

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL CLUB

THE BEST OF DRIBBLING BALLS

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The following is a pot pourri of reports, articles, notices, gossip, insults, libel, humour, pathos, several of the other Musketeers, tall tales and true from the legendary past, fantasy land and much, much more from the colourful past editions of everybody's favourite bedtime reading matter, Dribbling Balls. Read and enjoy....

A once off Dribbling Balls from 1974 has mysteriously appeared and mentions some (apparently still living) legends in a game against Nunawading...

.....at half time Uni was only 5 down. An inspiring half time speech by Wasp (spectators 3 courts away were inspired by his impressive command of language) led to a remarkable change in the game...Lards made some amazing driving layups, Solli hit a few hooks, Roger made a layup and then Zeke got hot. It was all too much for the opposition (and the Wasp, and the Uni spectators) and Uni ran out comfortable winners by 7.

From ancient history we move to 1976, Geoff Stamp is Dribbling Balls editor, and even in those days Uni was doing what Uni does best in a 1 point loss to Preston in Div 2....

.....Uni lost the game right on the siren. having a lead of 7 points with about 5 minutes to go, bad passes and general slackness let Devils steal the ball time and time again. No use blaming the refs....

Games weren't the only things to appear in Dribbling Balls though, as the 1976 Annual Dinner report shows...

.....After midnight most kicked on at Henry's until the early hours listening to Hot August Night. Some couples filtered out into the dingy hallway (wonder why?) whilst others sat in amazement at Haggis breaking all records in breath holding!

How long do you think some of us have been trying to learn this shuffle offence? Two excerpts from the 1976 I.V. report...

.....too many individualists, shuffle not given a chance (but they know it better than us anyway!)....and.....once again the shuffle was piss-weak.

The same report tells of the birth of another club tradition...

.....who was caught in his birthday suit at 4:00 a.m. Saturday morning locked out in the hall of the Russell?...

And from the same I.V. edition, we include a snippet indicating why some people continue to be attracted to the north...

.....the following game was a beauty, for the male spectators, some of the Newcastle girls - talk about nine and a half out of ten!...

And some people always dominate the congratulations section

.....Congratulations to Terry Stewart and husband-to-be Serge for their forthcoming marriage in February...

A change of personnel in 1977 sees J.C. take over as Dribbling Balls editor, the year began with the Labour Day Tourney reports, the first from Wang, the second from Ballarat...

.....a real debacle. Les and Ross carried the rest of the team, mainly because they couldn't stand up. The offenders scored four points each, which coincidentally was the same number of bottles each consumed before the game....and.....SBG dominated for us (it must be true because he told me himself)...and...Don produced another good tournament performance, forgetting how he got the scratch in his car coming home from the party, then "doing a Haggis" in his one man tent....

After 4 years in the club, '77 revealed what may be termed the Logic of Henry....

.....I think Powerhouse beat us in this game because they scored more points than we did. This is almost certainly true because University tests have shown a high incidence of teams being credited with wins simply because they finish the game with most points. To test this theory we will try and score more points than LaTrobe next week and see if we win. However, LaTrobe may score more points than us so we may not be able to find out. Though if that did happen we could look to see if we lost....

Just what did go on at Mac's Hotel Portland that year? Dribbling Balls didn't know (or did it?)...

.....there's no truth to the rumour that Debbie Lawrie is pregnant, nor is Henry an expectant father. However we would like to know why Graeme Clarke's bed wasn't slept in after Sunday's 4:32. Perhaps he was counting steps....

Betty's match reports were always good for a chuckle....

.....unplanned disasters still occur, but are diminishing in number. Adrienne is playing strongly, with increasingly effective assistance from the other Catholics, including the odd pom. Protestant coach Betty faces an uphill battle, but we can only improve....

Laugh at his reports but Betty's playing was also the cause of a deal of Dribbling Balls comment....

.....from the "Believe it or Not" department, Dribbling Balls congratulates President Ian Bett on his selection in the Australian Intersystems Basketball team....obviously he talked to a few people, made some phone calls, dropped a few names and generally had everything under control....

