

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL CLUB.
DWINDLING BALLS

VOL. 10 No. 8

So you all thought that Dribbling Balls was dead and buried, gone once and for all eh? No such luck. Just to prove there really is no justice in the world we return - yet another comeback that makes Lazarus look like an amateur. So here we go with another edition of the journal that makes Farrago look interesting, Direct Action look entertaining and unbiased and the Sun look informative.

VBA Div. 2 (Wed 9/6)

Frankston 65 d. Uni 54.

STATEMENT : Uni is higher on the ladder than Frankston.

PREMISE DRAWN FROM STATEMENT : Uni is a better team than Frankston.

CONCLUSION DRAWN FROM PREMISE : Uni will beat Frankston.

RESULT : Uni does not play defence and loses to Frankston by 11 points after being 24 points down during the second half. So much for logic.

J.C. 14, Les 13.

VBA Div 2 (Wed. 16/6)

Uni 57 d. St. Kilda 45

St. Kilda must have been pretty confident when they saw us take the court in the Newman College tops with tape numbers, but fortunately for us we didn't play like Catholics and bombed them from the word go. Good defence from J.C. combined well with the hustle of Roy and shooting touch of Henry to enable us to lead by 10 for most of the first half, and 29-19 at the break. We stood all the pressure thrown at us in the second half, with Les shining on the boards, and won by 12 in a very good team effort.

Henry 17, Roy 15, J.C. 13.

CYMS Championship (sun. 11/7)

Uni 66 d. Miami 53

We knew we were in for a big game when Betty dominated the first half (of the first 4 minutes anyway). Then J.C. fired. Then we trailed by 2 at half time. Then Alby and Lards displayed more old skills than a second hand power tool salesman. Then the Captain went beresk, as only the Captain can, bombing in a total of 20 points from anywhere he could get the ball. This steered the 5 of us to a good win over a team widely tipped to crush us.

VBA Div 2 (Wed. 14/7)

Nunawading 66 d. Uni 50

After a 25 point thrashing from top team Preston on Sunday we bounced back well and copped a 16 point thrashing from second team Nunawading. After 12 minutes it was 24 all. At half time it was 24-38. A slight lapse, I feel. We never got closer than 12 in the second half, but the 26-28 scoreline for the half was an improvement, I guess.

J.C. 16, Roy 12, Les 8.

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An exceedingly comprehensive Portland report has just been handed to me, written on the back of a Blotto ticket (oh well, they're cheaper than stamps). Here is the gist of it (plus some added extras).

We went to Portland and didn't win many games, except for the men's B Grade team who won their semi final 38-24, then lost their grand final 50-51 to Cheetahs (Coburg's Horribly Evil & Effective Thugs And Head Smashers). Special mention to the women's A grade team who in their 3 games were beaten, beaten easily and beaten up, respectively. Special mention to Bridget's nose which is now on display in several parts of the Portland stadium. Special mention to Gerard for keeping Teddy amused all weekend. Special mention to Billy Mac and his all star juggling show - you name it he'll juggle 'em (Graeme Howie might let him have a go at our books). Special mention to Meg for playing in the A grade side when we had a few dropouts. Special mention to those people who dropped out and substitutions during games so easy to organise. Special mention to Henty Bay caravan park for a few nights fun there.

As if all that wasn't enough to keep D.B. going for a while, here comes the gourmet's gabble, the connoisseur's column and the epicure's epistle (all that was a mouthful)

DRIBBLING AROUND : This month, Dribbling Around transcends the bounds of mediocrity and treads on the toes of the Toorak upper-crusters. Assistant stomper of toes this month is that Prince of the Proletariat, the Sultan of Subculture, the King of Couture ... Dave "Abba" Crombie. Me 'n' him, with our respectable partners, Meg and Carey are visiting Number 9 Darling St. South Yarra (not to be confused with Number 10 Downing St - Abba tells me that's the one round the corner with the red light).

We were resplendent in our borrowed dinner suits as we strolled past the slaves picking cotton in the front yard, walked through the foyer to be greeted by the star of the show, Wacka. He introduced us to his dad, J.R., while Lord Snowden ran around madly taking our pictures. We mingled with the beautiful people, and tried to attract the attention of the drink waiter by "dead-anting". It worked. He brought us a tray with every concoction of an alcoholly natuer possible. Abba and I chose beers rather than the triple reverse grasshoppers (with pike) to help preserve our working class mystique.

The cute little waitresses brought around the plates of horses douvers and Abba thought he'd make a few points here by flashing his gold pocket watch. This plan was going well until one of them asked him the time and he had to explain that he didn't know 'cause one of Mickey's hands had fallen off and the cat ate it. After that we just concentrated on eating the little fishy bits and the vol-au-vents (they're little sausage rolls without lids).

The boss cocky waiter announced that the rael food aws on, and we picked our way to our table over all the Queen's College people who'd fallen over earlier in the evening. There was no beer on the table so we had to have a wine. I said it was a '27 Bordeaux, but Abba said it was a '28, We compromised and got a waiter to bring a bottle of beer instead. We both agreed it was a

Wednesday Carlton.

After the soup it was dance time. The D.J. was only limited by the fact that he kept playing "Start Me Up", talked through all the records and looked like a Demis Roussos clone. All that time I spent learning to waltz was really worth it when Meg told me how light I was on her feet.

Main course was succulent turkey and 3 veg. Each course was easier to eat than the one befor e 'cause we were narrowing down the choice of cutlery. Abba was just going to swipe a serviette when he noticed they were all branded with the name of the place, and aws reduced to philosophising about the lack of trust in the world today, and the problem of large scale redistribution of wealth.

After speeches, chocolate moose (de-antlered) and more 3XY-boogie woogie-Carey what's that one-get down baby-type entertainment we picked up Captain Claret and returned to our wonderfully suburban domiciles, having thoroughly enjoyed ourselves in Lillean Frank territory. The Dribbling Around score for the evening... one gold medal, 3 silver spoons, 2 glasses and a serviette.

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To conclude, Dribbling Balls says happy marathoning to all you happy marathonners out there. Dribbling Balls also says (speaking of marathans) a big Happy Birthday to Karen who turns N years old on Saturdat (N is a perfect square between 16 and 36). See you all next edition IF I survive that last one.....