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Second Wind

○ ISSUE 3 ○ NOVEMBER 2011

BRINGING TOGETHER THE ALUMNI AND FRIENDS OF THE TORONTO SCOTTISH R.F.C.

Christmas Luncheon

The luncheon will be held on Friday, December 16th at the **Duke of Kent** (upstairs)

Cost: \$40/person

Time: Noon for 1PM seating

The luncheon is open to all members of the club and alumni and invited guests...

Special Guest Speaker: Ian Rugeroni

Please reserve your tickets by return email to alumni@torontoscottish.ca or by contacting Michael Homer at 416-707-6774

Annual General Meeting

The Toronto Scottish RFC AGM will be held on January 19, 2012 at the Duke of Kent from 7pm to 9pm.

All paid up members (alumni, playing and life) are invited to attend and participate.



Season in review...

President's Message

Men Section

The men's league was a surprising difficult league to play in this year. The parity in the league was evident as every team defeated each other and it was a tight race to avoid relegation. The only team that was in the clear was the Balmy Beach Club who went a perfect 14-0 this season. I equate their success to having the Ontario Blues head coach a part of their men's program and attracting quality talent from across Ontario.

That being said, the rest of the teams in the league were in a "dog fight" to stay in the Premiership division. The teams in 2nd to 8th were all separated by 9 points, so every win and bonus points were important on a weekly basis.

The final season standing ended up as follows:

Balmy Beach (14-0) = 66pts
Aurora Barbs (8-6) = 38 pts
Oakville Cru (6-8) = 34 pts
Markham Irish (6-7-1) = 32 pts
Toronto Scottish (6-8) = 30 pts
Brantford Harlequins (4-9) = 30 pts
Stoney Creek (5-9) = 29 pts
London St. George (6-8) = 29 pts

The club entered into the first round of the McCormick Cup against division 2 team Peterborough Pagans. The final result was 46-24 for the Scottish, but the Pagans did give the club a bit of a scare with their typical heavy pack and strong ball runners. The Scottish were able to pull away on the scoreboard with creative, experienced backs and strong loose play from our pack. Experience and aggression around the rucks showed to be the real difference in the game.

The 2nd round of the McCormick Cup had the men playing against longtime rivals and newly merged Markham Irish Canadians at Fletchers Field. Losing the two league games gave the squad an emotional push for victory, alas, after playing over 144mins of rugby and having two tries called back on marginal calls, the men lost on a mental lapse. Final score 16-11.

The McCormick Cup was eventually won by the league champs, The Balmy Beach Club who retained their undefeated record which they carried on into the cup run with a tight win over last year's cup champions the Aurora Barbarians.

Women Section

The women's program continues to be their dominant selves as they cruised to another league and cup title. Both the 1s and 2s retained their trophies but not without a scare.

This year the finals were a lot closer than the past years and the women's 1st XV team won by a mere 3 points.

The highlight of the women's club was the injection of youth to the team, solely due to establishing a junior program and carrying on training sessions throughout the summer.

It is the hope that we can continue to run a junior side and continue to feed players to the women's senior program as this gender has shown signs of attrition and Ontario rugby is in the midst of losing their player base due to aging players.

Aside from the club side, the Scottish women wore their club's crest with pride while representing their country. This year the women had **five** players representing Canada from the u18 to the senior level side.

RAHIM DHARAMSI - PRESIDENT
TORONTO SCOTTISH RFC



SECOND WIND

The Second Wind and the Blast have been our effort to provide vehicle for communication of club news as well as some sorted stories from the alumni around the world. The feedback has been positive even though we have not been able to provide a consistent and timely schedule for the editions.

Many, many members have provided ideas and suggestions how to make it better and more informative. All of the commentary has been supportive and positive in nature and we would want nothing more than implement the ideas brought forward. The problems we have are resources and time. Until we have a few more "volunteers" it is dependent on a very few to pull together the stories and get the information out to the members.

