

Waple

WORLD™

*Your Source for Jingle Bells
and Cockle Shells*



Volume 1 Issue 7

December 1994

Breathtaking Interview with Power & Precision!

Waple. The Name. The Legend.

A History. Part Six.

This edition of Waple. The Name. The Legend. is sad, yet true. Let's travel back to the incident in our imaginations. Climb aboard the trolley to the Land of Make-Believe.

It was a day in 1991. I'm not sure just what day, but it was one of 365 days in 1991. The Wonderful Waple Brothers: Chic, Biff, and Chet were signed for a handicap match against one wily veteran, Dusty Wolf. Now, the brothers had been training for some time, oh I'd say a good five years, and they felt that winning a match of this caliber would shoot them straight to the top.

Any three-man tag team in their right minds would be nervous if they knew they would be facing one of the top competitors in the sport, Dusty Wolf, and that's a given. But Chet was terrified. He had to change his tights three times before the match. (He always brings spares for just such

an emergency). After he put on his fourth pair of tights, he decided he did not want to go through with this, so he went to hide.

Chet found an old duffel bag in the corner of the locker room and made himself at home. The poor little feller was shaking like a stick when you shake it at something. In this bag, he knew that he was safe; his brothers would not be able to find him, and he would not have to wrestle.

Needless to say, Chic and Biff were left to take on Mr. Wolf by themselves. Who could have ever imagined only two Waples taking on a name like Dusty Wolf. Biff passed out during a test of strength, and Chic was pinned when Biff fell on him. It was a massacre.

The night progressed and the matches continued. One match that was of particular interest was between Earthquake and Jake "The Snake" Roberts. Jake kept

taunting the big man with the bag which contained his giant snake, Damion and Earthquake was frightened. But after a while, Jake got tangled in the ropes and was helpless. Being able only to take the abuse of the fat guy, Earthquake brought the bag out into the center of the ring and did his little dance around it. Jake watched in horror as Earthquake jumped up and threw his butt-ugly butt on top of the bag and flattened its contents. Chic and Biff watched in horror as Earthquake sat on and squashed their brother, Chet. For Jake had picked up the wrong bag.

The youngest of the Waple brothers was gone. But, not all bad came out of incident. Biff and Chic stole Damion and sold him to a five year old boy for \$3.95, just enough to buy a bowl of queso at Rio Bravo.

Very recently, an old shoebox filled with poems written by the late Chet Waple was found. The following poem is the only nice one he wrote so we decided to include it in this month's issue. Welcome to **Dead Poet Society**.

A Poem By CHET WAPLEBOXER - The Holiday Spirit-

*I am Chet waple, the best of the brothers'
I don't like westling, so I'm smarter than the others.*

*Boxing is what, has been keeping me going,
hoping that instead, thats what I'd be doing.*

*Westling is on TV, all the damn time,
The same thing seems to happen, but its in their lines.*

*I will stop insulting westling, for a good reason,
This is the time, for the holiday season.*

*It is time for the westlers and the boxers as well,
To start getting along, maybe even gel.*

*Boy that sounded good, I could be a good actor,
Thats what your wife said, right after I slapped her.*

*As you can tell, I don't care much for westling,
But from the bottom of my heart, let me tell you one thing.*

*There's just one place to eat, on these holidays,
Whether your feeling good, or you've been knocked in a daze.*

*The place is Rio Bravo, and its always real good,
With the very best servers, and always the best food.*

*boxingly yours,
Chet*

In this month's edition of Larz Land, I'll be saluting my inspiration in life: DIESEL. Finally, the WWF has a champion that I am proud to support. Not only has he risen to the top of the wrestling world in less than a year's time, but he has also paved the way to stardom for bodyguards everywhere. Also known as Big Daddy Cool, this seven foot tall monster has risen from being a bodyguard for Shawn Michaels to becoming one of just a handful of wrestlers to have held each of the Federation titles in his career, and probably the only one to have held the three belts at different times over a seven month period. He began the year by throwing out a bunch of WWF Superstars at the Royal Rumble, including the man he would later defeat for the World title, Bob Backlund. In



