THE 1st XV



Standing: Left to Right —
Doug "Duff' Hensley, John Jeffrey, Tom Drysdale, Jim "Doc" Lawler, Pete Scotland, Joe McCook, "Zipper" Zimmermann, Jim Orban, John Winderl, Al Japely, Ken "Karl" Baker, David Williams

Kneeling — Tim Lawler, Kelly Staat, Tim McNulty, Chuck Coakley, Gabby Landazuri, Bill McKeown, Joe Kloiber

THE ORIGINAL HARLEQUINS

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A LEGACY OF THE HARLEQUINS

Derry's R.F.C., what was later to evolve into the Westside Harlequins, was given birth in July of 1975 by Joe McCook and Joe Hegarty. The seed was planted in Derry's Irish Pub and blossomed there. With as little knowledge as possible, they promoted this "traditionally Irish" game among Derry's patrons until they persuaded 20 men and boys, ranging in age from 14 to 40, of English, German, Ecuadorian, Polish, African, Welsh, and yes - Irish descent to form a scrum in the prairie across the street from the clubhouse, Derry's Pub.

Although inspirational, McCook's lack of experience in this type of endeavor was threatening Harlequin existence early, until he inadvertently met Joe Kloiber. "K.O." Kloiber had just moved from Madison, had 12 years of rugby experience, and for some reason felt sympathetic towards the club's struggle. He showed them how to pass the ball, and tie their shoes. Appreciation was expressed in return, by inviting him to share several flagons of ale. Joe stumbled home and horrified his wife Julie with the news — he was a rugby coach.

But don't be misled. Experience was more widespread than you have been led to believe. Amongst the first roots of the club were at least five others whose extensive experience included playing in and/or watching a previous match or both. A notable example, was Tom Drysdale. An ex-rugger from Kalamazoo, Michigan. Tom brought good rugby sense, and a flair for songs, antics, witticisms and the absurd to Derry's R.F.C. He gave the fledgling club a sense of moral decadence that was appreciated both on and off the pitch.

The first season was one of tremendous growth. Each week saw rapid advances in the shaping of an identity as a club. The first annual corn roast at Derry's Pub was a smashing success, pip pip, with over 400 people making donations. Financial stability was attained. Meanwhile, on the pitch, the new group of rowdies bullied its way to eleven victories while sustaining only four losses, for a satisfying premiere season. Many of the club's early struggles were off the pitch. And here, much credit must be given to Derry Hegar-









ty. His pub served as main office, bathroom, party hall, and recruiting centre.

The second season saw a recruiting drive that landed nearly a dozen experienced ruggers. As a result, there was a de-emphasis on the "Big Buddy up the Middle" play in favor of such sophisticated strategies as wing forward and fullback overloads. A tough schedule included the best teams both in the state and from the Chicago area. Consequently, some "growing pains" were experienced. But a 5-5-1 season was still managed by each of the A and B sides. The Harlequins established their place in the midwest. They actually had club colors, a pitch to call their own, and a bar complete with atmosphere conducive to circus acts. They were now physically and administratively prepared to formulate a successful growth pattern (stocks rose 6-3/8 in the first quarter alone — just kidding IRS man).

In the summer of '76, the thought of a sweaty scrum was appealing enough to lure 18 Harlequins to Traverse City, Michigan, in the face of 90 degree temperatures for the annual Cherry Pit Festival Tournament. The representative team fared well and brought home a much needed confidence, along with a first Harlequin trophy. The momentum of this "hot streak" continued as the club rolled to a fifth place finish in the National Schlitz Invitational Tournament. This turned many surprised heads; the Harlequins gained a new respectability.

Another corn roast later, they faced the fall of 1976 with increased vigor. The A side lost three close matches while winning twelve. The B side reflected the all around spirit of the club, responding with a 6-3 tally for their season's labors.

The club's accomplishment on, as well as off the pitch, can be attributed to the hard work of many. And while pride and self-satisfaction can be obtained from seeing its growth, the primary motivation still boils down to something even more basic. The Harlequins have a good time. Fun is an integral part of the "rugby spirit", and is part of the make-up of a HARLEQUIN.

All prospective clowns are invited to join in the fun.

Joe McCook





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In their ever-continuing effort to find new ways to make fools of themselves, the Harlequins began a new chapter, in spring of 1977. Nine men and women from the Harlequins and Harlequin Hookers joined with other friends foolishly undertook the challenge of a mile and one half walk down beautiful Mitchell street with shoes nailed to boards. Skill and accurate timing were the goal, many falls were the actual result. And with each fall came the prospect of coming un-nailed. At the end four remained, marching in unison, and still attached to their boards. With the skilled advice of these veteran boardwalkers, next year perhaps even more people may make fools of themselves. It promises to be a race to the finish — jeer at the clowns as they flash by.







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HARLEQUIN, HAHR lee kwin, is a character in pantomime and comedy, who capers and acts like a clown. He wears a tight-fitting costume covered with diamond-shaped patches of bright colors. The part began in Italian comedy of the 1500's. See also PANTOMIME

A HARLEQUIN — OUR VERSION

1) A court jester, a buffoon, a clown, noted for off-setting colors & sartorial splendor.
2) A rugger who sometimes looks & acts like a clown, a buffoon, or court jester; noted for being off color and can be taken out but not always dressed up.

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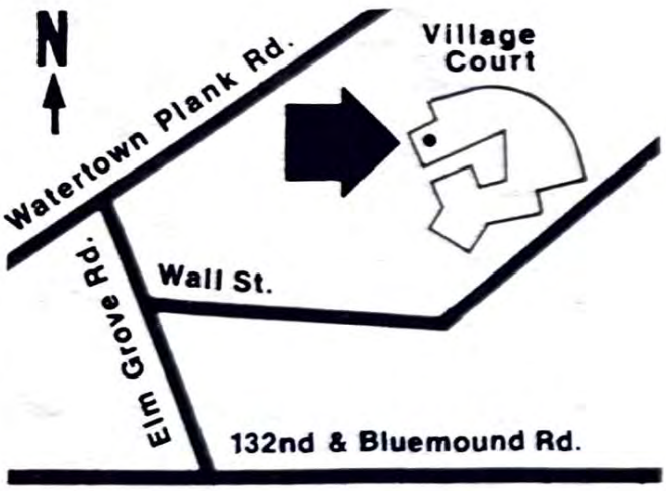
SEX

Now that we have your attention ..... the Harlequins would like to say that we always welcome new members to our club, please come to a game, a practice, a party, or for info. contact

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TOURNAMENTS 1976

The Westside Harlequin R.F.C. entered the tournament circuit convincingly in 1976, demonstrating strong rugby play in Michigan and Wisconsin tourneys.

The third annual Cherry Pit Tournament in Traverse City, Michigan rendered the Harlequins their first trophy. After dropping a close and poorly researched match against Kalamazoo R.F.C. in 98° heat, and in full-length jerseys, the boys dove into the Consolation bracket with heat exhaustion and t-shirts.

Led by the scoring of winger, Chuck Coakley, scrum-half Al Japely, "Big Buddy" Joe McCook and prop, Dan "Axmaster", the Harlequins shut out Flint R.F.C. 14-0 and Kenosha R.F.C. by error. There may have been another "mistaken" victory before the team soundly nipped the hosts, Traverse Bay Blues, 4-3 in the dust bowl for the Consolation prize. The score could have been greater, but the deep thickets of weeds and clouds of dirt, obscured the whereabouts of the rugby ball for most of the match.

On September 4, the Westsiders fielded their 1st XV on the Uihlein Polo Grounds, where the Milwaukee R.F.C. hosted the SCHLITZ INVITATIONAL RUGBY TOURNAMENT on gorgeous pitches of real grass covered with authentic "pony-pies".

The opening round pitted the Westside green and gold against the Southeastern Conference Rugby champs, the University of Florida. Playing hard but not spectacularly, the Harlequin ruggers sewed up the match 14-4. The second game was the Westsider's first meeting with the Indy Reds Rugby Club and also the end of their championship aspirations. The match sawed unevenly back and forth with a few tempers flaring amongst the forwards. The match seemed too short as the time ran out on Westside. The Reds took the first and certainly not the last match between these clubs, 11-6.

Perhaps the most exciting match of the tournament was played between the Harlequins and the Pittsburgh R.F.C., an Eastern Rugby Union powerhouse. Pittsburgh came out strong early in the game, blasting the score to 18-4. Then, with minutes left in the first half, the Harlequins came back! Chuck Coakley raced 40 yards on a weak side play for a try. Jim Orban's kick was good and the tally at half stood 18-10. In the second half the Harlequins kept up their momentum, bringing the ruggers from Steeltown to a standstill. Dan Jones, Orban, and Mike Landry brought up the score 23-18. The test, however, was not over as Pittsburgh desperately attempted to steal the match with a last minute scoring drive. Good defense prevailed and Westside maintained their winning lead.

The final game with Minneapolis R.F.C. was not thought to be in favor of the Harlequins, but to the general surprise, Westside won this match too by the score 14-9. As a result of their efforts the Westside Harlequin R.F.C. took fifth place behind the Indy Reds. Des Moines, the Chicago Griffins and Milwaukee R.F.C.'s took first, second and third respectively.

