news letter. All dues should be mailed to Dallas R.F.C., c/o Ed Robertson, 9958 Edgecliff Cir., Dallas, TX 75238.

FUND RAISERS: MCI conversion — [Ed says - ask for it at practice] Enclosed is an application for MCI services; unless you are married to ATT, fill it out and send it to DOF Enterprises, P.O. Box 362, Coppell, TX 75019. The club gets between \$6 and \$10 for each conversion. If you make more than \$10/month in calls you need to select a prime time plan otherwise you should pick basic service. If you have any questions call OLGA [i.e., Mrs. Dalton] at 214-444-2026 for more info. This switch won't cost you any money, and will make \$\$\$ for the club; please do your part.

THE PUERTA VALLARTA RAFFLE: This deal has turned into a disaster. It started as a good

idea, raffle a 3 day all expense paid (food air hotel & beer) Jack Tar Village Vacation for two. Unfortunately very few people got off their asses and sold tickets. [Ed bitches a while longer here, though he's got a point. To sum up, it didn't work out too well. Incidentally, the raffle was won by Tooey's hairdresser, of all people.]

Secretary's Worthless Musings: To stave off all the complaining about the lack of a roster, Your Editor will be bringing out a full roster of the Dallas R.F.C. to practice. This one has some 116 entries, including Elvis, so make sure your name and data is correct.

Social Chairman's News: [As reported by Ed] Mean Gene the Party Machine needs volunteers to help with cooking food for our home matches. We have 10 home matches, please pick one to help out on.

Women's Rugby News: The Dallas Kamikazes have been showing up to practice intermittently, and wanted Your Editor to put in some stuff about their escapades up at Saranac Lake. But Your Editor left the copy in his kit bag, so that will have to wait until the next edition. Stay tuned.

New News: This weekend takes the valiant Dallas R.F.C. over to Fort Worthless, for their annual tune-up of a tourney. This year they have a new location, on the near side of the city off of Beach Street, so get directions from Chris Chefchis. The tournament always starts spot on at 9:00 a.m., so be there by 8:30 at the latest. See y'all there.

Next Issue: Ed's "Sell Amway for the Club" Scheme

Jeff's "Sell Ed for Peace and Quiet" Scheme

Boyd's "Sell the Salvation Army My Backyard" Scheme

...and other ingenious plots

Note: Any news, information, or free cases of Guinness should be directed to Your Editor at 14651 Dallas Parkway, Suite 350, Dallas, Texas 75240, (214) 387-2904. And Geno says call the hotline. (826-6875).

THE

Dallas Rugby Football Club

Established 1968

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

Daily Worker

"Get Your News on the Rag"

September 26, 1991
Vol. 5, No. 2

ED ABSCONDS TO BRAZIL WITH CASH

Our top story tonight... Dallas R.F.C. Treasurer Ed Robertson, just flat sick and tired of having to yell at people to pay dues and sell raffle tickets, withdrew the entire club treasury and flew to Rio de Janeiro with the funds. When he got there he found out that the Gringo Federale Bank the club uses had listed our bank balance of 2,750,000 in pesos, which actually amounted to \$13.27 at current rates of exchange. A chagrined Big Ed is already back in town, with a really keen onyx chess set.

In other news, a couple of weeks ago the Dallas R.F.C. made the long trek over to East Fort Worth to play in the Fort Worth Tournament, and was impressed by how much the Fort Worth club had worked to make the fields *really* smell like Cowtown. Hoo boy. The clothespins on the players' noses was the main factor in our first round loss to Austin; that, plus most of the guys hadn't quite woke up yet. The Dallas attack soon jelled, however, and, after convincing victories over the 'Quins second side and Oklahoma, faced a bunch of Brit jarheads in the consolation final. By this time, the rain was coming down in buckets, and no back from either side even laid hands on the ball, and the Brit Gunners rucked their way to a soggy victory. Still, it was a decent first outing for the lads in scarlet.