The year finished with a beach party at Jan Langdon's Somers house, where Dribbling Balls once again had a predictive finger on the pulse....

.....there was quite a bit of time spent playing beach games. Also, independent sources tell me that Haggis and Woody went for some beach games of their own about dinner time, but that goes without social comment....

If you thought 1978 would bring some changes, I think you were wrong, Betty coached at Swan Hill, could D.B. handle it?....

.....In the semi final we lost by about 30 points to Westgate Wildcats. Betty hit Bob Joyce in the fist with his stomach, then he had Mark Wright thrown out of the game for attempted murder or something. We fought out the game well, despite Betty's time outs (oops, there goes the new year's resolution, again)....

After Swan Hill, Wang had become a well established social tournament, and '78 was the wildest for one reason....

.....the girls were totally amazing off the court. Your editor has seen some embarrassing exhibitions in his time (he's even been part of a few), but nothing to match the performance of the women Sunday night in the pub. Their antics and songs, paper napkin hats and extremely rural behaviour eventually drove the men from the pub. We hope to include a note on the formation of the M.U.B.C.C.S. if only to inform Ann and Helen of what went on that night, and why they kept falling down stairs. The men planned a little revenge of their own that night, and would have succeeded but for the lack of a Clark Mobile Crane....

Ah yes, the subtlety of Dribbling Balls. Never one to miss out on a quote worthy of inclusion, Langers was a frequent victim....

....."None of the girls in the M.U.B.C. need to be touched up." Say no more!....

One barman in Sale learnt how to make a few mixed drinks in '78, charging 70 cents for them was his only mistake....

.....this led to Henry's unusual state of dress later in the evening and a B.B. memorial across the misty flats. Also worth mentioning was the fact that all Henry's clothes mysteriously ended up sewn together - very strange....

The first Dribbling Balls competition appeared in May 1978, and the prize was a collectors item....

.....all you have to do is guess which part of Ray Watson will break down (break up?) next. The prize for the first correct entry is a copy of "How to Run Successful Fast Breaks" by Ian R. Bett....

Whilst not wanting to harp too much on Betty's exploits, he was responsible for perhaps the greatest collection of rubbish ever printed in Dribbling Balls during 1978, Presidential Panjandrummings. e.g....

.....Allegations by certain minors (aren't all guards) that I've joined the plebs are pure slander, because we all know that forwards have more fun (didn't know Crazy Jane was a forward - Ed.). Ask Skippy, he's always having a gay time...and...why was Henry muttering with a wry grin at the end of the progressive dinner, that he bit off more than he could chew. I guess only Trish knows the reason!...and...those unfortunate enough to witness the exhibition by Langdon at Langdon's (which Langdon? - Ed.) must be wondering what drives the girl to drink. Horrified onlookers (except for Coops!!) were aghast...and...club apprentice stud, Drew, has made the following utterance on his possible reign following G.C.'s retirement (as club stud) "I just hope I can fill his shoes"....

The warm up for I.V. '78 included a special Dribbling Balls I.V. preview edition, which included not only the How To Survive at I.V.

guide, but a preview of our accommodation for the week....

.....things here are a little cramped. I wouldn't say the rooms are small, but if you walk into one quickly the chain hits you in the face. Not only that, if you open the door quickly in the morning the door knob gets into bed with you. In fact, they're so small, even the mice have round shoulders. Actually, I saw the building supervisor and said I wasn't happy about all the mice in my room and he told me to just pick out the ones I liked and he'd get rid of the rest. Then I asked him about the roof. He said "What about it?" I said, "I'd like one". To which he replied, "Don't worry, the people in the room above you don't walk about much, they'll just drop in from time to time".....

There is no doubt that 1978 was the year of the I.V. and Dribbling Balls was on the spot. The Monash semi final was the best standard game I've ever seen at I.V., but it's the report of the Men's Grand Final against Adelaide which still sends shivers up and down the spines of many who were at the game.....

