

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL CLUB
DRIBBLING BALLS

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Well, we promised you the works in this edition of Dribbling Balls and boy/girl, are you going to get it. For those of you who enjoy reading about grand final triumphs we've got one of those. For those who enjoy reading about grand final losses we've got one of those too. For those of you who enjoy reading about Chuck, I suggest you seek professional help.

V.B.A. DIV. 2 (Wed. 16/3)

Uni 75 d. Montague 61

Playing Montague in second division was really a step back in time for us, it used to happen years ago. Never mind. Highlight of the first half was the hot start by the Captain. Also worth noting was the good running into offence and the non-existent defence, the latter probably due to the fact we were without Les, Drew and Abba who are amongst our best contributors in defence. Half time saw the scoreline at a rather embarrassing 36-35 our way. In the second half we were ignited by some excellent rebounding from Skippy and Paul in defence and cruised away from the opposition whose half time smokes seemed to take the edge off their game. J.C. had a field day in offence, as did Henry and Haggis and the result was never in doubt. This established our longest winning streak for the season (2 games in a row).

J.C. 23, Henry 14, SBG, Haggis 12, Skippy 11.

(Good to see Mattman and Thin Arthur join in the after match celebrations too, Rising Sun, Pete's Bar, Blush and Stutter,... Pity Mattman has to sleep in the Matt-mobile though.)

V.W.B.A. DIV 5 (Wed. 9/3) GRAND FINAL

Somebody 35 had the audacity to defeat Uni 17

The basis of this report is a conversation with one of the participants in the game. Due to the large number of expletive which have had to be deleted, details are a bit sketchy, and some things are open to a little debate (like the score). Basically we were thrashed. We never even got close to the opposition who had an amazingly hot night. Having a large number of our supporters banished to the wilds of Sandringham didn't help either. It was a disappointing end to what has been a good season, and losing players with the experience of Terry and Carol during the season probably didn't help a lot, but now it's on to Div. 4 and we'll tear 'em apart there. A word of consolation for Davo too, who tried every trick in the book and eventually got the bottle of Bodega open.

V.B.A. DIV. 2 (Sun. 20/3)

Uni 68 d. Ballarat 63

There were a few less than perfect specimens who took the court for this special Sunday arvo game played in sunny Ballarat. The efforts of the previous evening seemed to take their toll as we soon looked like a tired and ragged rabble (after two minutes of the warm up). We fared somewhat better when the game started and zoomed away to 10 or 15 point lead for some unaccountable reason. Skippy was firing well and racked up 13 points for the half, while Henry and J.C. ran a few breaks and it was 41-30 at the half. We caught up on some much needed sleep during the second half and allowed the 'Rats to get

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back to one point down at 62-61 with a minute to play. Desperate attempts by us to throw the game away from here miraculously failed and it was a comfortable 5 point win, making it 3 wins in a row and a cheery end to the season for a change.

Skippy 18, J.C. 12, Henry 10, Paul 9, Les 8.

Ballarat Tournament Report :

It seems appropriate that the report be confined to the performance of the women's A Grade team and one other anonymous contribution. The Friday night psyche up for Saturday morning's game seemed to unsettle a couple of the girls, who in turn seemed to unsettle their tummies a little. Bridget and Karen tried to remedy the situation during the game but to no avail and we lost. Winning the next two games put us into the semi final, where we teamed well to beat Hustlers by 3 points. The grand final saw us face highly fancied Bundoora Bullets and tear them apart. Almost. In a tight, no holds barred game we led by a couple of points at half time. The score was levelled during the second half and experienced Uni supporters (mindful of the club motto : "when the going gets tough, Melbourne Uni crumbles into little bits") began looking for places to hide. But no - what's this? Julie came onto the court and threw up a patented Jules special from 18 feet with the required amount of backspin and the ball sailed straight into the basket. Next thing you know, Terry outlets to Jean who goes bang and heaves the ball down the court into offence. Julie catches it, ducks, pivots and lays it in the basket, and it's Uni up by 4. No contest from there and the A Grade final goes to Uni. In a good team performance one had to admire the brilliance of Bridget (who was named the tournament M.V.P. - "This is the ugliest trophy I've ever seen!") whose guard play with Bernie especially was excellent, the strength of Jean and Terry, and the efforts of Carmel, Julie, Pauline, Karen and Robyn who all contributed to a great Uni weekend. John Reilly did a passable job as coach too.

The Dribbling Balls editorial board met to vote on whether the following contribution re the Ballarat tournament should be included in Dribbling Balls. The vote was 3-2 in favour. Having read the article, I'm now looking for a new editorial board. Read at your own risk. WARNING : parts of this article are even more likely to offend than the usual Dribbling Balls offerings :

And now for the follow up story you've all been waiting for. The scandal so big even Giovanni couldn't get a grip on it. So unbelievable, Linda Lovelace couldn't swallow it. Yes, the true depiction of the people who have now become cheaper than a whore with herpes. The great Ballbuster - Brayball 2 (though let the author at this stage state that Warwick had no part in these events - not that this is any excuse for him), but to the beginning -

In the beginning was a vision - an insidious plot to wreak havoc on the hearts and lives of all loyal M.U.B.C. club members. A splinter group later to be known as the Skywalkers, and still later to be known as the Skywankers, was formed by a group of EX-club members (for it was Nicolas Boileau in Satires (1666) who said "Honour is like a steep island without a shore : one cannot return once one is outside). However, as is always the case, that great basketballer in the sky was on the side of the morally unimpeachable all round

good guys and gals of M.U.B.C.