Dallas then scrambled for a game the next week, and trekked out to play a couple of matches against the University of Irving at their official team swamp. While dancing around the frogs and craw-dads Your Heroes came away with a couple of

runaway blowouts, and even the referee lost track of the scores. The first side showed some balanced scoring from Little Stevie Barrett and Goose McGregor, while the second side watched Masi "The Samoan Bowling Ball" Sala rumble in for his first club hat trick. Pat "The Grey Ghost" Atkins, though having to re-introduce himself to the rest of the team after a long absence, also put down three tries. New man Paul "No Nickname Yet, But We're Working On It" Malone scurried in for one, and a few other guys probably did, too, while Your Editor wasn't looking.

The first real test for the club came last weekend, as the Houston Old Boys brought a strong side up to Lake Highlands Park. By all accounts, Dallas played a strong match, coming away with a 15-10 win, including Mel Brooke's first drop goal of the Fall season. The second side won, too, three, four... (Oops. Too much Sesame Street).

In other news, Lou Molvin has been looking (and looking, and looking...) for a job for some time now, and has been standing out on street corners with a sign saying "Will Ruck for Food." WARNING: if he shows up and wants to know "what kind of coverage you've got on that house of yours," RUN AWAY.

Coach's Corner:

Coach Pro-Tem Chuck Lueckemeyer, whose main recommendation is that he is not likely to go

running off to the World Cup anytime soon, has decided that he is putting in too much work at practice, and has requested that the forwards take turns carrying him around in a lawn chair. Other than that, he is still hoping someone will buy him a stopwatch.

President's Stuff

Jeff Kolberg had a few choice words to say about the team members who are either not showing up for practice or are showing up late. On Tuesday we only had around sixteen guys out, which hurts our team conditioning and preparation all around. Get there on time, guys. And pay your dues, before we have to have another raffle (God help us).

Treasurer's Report:

Big Ed, poaching on the preserves of the Social Chairman, Match Secretary, and Team Travel Agent, announces that the players who are definitely going up to Kansas City on October 18th are Brad Roomer, Rich Walden, Jim Hetzer, Goose, Bob Klepetka, Greg Schragin, Joe McKenna, Kolberg, Jim Carlson, Mike Koenecke, Glenn Abel, Steve Dana, Stewart Nolan, Mark Ferguson, Lou Molvin (if he gets a job), Chris Chefchis, Andy Marx, Dalton Souders, Chris Aarons, Gene Killian, Big Ed Himself, Dan Peel, Brian Monaghan, Ricco Mendenhall, Boyd Adams, Joe Heaton, and Joe Borgerding, as well as Official Team Cheerleader Connie and Coach Pro-Tem Chuck. Whew. Looks like we got an actual team, boys.

And, back by popular demand:

DUES: Playing members have two options: either (1) Pay \$80 for fall & spring by Sept. 15th, or (2) pay \$45 for the fall on Sept. 15th and \$45 more on Feb. 1st. Social Members dues are \$35 for the year. They are due Sept. 15th. Social Members will receive a club tee shirt and the monthly news letter. All dues should be mailed to Dallas R.F.C., c/o Ed Robertson, 9958 Edgecliff Cir., Dallas, TX 75238.

Secretary's Worthless Musings:

Believe it or not, a REAL ROSTER will be coming out next week. Make sure your name and various data is all up to date TONIGHT, especially guys like

Jim Hester who still aren't on it after the Great Hard Disk Crashola.

Social Chairman's News: Nothing major this week going on. Call the hotline anyway.

Women's Rugby News: [As promised last week] A few of the Dallas women flew up to upstate New York to participate in this country's largest rugby festival: the Saranac Lake Rugby Tournament. Pam Sipple, Lynn Harmon, Peggy Claiborne, and Missy Labedis supported the Western Select Side, who claimed second place in the twelve-team women's division. The road to the finals included victories over St. Mary's, Long Island, and a hard-fought battle over Ontario, a Canadian select side (10-3). The West was finally defeated by the reigning National champs, Beantown, by a score of 22-4. The Dallas players were rewarded for their select side efforts by being listed to play against the U.S. Women's Eagles on September 16 in Colorado this Fall. Congrats also are in order to Julie Karem, also selected to play for the West against the Eagles at second row.