The above does not mean we will stop making the effort, rather a call for assistance for the upcoming year. Anyone willing to lend a hand is welcome. Please contact Michael Homer if interested.

On another note, we have finally been able to pull together the various mailing lists individuals have been using over the years. We enlisted some help and are in the final stages of having a complete database of names and email addresses for our communications. Steve McLeod, our web master, has been instrumental in pulling this along with the Second Wind together for us great work Steve!

M. HOMER

HAL UPDATE

A few members turned out at the Granite Brew Pub on Mt Pleasant recently to celebrate Hal's birthday. He is continuing physiotherapy and is now attending a walking clinic, 3 times a week at Baycrest.

Bairbre Matthews continues to stay in close contact with Hal to ensure he has the support required and the fund provides financial aid as required.

Hal is planning to attend the Alumni Christmas Lunch on Friday Dec 16th at the Duke of Kent.



OLD BLUE

The Old Blue have played two games so far this season. The first outing brought 15 players to Ashbridges Bay to play against the Nomads, as part of their Club Day (complete with champagne and strawberries). Final score was something like 5 tries to 3 for the good guys, and was reportedly just as fun to play as it was to watch. I think that means there were no debilitating injuries, which was good since we had no subs. A few of the more memorable moments of the game included:

Jerry Marriott's tip-toe technique in the line-outs.

- Boyo's "I forgot I wasn't 18 anymore" rushing down a kicker.
- Marty's slow-motion-sprints to score 2 first half tries.
- Mark Hamilton's "just 10 more yards!"
- Jerry Murray, well, just looking far too fit for a man of his age.
- Colin's "please Karen, may I play?"

The next Old Blue game was held on Sunday, July 17th, one of the hottest days on record. The old blue kicked off to the Markham Grey Hares. 10 Old Blue braved the heat and we borrowed two players from the other sideline. The first five minutes showed levels of intensity from both sides that one would find on any given Saturday at Fletcher's, then reality kicked-in as we realized we had another 55 minutes to play. Some of the more memorable moments included:

- Spender's sneaky kick off to the slow-to-the-mark Grey Hares and running in from center field to score.
- Boyo's soccer kicks from our own twenty-two to finally drop on the ball and score.
- Young Redding's punishing run -- tossing off all defenders (*editor: this was Jackson's turn of phrase*) -- and bull dozing through the try line.
- After a mere decade in absentia, dazzling everyone on the field with his forward skills was, none other than, "Zip-Zip" Angus Lloyd. (Welcome back)

All in all it was a great afternoon for both the Scottish and The Markham Grey Hares and on the final whistle the Scottish racked up another victory. The score is forgotten (emphasis on OLD Blue, for crying out loud) but it was many a Scottish try to barely a couple of Markham's.

Support continues to grow for our over-35s. Get in touch if you want to be added to the Old Blue roster.

JASON LEWIS & JACKSON STAFFORD

Reflections of a Rugby Player

Submitted by Roger Swinburn

Why do we do it? For the rugby, the laughs, the sport, the touring and the friendships, oh and of course the drinking, but no more mention of that. I came to Canada in 1975 all but retired as a rugby player and ended up being both Captain and President of the Scottish.

I'll try and share some of the memories that came flooding back when I started to think about the last quarter century and hope that you chuckle or nod approvingly (in the right places).

On the rugby side we were very good in the late seventies with a great blend of Canadians and ex-pats playing. This good spell came after a desperate start to the 1976 season where we lost the first 6 league games. Then we started flying Mason in from Montreal each weekend and managed to win 10 or so games in a row. Our best result during that period was in winning the Eastern Canada championship in the snow, sleet and howling winds of Quebec. I forget which year. On the train journey up to Montreal (one of many unforgettable train journeys to Montreal) Stuey Taylor learned repeatedly that as a 16 year old playing his first game with the First XV he was not to pass ever in the game. He did just that never passing and creating (by way of a kick) a try for Knock On's brother – the only score of the game.

