

DRIBBLING BALLS

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INTRODUCTION. The history of Australia is liberally dotted with stories of great human courage and endeavour. Sagas of man/women's (a nasty state for anyone to be in) triumphs over adversity (short for Adelaide University?) and strength in the face of disaster. The following story has nothing to do with any of this.

CHAPTER ONE : SATURDAY.

6:50 a.m. in the car park outside the Beaurepaire Centre. The early morning stillness is shattered by the squealing of tyres. The asphalt disfigured by a layer of smoking rubber. Such was the departure of the bus for Armidale (bull - really it was Bill arriving in a small hurry, fearful of being left behind.)

Having got that little bit of Harold Robbins out of my system we carried John Reilly on to the bus and pulled sedately out of the car park. Before we hit Swanston St. Pauline warned everybody "Don't talk to me, I want to vomit." Such set the stage for an eventful trip.

The inner suburban slums of Melbourne soon gave way to the outer suburban slums of Melbourne which were quite rapidly replaced by the absolutely suburban slums of Shepparton - our first toilet stop. Soon after this (because of this) we witnessed the birth of the Kingdom Of The Back Passage, ruled by King Burkie the First (the one and, we hope, the only). This rather banal exercise precipitated the formation of the Kingdom Of The Frontrunners, ruled by King Henry the Undescribable. The full significance of all this was not to become apparent for some time (indeed, I still don't understand it).

There was a good reason for staying in Dubbo that night (although, unless the bus ran out of petrol, I can't think of it), so we checked into the Castlereagh pub, beat up a few of the local rugby players (some of our girls are pretty good fighters) and hit the showers. By the time Reilly and Burke were dragged away from the showers and their funny little Newman games, seven eighths of southern New South Wales had been plunged into drought conditions. We had a nice $\frac{1}{2}$ hour walk trying to find a counter attack. Same was eventually located and consumed. Unfortunately on the walk back home, the R.S.L. arrested, court martialled and shot Wild Bill after he made what we thought was quite a funny quip concerning ex-servicemen's beds. They were not amused. We settled on the balcony of the hotel and enjoyed a quiet night's imbibation. Henry and Pauline helped Sue "The Magician" Trickey dispose of some port. "Magician" because of the way she can make 2 bottles of port disappear. Thus we were left to retire to bed and ponder the old Spanish proverb "Of wine and love, the first is the best".

CHAPTER TWO : SUNDAY.

For the second day in a row the bus left on time, with everybody on it. What was to be a dull trip was somewhat enlivened by Pauline's Women's Weekly which turned out to be a Penthouse. Needless to say, hotdogs were a popular item for lunch that day. Lunch stop was held in what the coroner officially described as Tamworth. Armidale was reached without further incident, excepting the odd game of back passage basketball, and after dinner we marched off to the welcome drinky-pooch. We were welcomed by our liason officer, Andrew Vandersleeze (but more of him later). It was a slowish night, the only action being Captain Clean being aced out in a game of interstate tennis, and Nick Adamopolopolopololous donating his nice red jumper to Meg. Thus we were left to retire to bed and ponder the old proverb of E.S. White : "Everything in life is somewhere else, and you get there in a bus."

CHAPTER THREE : MONDAY.

It was an early rise and a hard start for the boys who took on last year's semi final losers (by 1 point to us).

Men 48 d. Queensland 40

The first half of this game was as tight as John Reilly's canary yellow trousers, and the lead changed hands several times (as John's trousers would during the week too). Led by

the amazing skills of Les at both ends of the court and some good offence from Henry, we were still in the game at 22 all at half time, with our defence being fair to ordinary. In the second half with Paul rebounding well and J.C. turning some hustle into baskets we broke away to a 10 point lead with a few minutes to play. A fairly lack-lustre win was the final result.

J.C. 13, Les 12, Henry 10, Jane 8, Paul, John 2, Brian 1.

And so the scene changes quickly and we move from the Police Boys court and go down to TAS (who remembers Paul Orton's wall painting in 1979?).

Women 19 lost to Wollongong 63.

Despite some heavy pressure and good skills from the team destined to win Friday's grand final by 30 points, we performed quite well here. The defence was solid in the first half and we stopped Merino from blasting off too far, but couldn't shut Bucketmouth up. Trailing 6-26 at the change, the second half saw Meg shoot well and Judy being outstanding as our playmaking guard and although we never gave up we were outclassed.