April, he defeated Razor Ramon for the Intercontinental Championship, something his employer, Shawn Michaels, failed to do at Wrestlemania X. At King of the Ring, he almost defeated Bret Hart for the World Title, but Jim "the Anvil" Neidhart interfered and got Bret disqualified, allowing the Hitman to keep his belt. The night before SummerSlam, Diesel and Shawn defeated the Headshrinkers for the Tag Team Belts, and for 24 hours, Diesel had two belts. He lost the IC belt the next evening to Razor Ramon when Shawn accidentally kicked Big Daddy Cool in the face. Shawn and Diesel were still Tag Team Champs, and they were probably the best tag team in all of professional wrestling at that time. Unfortunately, all that came to an end around Thanksgiving at Survivor Series. Diesel and Shawn were on a team called the Teamsters, and they were facing Razor Ramon's team, the Bad Guys. Diesel eliminated four guys from the other team, and was about to finish off Ramon when Shawn had to be a showboat and get in on the action. And a repeat of SummerSlam occurred, with Shawn missing Razor and nailing Diesel in the face. Big Daddy Cool decided right then and there that he was through with Shawn Michaels and the Tag Team Championship. This distressed me greatly, because I like Shawn and Diesel equally, and I hated to see them

fighting. Well, a few nights later at Madison Square Garden at another WWF show, Bob Backlund was to defend his newly-won title against Bret Hart, but Bret was still ailing from the cross-face chicken wing that Backlund had applied to win the title at Survivor Series. And seeing as how Shawn and Diesel weren't teaming together anymore, they were the only two available talent to wrestle the untalented Backlund. Jack Tunney knew that either of these guys could defeat Backlund blindfolded, so he randomly chose Diesel to fill the card. Less than thirty seconds after the match began, there was a new WWF Champion: Big Daddy Cool. Diesel does owe his success to the Heartbreak Kid, as Michaels pointed out recently on a WWF broadcast, and I hope the two can reconcile their differences soon. Diesel could remain the WWF Champion forever with Shawn in his corner. But the tale of a lowly bodyguard that rose to the top of one of the most respected federations in the land (outside of the South, of course) is a story that parents will be telling to their children for many generations to come.

Match Ratings

A scale from one to ten

biff waple

Wally "Walla" Waplestaph

LARZ

Cactus Jack/ Brian Lee
vs
Chris Candido/ Boo Bradley
(Smokey Mountain's Thanksgiving Thunder)

I was scared. They were all hurting each other. I felt sorry for Boo when he got that wedgie. Chic does that to me all the time and I don't like it. It really hurts when I have my Superman underoos on.

They did what I would have told them to do: take it outside the ring. The ultimate challenge was to continue the match after the rope broke. That's when it became interesting. Jim Cornette sucks as a manager.

This was, like, wrestling at its best. The ropes broke and the four of them took it outside the ring. From there it was pure chaos. Cactus stole the show, as he did in WCW the last year.

Nasty Critters
vs.
Power & Precision
(NGWA)

I hate Cower & Perversion. They're always so mean to us. They used to make Chet do things I can't even mention, but I'll give you a hint, they'd be good WWF suits. I'm now sorry I said that, they may hurt me again. Just pretend I was joking... ha, ha... OW! I said I was joking!

You know, those dweebs [P&P] need a manager to lead them to the belts, and that dweeb is me, Wally "Walla" Waplestaph.

Those Power & Precision guys sure are great! I just wish there was some place where I could read more about them. Of course, only a sleazy publication would print anything about them.

Diesel vs.
Bob Backlund
(WWF World Championship)

Gee, Diesel's swell.

I blinked and it was over...
What happened?

This match was too darn long. Why did Diesel take the time to kick him? He should have just Jack-knifed him into oblivion.

Hi There

A Warm Welcome
From the Editor

It's Christmas time here in WAPLEworld and I would like to start this issue with a little Christmas story that I wrote called *What Does Christmas Mean to Me?*

What does Christmas mean to me? Christmas means beautiful lights on green Christmas trees that sparkle like little stars on a clear Christmas night. Christmas means children playing with their new toys on Christmas morning, having a joyous time, and keeping you up when you want to sleep late. Christmas means staying in bed until everyone has already opened your presents and you get to clean up. Christmas means slipping down the icy stairs and fracturing a rib when you go outside. Christmas means getting hit in the ear with a frozen snowball. Christmas means having to spend three hours untangling 50

strings of lights, only to find out that 49 of them don't work. Christmas means ice skating on frozen ponds with big cracks that you don't see until it's too late. Christmas means having to kiss your 67 year old aunt who smells like moth balls. Christmas means feeling like a jerk when the people you thought weren't going to buy you Christmas presents... did, and you don't have anything for them in return. Christmas means standing in 90 minute lines in 102 degree malls for a present you could have bought two months earlier for 50% less, but figured the Two-Days-Before-Christmas sales would actually have a better price, but they didn't.

Christmas is all of this and more and I hope this little story will help you enjoy the holidays just a little bit more. Merry Christmas and Happy Grappling.