The Harlequin's participation in the various post- and pre-season tournaments proved advantageous. Their fall season was, by all standards, successful. The members of the Westside Harlequins agree that good tournament performances were the catalyst for a well-played season. They also look forward to not only another great season but also to other successful tournament performances.

Al Japely &
Jim Schell





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HARLEQUIN HOOKERS WOMEN'S RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

In the fall of 1976, the city saw Rugby take an exciting new turn. The spirit of the game found its foothold in a new arena, as the first Women's Rugby Football Club was organized in the Milwaukee area. The Harlequin Hookers R.F.C. was founded by Patty Tesch in June of 1976.

In the early days, the club's lack of experienced members played a telling role. Madison handed the Hookers their first loss, rolling up a 38-0 score. Other seasoned clubs gave them lesson after lesson.

But opening with a five game losing streak failed to discourage. Drawing upon the experience of a number of Harlequin volunteers and getting special guidance from the Brienzo-Baker combination, the group persisted in practice.

Quality of play improved sufficiently fast for victory's arrival in their sixth match. The Hookers notched their first against St. Louis, 8-0, in the Chicago Ball. Defensive play became inspired, as they shut out all opposition scoring for the next 13 consecutive halves of play.

What began slowly, went on to prove a satisfying premiere season, ending with a 5-5-1 record, and at its high point the Hookers surprised many with their second place finish in the Indiana Midwest Tournament, sustaining their only loss in the tourney, in a hard fought 3-0 overtime match with Indiana U.

Hopes for the future are strong. Membership in the Midwest Women's Rugby Football Union, strengthening friendships leading to even more coaching interaction and support from the Harlequins, and a full spring schedule (including tourneys in St. Louis and Denver) are all factors which should contribute to the continued evolution of this newborn sport.

In any case, if determination is any indication, Harlequin Hookers Womens Rugby is here, and locked in forward gear.



TOP: Paula Raskin, Jan Holz, Jackie Brennan, Dawn Ackmann, Coach Ken Baker, Karen Johnson, Carol Ellsworth, Colleen Kermendy, Coach Dave Brienzo

BOTTOM: Rita Klubertanz, Kim Dedrick, Patty Tesch, Jan Rauker, Cheri Goyette, Darlene Look

NOT PICTURED: Sandy Gingery, Mary Houde, Cindy Klemik, Charlie Kordus, Nancy Wheeler

Spring '77 Schedule

March	26	Chicago	A
April	2	St. Louis	
	3	Tournament	A
	9	Madison	H
	23	U. of Illinois	H
	30	Colorado	
May	1	Tournament	A
	7	Indiana U.	A
	15	Chicago	A
	21	Fort Wayne	H
June	4	Madison	A

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President:	Patty Tesch
Secretary/Treasurer:	Rita Klubertanz
Match Secretary:	Charlie Kordus
Social Chairman:	Kim Dedrick

The Harlequin Hookers R.F.C. invites prospective members to practice, games, or party (see schedule above). Experience is no necessity.

Join Us!!!

For info. call:
Patty Tesch 421-9510



Everyone likes smoke in their eyes,



but the beer is good,

THE HARLEQUIN CORN ROAST

In August of 1976 the Harlequins held their second annual Corn Roast in mid-Milwaukee. The purpose of the affair was to solicit new members, both ruggers and social, to make a few bucks for the future of the rugby game and to continue the Harlequin Social Calendar. It was successful.

A decent time was had by the over 200 people that showed. There was plenty of food, plenty of beer and a Marquette University Rugby Club Alumni Match against 15 Harlequins.

If you are one of the unfortunate that were not present in the last two years — contact a Harlequin and make sure that you are present this August. You'll enjoy!!!



the corn is good,



the burgers are good,



and the scenery is hmmm . . . .



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THE THIRD HALF: A Rugger's Off the Field Antics

At first glance, the game of rugby appears to the average person to be little more than organized chaos. As the understanding of the game becomes refined, it is readily recognizable that for a good club to maintain a winning streak necessitates a togetherness on the pitch by club members little short of clockwork. A good deal of fine tuning is required.

Most good clubs have been together for a number of years and, even so, hours of practice each week are an absolute must. No team can just show up at game time, unprepared, and expect high degrees of success. Often the drudgery of repetitious line-outs, passing drills or the like must be swallowed to obtain the precise timing of a real winner. And it is not uncommon for a hooker and jumper to get together and practice the throw-in from touch up to and beyond 100 times a week. Likewise the scrum-half will often practice his put-in with his scrum until the second row gains a whole new outlook on life as only existing less than 3 feet off the ground. Clubmates spend many hours together as a result, and, typically, discussions regarding strategies will carry on over ensuing mugs of beer at the local pub and the resultant closeness between club members is easily understandable.

Not quite as easy to comprehend for many, and what really gives rugby its uniqueness, is that the two opposing sides also retire to local pubs immediately following the match to share food, drink, song and



Where's my Book . . . . .



Where are the troop ships?





A toast to Life! . . . . . A toast to Rugby.

merry times. At match time there is no question that there is intense rivalry with opposing clubs as adversaries. But when the match is over, the rivalry stays on the pitch.

Typically, in the American "psyche-up" for conquering rivals, it is thought that a player is not intense enough in his desires if he doesn't come back to his locker room, winner or loser, with that burning desire still in his gut. For ruggers, this just isn't proper. The man against whom you played did his best, as you did your's, and a mutual respect has been gained. The foundations for good friendship have been laid.

American press often plays up the social aspects of rugby to make it seem that it is merely a daylong party with a match thrown in along the way. This is just not the case. The match is of utmost importance, and like any other athlete, a rugger prepares himself and "psyches" himself accordingly. A good club doesn't play drunk or hungover or take Schnapp's breaks at halftime. But when the work is done and the score decided, the time for play has come, and what better partners in play than the 15 men who have newly earned your respect and friendship by pitting their strengths against yours. Since fervor is part of a ruggers make-up, he attacks this "third half" with a zealousness on a par with his first two. We love competition but, as it has been said, "Friendship is the only cement that will ever hold the world together." And most ruggers will tell you that the friendships in the world of rugby are some of the strongest and truest to be obtained.

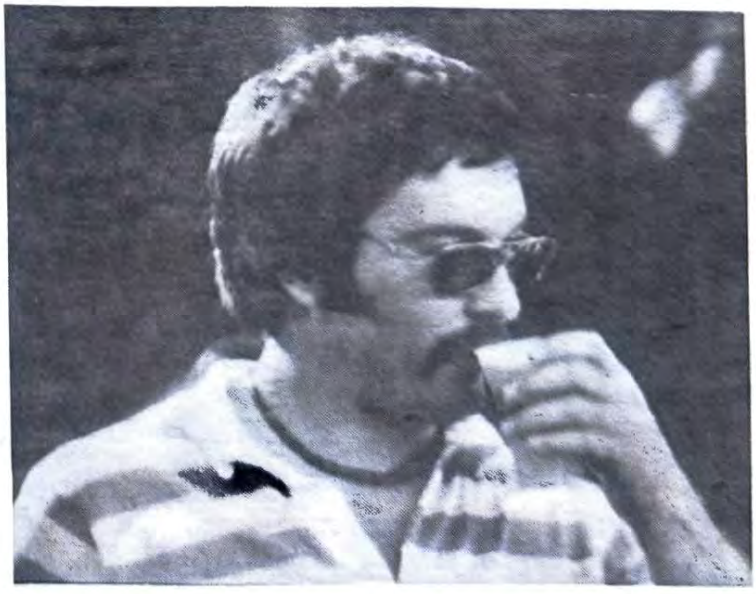
Dan Jones



Don't worry, the cops won't come.



Think they want a hamburger?



I'm not that quick . . . Am I??



The End.

Wishing the Westside Harlequins a successful and righteous season.

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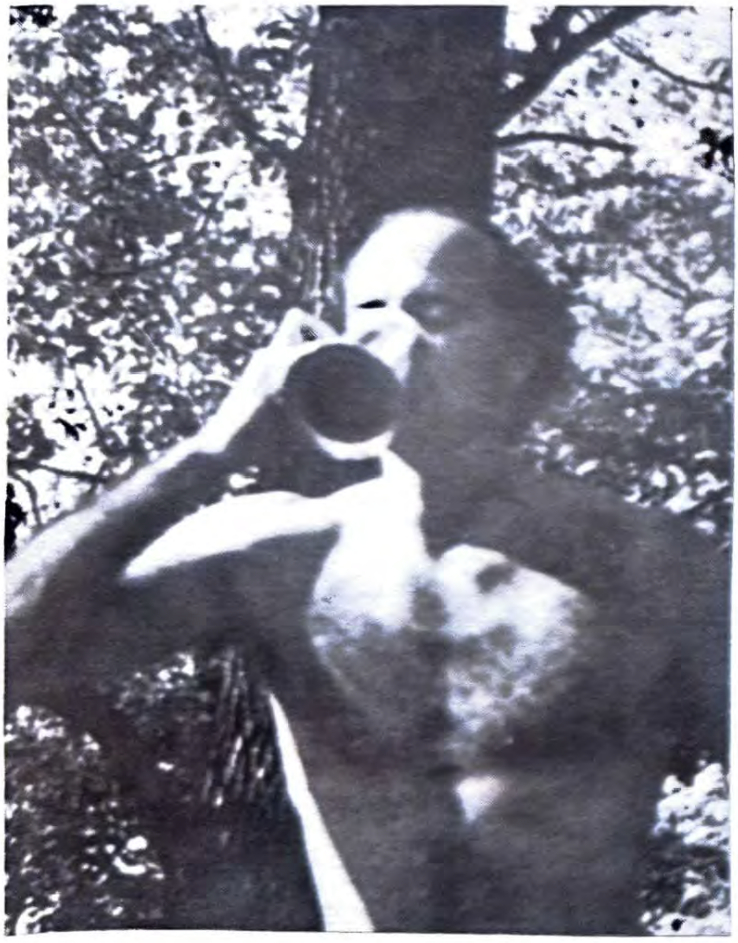
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MUG CLUB

In every organization, there are certain individuals who stand out. The Westside Harlequins are no exception.