Meg, Judy 8, Pauline 2, Theresa 1.

After the girl's game we had time to grab a quick indigestion back at college and psyche up for the afternoon's games.

Men 51 lost to Adelaide 67.

We got thrashed, being 10 down after 2 minutes or so and it was good night from us. Our slack to nonexistent defence allowed Adelaide to shoot about 80% from the floor, then run their second string players for much of the game. We couldn't even make an impression on them. Mike did some nice things and Paul was our best rebounder, but good play was hard to find.

Mike 12, J.C. 10, Jane 9, Paul 8, Les 6, Henry 4, John 2.

There was more bad news from TAS to follow this debacle, and the following is a brief synopsis thereof.

Women 27 lost to Monash 43

Half time signalled the end of the first half and the scoreline of Melbourne 7 - Monash 10 meant we trailed by 3 or maybe they led by 3, I'm not sure which. The second half started with a jump ball and finished some time after it started. We still trailed and I think they still led, so all that probably means we lost. I think.

Judy 7, Sue, Meg 6, Pauline 5, Theresa 2, Barbara 1.

Having showered and recovered from these disasters we adjourned to the local Ex-services club for some more disasters in the form of poker machines. Meg and J.C. won a bit, but most people seemed to lose, including the Captain Jackpot syndicate (formed to see how much you could lose in the shortest amount of time).

After dinner at Earle Page it was off to Wright college for Ocker Night, incorporating the boat races. Everyone was having a nice chat until the band struck up, at which time the 200 people down the front were deafened, the plate glass windows blew out and the Parkes Observatory registered a tremor measuring 6.4 on the open ended Richter scale. Despite all this the men managed to stage an 8 man drink off to determine the boat race team.

The women's boat race team of Pauline, Woody, Sue and Barb were on first and defeated Sydney on a technicality (I don't think Sydney turned up or something). Although they had to tell Barb 3 times to finish her beer we moved on to the second round. Here the team played Newcastle and Barb was a late scratching, withdrawn by the stewards at 10:04. This meant that Pauline had to drink the first and second beers for the side. Impossible you say. Not for Pauline. She got rid of them in record time, after which we held a handy lead. Unfortunately, Newcastle finished all over us (messy) in the last 2 furlongs and we lost convincingly.

The men's team of Paul, Haggis, J.C. and Henry must have been suitably impressed by Pauline's performance, as they beat W.A. easily in the first round and U.N.E. in a convincing upset win in the second round, to face Queensland in the semi. In a controversial decision we were declared winners of the first drink off, but a re-run was called. In this Queensland definitely finished first but spillage was called and this necessitated another rerun. In this one, just to be different, Queensland finished first but spillage was called and this necessitated another rerun. So we lined up for our fourth scull in

less than five minutes. The judges finally got sick of watching Queensland spill and we won the semi final, to face traditional rivals Monash in the grand. Burkie got us off to a flying start, Haggis maintained the lead, when J.c. finished we led by a third of a glass. Henry produced one of his fastest sculls ever and we were all flabbergasted to see that Monash had still finished first. A disappointing loss, although it was to a better team. One may have thought that this was the end of the evening's entertainment, but no. As our 4 guys were lining up to have the post final photo taken, half a dozen members of the local United Rugby Club had some strange hallucinations and propelled themselves towards us at 100 miles per hour at knee height parallel to the ground. The first we knew about it was when we were on our backs staring at the stars (actually, on our backs staring at the rugby players lying on top of us, but seeing stars anyway). Ah well, this good clean fun went on for a couple of minutes before they tired of pummeling us and went off to tackle some Mack trucks on the New England Highway.

Eventually we wandered back to Earle Page (Trevor wandered a bit faster than everybody else when a very nice fellow took a bit of a shining to Trev and followed him back). Boat races over for another year, we were left to retire to bed and ponder the old proverb of Jerome K. Jerome : "We drink one anothers health, and spoil our own."

CHAPTER FOUR : TUESDAY.

"Only dull people are brilliant at breakfast time." So wrote Oscar Wilde the morning after Intervarsity Playwrighting Boat Races, and there were certainly some less than brilliant people at breakfast this morning. The only saviour was that it was NSW beer the night before. Still, Woody was seen taking some "sick fingers" of thinly sliced toast and vegemite from the dining hall for Haggis, who didn't quite make it to brekky.