Our other hero that day was Chris Wheeler whose head high, short arm tackle (his one and only tackle, ever) leveled an opposition player just before the goal line and right in front of the posts. The referee, blissfully unaware that Wheeler could not have tackled him fairly had he wanted to, quite rightly awarded a penalty kick rather than a penalty try. The wind did the rest, the kick to tie the game didn't even reach the goal line and we were the Champions. (Tries were worth 3 points back then)

After the game there was no hot water and vigorous rub downs with towels served as showers, and several of the opposition were shipped off to hospital with hypothermia. The evening was a blur.

Part of the pleasure of that time was the camaraderie within the Club, charm and humour were everywhere, the Club constantly tried to over-achieve and often did, and the worst part was getting people to train. With high competition for places on the team I was able to put a 'no train, no play' rule into effect. Dennys Van Fleet turned up at Chaplin Crescent, the practice field with no kit – when challenged he said that he had been to the Doctor's who had diagnosed him with an acute allergy to grass. Expressing my disappointment I said that's a great shame as we had a big game coming up on Saturday. Dennys calmly interjected that's not a problem the Doc said I could still go on grass but only once a week.

Looking back over the players that I watched and played with, I was astounded at Doug Payne's speed, Shillingford's commitment of his body with no regard for anything, Mason's tackling, Mackay's drive, Kintzki playing a whole season at full back and not dropping one ball, Tony Davin's ability to run at all yet alone prop, Scotford's boot, the sheer power and rucking ferocity of the forwards on the Championship team and the McCreight brothers (Knock On & Knock On's brother).

Several major personal disappointments stay with me, the dressing room after our loss to the Saracens in the Carling Cup final and Jimmy Reatchlous' tears after the game summed it up. Two referee assertion penalties in the first few minutes overcame massive

possession and territorial dominance later. The message remains the same if you can't kick your goals and hold your scoring passes you don't win. The Nelson Street affair was a real low which sapped a lot more than the energies of the entire Club. The Ontario loss to BC by 2 points when I put Club before Province the week before the Carling Cup Final and they struggled to win any ball at scrum and line out – exactly where I could have contributed. And finally not pushing harder for the Bayview extension playing field for the Club which at the time of writing remained an unused resource in the downtown vicinity. Fletcher's Field gave rugby a wonderful start in Toronto, but it never allowed it to achieve the full potential.

Having retired for a couple of years I came out just to Captain a 3rd XV made up of young players who needed to learn and several (very good) old players who wanted to teach and definitely did not want to play higher. David Sole was one of those youngsters who started out in that team but apparently learned too quickly! The final game of what I remember (somewhat conveniently and romantically) as an unbeaten season was against the Saracens. They were strong and also unbeaten, our backs were awesome, we had the ball about 9 times and won 45-0. Afterwards the dressing room was closed and off limits to all but the players unless you contributed a bottle of champagne to the team. We were inundated and had to share our spoils with the Saracens! How we got home I'll never know.

After that some of those older players trundled out albeit infrequently for the Old Blue. The intensity and ferociousness of a bunch of 40 year olds in the game against the Irish at Sunnybrook in the early eighties was astounding. Players on both sides who had played in a Carling Cup final many years earlier between the same teams said that game was much tougher than the final itself. Malcolm Brooks on that same field had the silliest injury I can recall when he dived for the try line as if he was diving to start a freestyle swim event with no-one within 20 yards of him. He never did that when he played rugby regularly, he broke his collar bone and never set foot on a field again!