Mug Clubs are a traditional part of rugby Football throughout the world. Members of the Harlequin Mug Club are those who have distinguished themselves on the field and off. Our success is attributable to these people and to the caliber of personality that they represent.

Jim "Doc" Lawler



Is This A Mug?

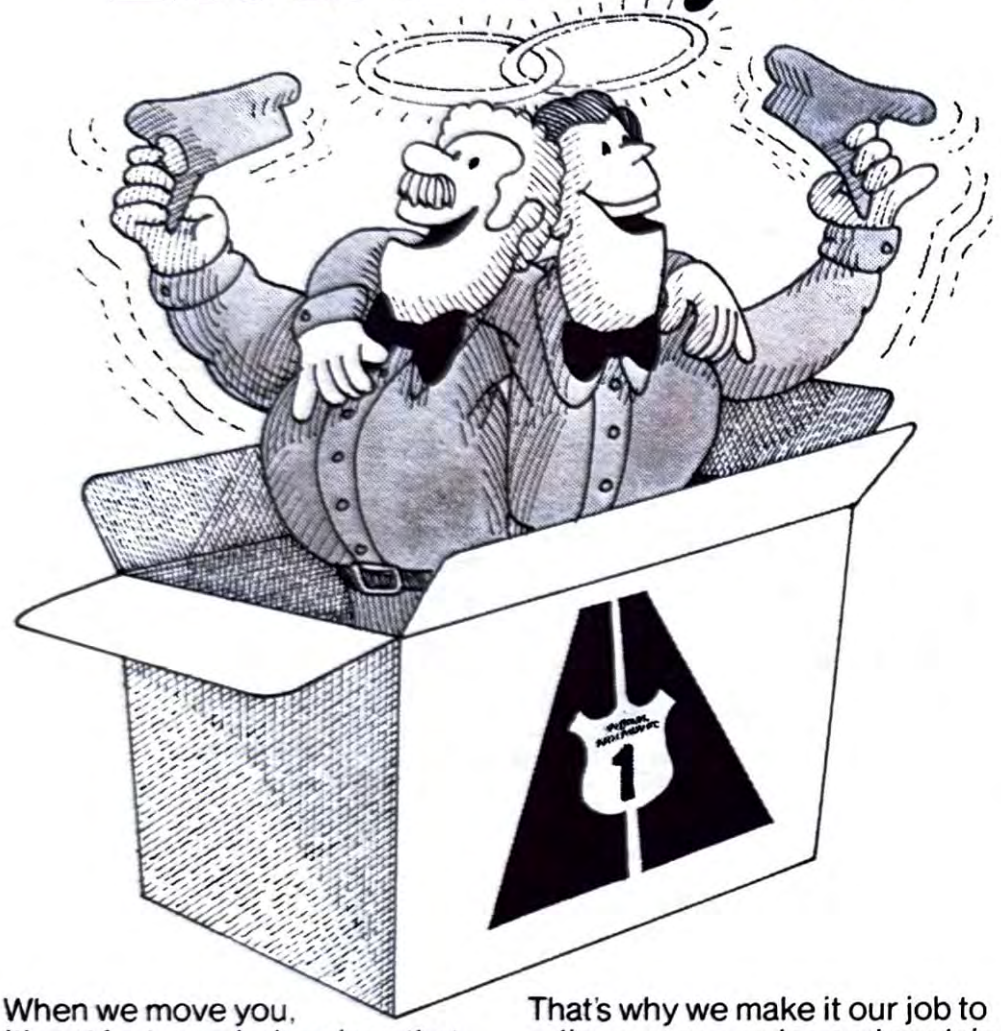
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THE SPECTATOR'S VIEW — THE WHY'S & WHEREFORE'S

Weather permitting, you stand a good chance of catching a rugby match on any given Saturday and sometimes on Sunday during the Spring and Fall. Inclement weather conditions never cancel a match. And as you will see, the lads and lasses come to play.

Welcome to the pitch. What is a pitch? The pitch is the field, not a fastball, curve or slider. Some pitches are flat but most are a little bumpy with soft rolling hills and valleys. On a wet day, many a pitch will have many a puddle. No one worries about the puddles though, unless some one drowns in one. They add spice to the game.

Rain and wet conditions affect a match in various ways. In rain, there is usually less passing and more kicking. A wet ball is hard to catch and hold on to. Rain is also hard on the spectators. If you plan on becoming a die-hard rugby fan, you better buy a rain coat.

The pitch, itself, is similar to a football field, except larger. Some clubs play on regular football fields if they can not find a large enough place to lay out a pitch. Take a seat on one of the sidelines (touchlines) and get comfortable. Keep your eyes on the players, though, and be ready to vacate your spot if they start heading your way. They can't always stop.

The game will start with a kick-off from the mid-field line. Play will continue for 40 minutes with very few breaks in the action. Unlike football, there are no huddles and no plays.

The opening kick-off is usually fielded by the forwards. Generally, this pack of 8 will stay close together and take as much time as they can before moving the ball out to the backs. As the backs form along an imaginary line, some 5 to 10 yards from each other, the forwards will control possession and the seeming free-for-all starts.

There are some things that you should notice right away. In rugby, like hockey, the ball or puck is always in front of the team. In other words, for the most part, there are 2 teams separated by a ball, on the same field. To be in front of the ball is to be offside. For this reason there is no forward passing and no blocking. Don't be too quick to scream offside! There is only one referee; he can't see everything (and the players call him "Sir"!). In some instances, like kicking, players are permitted to be offsides so long as they do not take part in the play. A group of players with their arms raised are telling the referee that they are offsides and that they know it. They must attempt to get onside immediately.

There are 7 backs on each team. The one closest to his own end-zone is the fullback. He will field the opponent's very deep kicks and sometimes join in offensive moves. The strong and weak side wings are determined by the relative position of the ball. If the ball is much closer to one touch line, that space is the weak side and that wing the weak wing. The other half (the larger half?) has more room to run and is the strong side.

The rest of the backs form a wing or line. The scrum-half, the back closest to the forwards, will get the ball from the forwards and pass it out along the line. The fly-half, inside-centre, outside-centre and strong side wing make up this line.

When they have all had ample time to line up correctly (diagonally) and everything is going right, they will be as pretty as a picture. On the kick-offs, set-scrums and line-outs, all of the wing (the 4 backs in line) will wait until the scrum-half has the ball before they start to move. As they all start together, the scrum-half passes it, laterally or backward, to the fly-half . . . . . to the inside-centre . . . to the outside-centre . . . to the wing. Doesn't it look easy?

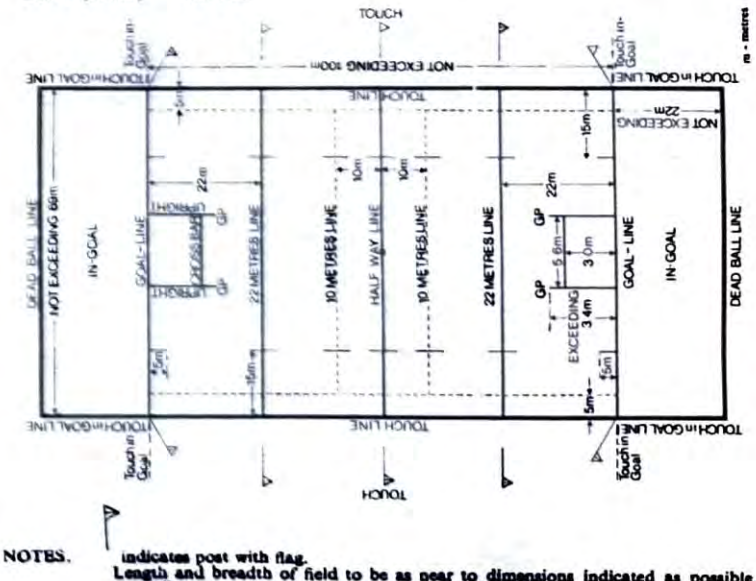
So let's say the wing has received the pass and has gotten outside of his opponent and is running for the in-goal area or end-zone. What is he going to do? He will, of course, score a try. Similar to football, he must cross the goal-line or try-line. Unlike football, crossing is not enough. He must touch the ball to the ground anywhere inside the in-goal area. If possible, he will try to touch it down as close to the center of the area as he can. Since the conversion kick is taken from any point at least 25 yards from the try line and on a line from the point where the ball was touched down, the wing will try to stay in the middle of the in-goal area.