New News:

This weekend, yet another blank one on the schedule, has been filled with a scrimmage with our crosstown rivals, Our Wang. We will be playing at least three "periods" of thirty minutes, starting at 1:00, and more if we can talk the weenies into staying around, maybe by offering to buy beer. Be there by noon. The week after that sees another home game, our FIRST CUP MATCH, against the Arlington Mavericks, at Lake Highlands Park. After that is the SECOND CUP MATCH, again at Lake Highlands, against Denton. Lots of games set up, so everybody come on out, bring the wife, bring the kids, bring nubile young things for the other guys.

Next Issue: Mr. Bruce's Tips on Chainsaw Haircuts
Afros by Masi
Mr. Chuck's Rogaine Tips
...and other stylish stuff.

Note: Any news, information, or envelopes stuffed full of cash should be directed to Your Editor at 14651 Dallas Parkway, Suite 350, Dallas, Texas 75240, (214) 387-2904.

THE

Dallas Rugby Football Club

Established 1968

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

Daily Worker

"Get Your News on the Rag"

October 24, 1991
Vol. 5, No. 3

THE BUS FROM HELL RETURNS!!

God help us. Noted Siamese twins Joe "Hoser" Borgerding and Boyd "Flush" Adams, having nothing better to do during the week, liquidated their entire lives' savings to attend an auto auction in Fort Worth. They emerged with their purchases: not one but *two* buses for future roadtrip romps. The proud owners have indicated that all Dallas R.F.C. members will be welcome to participate in future road trips, excepting Ricco who has to pay a \$500.00 deposit up front. The inaugural journey stands to be out to play the Shreveport Mud Puppies next week, by which time "The Dallas Boys' Choir and Reform School" should be blazoned on the side for all to see. See either Joe or Boyd to reserve a seat.

Shortly after the last edition of the Daily Worker, the Dallas R.F.C. faced Arlington in its first Cup match of the Fall season, and emerged with some hard-fought victories. The traditional First Half Malaise apparently had hold of the first side, until it woke up to produce a victory.

Speaking of First Half Malaises, the first half of the game against Denton the following week was nothing to crow about, as Your Heroes wound up tied at 0-0 at halftime. Seeing as how Denton actually tied us this Spring, this was some grounds for serious concern. Fortunately, the lads in red pulled the second half together and came away with a 26-0 win. The Dallas second side had no such problems in getting started, and everyone, including the referee, lost track of the score. The best guess

puts it somewhere around 45-3. Particularly impressive was the fact that the Dallas wings scored *seven* tries: Stuart "Plaid is Hip" Denniston got a career-best four, and Pat "the Grey Ghost" Atkins tallied up his umpteenth hat trick. The third side won by an enormous margin, too. That Saturday also heralded the return to the pitch of a team which has been missing for at least five years: the Dallas R.F.C. FOURTH side, which also crushed its way to a runaway victory. Total score for the afternoon: Dallas 136, Denton 3. No wonder they didn't show up at the bar.

After that series of poundings, it was time for a rest, so Coach Chuck Pueckemeyer actually *flew* up with two Dallas sides all the way up to Kansas City for the Heart of America Tournament. Things did not start off all that brilliantly, as the thermometer registered a balmy 26 degrees on Saturday morning. Dallas started off hot in the first match, but soon lost Lou "T.E.C." Molvin to a broken nose, and withstood a second-half comeback for the victory. After pulling itself together, the first side tromped hard on Topeka in a "funsie" game, recording something like 40-0 in a forty minute game, featuring Joe "Cherrypicker" McKenna's first steal of the weekend. The second side, though hampered by a lack of depth in the backs, did well until running up against Johnson County, which knocked them into the consolation bracket. In the last game of the day, vowing revenge, Goose MacGregor, Steve Dana, and Pat Atkins bolstered the second side backs, who then ran wild over some incredibly

buffaloed lads from somewhere on the Great Plains. The game featured Mark "Day Late, Dollar Short" Ferguson's brilliant diving try -- on to the 22-meter line, and Goose's novel experiment of trying to score a try on his foot. Neither attempt worked. Nobody could keep track of the guys who did score tries, but there were a lot. On Saturday evening the lads all donned their best tuxes for an elegant evening of dining at Furr's Cafeteria, then proceeded downtown to get into trouble at Kelly's Pub, in Kansas City's version of the West End.