.....tied at 61-61, so it was in to five minutes extra time as the crowd gave both teams a standing ovation. We opened up well, as Les, who had been quiet all game, drove for the basket, made his shot, was fouled and hit the extra shot for a three point play. Prosser replied with a basket at the other end, then Les hit a 15 footer for his fifth point in two offences. Our lead was cut to one as our fouls hurt us again, but Skippy scored again and we led by three. The tension was terrific. Henry ate another towel. The teams traded baskets and the lead until Nugget hit Drew on a fast break. Drew flew in to make the layup and to give us a three point lead again with just over a minute to play. They replied, then Ray, who had played the whole game, got free and drilled home a 22 foot jump shot. Taking great care to avoid fouls, we practically let them score. The ball was then passed in to Ray who held it on the baseline for the last 5 seconds of the game. All hell broke loose as the siren went - we all went berserk as we realised we had just won 74-73 and were Australian Universities champions 1978..

Some people were old back in 1978, as the final Dribbling Balls for the year indicated....

.....the average age of the team was down about 10 years due to the absence of Easy and Zeke.....and.....there will be a going away party for Easy, all are invited to come along and pay their last respects to one of the club's elder statesmen. It may be your last chance to see Easy before he leaves Australia to work in Queensland....and... the congratulations department sends good wishes to Woody and Haggis who are engaged to be married early next year...and...Lards played one on one against Lindsay Gaze (combined age of these two is somewhere near 150)...

In 1979 Rob Bartnik took over the editorship of D.B. and the output was down a bit, but still quite engaging....

.....Congratulations to Carol Dillon and Neville Brayley on their engagement...and...congratulations to Robyn O'Laughlin on her engagement...

The year's highlight Dribbling Balls-wise was, as usual, the Intervarsity report, compiled with the aid of J.C.'s ubiquitous notebook. There were some problems at the Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday functions....

.....despite having to pay for our drinks...and...free wine and munchies but the beer had to be paid for...and...no free grog yet again...and...during which would be held an outdoor BBQ. The evening began well in typical Newcastle style with the BBQ being cancelled...

The week was not without its superheroes though...

.....During the day we saw the birth of a new super hero - Captain Basketball, along with his drop kick, M.F...and...the Captain refused to fly for us, saying that he had twanged his power thruster...and...between courses Captain Basketball finally got to fly, and did a lap of honour around the tables and into a wall....

The value of the notebook came in the keeping track of gossip...

.....ex-Melbourne star Jan Langdon was chasing Adelaide's little man with the big jump, Rob Clarke...and...a certain ex-club stud found our beauty contest winner to his liking. The action continued with the return of W.A.'s Spider to some well trodden Melbourne territory...G.C. gave Steve Bunny the old 1-2-3 coaching tips and we watched the slowest move of the week...

There was no doubt however, who the gossip producing stars of the week were....

.....we all went off to bed, except for Nugget who was busy playing Cupid with Drew who was playing stupid with another of our Ballarat representatives. All worked out for the best, as was observed by people who saw Drew knocking on his own door next morning...and...Drew dropped another quotable quote "Shooting tinnies comes a close second to sex"...and...the only things remaining now are the memories (except for some like Drew who has taken to wearing the SBG memorial polo neck sweater)....

With the advent of the new decade, Dribbling Balls returned to its decadent former self under the watchful eye of J.C. Who else was at Sale....

.....a team of midgets except for Andrew "New" Mounas and Wild Bill Nixon...and...Ann "All I got at Wang was six inches" Compton...and...Janne "13 rebounds, 14 if you count Henry" MacGowan....

A new face on the scene in 1980 was the irrepressible man from the West, Greg Piggott. Founding member of the Sensational Sale Swamp Swimmers....