Fortunately for the men, Griffith Uni men had sort of forgotton to turn up to I.V. this year and so we had a scratch game this morning against the All-Australian Uni's Combined Forno team. Unfortunately we seemed to end up losing the game. Oops.

After lunch it was the girls' turn to have a go at the Macquarie girls down at TAS.

Women 12 lost to Macquarie 37

Our performance in this game was a trifle disappointing, especially in the first half. They had one good player, who we let score lots of baskets, while apart from the occasional reverse slam dunk our offence was having a little bit of trouble. At half time it was a 3-22 scoreline their way. In the second half we came back a bit with Sue bombing a few baskets and Theresa runnuing and hustling in defence, but alas it was all to no avail and we lost by lots to a team we should have been a lot closer to.

Sue 7, Judy 3, Theresa 2.

As if all this wasn't enough, the girls were up again at 4 o'clock.

Women 23 lost to A.N.U. 41

Once again employing our patented slow first half start, we let ANU grab an unassaiable lead 7-20 by half time. In the second half we recovered well with Judy and Sue being very offensive and Pauline and Meg hitting the boardds. The score for the half of 16-21 was a definite improvement.

Judy 9, Sue 8, Theresa, Pauline, Meg 2.

After the game the girls made a quick getaway by hijacking a waiting taxi and speeding back to the police boys court to watch the men.

Men 76 d. W.A. 42

Our opposition were playing their third game for the day and we came out and ran them off their feet. We led by heaps for most of the game and did most things right. J.C.'s hustle in defence and passing in offence set up many opportunities for the forwards and when Jane found form it was shut the gate. Mike was on fire in offence and according to Graeme's statistics shot 140% from the floor. The total domination of the boards by Jane (11 rebounds), Les (9) and Paul (7) was probably the highlight.

Mike 24, Jane 18, J.C.13, Les 10, Henry 6, Paul 5.

Having finished the day on a high note it was back to college for dinner and the preparation for the Cabaret Night - the theme being "Disco Sucks". Henry and Pauline had a little trouble getting their toothpaste in their mouths, but both seemed to find

that it made great shampoo. With two bands at the cabaret there was plenty of moving on the floor and quite a bit off the floor as well. Jane must have created quite an impression when we played the Westies, 'cause Mike seemed to be playing him quite a deal of attention. Bill and Barb seemed to strike up quite a good little relationship too, although I'm certain it was purely platonic. Brian also found a friend (from Konash?) but this one would have had to have hotted up a bit to be classed as Platonic.

Ex-patriot "shoppers" were also pretty active. Janne MacGowan was on the prowl with her curly hair - the target - none other than Vandersleeze, liaison officer extraordinaire and ex-Vic. Janne spent hours chatting him up as he was working on the door, and he finally retaliated by taking her home to his place and spending hours chatting to her on the wonders of metaphysics and sci-fi. He did however walk her home (that's her story and she's sticking to it). So to dream of tomorrows conversation we retire to bed and ponder the old proverb of Walter Winchell : "Gossip is the art of saying nothing in a way that leaves practically nothing unsaid."

CHAPTER FIVE : WEDNESDAY.

Some people do not believe that the previous proverb should be heeded. Some prefer the words of A.P. Herbert : "The critical period in matrimony is Breakfast time." Meg is one such person, and it must have been with this in mind that at breakfast this morning she turned around and asked "How'd you go last night Graeme?" while Mike was attentively listening to her. I'm not sure who was most embarrassed, Mike, Jane or Meg. And so to the other games of the day time variety and another 9 a.m. start for the boys.

Men 61 d. UNE 36

We crushed the host team and rarely got above half pace. It wasn't much of a contest as Les and Jane dominated the boards and had lots of shots, while everyone else contributed well with lots of solid running.

Les 14, Jane 13, Paul 9, J.C. 7, Brian, Henry 6, John 4, Mike 2.

Shopping and lunch filled in some time then it was back to the Uni for the men's second game of the day.

Men 53 d. Wollongong 41

This game turned out to be quite a struggle for us, although we always seemed to be in control. With the gongers playing man to man we had a good height advantage with Jane, which we exploited to the full, and he finished with 16 points for the half. In the second half Mike and J.C. provided the defensive hustle and Paul came into the game with some good drives. Undoubtedly the star of the game was Les who had upwards of 15 rebounds and completely dominated the boards from the word go, leading us to a good win.

Jane 20, Mike 10, Paul 8, Les 6, J.C. 5, Henry, Brian 2.