The next morning dawned bright, clear, and miserable again, with the temperature in the 30s. It soon warmed up for the first side's semi-final match against Kansas University. K.U.'s backs seemed to run at will against the normally-potent Dallas backline, and they racked up a 14-3 lead at halftime. Fortunately for truth, justice, and the American Way, Dallas engineered a BRILLIANT comeback, capped by Cherrypicker's second steal of the weekend and Greg Schragin's nailing two crucial conversions. Final score: 19-18 for the good guys.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the second side cobbled together thirteen guys for their game, finally picked up an extra center, and pressed Chris Chefchis and George Allen into service to make a full team in the Dust Bowl. The Dallas backs, already banged up, took quite a pounding, though the forwards put forth an excellent effort in the loss.

And in the finals, Dallas faced the Kansas City Blues, featuring a pack averaging around 6'4" and 250 pounds. Dallas figured it could wear them down. Unfortunately, it turned out that the KC Gorillas were fit, too, and thoroughly dominated the final match. Dallas came away with an 'E' for Effort, but only a second place trophy.

Still, especial kudos go to Stewart Nolan, Most Valuable Player of the Weekend by Acclamation, and Lou Molvin, M.V.T. (Most Valuable Tee Boy), also by acclamation.

Coach's Corner:

Coach Pro-Tem Chuck Pueckemeyer is still hoping someone will buy him a watch.

President's Stuff

Jeff Kolberg has promised not to shave his beard until our first Cup loss, which provides some extra motivation for the team. With any luck, that face will be completely hidden by January.

Treasurer's Report:

Big Ed has been busy collecting cameras from all the team members, which will be pawned for extra team revenue. The first victim of this scheme was Boyd Adams, who thought that providing a team bus would be enough. Hah.

Secretary's Worthless Musings:

Your Secretary actually managed to come up with a team phone list, which is probably obsolete already. Copies are still available.

Social Chairman's News:

Gino is happily on vacation this week from his Social Chairmanship, since Our Gang will have to come up with the beer.

New News:

This weekend sees our first serious test, with yet another four matches (can you believe it?) against Our Wang at Lake Highlands. The Wangkers gave the 'Quins a rough time of it last week, and have pulled together a dangerous team. Whack 'em while they're hot.

Next Issue: How to Drive a Bus Sideways
Louisiana Road Kill Cuisine
No More Mr. Nice Boyd
...and other rambling tales.

Note: Any news, information, or bus-avoidance airline tickets should be directed to Your Editor at 14651 Dallas Parkway, Suite 350, Dallas, Texas 75240, (214) 387-2904.

THE Dallas Rugby Football Club

Established 1968

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

Daily Worker "Get Your News on the Rag"

Vol. 5, No. 3
March 19, 1992

ROGER KEMP RETURNS FOR PLAYOFFS

Yes, you heard it here first. Or maybe before this from Ed. Roger Kemp, beloved by all, is back in town! Last we heard, he is lodging in luxurious quarters at the Plano Jail. Treasurer Ed Robertson has announced that the remaining funds in the DRFC Benevolent Paralysis Fund will be converted into a Roger Kemp Defense Fund, and is sure that every right-thinking team member will want to contribute. The costs for Roger's K-Y Jelly alone should be staggering.

Since the last official newsletter, a number of matches and events have occurred, and to recap every going-on would strain Your Editor's memory beyond belief. So, after a successful Fall season, where the only Cup loss came to our crosstown rivals in green and black, the Dallas R.F.C. is poised to repeat the record in the Spring, after Cup victories over Arlington, Shreveport, Denton, and Our Gang, and a non-Cup victory over Austin. Play in the early Spring tended to be spotty, with the Red Machine doing just enough to win.