.....Neville and Greg decided it was time for Davo to go for a swim and Davo seemed to agree - well he only struggled for a little while. As they reached the water's edge, Simon decided that 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. Within the next 15 minutes, Neville, Simon and Davo had all gone for a "swim" and a J.C. memorial was held for good measure...and...a good laugh was had when J.C. discovered his sleeping bag was saturated with Bullshit repellent. Henry's sleeping gear was similarly doused but he didn't seem to notice - can't think why....

The Intervarsity 1980 report looked like embarrassing a few people who were at Monash....

.....Yes it's I.V. '80 (subtitled : Cheap Wine and a Three Day Grope!). It should be noted that all characters portrayed in this report are fictitious and any resemblance to any person living or dead is one helluva coincidence....

It was all O.K. though, as long as you had a sound excuse....

.....One notable performance came from Janne MacGowan who took an Adelaide lad back to her place in Carlton to look for her desert boots. They must have been hard to find, judging by the time she returned next morning...and...it was interesting to see Janne develop an interest in marine life as she and Dave Martin from Adelaide spent quite some time staring into the fish tank together....

Adelaide people always seem to have fun, even exports....

.....Bourke St. looked pretty good too, as he and Narelle wore matching dresses. In fact it was good to see him get into anyone's dress again...and...Davo retrieved some honour for the men by getting it 'on with Jane Carver from Adelaide, who must go for older men...and...Jenny dragged Phil Brooks into Albert Park and they were never sighted again that night...and...Jean had a fairly busy evening, playing interpreters with Tom "Auto" Matic the Yugoslav from ANU, then getting into some human movement studies....

Some people became famous for their endless search for cleanliness...

.....by the time breakfasting and showering was underway it was 11:00 a.m. By the time some people had finished showering it was about 1 p.m.

The 1980 year was summarised in typical Dribbling Balls fashion with an article headed 1980 was the year that....

.....Piggott's 3 week going away party caused a national beer shortage...the rules to spin the bottle were changed, resulting in several wrecked people and a wall to match...Les and Julie did it, Neville and Carol did it, Clarkie talked about how much he did it and Betty thought a lot about doing it...a number of points were raised at the committee dinner...Henry and Jacqui broke Lloyd Bridges' record for the longest stay under water...Doodie flew back to Adelaide after I.V. and beat the plane in by 20 minutes...Jan Langdon came across for the new year...Jane Carver didn't...Melblblblbn was born...Jean took up rowing and rated 40 at I.V....Loose got to Portland in just enough time to get drunk, sober up and go home...Normal tried to pick up somebody else's girlfriend at the annual dinner...David taught us to play hard and a few other basic lines of basketball...

A Swan Hill tournament report kicked off Dribbling Balls in 1981, with the same people up to the same tricks, like Henry....

.....the coach tried every piece of trickery and cunning he knew, then got out of bed and went to the game...and...behaved himself admirably all weekend (i.e. struck out)...

Some new names were starting to pop up though, take Abba and Cary....

.....Abba has an uncanny sense of direction - couldn't find our campsite in three days of looking...and...Cary is the club's only true

avant garde, art nouveau, quasi-autonomous basketballer. When he calls on a fast break everyone listens....

And who could forget Prince Waldo....

.....the player they said couldn't be made, the baskets they said couldn't be hit, the rebounds they said couldn't be taken. They were right....

And although we may try, no one can forget that intrepid band of floral femininity having their annual Wang reunion....

.....despite the Sifflettes not turning up for the first half of the first game after being delayed in a Brunswick Op Shop, we couldn't win this game either. They do deserve a special mention, it's wonderful to see 4 graduates of the Al Grassby School of Dressing together at once. Their songs are a joy to behold if you're into the music of the Indiana Home for the Criminally Insane Glee Club. Altogether, they're about as entertaining as the Marcel Marceau Radio Show.....

The Editor's clumsy typing feature reached great heights in Vol 9 No 7, necessitating several sets of explanatory brackets....

.....notice that this weejk's (the Danish spelling there) scoreline...a few nice baskets ftrom (Hungarian spelling tyhere (Ita spelling there)) Mal...was notable if only fot (Zambian spelling there) the...10 minutes and should havre (Dutch spelling there) led by...