From here it was a quick scurry back to Police Boys to see the girls take on the UNSW heavyweight wrestling team in a ten round free for all.

Women 28 lost to NSW 32

This was a thriller right from the start. Wales had the weight advantage, but looks were stacked heavily in our favour. The move of Meg to the centre brought Barb into the game and she dominated the rebounding. This created some great opportunities for our mosquito fleet to break, which they did with style. At half time we trailed 16-17 and were looking for a big second half. Sue was scoring well, and when Meg made 4 foul shots in a row we looked set at 22-17. Disaster struck as Wales started beating up on us. They made about five miraculous baskets, which took the wind out of our sails. Judy fought back with a couple of bombs but we just couldn't bridge the gap. The straw that broke the camel's (and Meg's) back came when Meg rebounded and was given the atomic belly flop by a girl who should have played for Whales, not Wales. We scraped her up off the court and ran away to the pub in such a hurry we forgot to write down who shot what in a very close game.

A cheery (never could spell beery) session at the New England pub was terminated by the calling of the college dinner bell (metaphorically speaking). After dinner it was off to the bush dance, curiously enough, held in the middle of the bush somewhere, in a sheep shearing shed (which isn't quite as hard to say as ti tree treating tank).

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Aroaring log fire was provided to stave off the winter chills, while a bush band of questionable ability invited people to dance among the wool presses.

The other big attraction of the evening was a mechanical bull, which everyone was invited to ride on. A few of the locals showed their style, then Barbara decided that she'd be the first woman to have a go. Being an Ag. student and rural at heart she found no problems in giving a very polished display of bronco busting. There was an I.V. bull riding competition (pity it wasn't bull writing - we'd win hands down) which Barb was very unlucky not to win in the women's section. We were disgraced in the men's section when our entrant, Captain Cowgirl, took one look at the bull and in the true spirit of the courageous wild west, ran for his life, never to be seen again that evening.

As far as social comings and goings were concerned it was a pretty quiet night, although John Reilly got a couple of people a bit excited by taking a nap in the luggage rack of the Adelaide bus. In fact for some it was not quite as quiet as they had perhaps wished. So with thoughts of Mike dragging Jane off again, we retired to bed to ponder the old proverb of Mark Twain : "Familiarity breeds contempt - and children."

CHAPTER SIX : THURSDAY.

And so to the business end of the week, but first, another girls' match report.

Women 12 lost to Adelaide 23

The start of this game was marred by the lack of support from our males, who were sitting in the carpark of the college waiting for Woger the Bus Driver to bring back our bus and pick us up (we had agreed to lend Adelaide our bus as theirs was found that morning in the carpark, lying on its back with its wheels in the air - not at all weell). We suspect that Woger was trying to work out how come the horn kept sounding when he turned corners. Eventually the guys got to the game. Our defence here was outstanding as we put lots of zone pressure on Adelaide, forcing them to miss lots of shots. This generated lots of rebounds. Lots of the rebounds were taken by Barb, Pauline and Meg. Lots of our shots almost went in, but in reality lots of them missed, so we trailed 4-10 at half time. Lots more points were scored in the second half by Sue and Judy and Adelaide and we ended up losing by not lots. This meant that lots of teams in our pool finished ahead of us. Sue 6, Judy 4, Meg 2.

And so to the business end of the week, but first, some more light relief from the men at TAS

Men 64 d. Macquarie 36

We were expecting a pretty slack game here and by George, we got it. Macquarie were unable to stop the rampaging of Wild Bill, who took rebounds in every way known to mankind (and a few that weren't, like lying flat on his back). They had no answer to the hustle of Reilly, the Nuggett-like passes of Smith and the overall Jane-ness of Jane (we haven't got an answer to that either), and so it was when the final siren sounded, the game finished. Jane 16, John, Bill 12, Henry 8, J.C. 6, Paul, Trevor 4, Brian 2.

And so to the business end of the week, but first, the girl's game to decide whether we finish in 13th (and last) place or playoff for positions 11 and 12 tomorrow.

Melb Women 27 lost to Sydney 40

The first half of this game was filled with excitement as a basket for basket duel developed between us and Sydney's best player (only player). At half time it was 14-18 in favour of Sydney's best player. In the second half our scoring continues at a fair rate, with even team contributions, but our defence lets them score a few too many baskets and we eventually sink by 13 points. This clinched last place for us and illustrated the problem we had all week - we tried hard all the time but the opposition was just too good for us. Judy 9, Sue, Meg 6, Pauline 4, Barb 2.