The object of the game is to score more points than

(Continued on page 28)

L10 L11

Law 1 (*Contd.*) **The Plan**



NOTES.

- indicates post with flag.
- Length and breadth of field to be as near to dimensions indicated as possible. All areas to be rectangular.
- — — — These broken lines indicate 10 metres distance from the halfway line and 5 metres distance from the touch lines.
- — These lines at the goal lines and intersecting the 22 metres and 10 metres lines and the halfway line are 15 metres from the touch lines.
- The lines at the goal lines extend 5 metres into the field of play.
- Goal dimensions:—3 metres is taken the ground to the top edge of the crossbar, and 5·60 metres inside to inside of the goal posts.
- Where practicable the intersection of the dead-ball line and touch-in-goal lines should be indicated by a flag. A minimum height of 1·20 metres above the ground is desirable for corner posts.



Join Us for Our

Next Home Match





the opposition (unlike golf). The best way to do this is to consistently move the ball.

During the course of the match, action will stop only after a score, for an injury, if the ball goes in-touch (out-of-bounds), or for an infraction of a rule.

The scoring is obvious enough as one team will be cheering while the other frowns.

Injuries, if called by the referee, are 2 minute time-outs. The time will be added on to the end of the half.

Out-of-bounds or in-touch will call for a line-out. The ball will be put in by the team which was not responsible for putting the ball in-touch. The line-out is made up of the forwards in a straight line perpendicular to the touch-line. They are mirrored by the forwards of the other team. The hooker or weak wing will throw the ball through and over the space between the two lines of forwards. Generally, the ball is thrown to the highest jumper in the line. The idea is to catch it cleanly and pass it to the scrum-half, protect him from the opponents and have him pass it to the wing or backs.

Action also stops when the referee calls a knock-on or knock-forward, off-sides, rough play, faulty throw in from a line-out (not in straight), not releasing the ball after a tackle, lying on the ball, when the ball does not come out of a scrum or ruck, etc.

The scrum is probably the most common memory a new spectator will leave with.

The scrum is made up of both packs of forwards in a set formation. The forwards bind together in a front row of three (prop-hooker-prop), a second row (locker-locker), and a third row (wing-forward-eighth man-wing-forward). The two front rows of each team meet head-on in thumping starts.

The scrum half throws in the ball as soon as the referee gives the O.K. The hooker's job is to kick or heel the ball behind him. The props keep the ball from coming out of the tunnel (ground area between the front rows). Both teams push fiercely to make the heeling job of the hooker easier. The ball must come out of the back of the scrum and cannot be touched by anyone's hands until it is behind the feet of the last man in the scrum.

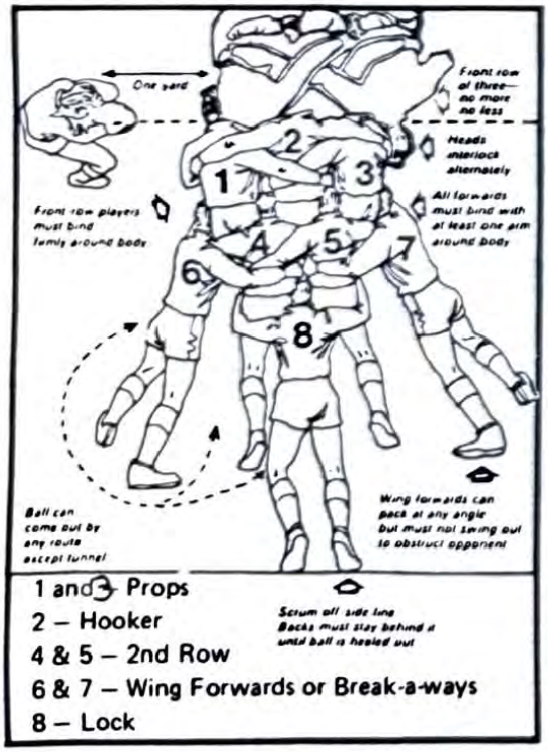
Loose rucks and mauls resemble scrums from the spectator's point of view, though they are not set up or planned. They arise from loose ball and/or stopped movement.

When the player carrying the ball is stopped or tackled, he must release the ball. A loose ball on the ground, with at least one player from each team going for it, constitutes a ruck. In a ruck, as in a scrum, no one can use his hands. The ball must be heeled out. A player carrying the ball and stopped in motion is considered and tackled must try to release the ball. Forwards from both teams are likely to bind onto the ball carrier, in an attempt to wrest the ball from him. This is called a maul. As long as the ball continues to move, whoever has it, the maul is legal.

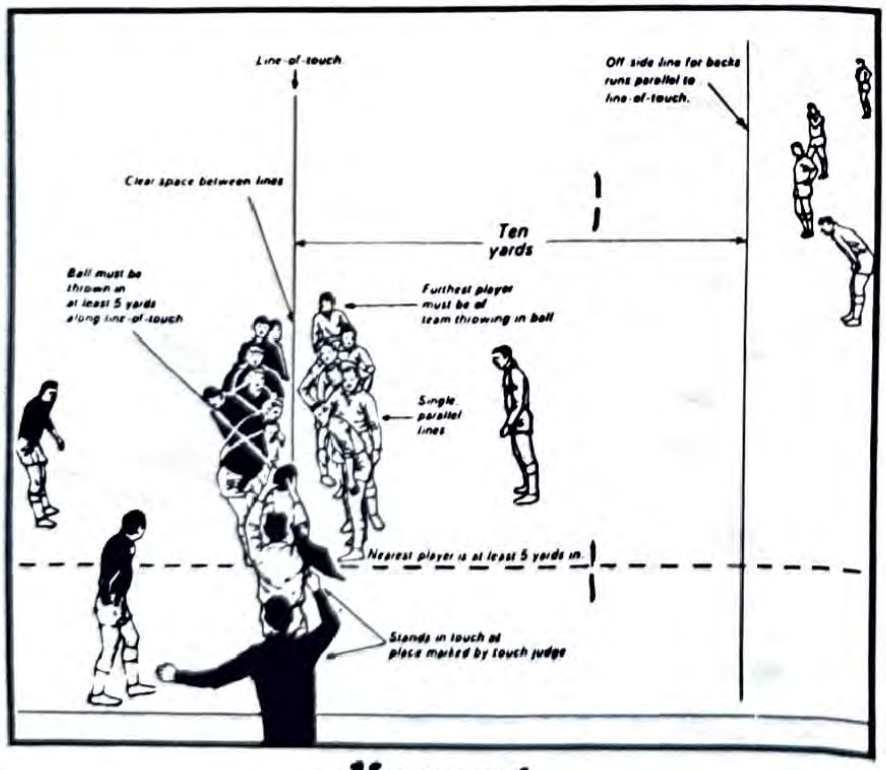
Not much is left except to enjoy the game on the field. A try is worth 4 points. The conversion kick is worth 2. A penalty kick is worth 3 points as is a drop-kick.

The more of the game that you see, the easier it will be to follow. Come again and bring a friend or two.

P.J. Lawler



scrum



line-out

HARLEQUINS ON TOUR

After playing only 4 seasons [2 years] the Harlequins are taking a giant step forward and going back to the land where rugby began. From October 1st to the 16th the club will tour England, Ireland and Wales, playing 4 games while en route to London.

The team's first stop will be Shannon, Ireland and a game with a side in the area. A second match will be played later in the week near Cork. From there a short ferry ride will bring the ruggers (and some of their huggers) to Wales, where the competition will be Gorseinon & Penclawdd. After throwing a party for their Welsh hosts, the club will spend 3 days recovering(?) in London, then cap off the tour at the US vs England International at Twickenham.

The competition should be fierce, as the Irish and Welsh teams are determined not to be beaten at their own game by a bunch of foreigners. The Americans are eagerly awaited, though, for new techniques can be learned on both sides, and the warm friendships formed on these tours are not easily forgotten.

