



# Chattanooga Rugby Football Club Bi-Weekly Newsletter

February 2011

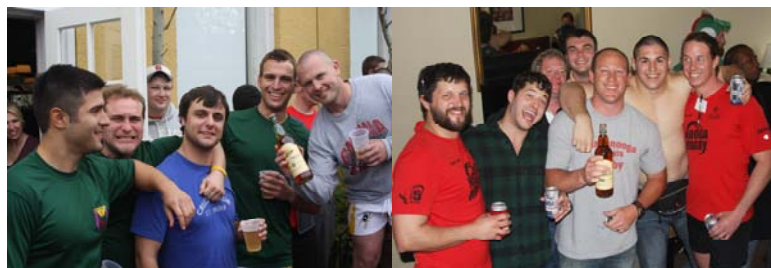
Volume 3, Issue 1

## NOOGA RUGBY TACKLES NEW ORLEANS



The CRFC traveled with a total of 50 players & supporters to the Crescent City this past weekend for their first & only pre-season match. After a fun-filled, 8-hour bus ride and a "quick" tour of Bourbon Street on Friday night, the guys took the field early Saturday morning against a New Orleans RFC squad that finished in the Top-10 nationally last year (division 2). The NORFC started the match at a fast pace and were rewarded with two tries & one penalty kick in the first 30. Nooga responded to an additional 3 tries from NORFC with a try of their own in the second 30. But, the final 30 proved to be our best as Nooga outscored our opponents 2 tries to 1. The match was a great warm-up against a top level club and the perfect setting for some pre-season fun. Man of the match honors went to Taron Smith in the forwards and Tim Mayberry in the backs. A spirited CRFC Kangaroo Court and a full-scale assault on Bourbon Street ended a fabulous weekend for Nooga Rugby. Great trip guys! Hope everyone else enjoyed it too!

As shown on the right, CRFC was also proud to support a potential new partner, Isle of Skye Scotch, on this trip. Hopefully through our continued support, this relationship can materialize further.



## 2011 NOOGA RUGBY LEADERSHIP COMMITTEE

As part of our continued efforts to involve / update the CRFC Old Boys and our extended CRFC Family, we'd like to introduce the Nooga Rugby Leadership Committee for the 2011 Calendar Year. This group will be directly responsible for club operations, fundraising, sponsorships, the CRFC Old Boy network, matches, socials, etc. If you're interested in specific Nooga Rugby issues, have comments, advice, and / or potential opportunities or are interested in participating in the CRFC Leadership please don't hesitate to contact any of these guys.



### Executive Leadership Committee

Chairman - Pete Steyn (petersteyn@msn.com)  
Director of Finance - Jack Head (jackzhead@cs.com)  
Director of Personnel - Doug Casey (doug@vincentprinting.com)

### Men's Club Leadership

President - James Howard (vtc511@mocs.utc.edu)  
Match Secretary - Wayne Anderson (wanderson.crfc@gmail.com)  
Treasurer - Tom Snow (elijhfire@live.com)  
Social Chair / Sponsorships - Matti Kohl (ryan.kohl123@gmail.com)  
Web Site - Matt Killebrew (matthew.killebrew@gmail.com)  
Captain - Clayton Parr (clayton.parr@yahoo.com)  
Coach - Kirk Neubauer (kxn135@hotmail.com)

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# TALES FROM THE OLD BOYS - THE PALMETTO BUG INCIDENT

It was 1983 and we were travelling to a rugby tournament in Gulf Shores, Mississippi, in a big blue window-licker van that Rocky Lewis had swiped from the Orange Grove Center. It wasn't till we were halfway there that everyone started coming clean about not having money. Between 16 of us we had about \$30. We crashed at Doug Casey's house (who lived in Gulf Shores at the time) the Friday night before the tournament. It was a tiny little white house and there wasn't any food. We played Rugby all day Saturday and still no food or money. By the time we got to the party on Saturday night we were, needless to say, really hungry. Steve Cotter and myself had stolen a bunch of ketchup from McDonalds, so we were faring better than most, but man cannot live by ketchup alone. The party on Saturday night was in an airport hangar. They had chips and beer, so assuming we could get home it'd be our only nourishment—ketchup aside—all weekend. Immediately we all started hitting the chips and beer and singing. Back then at a tournament there was actually a party trophy so we took our singing seriously.