The memories of the Old Blue and touring merge together with no clear delineation between them, just as the stories that are told of these events change from teller to teller so that now no-one can really remember what truly happened. It is probably just as well for denial becomes quite acceptable on those grounds and the stories continue to improve with the retelling. My personal pleasure comes from hearing how people have integrated themselves into stories that they were never in when they happened – I am as guilty as Geddis in this regard. Who would really believe the story of Pete McBride hanging from a sixteenth floor balcony before being brought back to stable footing by Iain Mackay's assertive threat that is was his round and he'd better get 'em in or he'd suffer! And how someone spots McBride's naked toe sticking out of the snow in Collingwood at 3am on his way to bed in the adjacent chalet is a marvel in itself.

Continued on next page...



LOOKING AHEAD TSRFC 60TH ANNIVERSARY

Still looking from applicants for the 60th Anniversary Committee. Looking across all eras from applicants.

Please contact Michael Homer or reply to alumni@torontoscottish.ca

TSRFC WOMEN 20TH ANNIVERSARY

Next year will the women's 20th anniversary!

Plans are being put in place for events to mark the occasion.

PAYMENT INSTRUCTIONS

Cheque:

Please mail your cheques to:
Bob Webb c/o IT Works Co
8901 Woodbine Avenue, Suite 201, Markham,
ON
L3P 9Y4

Interac-eTransfer:

Please email your payment to:
alumpayment@torontoscottish.ca

Credit Card / Paypal:

Please visit the Toronto Scottish website to pay via
this method: www.torontoscottish.ca

...Reflections of a Rugby Player continued.

The try scored by the 16 men in Vancouver was a gem and the only penalty was that someone had to leave the field – the try counted but we still lost. In New York playing against Les Vieux from Manhattan we ran a 'ball up the jersey' play with everyone running in different directions. Les Vieux were tres confusee. Unfortunately we gave the ball to Foster who once he got over the goal line didn't understand falling on the ball while it was inside your shirt was still a try. You don't have to get it out first! The Mystery tour to Nashville showed that brilliance can come from nothing. It started well with Bill Greenhalgh, then a NorTel VP, visiting Nashville twice in the same day as he left a meeting there early just to make sure he made the tour flight out of Toronto only to go back to Nashville. Well the mystery location could have been Barbados. It ended with Garrett Herman's arrest, as we boarded the return flight, for carrying a grenade which he had purchased earlier from the US military shop on Fort Campbell. Everything else in between was of the same ilk with Clarence Carter's Strokin' becoming a worthy tour song.

Was the Parker House Hotel administration in Boston ever the same after Douggie Crawford thwarted all their security efforts over four days and stole the 4 foot high chocolate Easter Egg from under their noses? Register's entry into The Rusty Scupper and Douggie's shy acknowledgement of his outrageous feat remains an undimmed memory. I am sure that Easter was much better at Boston Sick Kids Hospital as a result.

The 25th year celebrations and the tours of 1978 both into and out of Toronto were incredible – my recollection is that we were 'on tour' that year for about 40 days! Wasps, London Scottish, England under 23, Moseley among others came in and we went to Vancouver, San Francisco & Albuquerque. Ask Stafford about the San Fran taxi driver and Mike Williams about the few days after he ate Robbie Thompson's 'special cake' in Albuquerque. The 25th weekend celebrations proved that in those days when you couldn't get a drink in Toronto on a Sunday you really could if you held an international event on Federal property. One tip when you have several thousand spectators at a game on a hot summer's day make sure you have more than 20 cases of beer on hand to quench their thirst. The Molson's rep was mortified to find this out on the day; their refrigerated truck would have been a financial godsend to the Club. But then without the Scottish penchant for over achievement we would never have had the black tie Champagne Brunch during the game on cup final day at Fletcher's Field. We may have upset a lot of people that day but they all so desperately wanted to be invited to be there.

Also during the late seventies as our rugby days were winding down we realized that our bodies were no longer able to withstand the rigours of a rugby game so our thoughts turned to more gentle or possibly genteel sports. First a cricket team was formed and then several players turned to croquet, some even achieving Canadian rankings, and quite high ones.