Joe Kloiber


Same Scale as Main Map
Atlantic
Ocean
SHETLAND
ISLANDS
MAINLAND
Lerwick
Longitude West of Greenwich
Longitude East of Greenwich
ORKNEY
ISLANDS
Wick
Latheron
Aberdeen
Stonehaven
Montrose
Arbroath
Dundee
Forth of Forth
Edinburgh
Glasgow
Belfast
Dublin
Liverpool
Manchester
Birmingham
Nottingham
Leicester
Norwich
Great Yarmouth
Ipswich
London
Southend-on-Sea
Brighton
Portsmouth
Southampton
Bristol
Cardiff
Swansea
Plymouth
Blackpool
Hull
York
Sheffield
Newcastle
Sunderland
South Shields
Middlesbrough
Scarborough
Bridlington
Grimsby
Lincoln
Skegness
Sheringham
Cromer
Lowestoft
Felixstowe
Harwich
Margate
Ramsgate
Dover
Folkestone
Hastings
Eastbourne
Weymouth
Torquay
Falmouth
Camborne
Penzance
Land's End
Irish Sea
St George's Channel
North Channel
Sea of the Hebrides
The Minch
Firth of Lorn
Firth of Tay
Firth of Forth
Solway Firth
Dornoch Firth
Moray Firth
Caledonian Canal
Loch Ness
Loch Lomond
Loch Awe
Loch Linnhe
Loch Fyne
Loch Ryan
Loch Indaal
Loch Maddy
Loch Boisdale
Loch Eynort
Loch Eport
Loch Carnan
Loch Skiport
Loch Aline
Loch Sunart
Loch Shiel
Loch Arkaig
Loch Lochy
Loch Oich
Loch Garry
Loch Rannoch
Loch Tay
Loch Earn
Loch Leven
Loch Ken
Loch Doon
Loch Trool
Loch Dee
Loch Skerrow
Loch Ryan
Loch Long
Loch Goil
Loch Striven
Loch Ranza
Loch Tarbert
Loch Gruinart
Loch Indaal
Loch Swilly
Loch Foyle
Loch Erne
Loch Gill
Loch Conn
Loch Mask
Loch Corrib
Loch Derg
Loch Ree
Loch Allen
Loch Gara
Loch Arrow
Loch Key
Loch Melvin
Loch Macnean
Loch Ennell
Loch Owel
Loch Ennell
Loch Iron
Loch Ennell
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ASK A FORWARD ABOUT A BACK

"'Tis the same the whole world over.
It's the forwards what gets the blame.
It's the backs what gets the gravy.
Ain't it all a bloody shame."

Adaptation of an Old Rugby Verse
by the Marquette Old Boys

"If any of those little guys gets in our way, he increases his possibilities of sustaining a contusion with a slight hematoma."

Doc Mike Swank, Prop.

"You want me to play what?! You're crazy — Put me back with the forwards, where the action is."

Pres. Tim Lawler, Wing Forward

"Wily little bastards that they are."

The Ostrich about the Snake
from "Wild West Show"

"The only skills a back has are to delegate all the responsibility, shift all the blame, and appropriate all the credit."

Dan Jones, Second Row

"If he can dance, put him with the backs. If he can dance and sing, let him lead our parties."

Tom Drysdale, Third Row, Hooker,
Winger, & Prop

I never met a back I didn't like (too loose ruck).

Paul "Mongo" Hoynes, Old Boys Hooker

ASK A BACK ABOUT A FORWARD

"A mindless clod, of that size, wandering the earth, could be dangerous."

Chuck Coakley, Winger

"If you don't know what you are; you are a forward."

Joe Kloiber, Fly-Half

"Hulking forwards who never have scored a try in their lives will boom detailed instructions on how to perform a scissors movement."

Michael Green

"I don't know what effect these men will have upon the enemy, but By God, they terrify me."

Duke of Wellington
(after reviewing his troops)

"Any fool can win by running faster and tackling harder than the opposition. It takes brains to win without over-indulging yourself physically."

The Art of Coarse Rugby

"You mean someone big . . . . and fast?!"

Big Joe McCook, Hovering Back

"Get it out to the backs!!!"

Mike Landry

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For references! Consult Article Below.

DOCTORS HELPLESS TO STOP FARTING

MINNEAPOLIS—Despite repeated tests and experiments on a "windy" Minnesota man, modern science has failed in an attempt to find a cure for excessive "noxious emissions" from the human body.

According to the New England Journal of Medicine, the Minnesota patient had a five-year history of "excessive flatus" or gas passing.

On a normal day, the man had 34 such anti-social "exhalations," so he decided to turn to medical researchers at the University of Minnesota for help.

The doctors tried numerous approaches to the man's problem including X rays, chromatography and endoscopy. Suspecting that milk in his diet might be creating malicious bacteria, the doctors fed him nothing but milk for two days to see if it would increase his gaseous productivity. It did. Before long, the man was passing gas 141 times a day, including a record-breaking four-hour siege in which he "broke wind" no less than 70 times.

But when doctors gave the man a milk-free diet, it provided only partial relief, reducing his daily "exhalations" to an average of 25. That's still twice the average rate among members of a scientific control group.

The Minnesota medical team now says that more research is needed. Despite the gains made by modern science, the doctors say, there is a surprising paucity of data on the whole subject of flatulence.

According to the New England Journal of Medicine, the patient is continuing his private search for a gas-free diet, but—so far—he has had "not a whiff of success."

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Keep on Ruckin'

Doug and Joanne Bowring



"I am a Harlequin!!!"



"Cut off me legs & call me shorty"



Today's contest: Find the hidden backs



Hide the weenie . . . .



AAyeeee!!!



OR IS THIS A MUG!!!



THE RIGHT WAY



THE OTHER RIGHT WAY

HARLEQUIN AWARDS BANQUET

Again, as in our first year, the Harlequins held an Awards Banquet. Not unlike 1976, this years affair was enjoyed by all. From an ample beverage supply to an abundance of humor and verse, the club socialized expertly once again.

On the agenda were cocktails, dinner, and serious and not-so-serious Awards. The serious Awards which are presented each year include:

Rugger of the Year
1975 Joe Kloiber
1976 Joe McCook

Most Valuable Back
1975 Jim Lawler
1976 Joe Kloiber

Most Valuable Forward
1975 Joe McCook
1976 Joe McCook

Most Improved Player
1975 Not Awarded
1976 Dave Brienzo

Rookie of the Year
1975 Mike Landry - Jim Orban
1976 Dave Brienzo

Join the Club and join us for a Banquet. It's a great time.



Notice Steve —
Our Token Milwaukee Guest



I wonder what she's doing to him.



Contest Picture No. 2: Count the Backs.



To captivate them,the speaker must be good.



"Weee–All queers together . . . ."



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INJURY PREVENTION
By Dr. J. Schell

A three part study on Soccer, American Football and Rugby by the sports department of the Pittsburgh Post Gazette, —— November, 1975, revealed a number of interesting facts about these three popular outdoor sports. One segment of the series discussed the frequency of injuries in these three activities and the methods of prevention. Although the types of injuries common to each sport differ, there is an agreement among the experts as to how to help prevent serious injuries from recurring. This article discusses some of those injuries common to Rugby and a method of how to prevent them. I don't guarantee that after reading this summary ruggers who follow its advice will be immune to serious injury in the upcoming season, but I do feel that my suggestion can help one to avoid getting hurt unnecessarily.

What are the most frequent injuries in our beloved sport of Rugby? Abrasions, bruises, and an occasional jolt in the most sensitive parts of our anatomy, which temporarily paralyzes us and forces a tear or two, are the usual hurts, but they rarely prevent a hardy soul from abstaining from the activities on the pitch. There are, however, a number of injuries that occur quite frequently among Rugby players that are serious enough to render a rugger inactive. Shoulder separations, broken, sprained or wrenched bone joints and severe muscle pulls plague the members of most clubs during their Spring and Fall seasons. According to the Pittsburgh study, one out of every four ruggers suffer one of those serious ailments in a year. Due to the nature of the game of Rugby, the most unpredictable and relatively unavoidable injury is the shoulder separation. One can be in the top of his or her condition and still be afflicted, in various degrees of severity, by a shoulder separation. Fortunately, the frequency of this injury is not as great as bone joint or muscle injuries. As Rugby grows in popularity and participation, many are concerned as to the possible steps that can be taken to prevent these serious injuries from recurring. Training and conditioning are the keys to keeping team members healthy and maintaining a successful season.

Each rugger has his or her own ways of preparing for a season and maintaining their health as the season progresses. Strength conditioning, like weight-lifting and rigorous exercising, is an important training method; but by itself, strength conditioning for Rugby is worthless. Strength conditioning plus endurance training, like distance running and sprinting, are the most popular and seemingly effective modes of preparing for and exercising during a given season. For me, these two methods, together, are good but not good enough. Serious and conscientious stretching exercise, in addition to the other two, is, in my estimation, absolutely necessary for a complete training and injury preventing program for Rugby playing; and the Pittsburgh study backs my belief.

Again, because of the nature of the sport, Rugby produces the common serious injuries through uncommon methods. From loose rucks, collapsed scrums and jolting tackles and tumbles, joints and muscles are bent or pulled or jammed in directions that the common person's anatomy refuses to go; therefore, it is up to the individual to condition those muscles and joints to become more flexible in order that they bend with the demands of relentless Rugby tactics. Stretching out the old thigh muscles or bending the back a minute or two before a workout or a game is not sufficient. One should spend ten minutes, or more, before practice and at least twice that amount of time before a game exclusively loosening up the muscles and flexing the joints. According to the Pittsburgh study, stretching and loosening exercises are the single most important methods of injury prevention to muscles and joints in Rugby, Soccer, and Football, when rigorously and regularly applied.

The process of flexibility exercising is relatively simple and the results are quite rewarding. Bending, stretching, twisting and pulling, in progressive stages, are basic exercising techniques. If correctly and regularly applied, a loose and flexible anatomy not only prevents serious injuries to joints and muscles, but also reaps benefits, tenfold, for both forwards and wings. Stretching and flexibility produces agility. Forwards, who are traditionally characterized as ungraceful, condemned to the chaos of the pack, can, through the agility acquired by serious stretching conditioning, improve their balance in the scrum and their ability to break away from it. Wingers discover an extra maneuverability, through flexibility training, which improves their speed and elusiveness by reducing rigidity in their running muscles and joints.