And so to the business end of the week, and it's Quarter finals for the men who finished second in their pool, and face the third team from the other pool.

Men 50 d. ANU 44

Traditionally we always struggle against the hustle of ANU. So when J.C. picked up a couple of early steals and converted to give us the jump, we had a great confidence boost. A very tight first half saw us hold the lead by about 4 at the change. In the second half Les and Jane controlled the boards, and Mike's steadiness at both ends of the court gave us a good edge. Burkie chipped in with some good rebounds and J.C. was still outplaying the ANU guards. We led by 10 for most of the half and resisted all the challenges to end up pretty comfortable

winners and move on to tomorrows semi finals.

J.C. 15, Jane 14, Mike 10, Les 6, Paul 4, Brian 1.

On a high after that win we went to the New England pub (thanks to Adelaide who were kind enough to lend us our bus) and had a great cook your own steaks etc and salad dinner, followed by a relaxing session of losing money on the pokies - all except Pauline who had the audacity to win well in excess of \$20 (and still owes everyone a drink under Old Club Rule 23(a) sub para 3 section (ii) which states : "anyone winning heaps on pokies or in casinos or other such undetermined and herein unspecified dens of iniquity shall be obliged to buy all club members in attendance a drink out of said winnings...")

Socially speaking, the Captain set an 11:00 p.m. curfew, then went off to investigate the possibility of shooting some amphibious broad tailed, soft furred rodent that builds huts and dams from W.A. Meanwhile Barbara was having problems of her own with a rat from the west named Lindsay who had taken quite a shine to her. Barb eventually got sick of him telling her how much of W.A. his father owned, and took the tactfully graceful way out and told him to "piss off". Reilly was the only one missing at curfew time 'coz he was having a great time at the club. Captain Curfew was also missing because he was off playing pokies. And so, with dreams of glory on the morrow in our minds, we retired to bed to ponder the proverb of A.Bierce : "Egotist : a person of low taste, more interested in himself than in me."

CHAPTER SEVEN : FRIDAY.

We greeted the day with great anticipation of good things to come, but first there was breakfast. The first of the good things was Captain Psyche-up's pre game meeting and his address to the players. This included such gems as "These guys aren't as good as they are" and "A good pass to a bad player is a bad pass - that has nothing to do with what I was saying, but who cares." Ah yes, sports fans, Ian Bett lives. And so being fully primed for the game it was a short walk to the Uni court to take on Adelaide (who went to the game on our bus). Why Adelaide again, you may ask. Well so did we, several times. The answer goes like this....

Once upon a time (1981) in a far away place called Sydney they made up an I.V. basketball finals draw. Unfortunately the Wicked Witch of Wollongong had cast an evil spell on the draw and it was incorrect. So on the Thursday of competition I.V.'s fairy godmother came along and waved her magic wand and before you could say "ti tree treating tank" the draw was corrected and everybody (except our girls who had to play Wollongong in a semi) lived happily ever after. Well, almost. Well, until 1982 I.V. that is. When UNE couldn't be bothered working out a draw they copied last year's straight from the I.V. book, which of course, being unaffected by the fairy godmothers spell, was wrong. We tried to get the fairy godmother to come and help out again but she was on holiday at Club Med Bali and couldn't be contacted. No amount of reasoning or pleading could get the draw corrected, so nobody lived happily ever after (except LaTrobe who had the easy semi against NSW).

Thanks to Edward Everard Horton for that last fractured fairytale. Now to the semi final and another one.

Men 43 lost to Adelaide 49

This was it sports fans, now or never. As semi finals often are, this was a battle of defences, especially in the first 10 minutes or so. No one from either side was able to consistently find the basket, but Adelaide clawed away to a handy lead as the half progressed. Les and Mike were pressuring Adelaide's outside shooters well, and our rebounding and ball control was much improved over our previous Adelaide game on Monday. J.C. turned defensive hustle into baskets and found the range from outside, getting us back into the game as half time drew near. At the change it was Melb 22 Adelaide 27. The second half was even tighter than the first. Increased pressure on our outside shooters allowed Jane to get inside for a couple of baskets but Adelaide slipped away to a 10 point lead. Les was still doing well in defence and Burkie was hustling as we made a slight impression on their lead. A couple of times we got back to 4 points the difference, but each time we did Adelaide went to Mr. Coatee who scored without fail. John Reilly chipped in with some nice baskets, but with Mike unable to find the range from outside time was running out. Jane and J.C. both made drives to bring the difference to 4 with a minute to play, but that was as close as we got. Eventually we lost by 6, but I can't help thinking we had our chances to win but couldn't produce the

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goods when it counted. It was a pretty fair effort, but just not good enough.
J.C. 14, Jane 12, Les 6, Paul 5, John 4, Mike 2.