Two weeks ago Our Gang apparently finally got around to looking through the phone book, as they loudly proclaimed to whoever would listen that they "finally had Dallas's number". They came to this brilliant conclusion after beating the skeleton crew we fielded in the First Annual

Frostbite Fifteens, a tournament put on in January as a benefit for You Know Who. So, the massively overconfident Gang strutted on to the pitch like they owned the place, and actually managed to stay in the game for the first half. The second half told a different story, as the **Chuck and Ash** "Tuesday's Child is Full of Puke" program of hill runs and drills took hold. The Gang forwards tired, and fell on the wrong end of a fine Dallas victory.

The second side, having to avenge a 3-3 tie against the Gang in the Fall, only managed a 9-0 lead at half, courtesy of **Fast Bob Klepetka**'s Joe Flash try, leaving all of the Gang and most of his teammates wondering where he'd gone. In the second half, again Dallas conditioning took hold: Bob, evidently several steps faster when playing on second side, raced in for another two tries. The pack, motivated by Ashley's scrumhalfing, contributed a couple more in the 32-0 blowout.

Last Saturday, the team boarded the soon-to-be legendary Joe & Boyd Bus From Hell to travel to play the Houston R.F.C. Houston, by all accounts, has a particularly strong side this year, and beat all three Harlequin sides in the Fall. Fortunately, the Dallas attack is tuning up as well, and faced a relatively small 9-0 deficit at halftime, thanks mainly to one defensive lapse and a strong

wind. The second half saw a manly Dallas comeback: after the first try to put the team in range, **Mel Brooke** set up **Steve Dana** on a nice break for the deciding try. Dallas subsequently held off the Houston rush to come away with a hard-fought 10-9 victory.

The second side, hampered by a major lack of bodies and bus cramps, came up considerably short against the home team, though **Boyd** had a fifteen-yard break for a try that he will talk about for years. And years. And years...

The traditional drunken debauchery of a bus trip back ensued, enlivened by the results of the chili fed the team by their Houston hosts. Oddly enough, no major firework or shaving incidents occurred, nor was the whole thing set on fire. Less-than-proud papa **Joe Borgerding** is considering trading it in on a blonde.

Coach's Corner:

Chuck and Ash both note that the top two teams in Texas go to Westerns. And we want to be one of them. Now is not the time to be slacking off practice.

President's Stuff

Although the top two teams go to Westerns, we only get to see Kolberg shave his head if we win the T.R.U.s. That should be motivation enough.

Treasurer's Report:

Big Ed is quitting his day job to be Roger Kemp's full-time business manager.

Secretary's Worthless Musings:

Your Secretary does actually have some phone lists available. Ask for 'em by name. Also, anyone wanting some real news, or anything else, in the next newsletter might consider phoning Your Editor at 387-2904, or faxing it over to 991-5255.

Social Chairman's News:

Gino is on the lookout for several tons of jalapenos to spike Fort Worth's food with.

New News:

This weekend sees a home match against Fort Worth, who, although traditionally not the strongest team in the T.R.U., always seem to provide us a good match. Game times should be at 1:00 and 2:30 at Lake Highlands.

Assuming we emerge victorious on Saturday, the Dallas R.F.C. will be ranked second in the North, and will get to host Austin for the first round of the TRUs on Saturday, March 28th at Lake Highlands.

Next Issue: *Joe's Bus Etiquette for Neanderthals*
Brian's Grooming Tips for Piltdown Man
Does Ash Have a Maori in the Woodpile?

...and other fabrications.

Note: *Any news, information, or lumps of gold bullion should be directed to Your Editor at 14651 Dallas Parkway, Suite 350, Dallas, Texas 75240, (214) 387-2904.*

THE Dallas Rugby Football Club

Established 1968

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

Daily Worker "Get Your News on the Rag"

Vol. 5, No. 5
April 23, 1992

SEVENS GLORY IN THE BAG

Hey - the 1991-1992 season may be over, but the BIG time of year is just starting for **Chuck "Sevens Is My Life" Lueckemeyer**, who plans to take Nationals this year by bringing back every creaking lad who played on the now-legendary trip to Aspen back in 1952 or so. **Lou Molvin** has already volunteered to put Shimano competition gears on their wheelchairs.

But before we launch into the fun, the joy, the out-and-out panting heat rash of the Summer Sevens Season, a recap of what has gone on since the last *Daily Worker*.