Stretching conditioning is beneficial, as an injury preventative method and as performance improvement method. All in all, conscientious stretching and loosening conditioning can improve a rugger's performance both on and off the field.

Signed,

Dr. J. S.

GENTLEMEN OF BRADFORD HOUSE

In August of 1975 the Harlequins were formed. Gathered on the practice pitch that first day were a few experienced ruggers as well as the louts pictured - the gentlemen of Bradford House.

No more unlikely group could have joined in an ambitious, athletic endeavor such as developing a rugby football club. The expertize of these chaps for the most part could be found in other areas - oh yes!

They positioned themselves for some time on Milwaukee's stately east side in a baronial, English Tudor home. The Bradford House became renowned for parties of class and distinction as well as bawdy and down right exciting. All activities at the BH were co-ed since "hosing" became the specialty of the House. Rugby and fitness just didn't exist.

Then one day through the encouragement of Peaches the other three lads decided to slip on a pair of rugby boots and "get fit". Zipper did so probably as a frustrated football player with nowhere to play. Basketball just didn't wet his appetite for contact (unless it was with the Milwaukee RFC).

Duff joined the group with a unique athletic background for rugby - he was a swimmer for Indiana University. He thought he would become the club photographer but ended up playing almost every position in the pack as well as the backfield.

Peaches, however, had the proper background, four years of rugby at Western Michigan University. It must have paid off since he eventually distinguished the group by being awarded the "Harlequin Mug" for overall club contributions, on and off the pitch.

Karl's background was not rugby, but he did possess an attribute that came in handy - speed. This he developed through track while serving in the Air Force (I mean Luftwaffe'). He's very proud of his track metals. Each one was bestowed on him by the Kaiser himself.



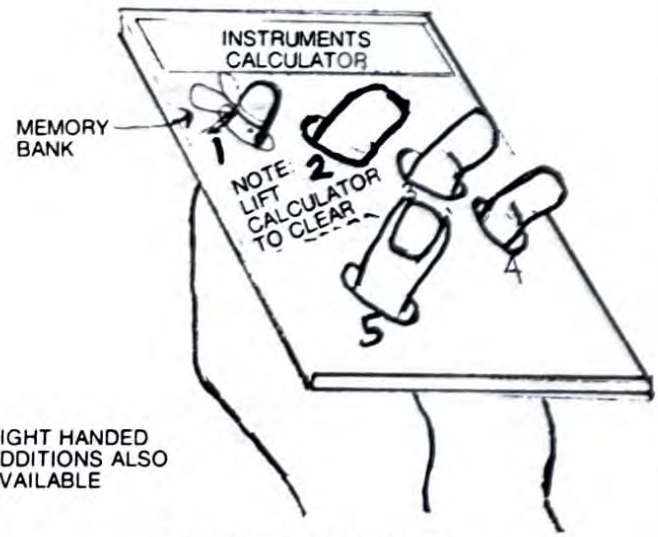
(Zipper, Duff, Peaches, Karl)

Regardless of the backgrounds, each one joined, contributed, and are glad they did. They may play a ruffians game, but each one is a gentleman. Rugby has changed their life to one of fitness and refinement. Peaches now resides in Kansas City, but almost any evening you will find the remaining gentlemen of Bradford House at home (after practice). You'll probably find Zipper quietly committing to memory various verses of the Bible. Duff will be in his dark room creating beautiful things through photography (or choking his chicken). And most of the time you'll find Karl vigorously studying his text - he still has problems with the alphabet.

It's also reported that they still have a glass of ale now and then, but that's only on birthdays or very special occasions.

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Rugby: The Ruffians Game, Played By Gentlemen

"When in Rome Do as the Romans, Make the Sign . . ."

"If you can't lick 'em, join 'em!" goes the oft-repeated quote. If your husband or boyfriend plays rugby, believe me, you *can't* lick him, so you might as well join in.

Too many wives and sweethearts make the big mistake of staying home during the rugby season. They don't realize what they are missing. They could be watching a player-doctor stitch up his teammates' wounds on a pool table, or the entire Indiana pack tramp through a party singing "Heigh-ho" — in their birthday suits.

Rugby players love to sing at parties, and after 3 or 4 of them any girl can learn to keep her composure through all the lyrics of "Rodriguez the Mexican Pervert." After that the problem is to maintain her femininty and refrain from singing along.

A rugby game can be a delightful way to spend an afternoon. There is always plenty of room on the sidelines for the children and dogs to romp; and the more girls that come, the livelier the conversation becomes.

A new social life opens up to the girl who insists on going along with her rugger. After just a year, friendships form with visiting club members that often last for years, because once a rugby player starts playing, he quits only when age forces him to quit.

Finally, if a girl takes the time to learn about the sport her fellow has stuck her with, she'll be the most appreciated companion he's ever had. A guy's ego gets a big boost if his girl notices and remembers those key tackles and long runs, as well as forgetting the mistakes. Besides which, she'll have a fascinating new topic to discuss, as well as the opportunity to travel. And for 4 months out of the year she'll never have to spend a Saturday with nothing to do.

(Please Julie, Joe's got a big head as it is.)

Julie Kloiber

The MU Old Boys Toast the Harlequins



For a Good Game, a Good Party — But Beware! We'll Be Laying for You this August

Good Luck on the Year Except Against Us

The Editors of this yearbook hereby wish to thank themselves both collectively and individually for efforts put forth in this our first attempted production, especially the staff:

Dan Jones, Editor in Chief
Pat Lawler, Chief assistant to Chief
Tim Lawler, Chief of all Chiefs, as Chief of club

Zip Zimmermann, Jim Orban, Gab Landazuri & "The Duv"
Chief Helpers

And also a special thanks to our crack photographers Doug Hensley & Dan Brienzo

Thank you Lucy Franke for your modeling time as our Centerfold.

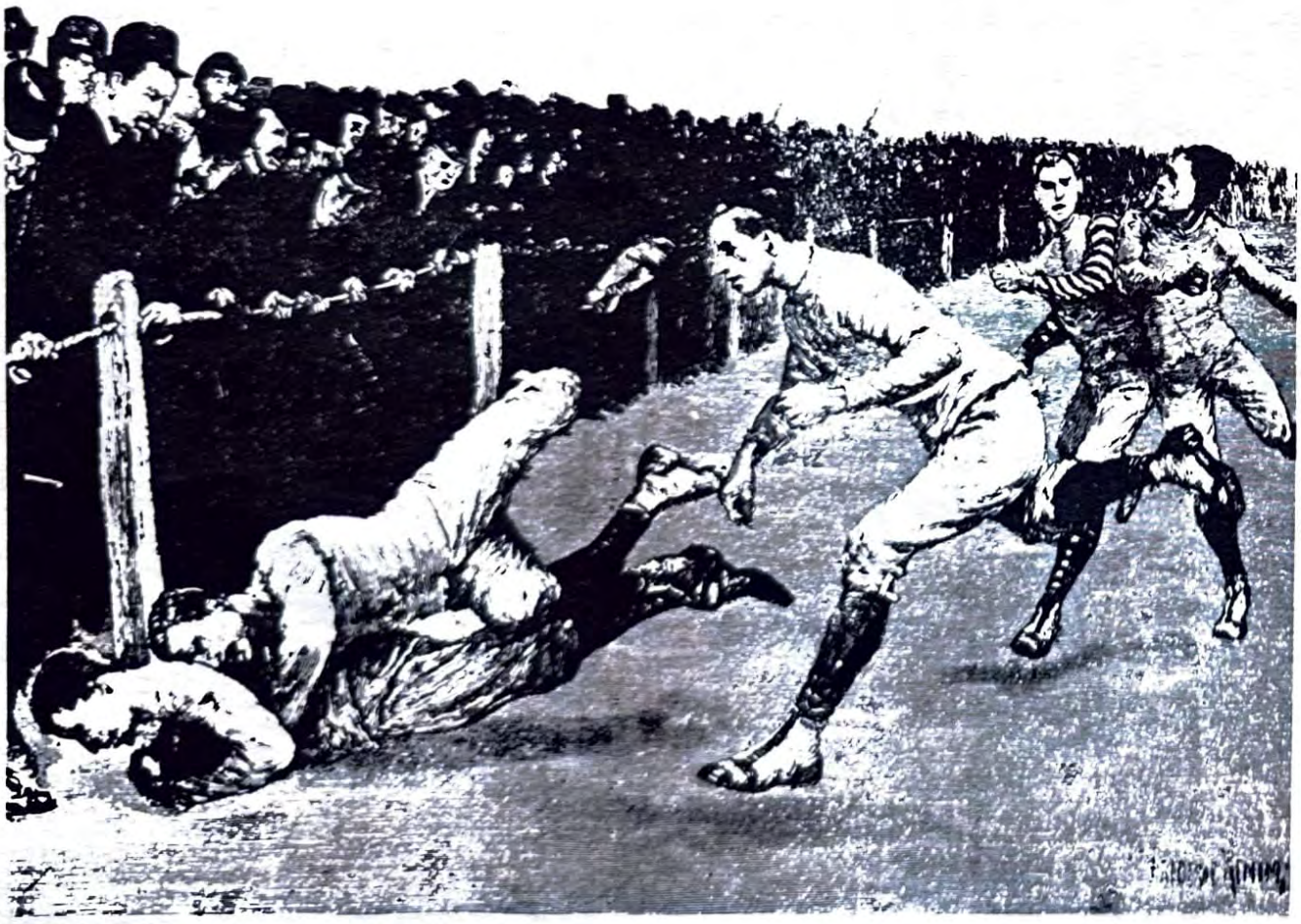
Thanks in general to Harlequins for articles submitted. Many hours were spent on what we hope is a job well done — Congrats!