Using equipment cobbled together from basements, donations and trips back to the UK the cricket section was formed. Most of the team hadn't played for ten to fifteen years but with the bare minimum of practice we embarked on a season of a half dozen games against the likes of the Stragglers from the Cricket Club, the Leg Trap, York & Ajax along with the occasional touring side.

With fun, self abuse and conviviality being the main essentials of the Scottish game we soon became the team to play for social cricket.

In fact the Ajax fixture list was regularly printed up with "Party Night" alongside the Scottish game as testament to the outrageous bar games and frivolous fun that we always seemed to generate. Perhaps the most lingering memory from Ajax was the last 'drop' in the penny crapping game where the respective captains (Mason was ours) came to this final drop with 17 quarters apiece in our glasses and 5 left to drop. The captains retired to their respective dressing rooms for 'handicapping'.

The Ajax skipper came back clad solely in a jock strap and wicket keeping pads and Pete Mason emerged fully outfitted for snorkeling wearing huge flippers, snorkel and mask. The contest was decided by Tasker's remark that he now knew why his parents made him wash his hands after handling money. Both contestants involuntarily dropped their loads way short of the glasses as laughter and their handicaps overcame them.

Many memories abound from those games, among the many highlights were Arthur's gourmet teas at York, the father/son game where 4 sets of fathers & sons took the field and one, a 78 year old getting a couple of wickets with some wicked bowling. Norm Lee's nimbleness in the field when over 50 was a joy and the running confusion between Sevitt & Mason whenever they batted together was always a hilarious lowlight; and Roscoe Heilman's 7 wides in one over in Thailand still provides regular sport on home soil. Probably the biggest team cricket highlight was our win over Toronto Cricket who turned out their first XI in the limited overs evening league. This had started out as a fun league for occasional cricketers but became immensely competitive in the second year, we bowled out gracefully the next year.

When one reflects over this whole period of close to thirty years it becomes clear that the strongest part of the Scottish was the social bond and the collective tales of escapades. This has kept the Club going through all manners of ups & downs. How many other clubs have offered its members the Rugby Olympics, the Lake Coochiching Rugby training camp, the Burns Suppers, the car rally/scavenger hunts, Tasker's singing or Bob Watt's version of American Pie at 2am with Toronto's finest in attendance, Bill Findlater commandeering an OPP cruiser after his car inadvertently collided with a stationary vehicle on the 401, and the Dukes of Kent & York.

One is tempted to fall into a 'what if' or 'if only' conclusion but when I reflect on all that has happened in my quarter century with the club and what must have happened in the first 25 years I can only say "It's been a grand old team to play for". I trust that it will remain that way for many young (& old) men and women for at least the next fifty years.

Roger joined the club in the mid 70's after playing for the London Harlequins.

Roger was 1st XV Captain in 1978 and also played for Ontario.

Ode to the Prop

Submitted by Steve Seal, Calgary, Alberta

Props are the cornerstone of a rugby team. Let there be no misunderstanding, whilst the move is towards faster play, and hence more mobile and swifter players, you cannot play rugby union as it stands today without props. However, that is in a perfect world. On the other hand not everyone lives in a perfect world. For many third and fourth teams in clubs the situation is quite different. Some weeks they are awash with props, and so end up with a front row consisting of three props, a fourth in the second row and a fifth horribly drowning on the wing. Other weeks they have only one prop available and make do with a hooker propping for only the third time in his life or a spare centre making up the position. On these occasions a long and heated debate will take place whether the inexperienced player will play loose or tight.

Someone in the team always knows someone who knew a back that volunteered to play prop once and now spends his days mumbling into his soup and watching the birds on the lawn. The player will have a horrendous experience as by Murphy's Law his opponent will be a former international prop acting as coach to the opponents who fancied a game this week. He will consequently become disenchanted with rugby and fade out after a few more weeks and take up gardening or golf and suffer nightmares weekly for the rest of his life.