Lunchtime was a sombre affair in the absence of a pub. This soon gave way to the much looked forward to playoff for third and fourth.

Melb Men 32 lost to NSW 34

Well we cooked up some fine plans for this game. It began as we swapped uniforms with Wales and got one of their players as well. Wales decided to wear their women's shorts and the game began with J.C. winning the opening tip off. Our first offence stalled at the centre line, where upon John Reilly stuffed the ball up his singlet and led a rousing chorus of "Melbourne Uni We're The One", as follows (with lively West Indian - Mojo - Reggae beat) -

leader : Melbourne Uni we're the one.

echo : Melbourne Uni we're the one.

leader : Intervarsity - here we come.

echo : Intervarsity here we come.

leader : Gonna shove that ball right up your ass.

echo : Gonna shove that ball right up you ass.

leader : And show you some of our real class.

echo : And show you some of our real class.

leader : Well here we are in Armidale.

echo : Well here we are in Armidale.

leader : We're all playin' as New South Wales.

echo : We're all playin' as New South Wales.

leader : We're playing off for third and fourth.

echo : We're playin' off for third and fourth.

leader : And who gives a ____? (insert the word of your choice)

echo : And who gives a ____?

The game went down hill fast from there. Each team allowed the other to run a few dunks then the real fun started. We played on knees, we played slow motion basketball, on bums, backwards, heading the ball, volleyball, rugby union, Aussie rules (very nice goal kicked by Trevor), the refs scored smoe layups for us, tunnel ball down the court ending with a Jane dunk, 8 balls on the court at once, no balls on the court at once, shaking hands offence and the old sub off the refs trick. The crowd loved it and were on their feet applauding for much of the time. At full time it was 32-32 and the result was to be determined by a dunking competition. Trevor opened proceedings by leaping off the top tier of the stands and slamming the ball in the basket on the other court - sensational. Some boring dunks followed, then our finale.... the pyramid dunk, with Reilly leaping off the top of the human pyramid and slamming the ball. Wales won the competition by dunking one of their players who was holding the ball at the time. A great game.

Having completed the playing part of the tourney, the bus embarked on a tinnie purchasing expedition, which proved quite successful. We made the mistake of leaving Smith, Reilly and Burke in the bus with the tinnies while the women's final was on and they produced the following stunning contribution (to the tune of Jamaican Farewell) :

1. We came up from Melbourne on our beaut bus,

It did the job, it coped with us;

The back passage kingdom was ruled by Burko

And we stayed our first night in the town of Dubbo.

CHORUS : Well I'm sad to say, we're on our way,

We won't be back for many a day,

In the west next year we hope to get laid

And take the shield from Adelaide.

2. Early next day off to Armidale,

By the end of the trip the front runners were stale,

Later that day we booked into Earle Page

And the piss on that night set the stage.

CHORUS

3. Monday morning the games began,
We shat on Queensland according to plan,
Adelaide however created a fuss
And the bunts had the cheek to ask for our bus.

CHORUS

4. Ocker was the theme for the turn at Wright,
Monday evening was boat race night,
They say that the Vic's are from Mexico
But Monash and Melbourne proved that we could row.

CHORUS

5. Griffith have given I.V. the chop,
And so the Fornos caught Shop on the hop,
Our black man shot like a man possessed
And thus we defeated the team from the West.

CHORUS

6. We played the rurals and the 'Gong,
For both these teams we proved too strong,
The mechanical bull was a mean machine
So Dirty-Greaves was nowhere to be seen.

CHORUS

7. The girls at this stage had not won a game,
And the situation remained the same,
Barb tried for glory on the tennis court,
All the men could do was to give her support.

CHORUS

8. Thursday proved to be a bit of a bore,
Macka's knackers found it hard to score,
The girls showed themselves to be a worthy last,
While ANUS lost to J.C. and his cast.

CHORUS

9. In bed by curfew no one was missed,
Except for Reilly at the pub getting pissed,
Up the next morning the team all met,
And Simon the coach spoke like Ian Bett.