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HEY HARLEQUINS,

WISH YOU A SMASHINGLY SUCCESSFUL 77!
(othern on the eastside of town)

And Have a Plunderful
Time on Your October Tour
Across the Pond!!

JOS. SAUER
(one of the other guys)

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There Comes A Time In Every Ruggers Life



"At my age, everything bends."

At a particular point in time, everyone associated with any activity is confronted with a variation of the question; "Are the efforts expended worth the return?" Rugby is no exception - albeit the efforts and returns are exceptional in their magnitude.

The thought processes required to answer the question begin with an examination of the circumstances that brought you into the sport. In my case, it was: a) a friend who had played and said it was a "tits game"; b) the backing of an oft-frequented pub; c) the dawning recognition of getting older and thus limiting the prospects of future physical flings; and d) it provided an alternative to other garnishments of life.

You quickly realize that the motivation was more than simply "A-B-C-D" and that you honestly do not know what convinced you to undertake an unknown sport that challenges you to exceed previous limits - possibly, therein lies the answer.

Then you start thinking about the efforts required to perform. At this juncture of analysis, age is of paramount concern. Before each new season, only two emotions can be present: great anticipation of the opportunity to distinguish yourself before your peers, or; the fear that you no longer are capable of reaching passable levels - "passable" being your own level of acceptance . . . there is a direct correlation between age and the emotion felt. The arguments between the mind and body are more frequent and of greater intensity: the mind says "Pop it over the defending winger, streak past him, catch it cleanly, and spurt the final 40 yards for an uncontested try; the body says "Bulls--t! I'll kick for touch and get a rest."

You also think of the drudgery of practice. The time requirements caused by dedication to the game. The constant pummeling of the turf by brittle, leaden, and unwilling legs. Palpitations of the heart, dizziness brought on by lack of oxygen to the brain, numbness through the shoulders, bruises slow in mending, aches, pains, blood, and the stiffness that never quite completely leaves . . . all working against the rhythmic glide once known.

You try to convince yourself that you could play adequate B-side without paying the price. But its futile to entertain those thoughts for any length of time. Rugby demands the best of what you are capable of offering — anything less is a travesty of a respected sport.

What rewards justify incessant punishment? Is it the contest and winning, the uninhibited parties, the being "fit", the handclapping camaraderie, hitting and being hit, the beer?, the songs?, putting on kit? It'tis all that . . . and more: the pat on the back - a common gesture - is magnified in importance by creating something to be remembered; the Quixotic attitude generated by being a member of a very small number of participants gives way to the idea that the game afforded you the chance to acquire friends through repeated contact. Finally, and to many the most important reward, proving to yourself that the objective you set has been accomplished . . . as soon as its done, you *know* it and you sit back and reflect that being able to say "I did it!" makes all the sacrifices worthwhile. The ambition may have come from compensating for past "failures" or just that you have never put yourself to the test in past years - whatever the reason, that feeling of exultation is part of the definition of Rugby.

The mind continues to meander through the pros and cons but the decision was reached long ago — I retire. Will I leave the game? Probably not . . . there are still the social aspects to consider. The temptation to play will come, undoubtedly, when I'm at a match and we're one man short on the B-side and someone says "We'll only play 25 minute halves" and, as fate would have it, the kit I brought in case someone else needed it, is still in the car. Damn! How can something that is, after all, just a game be so ingrained as to counter logic and physiological reality. ~~But I won't play. But, we'll see. I won't play. Perhaps.~~ I won't . . . won't . . . won't.

Doug "Duff" Hensley



"First in the Morning"
Sports Coverage in the
Milwaukee Sentinel



Big Eddie

Big Eddie was a prop, he was mean, tough and hard;
Backs ran right at him, but he wouldn't give a yard:
He weighed near on 220, and liked to get low and drive;
Them that met him head-on came back barely half alive.

His hands were like gorilla's, he had fingers like an ox;
At least ten teeth were missing (Eddie kept 'em in a box).
I've seen him deck a fly-half, leave the carcass for the crows;
Then stroll back to the scrum, blood pouring from his nose.

In 14 years of rugby this behemoth never scored:
That was his one ambition, to put points on the board.
He picked off a pass in college, when he played for dear ole State,
But as he neared the try-line, he was tackled at the eight.

His team, the Westside Harlequins, was an even chance to win;
All keyed up for the big match, each man uglier than sin.
Their coach, a tough old warthog, quickly filled each man with fear,
"Win this big one or else," he said, "You won't be back next year".

The "Harleys" trotted on the pitch, the crowd let out a roar;
That folks could hear in Greenfield, 'bout three miles away or more.

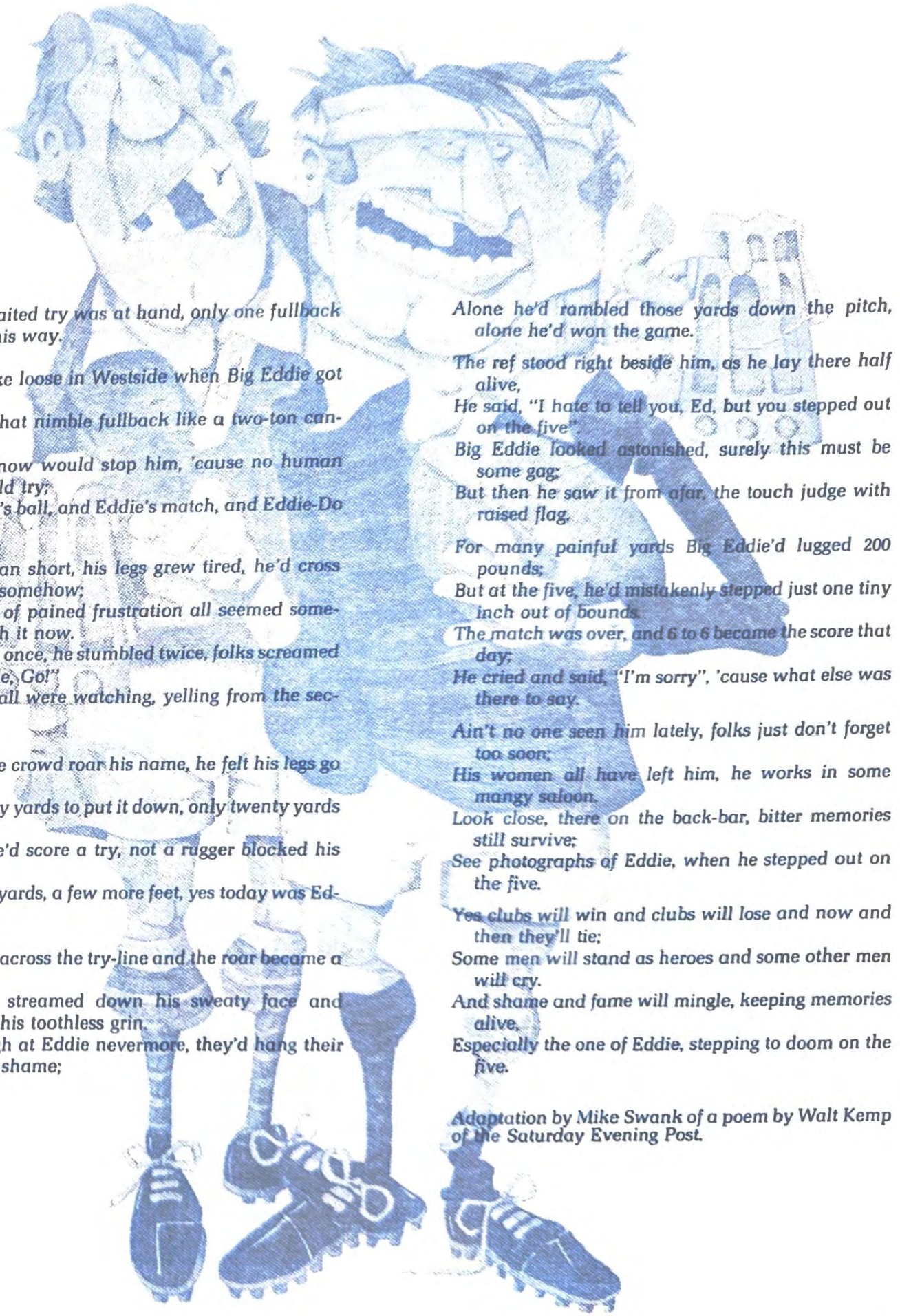
Their foes, the black and white, hadn't lost a single game,
And every Milwaukee rugger knew of Eddie's brutal fame.

As time ran out for Eddie and the score was 6 to 6;
He knew he had just minutes to get in his final licks.
Each club had lost key players, rain had turned the pitch to mud;
Big Eddie's wrist was broken, and his nose was filled with blood.