It is written in the Song of Soloman "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can floods drown it". This is not to imply the Skywankers didn't perform well ... (a sentence was removed here - in the interests of public decency. Not a lot of the article's rather questionable continuity appears to have been lost by doing this - Ed.) ... but rather to say they played pretty piss weak.

There can be no greater evidence awaiting other such insidious characters who attempt to form their own splinter groups ... (another sentence removed here - see previous Editorial note - Ed.) ... than the fact that they lost all their matches. It should further be stated as irrefutable proof (it is hard to argue successfully against this kind) that the Uni men's A Grade team - in a higher grade than the Skywankers - won 100% of their first two games, and that the Uni women won the A Grade final. Surely proof that an M.U.B.C. that plays basketball together will be more successful than a splinter group that does something else together (Editorial paraphrasing- Ed.)

Now let's get down to the nitty gritty, the brass tacks, the bottom line (I'm hoping for the bottom line as much as anybody) - the section where like Playboy, Penthouse and Cleo we reveal all. The section where we name names, accuse the perpetrators and ruin reputations :

Skywanker I : Carey Helenius - A man whose Vauxhaul has seen more lice than a Chinese laundry next to a chinese takeaway.

Skywanker II : Rod (Light nothing) Trevena : A man who claims to have improved his jump 6 inches just by holding the ball tighter.

Skywanker III : Ric Coleman - A man who needs no introduction to those of you with no taste.

But, of course, every disaster has its bright side and this one was no exception. The heroes were :

Henry Cooper - for banning Skywankers I and II from Cooper's Commandos (Thursday B Grade potential premiers), also for putting back up our tent after Rodney had pulled it down and also for guaranteeing me a place in the starting five if I made him a hero (if I get you the wool will you make me one too?-Ed.)

Peter (Starsky and) Hutchinson - for removing Carey's clothing from Steve Muller's car, hence making it difficult for Carey to get back to Melbourne.

Steve Muller - for refusing to transport Cary whilst he was in Ballarat.

And all the basketball club members both at Ballarat and at home for not watching any of the Skywankers' games.

The moral of this story is - next time you see a copy of Dribbling Balls don't take one if it contains an article by this author, or if you do take one destroy it before someone reads it. And now to the end. The Skywankers have come and gone and the club at this stage seems to have survived Brayball 2. But remember, somewhere, sometime, someone could say to you "just when you thought it was safe to go back on the court, along came Brayball 3." But thank goodness, that will be another story. You may now thank the Almighty basketballer once again, because as was once said "Great is the art of beginning, but greater is the art of ending" Longfellow (1881). (I'll drink to that - Ed. 1983).

Remember the club Tennis Day? It was going to be on March 20, then it was changed to April 10. Well now it's been changed again to a date to be fixed (and probably changed again later). It's been changed this time because the Commencement Tournament which was to be held on March 27 was cancelled due to an administrative stuff up (J.C. forgot to book the court). It will now be held on April 10, so see Henry or Bernadette for this version of the important details.

Also not to be forgotten is the Annual General Meeting to be held in the Board Room of the Sports Union building on April 9 at 12:15 (note the change of time from 12:00 and 12:30 to a compromise 12:15). Come along and vote for something (like how much subscriptions will be this year). See what Abba really stands for. Psyche up for another great Demon victory. Not to be missed. We've had a late contribution reporting the last club activity..the Pub Crawl....

It was at the Clyde we gathered, some oldies, some newies, ready for an afternoon's imbibation. At the Astor we watched the Mr. Universe final on the T.V. - you've got a long way to go fellas. At Stewart's we lost Bernie who went off to drag her Ballarat friend out of Jimmy Watson's. At the New Lincoln we played the pinnies and pontoon, while Haggis and Garfield charmed the young kids. They wouldn't let us in to the cocktail bar at the Lemon Tree (we obviously weren't trendy enough) but there was a ton of room for us in the lounge where we drank the most expensive beers for the day. Bernadette returned and Karen and Paul dropped in for an ale. The University was not a memorable hotel, the only highlight was that Simon (who wasn't going to drink) began writing dirty ditties for the bucks turn that night. Poynton's had no beer in the lounge when we arrived, but they managed to turn it on fairly quickly (the beer that is). Here we were joined by Abba from his study and Henry from his engineers' reunion - "They're all the same old engies except they all have wives and kids now". At the Lincoln we played billiards and found the conveniences (this is absorbing stuff - Ed.). At the Queensberry more pool was played and Garfield was being used as a yo-yo. After the Canada we saw a couple of newly weds having their photos taken to the comments of "You mad fools" etc. - nice horse and buggy they hired anyhow. At the Carlton Inn Mattman made the big move and asked for her phone number. So we moved on to P.A.'s to the tune of "Here comes the bride". The juke box at the Prince Alfred played us some top 40 hits, or were they golden oldies? I can't remember (we remember - Ed.). Not many people made tracks to the final drinking establishment, because by this time it was after 7 p.m. and many of us had other things to go to. There were 4 or 5 valiant soldiers who marched on to the well known college watering hole. Congratulations to Pauline, Leslie, Henry and Russell. Andrew Mounas was sighted going in the door and out again, apparently hiding from his mate Shane, as they left P.A.'s, and then couldn't work out why Shane wasn't at Naughton's. It probably had a lot to do with the fact that Shane didn't know where the place was! Undeterred, Shane went back to the Lincoln for a few more beers, then went home, rang Andrew up and abused him. All in all a thoroughly amusing and enjoyable afternoon, to be recommended to all.