CHORUS

10. Up against Adelaide it was a close bout,
But all of the shots seemed to spin right out,
Our scoring was led by hotshot J.C.
But it did not rate with Mr. Goatee.

CHORUS

11. Down at the centre as New South Wales,
Dribbling the ball with our heads and tails,
Melbourne Uni wore ladies trunks,
And the game was decided by Trevor's dunks.

CHORUS

12. Down at the finals watching Adelaide,
Against the 'Trobers they had it made,
We watched the game with a tinnie or two,
And so we're bringing this verse to you.

CHORUS

This provided endless hours of enjoyment for the singers, and multiple copies soon appeared for use in club sing alongs.

The women's final was crook, with Wollongong beating Queensland by 30 points. The men's turned out to be a thriller, with Adelaide beating LaTrobe by 1 point.

So to the final dinner - a remarkably civilized affair - for a while. We sang the relevant verses of our new song to Adelaide and enjoyed a good meal. This was followed by the presentations, with Jane and Mike being named in the All-Australian team. Congratulations to Mike for his second selection in a row, and to Graeme, who should have been in last year as well.

The formalities over, the serious partying kicked off. Jane and Mike were still kicking goals (even if Jane didn't want to - or did he?), the Captain had gone West, the black man was on the prowl, and so the night regressed. Janne was still trying to get on to the metaphysic, paralytic Vandersleeze, but seriously considering moving to number 2 on the top ten. Smithy nearly scored until the girl he was with had to disappear for a quick chunda, and when Reilly started doing strange things on the floor with Bazza from LaTrobe we knew it was time to go. And so we retired to bed to ponder the old proverb of Samuel Butler : "Life is a long process of getting tired."

CHAPTER EIGHT : SATURDAY.

As we did last Saturday, we carried John Reilly on to the bus and left sunny Armidale bound for home. The trip was fairly sedate as Trevor and Paul pushed out zeds and most people took it easy, except for the odd song and constant consumption of snakes. We reached Parkes about 6:00 p.m. and checked into the Broadway Hotel. After showering we did a pub/club crawl looking for a meal but couldn't get in anywhere. We ended up at the pizza place two doors up from the hotel and pizzas of somewhat questionable standard. Retiring to the hotel lounge we watched Henry relive his youth during the movie "Shane" while Paul and Mike had been cornered by the local pool champion, tatts and all. A quiet night concluded with a presentation to Les and Henry for their beaut bus driving (as always) for the week. And so with thoughts of the week's doings in our minds we retired to bed to ponder the old Dutch proverb : "Many seek good nights and lose good days."

CHAPTER NINE : SUNDAY.

At last we reach the final leg of our journey. Homeward bound once more. The trip looked doomed from the start when a flat tyre appeared before we left the hotel, but soon we were on our way. Up until lunch time things were a bit quiet, but after lunch they hotted up with a vengeance. King Burko of the Back Passage took a seat up with the Front Runners and a military coup was planned and executed down the back. There was a short interregnum (Abba asked me to use a big word he could look up in the new dictionary he bought for reading Dribbling Balls) after which the overthrow of King Burko was complete and CRAPP was formed - the Communist Republic of Australian Posterior Passages - under the leadership of Comrade Reilly and his military junta. The ex-king was ordered to renounce all his elitist tenets and doctrines before he was allowed to return. He refused to do so and remained in exile, his impassioned pleas for commonsense to prevail falling on deaf ears of his former subjects. The Battle of the Back Passage was fought, and won by CRAPP, who shat on ex-king Burko.

These almost entertaining diversions almost entertained us until darkness fell and once again we reached the car park of the Beaurepaire Centre - eight days on the road and I'm a gonna make it home tonight. And so as we thought of stories to tell our loved ones on return home we retired to bed to ponder the old proverb of Jerome K. Jerome : "It is always the best policy to speak the truth, unless of course you are an exceptionally good liar."

EPILOGUE :

So that was I.V. '82. Perhaps best summed up by Graeme Jane's comment as we left the bus on Sunday night "Make sure Sarah doesn't get to read any of this!" He was obviously hoping we would retire to bed and ponder the old proverb of H.H. Munro : "A little inaccuracy sometimes saves tons of explanations. Unfortunately, Dribbling Balls now retires to bed to ponder the old proverb of Irvin Crabb : "A good story teller is a person who has a good memory and hopes other people haven't."

THE END

THE END