I had been patiently waiting for my turn to sing a verse. Somehow, and *I believe now it was God*, I had raised my beer and everyone had signaled to me. "Knock Knock!" I bellowed. "WHO'S THERE?" came the reply. What happened next has been spoken of with hushed tones by prison inmates and homeless hockey players for years. By way of reply, a gust of wind blew open one of the hanger doors and a giant insect (I thought it was a helicopter) began to fly inside. The noise from its wings was deafening. It actually generated the same high pitched one-per-rev thumping noise for which Apache Helicopters were famous. The crowd, hundreds of them, grew silent as the giant freakin' bug flew in, slowly, casually, like a tri-orchid bull meandering through a field of cows and landed none to gracefully on the edge of my red plastic cup. There was this girl from MTSU there who walked around with a giant Iguana on a leash who almost immediately screamed "EAT IT!" like some bat-shit crazy woman on Bastille day. Then everyone else joined in: "EAT IT! EAT IT! EAT IT!" As I eyed the insect which I had by now identified as a Palmetto Bug, one of my team mates, Keith Johnson, took off his "If It Flies It Dies" hat and set it on the ground in front of me like we did this crap every day. The hat slowly filled with fives and tens. *We'd be able to eat and buy gas!* As I examined the Palmetto Bug (it's like a cross between a 6-inch long cock roach and a water bug) I couldn't help but notice that it had a two-inch long, poisonous fang. "How about the poisonous fang?" I voiced my concern. Several guys produced pocket knives and with no complaints at all (after all only a dumbass would eat a poisonous fang) I cut off the fang.

It was now time to eat the bug. "EAT IT! EAT IT! EAT IT!" chanted the mob. I decided it was too large to deep-throat, so I'd eat it like an apple. When I took the first bite, the crowd grew silent again. The crunching sound was unbelievable loud. Apparently, saltwater insects have silicon in their exoskeletons much like a clam or mollusk shell. Another key fact had escaped me until then. There was a gland full of poison to which that fang had been attached and I was now chewing it. Waive upon waive of nausea rolled over me like the smell of a dead animal on the breeze. I couldn't do it. Then I looked at the tearful eyes of my team mates. None of them had a secret stash of ketchup and they were all so hungry. I had to keep eating it. So I took a little bite, a little sip of beer, a little bite, and just kept about my task. Finally, I got down to just one tiny piece of wing carapace when the poison hit me hard and a small but manageable 5 or 6 ounces of bug vomit came back up and into my beer cup. "Awww!" went the crowd when Johnson screamed "Double or nothing he chugs the puke!" More money piled up. By this time I was deep in the throes of palmetto venom. It was two parts Peyote, one part Psilocybin and one part Drano. "No. No" whispered Johnson. "Make them pay." I began to chug the bug puke, nice and slowly, I began thinking strange trippy thoughts like "*I know this is supposed to be gross but protein's protein and I'm not a Palmetto bug's natural predator so this venom probably won't kill me, and what the hell do I care what a bunch of people with purple-pyramid faces think about me anyway?*" The party was over as soon as I finished the glass of Palmetto puke. Everybody left en masse. We ended up with over \$80 in that hat. I took everybody through a drive thru and gassed us up in the morning. To this day, in another city, any place you'd be sure that no one knows you, I am still approached by people who say "You're the guy who ate the bug, right?" to which I always reply, "No, I don't think so."

~ Written by Mike Ward

## Player Profile



**Name:** Jason Dietrich  
**Position:** Flanker  
**Hometown:** Amherstburg, Ontario  
**Age:** 28  
**Yrs Playing Rugby:** 1  
**Previous Club:** None  
**Hobbies:** Hockey

## Next Match - Little Rock RFC (home)

Nooga Rugby will host the Little Rock Stormers RFC for the first match of our 2011 Matrix season next weekend. This will be a tough test, so plan to be out there to support your club.

**What:** CRFC vs. Little Rock RFC  
**Where:** Rossville Middle School  
**When:** Saturday, Feb. 12th at 1:00 pm

**About the Little Rock Stormers RFC:**  
Established - 1973  
Last Year - South D2 Semi-Finalist

**SEND DONATIONS OR SPONSORSHIPS TO:**

KIRK NEUBAUER  
KXN135@HOTMAIL.COM

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