Overall, this whole event kinda stunk. Here is a rundown of the matches, followed by our opinions one each one.

"Throw In the Towel"

Submission Match. Bret Hart vs. Bob Backlund: Bret was in the Chicken Wing for 5 minutes. 5 minutes of hell. This was a very boring 5 minutes. Owen was pretending to be concerned, but he wasn't, that was pretty cool. Backlund is still a geek. **Rating: eh', okay.**

"The Undertaker Won't Lose Twice" Casket Match. Gee, did anyone actually think that dead guy would lose? I doubt it. Chuck Norris was pretty

pointless. **Rating: Too predictable.**

The Royal Family vs. Clowns are Stupid, er, I mean Annoying, Us, yeah Us. Doink was the first out which was pretty neat. I hate him. The other clowns went down like flies. After it was over, all the midgets turned on Lawler which was just so funny (note the sarcasm in my voice). **Rating: Ahhhh! I hate clowns!**

The Million Dollar Team vs Gutless and Gory. Well, Lex Loser did it again. He surrounded himself with a bunch of losers, and then lost another match. **Rating: DiBiassé's side**

gets three good thumbs up, and Lex's team gets... nothing.

The Teamsters vs. The Bad Guys. Diesel just kicks. He eliminated 4 guys in a row before turning on Shawn. Diesel stinks. The whole Teamster side was counted out at one time and Razor won. That crack I made about Diesel stinking; ignore it. I still think he's neat. **Rating: The best match of the night.**

This was one of those events when you wished your cable went out so you could ask for a refund.

Smokey Mountain's Thanksgiving Thunder Rocked

After the WWF was good for a long time, they started hiring race car drivers and circus geeks and WCW was getting good, again. Then just as WCW got good, they turned into the WWF. Where do you go for good, old fashioned Pier Six brawling? the great Smoky Mountains is where. With stars like Chris Candido, Prime Time Brian Lee, The Thrillseekers, The Gangstas, and Jim Cornette, you can't go wrong. And the addition of one Cactus Jack makes it that much better.

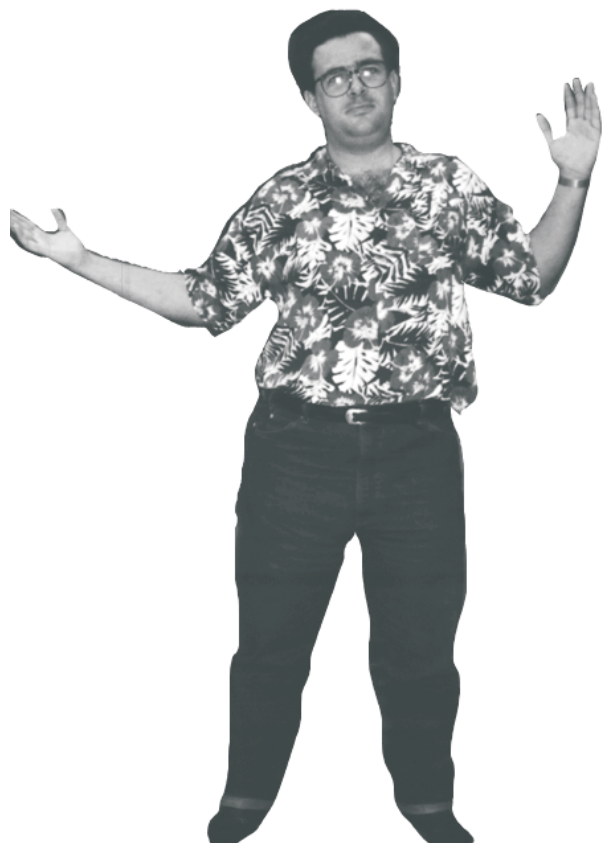
This last tour, Thanksgiving Thunder, was no turkey. Ha! I made a pun! Ha! Ha!... The only down side of the whole card was the Bob Armstrong match. Armstrong was scheduled to face Abdullah the Butcher (which would have been darn neat), but when the Master of Blood didn't

show up, Cornette sent Bob Orton in. Picture this: a combined 213 years in the ring for 20 minutes, and me on the outside saying "This sucks!" in between sips of my Slurpee. Not a very pretty picture, is it?

North Georgia had the opening match of Lee Thomas against Sunset Sam McGraw. Sam's a big guy. I never noticed before, but he really is big. He has a geeky manager in Big Tex. He's a pigmy version of Col. Parker, who is another dork, so imagine how bad Big Tex is.

So, what I'm trying to say is... I forgot.