Sometimes the Editor just seems to be having a great time - all inside his head...

.....Saturday April 4 - April Fool's Day. Well it wasn't really April Fool's Day, then again, you should have been at the Annual General Meeting. Well, you should have been, but since there was only a total of 18 of us there you probably weren't. You'll never know what you missed. Well, actually you will, because I'm going to tell you...the committee will have their particulars pinned to the club notice board (painful process it is too)...

Advanced tactical manouvres have always been gratefully received for Dribbling Balls publication, like this one from John Jirik's Catholic All Stars....

.....after shooting the ball, all players drop to their knees and pray, I mean it might help the shot, but it sure stuffs up your offensive rebounding....

We were extremely lucky to get a Sale tournament report for 1981 from some sort of Pam Ayres write-alike. Some excerpts from the 27 verse epic illustrate...

.....We thought the record breaking games
were over for the night,
But we didn't count on Big Mal Short,
Who had one in his sight.

Six tins in half an hour -
He shot them all in Sale,
But sadly when he finished
We watched him play the whale.

As the party died we all retired
To beds in tents and cars,
Except for poor old Malcolm
Who was snoring at the stars....

Some people have almost raised hypochondria to an art form....

.....when Betty bombed in our first two baskets we looked quite competitive, then he fell and broke a fetlock or something so we had to bring the screens out and destroy him....

1981 was famous for nothing if not the Russian influence exerted over the club. This seemed to affect some match reports, not to mention every day speech around the club....

.....too many fast break doings...not give him basic line...you play properly doing...not bench ball in three second...is too much mistake doing...is nussing...this church...drink only milk, orange...you give him this one...I have crash...

We always were a popular team at Collingwood, the games were always lots of fun...

.....there are some really nice people who play at Collingwood - unfortunately they're all in our teams. This game was about as much fun as playing water polo against a team of piranah fish while you're wearing concrete swim fins....

Times were happier at Portland that year. Or were they?....

.....Warwick Bray (who shall hereafter be known simply as Judas) formed a splinter group from M.U.B.C. Hearing of this, Henry arrived with the chocolates and Fanta but it was too late...Rumours of World Series Basketball were spreading, but Henry slept on. Rod went to the toilet in honour of Warwick, and Gary stroked his moustache as the full enormity of the situation hit him (leaving Abba with a bruised fist)...

As that shows, hell hath no fury like that of MUBC scorned. Wacka wasn't the only one to get bucketed though....

.....the major problem of the game was how to avoid getting broken ribs and also getting out of the way of a 4'6" 60 kg tank - late revealed to be an ex-Uni player (if Kathy Diviny ever reads this she'll come around and sit on all of us - all at once - Ed.)....

The Car Rally was becoming a club tradition, and this year's marked another 27 verse contribution from the Prince of Poems, the Ruler of Rhyme, the Sultan of Stanzas, the Varmint of Verse.. the Unknown Poet (here we go again Chuckie Baby). An excerpt follows...

.....It seemed to all that Betty's trip
Was just a trifle slow -
He missed the freeway exit
And went to Bendigo.

His troubles then continued,
As by bad luck he was dogged,
The only person on the day
Who managed to get bogged.

The Holden Derro Driving Team
Were first to cross the line,
Karen, Liz and Paul did well -
An amazingly quick time.

The reason soon was clear to us
Why their car was never caught -
For nearly half the questions
They simply answered "Port"!....

Sometimes it appears that the correspondents overreact a little to the occasional loss, like a 14 point loss to LaTrobe in Div. 2....

.....Uni basketball will now be cremated and the ashes taken from this place to another and duly buried (somewhere near Bundoora). R.I.P.....

Foul Shots was an irregularly appearing feature on I'm not exactly sure what, but from the looks of things it wasn't humour...

.....Question : What has 200 legs and can't walk after midnight?
Answer: The MUBC Annual Dinner. Remember last year's Annual dinner?
Neither do I....