The ref had but 2 minutes left, Milwaukee had the ball;
What once was rugby had become a bloody free-for-all.
Their penalty man was ready, he had kept his club alive;
Each "Harley" knew he'd kill 'em from inside the thirty-five.

Milwaukee ran a scissors, and it was a scrum down at the eight;
A few more yards would do it, they were knocking at the gate.
The fly-half was a big dude, they all called him "Tricky Tom",
But Eddie nailed him on the line and watched the ball knock-on.

The hard shots and the stomping now addled Eddie's brain,
The endless years of trying, thirteen years of wracking pain.
The ball bounced up, he grabbed it, surely this was Eddie's day;



His long awaited try was at hand, only one fullback stood in his way.

All hell broke loose in Westside when Big Eddie got the ball;
He decked that nimble fullback like a two-ton cannonball.
No human now would stop him, 'cause no human now would try;
'Twas Eddie's ball, and Eddie's match, and Eddie-Do or Die.

His breath ran short, his legs grew tired, he'd cross that goal somehow;
Those years of pained frustration all seemed somehow worth it now.
He stumbled once, he stumbled twice, folks screamed "Go, Eddie, Go!"
His women all were watching, yelling from the second row.

He heard the crowd roar his name, he felt his legs go lame;
'Twas twenty yards to put it down, only twenty yards to fame.
This time he'd score a try, not a rugger blocked his way;
A few more yards, a few more feet, yes today was Eddie's day.

He plunged across the try-line and the roar became a din;
Huge tears streamed down his sweaty face and streaked his toothless grin.
They'd laugh at Eddie nevermore, they'd hang their heads in shame;
Alone he'd rambled those yards down the pitch, alone he'd won the game.

The ref stood right beside him, as he lay there half alive,
He said, "I hate to tell you, Ed, but you stepped out on the five"
Big Eddie looked astonished, surely this must be some gag;
But then he saw it from afar, the touch judge with raised flag.

For many painful yards Big Eddie'd lugged 200 pounds;
But at the five, he'd mistakenly stepped just one tiny inch out of bounds.
The match was over, and 6 to 6 became the score that day;
He cried and said, "I'm sorry", 'cause what else was there to say.

Ain't no one seen him lately, folks just don't forget too soon;
His women all have left him, he works in some mangy saloon.
Look close, there on the back-bar, bitter memories still survive;
See photographs of Eddie, when he stepped out on the five.

Yes clubs will win and clubs will lose and now and then they'll tie;
Some men will stand as heroes and some other men will cry.
And shame and fame will mingle, keeping memories alive,
Especially the one of Eddie, stepping to doom on the five.

Adaptation by Mike Swank of a poem by Walt Kemp of the Saturday Evening Post.



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(At Schlitz Tourney)

Standing Left to Right:
Dan Ackmann, Phil Japely, Mike Landry, Ken Baker, Jim Orban, Dan Jones, John Winderl, Don Zimmermann, Tim Lawler, Doug Hensley, Mike Bliick, Mark Gabrich, Tom Drysdale, Joe McCook, Mike Mooney, Joe Kloiber
Kneeling L-R
Chuck Coakley, Ken Kordus, Mike Swank, Bill McKeown, Dave Ackmann, Tim Walsh, John Jeffrey
Sitting L-R
Dave Brienzo, Al Japely, Jim Schell, Tim McNulty, Pat Lawler
Missing In Action!
Dan Brienzo, John Berg, Kevin Carter Ken Duvenick, Robin Gingery, Mark Grages, Tim Korfvec, Mark Krenek, Gabby Landazuri, Dan Lawler, Jim "Doc" Lawler, John Mejchar, Jeff Miller, Marty Mulgrew, Max McGee, Randy Percy, Frank Steffel

WESTSIDE HARLEQUINS

Rugby Football Club

2704 E. Bradford
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211

Dear Friends of the Harlequins

Rugby is coming! This is not to say that it hasn't been. On an international level, it is well established. On a national level, throughout the Midwest, in the State of Wisconsin and in Milwaukee, rugby is grabbing enthusiasts.

Clubs have cropped up all over; in the big cities and in the countrysides. It seems that the magnetic attraction of the game is not likely to escape anyone. The Harlequins are proud to be a part of this movement.

After a successful year and one-half of existence, the club anxiously looks forward to the year of 1977. We extend our thanks to all of those people who have aided the Harlequins in attaining this success.

We again ask for your support in this coming year to insure a bigger and brighter future for the club. Our goals for 1977 will be met because of your dedication to the future of the game of rugby, not only for the Harlequins but for the sport in general.

If you are not a member of the Harlequin Family, join us. We have much to offer, not only for ruggers, but for "social members" as well.

If you live in the Milwaukee area or are just here for a friendly match, please patronize our advertisers. They're some of the best people we know.

Sincerely,

T. J. Lawler
President

"A Ruffians Game: Played By Gentlemen"

HENRY W. MAIER
MAYOR

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
MILWAUKEE

An Open Letter to Milwaukee Sports Fans

There is an exciting game being played on the pitches of Milwaukee. A pitch is a field similar to a soccer field or football field; but I am talking about the game of rugby. It is a physical game, a challenging game, with all of the elements of sportsmanship that the player or spectator can ever hope to find.

Rugby is an international sport that fits perfectly into the Milwaukee environment, because we are the City of Summerfest, the Folk Fair, and a multitude of ethnic festivals.

I would urge everyone to support this growing sport. It is splendid entertainment.

Sincerely,

HENRY W. MAIER
Mayor



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Tom Drysdale
River Quay RF.C.
Kansas City, Missouri



Jim "Doc" Lawler

Honolulu, Hawaii



Good Luck!
and keep with it.

from
Kodric's Bar

on the new South Side
fifth street just south
of national



DATELINE:
Sunday, September 19, 1976
Kenosha, Wisconsin

Police here capped off an intensive 2½ minute investigation making the daring arrest of the hardened criminal identified only as "D.J." Subsequently, the suspect was booked and arraigned on three counts of "possession of an intoxicant off the premises" (big fine). The convicts legal adviser permitted him only brief comment to the press. "One for the road," was his only retort.

This important bust was however at one time both successful and yet a disappointment to the crack enforcement team, as one other man was fortunate in making his escape from their clutches. The expert witness officers gathered with local department composite artists to come up with this rendering of the fugitive at large:

Do not try to apprehend this dangerous, curly-haired fiend; if sighted, notify local police as he is likely to be armed with an intoxicating beverage.

ROSTER

NAME/POSITION	OCCUPATION	AGE	YRS. PLAYED
Joe Kloiber/Centre	Pharmacist	32	14
Ken McKay/Wing-Forward	Traffic-Control-Airport	27	13
Jim Schell/Centre	Student	27	10
Mike Clark/Wing Forward	Executive	30	9
Mike Bliick/2nd Row	Physician	32	9
Mark Pfaller/Centre	Architect	29	6
Dan Jones/2nd Row	Sales	25	5
Joe McCook/8th Man	Philosopher	25	5
Al Japely/Scrum Half	Truck Driver	25	5
Tim Lawler/Wing Forward	Village Idiot	22	4
Jim Lawler	Orthopedic Surgeon	28	6
Martin Mulgrew/Prop	Medical Technologist	25	4
Tim Walsh/Prop	Med. Student	26	4
Gab Landazuri/Wing Forward	City Traffic	28	4
Tom Drysdale/Utility man	Sales	30	5
Chuck Coakley/Winger	Sales	24	6
Phil Japely/Winger	Student	21	1
Mike Swank/Prop	Physician	32	11
Dave Ackmann/Wing Forward	Ceramics	24	2
Dan Ackmann/Prop	Ceramics	22	2
John Jeffrey/Wing Forward	Welder	28	2
Zip Zimmermann/Fly-Half	Credit Mgr.	35	2
John Winderl/Winger	Attorney	29	2
Tim McNulty/Fullback	Machine Operator	22	2
Kevin Carter/Centre	Student	22	2
Mike Landry/Centre	Service Station Mgr.	24	2
Robin Gingery/8th man	Research Tech	27	2
Jim Orban/Wing Forward	Steel Worker	28	2
Dave Brienzo/Scrum Half	Paper Boy	29	2
Ken Duveneck/Wing Forward	Truck Driver	22	2
Mark Grages/2nd Row	Paint Mixologist	26	2
Duff Hensley/8th Man	Credit Mgr.	33	2
Mike Mooney/Centre	Sales	25	2
Ken Kordus/Hooker	Accountant	26	1
Mark Krenek/2nd Row	Construction	25	1
Bob Garcia/Winger	Wet Back	28	1
Dan Brienzo/Hooker	Educator	30	2
Joe Landry/Centre	Student	20	1
Pat Lawler/Centre	Sales	25	1
Ken Baker/Prop	Tall Speedster	38	1
Tim Korfvec/Centre	Machine Operator	23	1
Tom Lindloff/Hooker	Student	24	1
John Berg/Centre	Student	24	1
John Meschar/Prop	Student	24	1
Derry Hegarty	Professional Irishman	42	1/4

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Rick Fronberry	Sales	25
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Frank Steffel	Med. Tech	29
Pat Dineen	Student	25