The last Cup match of the Spring season for Dallas had the Fort Worth R.F.C. rumbling into town. Traditionally, Dallas has somehow managed to play down to the level of its opposition, and has won some relative squeakers against teams like Fort Worth. This was not the case on March 21, as the Dallas forwards put a fork in the ball and kept it there all day. **Fast Bob Klepetka**, fresh from a second-side hat trick, one-upped himself with *four* tries against the lads in Kelly green. It looked pretty much like a feeding frenzy out there, as Dallas tuned up for the T.R.U.s with a **53-0 BLOWOUT**.

The second side, determined to better the first side's scoring total, found itself hampered less by Fort Worth's defense than by the inspired refereeing of Bill Black, who blew his whistle every thirty seconds just to make sure it was working. Bill would then figure out some sort of penalty to call, usually against Dallas. This hamstrung the Dallas attack, which only managed a feeble 38-0 win behind the captaincy of **Greg Schragin**, who managed to keep his boot in his pocket for once.

First and second sides eagerly anticipated Austin's visit the next week for the T.R.U. quarter-finals, though Austin spitefully declined to bring a second side. The March 28 match was hallmarked by some solid Dallas dominance in the first half, as the Red Machine racked up an 18-3 lead. Austin, however, listened to some Joe King Carrasco music at halftime and came out smoking, putting down two tries before a final Dallas score put the game away.

Then came the Final Four of the T.R.U. Championships in Denton. The second side played first, against Houston R.F.C., and held Houston close throughout the game. Though playing a defensive game throughout, the Dallas second side nearly pulled the game out late, but eventually fell on the wrong end of a four-point loss.

That afternoon, the Dallas first side took the field against the Houston R.F.C. first side. Briefly stated, it looked like **Mike "Moe" Howard** brought Larry, Curly, and Shemp out on the field with him. Though we managed a 12-10 win against Houston on their home field three weeks earlier, the Dallas game started to fall apart about midway through the first half. Nothing seemed to work, and the final score was not a pretty sight.

Perhaps the worst thing about the unfortunate losses in the T.R.U. semifinals is that they place a black mark at the end of our most successful season on the field in years. Worth mentioning is that our only Cup losses came to the Harlequins, and our only other losses came in the finals of the Kansas City tournament and against St. Louis early in the season. Recent years have seen the Dallas R.F.C. squeak its way in to the playoffs after a season best described as spotty, and then strong play in the playoffs puts a shine on the whole year. This year it was the other way around...

Life, and the Dallas R.F.C., go on. Before we jump in to Doing the Slowdown and Collapsing from Heat Stroke, fifteens rugby is not yet over: On THIS Friday, at 5:00, we have a match against Queen City Rugby out of Colorado at Glencoe Park. Be there for all the Westerns festivities, and to drug the Harlequins' Gatorade.

On May 2, we are sending down two sides (a regular and old farts side) to the Austin Tournament, traditionally the ultimate capper to the season and chance to see **Joe McKenna** drink whole pitchers with his jaw wired shut.

On May 8, (a Friday night): the Texas Select Side (captained by our own **Mel "Twinkle Toes" Brooke**, ably assisted by **Bouncing Brian Monaghan** and **Stewart "The Aggie's Aggie" Nolan**) plays the Combined Services Team, down in San Antonio. All true supporters will be there to cheer our lads on.

For those not in San Antonio, on May 8 we will work a concert, but Kolberg has no clue as to who it is yet, but promises it will be someone your Mom will like.

On May 29 will be the legendary Dallas 7's combination work and pajama party: bring your cans of Sterno and squirt guns.

And on May 30th, the Lucky 13th Annual Dallas 7's at Lake Highlands Park. Everybody wear garlands of garlic.

Finally, on June 6 will be a Special Event To Be Announced. Gosh, I can hardly stand the anticipation.

Next Issue

- ☞ Steeeeuarrrrt "Angus" Denniston's Scottish Sevens Clinic, or How to Ruck in a Kilt
- ☞ Ashley "Haka" Smith's Maori Sevens, or How to Rake with Bare Feet
- ☞ Greg "Pierre" Schragin's French Sevens, or How to be Rude in the Lineouts
- ☞ Harry Owino's Kenyan Sevens, or How to Play While Being Chased by Hyenas

...and other valuable information.

