

Well here we all are again, in what must be the greatest comeback since Lazarus, Dribbling Balls returns yet again for another year or so of the same old stuff. Match reports, coming social events (?) and all the gossip that no-one dares to speak - we'll be making it all up in the M.U.B.C.'s official organ. Over the last couple of years the appearance of Dribbling Balls has been a little spasmodic at times and this year promises to be no exception so don't complain. Any articles, letters, match reports will be gratefully accepted by the editor, so if you want to see your name in lights write a report about a game you starred in and we'll print it here. Anyway enough said let's have a look at the first act

WABA A RESERVE GRAND FINAL (2/4)

Chelsea (37) d Uni (1) (33)

The masses were all on hand to see the Women's firsts take on Chelsea in the Summer grand final. Chelsea leapt to an early lead but then we settled down and played some basketball. That smooth mover Harts hit well and after half time we began to peg the opposition back (no pun intended Mal - well not really) with Barb doing well on the boards and our full court pressure improving. Numerous choruses of "Go Shop!" were uttered by the supporters as we closed the gap. The drongo ref fouled Jean (Jean the Basketball Machine) off with two non-existent charging fouls but we caught up anyway and as the final siren went scores were level. In overtime we hit the lead for the first time in the game thanks to a Wings Wardley basket but we couldn't hold on and Chelsea snuck in by 4 points. Our woeful shooting (foul) cost us a place in A grade, but the effort was good anyway and we can look for a flag during winter.

And now from beautiful downtown Sale, due to circumstances beyond our control, D.B. now brings you Rowan and Martin's - Tournament Report:-

The Sale Easter Tournament was once again a huge social success but a not so huge basketball success (as far as winning money goes anyway). Seventeen guys went down to Sale and we managed to beg, borrow and steal twelve girls to fill our teams. The guys went O.K. in A grade winning two out of four and would have made the grand final but for losing by 10 to Sale in our first game. The hustle of J.C. and Mark Beatnik along with the strength of Neville "I play in Warrnambool" Brayley, Mal and Dr. Haek, combined with the ego of Captain Cornflake, formed the basis of a good squad which upset Chelsea - by turning up.

The B grade guys played really well and proved you don't have to be dead to be stiff. They won 3 out of 4 and missed finals on percentage. The team they beat in their last game won the B grade grand final. Basically a team of midgets except for Andrew "New" Mounas, Jerker Jenkin and Wild Bill Nixon, they played a game of speed and guts. The Rat Pack was led by Dave, Henry, Trevo., Tom, and Jerry and hustled harder than half the girls in Fitzroy Street on Saturday night.

The A grade women didn't go so hot except for a couple of close games they might have won with an ounce of luck. Julie "Hey, throw me a life preserver" Sievers and Ann "All I got at Wang. was six inches" Compton played well as guards, Narelle (who got all that personalized coaching) and Jenny from LaTrobe - but no-one's perfect - were great assets all weekend, especially during games and at breakfast on Monday while those two old stagers (I may live to regret that choice of words) Debbie and Carol "Come to Warrnambool and do some surveying" Dillon were constant thorns in the sides of opposition players, referees and anyone else who got in their way. They all gave it a good try despite being a trifle over-graded.

The women's B grade side won one game out of four but performed pretty well in most of the matches. Judy, Andrea and Mary formed a good trio of guards, while Karen "one-four" Shaw, Jan "13 rebounds - 14 if you count Henry" McGowan and Helen "Who?" Ryan were always trying at the forward and centre spots. The team was hampered a little by some very ordinary referees, who were given plenty of advice from the coach - and let's face it, when you're the world's only surviving brain donor you need all the advice you can get!

The social happenings of the weekend were up to the usual high standard expected at Sale. Notable performances included Mary falling asleep on the river bank for half of Saturday night, that goal post accidentally falling into our camp fire, Jerry's tinnie shoot the usual collapse of the tent and numerous others. All this lead up to the memorial Sale BBQ held on Sunday afternoon. Chops, sausages, onions and other BBQ'y comestibles were consumed after cooking on a very makeshift hot plate and it was easy to see the troops were in a frisky mood. Carol emptied half a bottle of cider into J.C.'s ugg boot (he was wearing it at the time) then emptied the other half down Greg's shirt. He replied by doing the same thing to Carol, ably assisted by Neville. Soon after, Neville and Greg decided that it was time for Dave to go for a swim and Dave seemed to agree - well he only struggled for a little while. As they reached the water's edge, Simon decided Greg should go for a swim first and barrelled down the bank, helping Greg to sail gracefully through the air and enjoy a soggy landing. Tears of laughter were the order of the day all round from the amused but distant spectators. Within the next fifteen minutes this game became so popular that Neville, Simon and Dave had all gone for a swim and a J.C. memorial was held just for good measure. The revelry finished when we had to go and beat Footscray Institute but after the game we returned to the camp ground and the dozen or so who stayed the night continued the fun. This included Ann's birthday party, complete with cake, candles, balloons (thanks to the Walker family) and friends) and a fireside reading from the book of Mal. Eventually we all retired from the fray for some well earned sleep following a good laugh had when J.C. discovered his sleeping bag was saturated with Bullshit repellent (courtesy of a West Australian tree swinger). Henry's sleeping gear was similarly doused but he didn't seem to notice - can't think why.

If you find all this inspiring then keep the Queens Birthday Weekend free for the Portland Tournament - more details later.

That's enough for this edition (year?) - we'll be back next week with some more stuff.