

Well so you thought that the last D.B. was a literary sensation, that just goes to show you didn't read it. Ah, but this week have we got something different for you...? No.

VBHBA A Grade (Thu. 3/6)

TAA 33 d. Uni 23

Half time had us 18-23 behind and looking a chance to do better. A little first half G & D from Phil paid off with some nice tip ins. Tony was our best offensive player, and whilst Rod played good defence in spots he basically failed in the job of minding TAA's number 1 offensive player, Tom the Cheap. David was sighted with the occasional excellent rebound but was not consistent. Come the second half we decided we had had enough of the game, and the losing second half score of 5-10 gives an accurate indication of the team's performance.

VBHBA C Grade (Thu. 3/6)

ANZ @*(=41) d. Uni 27

Egads but Thursday night coaching is getting me depressed. The Rising Stars fronted up to No. 1 team ANZ looking for an improvement over the last couple of weeks. We found it, but not in sufficient quantity. Scott was excellent in offence and took some great defensive rebounds, but was a little wanting in some defensive situations. We outrebounded them on the night with Trevor, Geoff, Charles, Matt and Scott all contributing well. The return of Warwick (I think I saw that film - Ed.) strengthened our guard department slightly. Carey chipped in with some good back court hustle, and a couple of nice breaks and outside shots. Defence axioms do work - Michael is keeping his feet down and his hands up.

VBHBA C Grade (15/7)

Rising Stars 56 d. Williams 25

After a very long run of outs we finally cracked it for one. With our big men (Peter Rehfisch, Geoff Bowles, Michael R-B) dominating the boards, Carey and Matthew running and bombing, and of course the ever reliable Warwick (I think I saw that one too - Ed.) rising from his sick bed to be there, we were always in control.

Matt 16, Peter 14, Carey 12, Michael 8, Geoff 6.

VBHBA A Grade (Thu. 15/7)

Somebody beat us.

We played better in the second half than the first. Highlights of the game were Carey's defence, Davids rebounding and Tim dislocating his shoulder.

CYMS Championship (Sun. 18/7)

Uni 51 d. Jetz 47

We were eager to avenge our last loss to Jetz led by Jimmy "Macdisco Express" and much to our surprise we did. They played man to man and Lards said "Thanks for coming" as he hit 16 points in the first half and we raced off to a 29-19 half time lead. Being supremely confident we threw this lead away in the second half and trailed 44-46 with a minute or two to play, despite having a hot Captain. Having our confidence thus shattered we came back and won by 4 points and in so doing inflicted the first loss on Jetz this season.

Lards 20, Captain Copious 17.

VBA Div 2 (Wed 13/7 no, I tell a lie .. Wed 21/7)

Uni 61 d. Box Hill 55

Coach said "Go on the ball", well he would have if he was there, but he wasn't so he didn't but we did anyway. Playing stout defence and controlled team offence we led 28-22 at half time. We were beaten earlier in the season by this team because we threw the ball away lots against their press, this time we only threw it away a little and consequently ended up winning fairly easily. Best sign for us was the even team scoring and the fact we won.

Les 14, Henry 13, J.C., SBG 10, Roy 8, Paul 6.

CEBA D Grade (Monday night for about 3 months)

Well this is the first report from this season's Monday night D graders. The team has finally come together and we're actually winning some games. The first 10 or so however, saw us put up a good effort initially only to go down in the last half of the game, with Graeme forcing himself to say something encouraging at the end. In recent weeks however we have improved drastically and convincingly beat EEAMA and to our surprise Ramsay Mailer 31 to 28, who are second top. Imagine our disbelief as we languish a few rungs above Monash who are bottom on the ladder. With only a few matches left we aim to keep Graeme smiling broadly (by him a joke book - Ed.).