Note: Any news, information, or good knock-knock jokes should be directed to Your Editor at 14651 Dallas Parkway, Suite 350, Dallas, Texas 75240, (214) 387-2904.

The Dallas Rugby Football Club

Mike Koenecke,
Editor

Daily Worker
"Get Your News on the Rag"

Vol. 6, No. 1
June 15, 1993

SEVENS OFF TO EAGLE START

Dallas showed up to the Jaime Varano Memorial Sevens Tournament in Houston on May 30th loaded for bear, or maybe for the two-headed catfish inhabiting the Houston Ship Channel. Our Heroes soon had their first opponent on the ropes, at which time the Old Boys figured that we had the tournament locked up. Purely out of spite, they called the Parks Department which cancelled the tournament due to the wet conditions. An exceptionally disappointed squad trudged the 240 or so miles home, *sans* any hardware.

[The Eagle part, for those of you wondering.] Our intrepid and manly captain, Brian "the Beast" Monaghan, went to ITTs on May 29-30, and was wisely selected to the U.S. Eagles squad to play Canada on June 19th. Though not a starter, Brian is hoping fervently that someone will get hurt so he can get his Cap, and is bringing along several crowbars and sticks of dynamite just to make sure.

Dallas R.F.C. Journeyman Thaddeus played with our squad up in Las Vegas, and impressed everyone so much that he was named to the U.S. Eagles 7s side. Unfortunately, off in Spain he will not have Goose MacGregor to pass to him and will undoubtedly be sent back home on the next banana boat in shame.

The Fourteenth Annual Dallas Sevens Tournament, showcasing its annual displays of brilliant organization and heat stroke, kicked off bright and early Saturday morning, June 5th. Much beer was drunk and many fajitas were consumed, which helped the Club coffers

substantially, considering that our piggy bank has had only a few nickels and one Mexican three-peso piece in it since 1992. Unfortunately, the valiant efforts of Our Heroes came to naught in the finals against Arlington, of all teams. Our second side gamely worked its way up to the semifinals of the consolation bracket, only to lose to the Fort Polk jarheads. Still, the tournament was a big success.

On the weekend of June 12 and 13, major Dallas R.F.C. studs Blake "Bill Clinton" Holman, Sam "the Sham" Wilbur, and Andy "Harpo" Marx travelled with the Texas Select Side up to Chicago for the 1993 Local Union All-Star Championships and Bake-Off. Though losing to the Metropolitan New York Select Side on Saturday 40-18, the Dallas lads put in some stellar performances. Sam, in particular, made a chocolate raspberry mousse that had to be tasted to be believed, Andy produced his patented souffle flambé, and Blake showed up with a Sara Lee pound cake. On Sunday the Texas side came roaring back to stomp on the Deep South Select Side 30-13, mainly because the ball was long gone from the scrum before the opposing flyhalf could get any of his calls off. ("Ah'm gonna cawl one o' them loooooop thangs. That awlraht with yawl?")

President's Letter

The Dallas Rugby Football Club is now embarking on its Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Season. This year has many things to which we should all look forward. These include our annual social events, club fund raisers, rugby matches,

informal social gatherings, and last, but certainly not least, the celebration festivities surrounding our Club's Twenty-Fifth Anniversary.

[Ed. Note: Besides the Sevens Tournament,] ...the club has additional fund-raising events planned, including yard sales, the Second Annual Luau, and many others. Socially, the club has organized yet another Carlos Johnson Invitational Golf Tournament, is organizing the Annual Club Banquet, the Second Annual Luau (so much fun it merits repeating), and many informal social events that will be announced on an ongoing basis. [Ed. note: Call the Hotline.]

On the field, our club is experiencing success as well. Our Sevens team is showing the experience, skill, and fitness that it always has, and will be putting it to good use this summer for the Dallas R.F.C. Although our Fifteens season is over for now, some players are enjoying continued post-season success making the Dallas R.F.C. players and supporters very proud. [Ed. note: See above for details.] Cheers from the club to all of these gentlemen.