Wally's Trivial Matters



1. Who was Greg "The Hammer" Valentine's last opponent in WCW?
2. What wrestlers walked out of the building with each of the title belts at Starrcade '93?
3. What two men faced each other to unify the NWA and now defunct UWF Television Titles?

What's Up With the Waples

- Nov 20: Lou found himself in jail, again. He was dragged away from the fire screaming, "You got nuthin' on me coppers! I'll be out tonight I tell ya! Ya hear?! Tonight!!!"
- Thanksgiving: The entire Waple family gathers for a beautiful family get together. They left open seats for the few missing family members: Chic, Biff, Bill, Larz, Wally, Harvey, Lou Dirxque Starbuck, Chet and Gunther. It was a hallmark moment.
- Nov 25: The busiest shopping day of the year. Harvey buys a 'Soap on a Rope'.
- Nov 25: Biff faints in the ring when Big Bubba slips on Lou's vomit and Chic pins him for half a count. Unfortunately, the vapors made Chic cry and run out of the ring. The brothers were disqualified.
- Nov 26: Chic calls Wally to find out why it hurts so much when he gets picked up and thrown out of the ring and lands on a 6 foot flaming spike with acid spraying out of the tip of it. Wally said he had no idea, but has wondered the same thing.
- Nov 27: Biff can't believe he ate the whole thing.
- Dec 1: Biff and Chic team up to change the calendar. Chic is quoted as saying, "Golly. Those sure are some heave pages."
- Dec 5: Larz gets a second job as the guy who makes sure there are exactly 71 M&Ms per pack.
- Dec 6: The entire world realizes that they are one M&M short of a pack.
- Dec 6: The Wonderful Waple Brothers are on a tear. After accidentally getting a half-count in last match, the brothers manage to stay in the ring a whopping 26 seconds. They were pinned when Chic decided to apply a move he's been working on for the past month or so, the daring paper from the ninja-like paper-rock-scissors tactic. There was a communication breakdown and Biff pinned Chic with a scissors move.

All Bow and Pay Homage To: Donner



We hear lots of stories about Santa's reindeer and how underrated they are, how the only thing they do is pull a sled. Well, that is a very noble profession, if you ask me.

However, a few of Santa's furry little friends moonlight in the off-season and bring disgrace upon the title of "one of Santa's reindeer."

Blitzen has football; Cupid has that Valentine gig; Dasher has the spices (ie. Mrs Dash);

Rudolph is a rock star; Comet is universally known; Prancer controls San Francisco; Dancer hangs with Prancer; and Vixen is leader of the prostitution underworld.

But Donner is a career-minded gent. He is the only reindeer who works one job, and still supports a family. No drugs, no cigarettes, and only one egg nog per year: right after he gets home Christmas morning. Donner, we salute you.

THE PAINFUL TRUTH

with
J.C. EDWARDS

The views and opinions of J.C. Edwards do not necessarily reflect those of the rest of us here in WAPLEworld. Parental discretion is advised. No one under 18 admitted without an adult. Kids, before calling, ask your parents for permission. And please, have your pets spayed or neutered.

Well podunks, it's that time of year again; when all of you pawn and mortgage everything you own just to go in debt again. Everything you do is worthless and nothing you do will make your holidays any better. Your pathetic existence this Christmas will be tainted with poverty and depression... SO JUST GET OVER IT!

But holiday commentary is not my specialty, and professional wrestling is, so let's get down to the business at hand. My first new target for December is Razor Ramon. Let me start by saying, "who does this guy think he's fooling?" If brains were free, he'd still be applying for credit. I will ask this question to you rednecks, "is it feasible for a man of the wrestling ability of Razor to listen to the babble and cheering of idiots?" Why yes it is, because he does. So in my book, that makes him a loser no matter what title he's wearing. So Razor, if you're listening, understand the travesty of justice that you have dealt your career. Since the separation of the World Wrestling Federation Tag Team Champions, I offer Razor a piece of advice; do yourself a favor, team up with "The Heartbreak Kid" Shawn Michaels and take your place at the head of the table. Earn your money, you loser.

Victim number two is none other than Big Daddy Cool... Diesel. I'm sick to my stomach at what you have done. Now that you've made your bed, you're going to have to sleep on the bed of nails you have chosen. Shawn made you, and the fans will most definitely break you. It truly brings a tear to the eye. Question one is this: How is it that a prelim bum from WCW named Oz / Vinnie Vegas goes nowhere (this man couldn't get a

championship match if he had to), but out of the blue Shawn Michaels plucks this diamond in the rough out of the darkness and brings him into the light of championship gold. But how does he repay Mr. Michaels? By attacking and trying to permanently injure, possibly put out of wrestling Shawn.