Props are not supposed to score tries. Those that do have either cheated or fallen over in the wrong place. If by some incredible fluke of luck a prop scores, he will spend the rest of his life describing in great detail the feat. Most props telling this tale will, however, not let on that when they scored their try it was worth three points.

Props must be the butt of everyone's jokes. They must also have at least a bit of a beer gut. They must be the slowest runners on the pitch (with possible exception of the referee if playing third team rugby). Everyone will take the piss out of props at every conceivable occasion. Equally, everyone will look to their props to sort out any argy-bargy and call upon them to lead the singing. All props must be able to drink at least 20 pints, including three of them in quick succession, all three drunk in less than 2.46 seconds (Olympic qualifying time).

Props are born, not made. That is why the only props that are left 20 years after they finished playing are those that played their entire life in the murky underworld of the front row. All those upstarts from the second row and back row who got too fat and slow in old age fade away after prolonging their careers for a couple of years by the insidious ploy of taking up propping.

Finally, props are wonderful people and should be nurtured. If you are a prop, be proud in the knowledge that your trade is a hard, unsung one, where success is worn inside, in the heart, unlike these flashy back row and fly half types. If you are not a prop, gaze upon them henceforth with awe, for these men are the salt of the earth. And buy them a pint!

Steve joined us shortly after coming over from Wales. He was 1st XV Captain in 1991. An incredibly talented, mobile prop!! (That coming from the hooker that played alongside him).

Who were the Men in Blue?

Follow up from our previous edition...



Toronto Scottish 1st XV 1985

Back Row:

Alan Adam, John Outridge, Duncan McLean, Kevin Pendreigh, Kenny McCarnan, Chris Burgess, Anatol Van Hahn, Michael Homer, Michael Williams, Adam Williamson, George Boire, Frank Harrop

Front Row:

John Miribelli, Bill Coleman, Mark Richardson, Malcolm Cox.

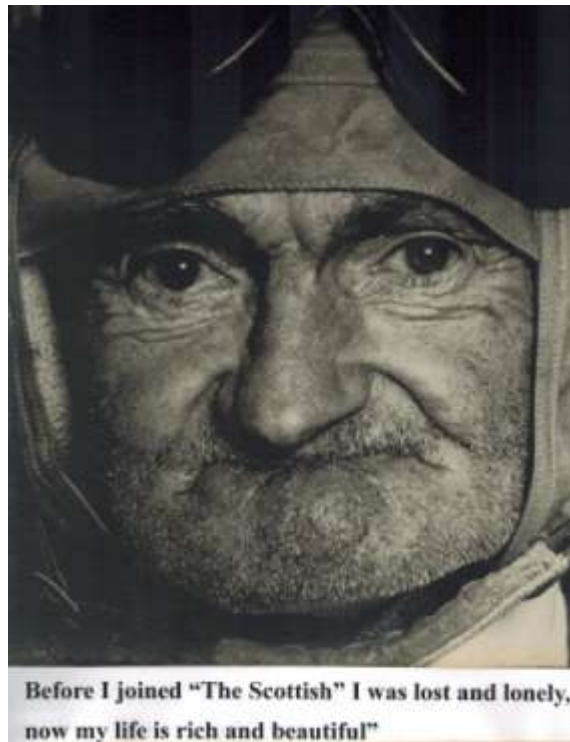
Can you name them?

Years and name...



For those old Collingwood skier's and general party types who go back to the sixties, they might remember where this originally came from "the Nomad's old winter residence known as the Kraal". Like me, I'm sure for some it brings back fond memories of cold winter nights, roaring log fires, cold beer and fierce dart competitions against the Nomad's.

SUBMITTED BY: **TONY GREENBANK**



The design and layout of the "Second Wind" newsletter by Steve McLeod.

Steve has also designed and created the new club website.

Email: smcleod@ceannndesign.com Website: www.ceannndesign.com