During the course of this coming year, we will be striving to improve the performance and organization of the Club both on and off the field. This will include re-formalizing a Social Member Program, re-introducing consistency to many aspects of Club operations, and, it is to be hoped, improving Member participation in Club organized activities. As with any organization, success comes not from the efforts of the few, but from the concerted efforts of the many.

Future issues of this newsletter will highlight upcoming activities, player and team accomplishments, and any other info good for filling out [Ed. note: read: "padding"] a newsletter. If anyone has any ideas for the improvement of the Club, any criticisms of the Club, or you just plain want to help out, please do not hesitate to call me. I can be reached at work, (214) 997-6784, or at home, (214) 517-5339. And we thank you for your support.

--- Blake "Bartles and Jaymes" Holman

Speaking of upcoming events, our hard-working and curvaceous Social Chairman, Jeannie

"K.B.I." Lorts, reminds all that the Dallas R.F.C. Annual Yard Sale will be held on June 19 (this Saturday!) in the parking lot next to Louie's. (That's on Henderson, about a mile or so East of Central.) Bring everything you've got that isn't nailed down (for stuff that is nailed down, call Boyd and he'll come by with his oxyacetelene torch) so we can put some money in the bank and give new Treasurer Doug "I'm Not Ed" Jones something to do. The Annual Golf Tournament will be held on that Sunday (June 20th) at Keaton Park, but it's too late to get in a late entry. [So why put it in? Beats me.]

The Annual Rugby Banquet is tentatively set for July 24. Jeannie says that the location is still pending (read: maybe not even built yet), but she anticipates a "festive event", which she defines as much beer as possible at a reasonable cost (which should run around \$20.00 per person, which would include the facility, dinner, beverage, and beer). It is attitudes like that that make us all proud. Talk to everyone you know; see all the humiliating and idiotic awards ladled out to unsuspecting players. Oh yeah, the real awards will be done, too.

Next Issue

- Blake Goes on Ultra-Slim Fast, Moves to Scrumhalf
- Mark "Super Slo-Mo" Ferguson Goes on Amphetamines, Moves to Wing
- Chuck "Snow Don't Stay on a Warm Roof" Lueckemeyer Goes on Rogaine, is Featured in GQ
- Joe "Leapfrog" Borgerding Goes on Star Search, Makes Ed McMahon His Rugby Queen

...and other really and truly real stuff.
Now go to sleep.

Note

Any news, information, or Bill Clinton dartboards should be directed to Your Editor at 14651 Dallas Parkway, Suite 350, Dallas, Texas 75240, phone 387-2904, fax 991-5255.

Oh yeah. Call the Hotline. 826-6875.

"Any news, contributions, or..."

10/9/86

10/16/86

10/21/86

11/6/86

11/13/86

12/4/86

12/19/86

1/22/87

2/11/87

2/19/87

2/26/87

3/5/87

3/12/87

3/19/87

4/20/87

6/6/87

8/15/87

9/17/87

10/1/87

10/8/87

11/5/87

12/10/87

12/18/87

10/20/88

total fabrications, or bomb threats
things that are totally unfit to print
obscene phone calls

especially desperate women
envelopes full of hush money
prize-winning vegetables

ladies with personal Christmas gifts, if you know
what I mean and I think you do
free samples of experimental hallucinogens

blackmail threats from God

barnyard animals

classified Soviet military documents

magazines banned at G-11

donations for an ankle transplant

unsuspecting clients capable of making a lawyer's
fortune in one fell swoop

stoned groupies singing "Gypsies Don't Dah"
tournament

filthy Ayatollah jokes

curvaceous Swedish massagers

get rich quick schemes

space alien vivisectionists

Dilbert + Sullivan musical rugby balls

something special to put in my eggnog

Christmas gifts illegal in forty-eight of the fifty states

tax shelters involving adult bookstores

11/10/88

totally unsinkable dirt on club members

12/1/88

tips on avoiding ugly wax buildup

1/19/89

secret Ninja rugy skills techniques

10/19/89

unsinkable ~~ethnic~~ ethnic jokes