Well, you have all heard Diesel's side of the story, now it's time to hear the Painful Truth. Diesel was not able to hold Razor Ramon at the last Survivor Series so Shawn accidentally missed Ramon and kicked crybaby Diesel in his poor little face. But it goes much deeper than that. The fact is, Razor knew that as long as Shawn had Diesel, he would be a thorn in his side, so Razor Ramon paid Diesel to take the kick and go after Shawn, therefore forcing the rest of the Teamsters to pursue and get counted out. And if you could afford to pay your cable bill on November 23rd, you would have seen that his plan was more than successful. End result: Razor Ramon was the sole survivor. Shortly thereafter, Razor and Diesel prepared their master plan to rule wrestling. I will give credit where credit is due: Diesel did destroy one Mr. "Howdy Doody" Backlund to become the reigning WWF Heavyweight Champion. But Diesel, don't get too comfortable, Shawn will earn his shot and when he does, you'll realize you're nothing without the "Heartbreak Kid."

Last and certainly least; just when you thought it was getting better in North Georgia Wrestling, they bring in a serious loser in some pipe cleaner named Mr. Donnie. The boy's so skinny, he could tread water in a garden hose. I've seen more meat on a buffalo wing. Quote of the week, "We're in Rome... right?" I say, would you want a manager who doesn't even know where he's booked, or one that will let you have The Painful Truth.

Until next time
See Ya.....



The 4th Count

Quote of the Month

Said to some geek I went to school with as he was pestering Mr. Cornette, "Do I come to where you work and turn off the Slurpee™ machine!?"
- Jim Cornette

Contest!

Somewhere hidden in the pages of this issue of **WAPLE WORLD™** is the secret of human existence: the mystic logo of the Wonderful Waple Brothers. If you can find this magical icon, photocopy the page, circle it and send it to:

I Found That **WAPLE** Thing!



P.O. Box 72693
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A FREE issue of **WAPLE WORLD™** is on the line. A random drawing of all correct responses recieved before the deadline will determine the winner.

Deadline: Postmarked by January 11th, 1994

Classifieds

Eric, SWM, 22. Okay people; this isn't funny. I'll have you know my feelings are hurt. It's okay though, I don't need you.... Oh why won't some cute chicks answer this personal? Come on; it's Christmas for cryin' out loud.

Intermission: Let's go off to the kitchen
Let's go off to the kitchen
Let's go off to the kitchen
And have ourselves a snack.

For Sale: Tampa Bay Lightning season tickets. Great seats. \$5.00 / OBO

Lost: Left sock. Looks exactly like its twin. White tube design, green stripes.

Kisses: Letters Home

dear guys,

well, i managed to get to jackson hole, wyoming. you wouldn't believe what i did there. i'm so embarrassed. get this; i accidentally ate myself. i'm ok now, though. i threw myself up later when i needed room for a few pizzas. anyway, it turns out that everybody here is either mormon or dyslexic. either way they have no nuns. along the way from peoria to jackson hole, i was able to stop and see the famous llamas of peru. what a beautiful country. there's really nothing there worth a damn except those cute, furry llamas. i thought about sending one to you guys for Christmas, but the bastard wouldn't stay in the envelope. anyway, they make an awesome salad topping. (Don't worry. i put some in my pocket. you can taste it when i get home next spring.) s, i was in this long, string bean of a country when i realized i hadn't had a good donut in months. so as i got closer to wyoming, my mouth watered in anticipation of that succulent, sweet morsel that can only be made by the loving hands of that fat guy with the goofy musta... mmmmm, mustard. i just got a craving for mustard. i think i'll go look for mom in china. they have some really cool mustard that makes my nose run like the mighty mississipp. speaking of sipping, i had this frosty mug of root beer when i was in detroit. it came in a 64-ounce bottle. i got so hammered i had to get bigger nails. ooh, snails. a raw delicacy in some parts of oklahoma.

i would like to take some time to address the more serious side of my journey, my mommy. one minute she's riding hippo style in front of a busload of third graders, the next minute i'm writing letters in a cave on the side of some mountain shaped like gunther's head. i miss my mommy, especially around this time of year. if you get any calls from my mom, take a message because i'm not home.

so now i'm off again. i guess i'll walk to china. i hear that you can get there faster if you walk through this big hole in the ground. even though i'm an official waple mascot, i must admit i'm afraid that i won't be strong enough to hang onto the ground when i get to china. if i let go, i'll fall up into their sky. well, gotta go.

kisses,
dirxque starbuck