VBA Div 2 (Sat. 14/4 no, I teell a lie .. Sat. 14/8)

Uni 39 d. Nunawading Vikings 34

Following a trail blazed not so long ago by some latter day Burke and Wills most of us made it to Kilsyth after an hour or so of travelling. Before a huge crowd (6 supporters for us, 5 for them) in a big stadium we tore them apart (apart) in the first half with Brian, Les and the Captain clearing the boards and Henry at his offensive best. The half time score libne of 22-7 our way was a good incentive for their coach to give the biggest half time tirade since England trailed Argentina 4 sinkings to none. It was all to no avail though as we somehow managed to hang on in a game that would have to have benn been twice as good to be classed as terrible.

And now for something completely different, a letter to the editor from someone who is (almost) anonymous...

Hello John. How are you today? It is Thursday and it is very cold, but not wet. Isn't Andrew a silly little boy? He is really quite juvenile and a very big delinquent. I hope you are well and fine and very good at life and things in general. Today we had an exam and we both failed. Andrew in fact didn't fail, he just didn't pass. How very unfortunate that is. This is a very sill s sssssssssssss

Hello g'day bum fdgdgdbonxv ve

I would like Dribbling Balls to know that I think that this club (if it can be called a 'club'), is the most apathetic piece of human effort I have ever had the misfortune to come across. I speak from the very bottom of my heart and to the tip of my toes. It incipid to the very greatest degree, and Professor Julius Somner Miller would be disgusted to the roots of his hair.

The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog.
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I am totally and utterly sick of writhing that and therefore believe that undue boredom in the workforce should be relieved by constsnt glassas of gin squash and packets of Tim Tams with great regularity. It is commonly known that editors of sports magazines suffer from chronic constipation and should eat crunes for breakfast, morning tea, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner and for three hours before bed. In the case of windy problems they should be sent to the laundry for chastisement and smackson their little bottoms. This is necessary

punishment or else they will continue to provoke other peoples noses to the point of serious anger and irritability. What you read here is of course all true and can be read in the latest medical journal which will be published in a few weeks time.

To change the subject somewhat, I would like to make it known that I find committee meetings rather boring and frustrating and would like them to be held in the middle of very cold snowfields so that the chances of long and wasteful meetings would be diminished somewhat. After meetings everyone should be supplied with hot rum toddies and be given an Edward bear to frolic with in the snow. Now wouldn't that be much more fun.

And now for something else completely different, a small philosophical dissertation on the meaning of life (marathons)....

Don't you think the whole concept of 'marathons' is totally ridiculous. More or less it is a form of human punishment. Is it indicative of our society that men need to pound the boards to achieve a little satisfaction? Never mind, boys will be boys and girls will be girls, or should that be, boys will be girls and girls will be pregnant, barefoot and slaves of the bed and kitchen? Who knows?

I believe that everyone should suffer from pain, agony and misery and bodily punishment for daring to exist on this earth. I mean to say, what are we really here for anyway? Philosophically speaking, we could put this question into context by asking "Why did the sun rise this morning?" This type of deep heart and soul searching pondering is upsetting to some who are weak of stomach, therefore consequently, subsequently and heretofore, the sun will be called grass, grass will be deemed blue and the sky will no longer be a meaningful concept of our existence. It may seem that this tirade is getting away from the aspect in question ... that is ... what was it... I remember, the marathon.

In fact the marathon was probably begun in ancient times when teddy-bears ruled the earth, and they had such short legs it took them a very tediously long time to get anywhere. Their ancestors, the Greek Gods, were into body building, so continued marathoning by running endless miles here, there and everywhere. In due consideration, it was probably their ultimate aim to build South Yarra and become trendies. It is in fact, very trendy to play basketball especially when one wears beautiful, sexy red shorts like young Trevor Smith or has a body like Abba's, a mouth like John's or a whinge like Ian Bett's. Though the mention of this last aforesaid person may not mean much to many, it is interesting to note the effect of too much molly-coddling on the male species. In due respect to all of that congenital formation, it makes them pathetic to the greatest degree. Patheticness is in itself an interesting concept in that it is a very strange state of being. Such behaviour is usually thought to belong to dumb blondes. However, I am now sick of this ridiculous waffle. So there!

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