Intervarsity 1981 was held in Sydney by UNSW and Macquarie jointly (just ask Captain Cannabis), the highlight being another I.V Championship....

.....LaTrobe snuck away again to 42-46, then Rob hit from outside, Paul got a great tip in and Henry hit from the foul line line again to tie it up at 48. Rob scored from a rebound and Jane hit two foul shots as we zipped away to 52-48 after 14 minutes. In the next 4 minutes LaTrobe got to within 2 points of us on 4 occasions, but in the same period of time Rob was brilliant and answered every basket, plus one more to boot....when Henry hit from the foul line again it was all over bar the shouting at 65-57 with less than a minute to play.....

The celebrations were a bit too much for some people (who started celebrating well before the start of the game)....

.....back at the stadium, J.C. and some other less than coherent people were totally unable to locate the bus, so assuming it had left without them, made their way back to the hotel via taxi. They were quite surprised when everybody else turned up by taxi as well, and even more surprised to find the bus keys in J.C.'s pocket. Anyway, all this was soon forgotten (by one person anyway)....David skulled a triple vodka and did a fine Russian dance at the dinner....After raging the night away it was back to the hotel where some people probably kicked on a bit - I don't know, I went to bed for a quiet night....

The year 1982 saw quite a few innovative Dribbling Balls features, some of which were foreshadowed in Vol 10 No. 1 ...

....Watch out for some exciting new features in Dribbling Balls this year, including Player Of The Month (a probing, in depth interview with an M.U.B.C. celebrity - or failing that a series of damaging stories concocted about him/her) ... Travelling (not a course on how to do Ian Bett lay ups, but stories from club members' recent excursions overseas etc. - sounds boring, you say? Probably will be) ... Dribbling Around (a critical review of eating and drinking establishments you the basketballer may have cause to find yourself in, and your chances of

survival afterwards)

Betty was still featuring heavily in Dribbling Balls, being resident star in the Sunday night C.Y. comp....

.....Betty was really stuffed 'coz he'd been on the team trot that morning (sometimes Betty's enough to give any team the trots) so we knew we were in trouble. He was so tired it was all he could do to travel on his layups during warm up. Unfortunately for us the refs (including Slippery Sam's cousin) and the opposition both turned up, so we lost. Betty spent the entire second half telling us he was beginning to get mobile without ever really managing it....

A feature which returned in 1982 was Foul Shots, from Vol 10 No. 3 we have the following excerpt ...

.....it seems a characteristic of all gossip is everyone knows 'whom' we are talking about, they just don't always know why (doesn't who tell us what?- Max). First off, why did Peter move out of home? Who's Peter, you ask? Has it anything to do with a certain young lady from Williamstown? Why was Julie so clucky in her correspondence from the states? Is there another kiddy on the way? What ever did happen to Jenny Robbins' hand up in Wang? No, don't say "Who's Wang?" say "Where's Wang?" Finally, why wouldn't any one believe me when I told them I was hit in the neck by a squash ball a little while ago (would you believe a cricket ball, a soccer ball, how about the entire Newman Ball? Stubinsville Ohio? - Max again)....

As we've seen before, Coops has an alarmingly logical approach to basketball fundamentals as shown in Vol 10 No. 4 ...

.....we were probably only beaten because they were faster, fitter, taller and more skillful....

The same edition saw Foul Shots on the return of the Sale rage....

.....Is Libby really Mary Bourke disguised as a woman? How many times did Sarah ask Jane Graeme what he did (at Uni)? How many tries did it take Graeme to get the answer right? Did Marg Jarvie get the Barman's phone number? Did Marg and Doug make a deal that she would force him to eat if he forced her to stop? Why was Bernie so drunk? Why was Bridget layed out on the floor of the pub? Who won the 11:00 o'clock game that night? Who cares? Why couldn't Bernie catch the ball during Sunday morning's game? Why didn't J.C. care? Why did Woody lie down on the ground a lot all day? Name two other people who went home in the same car as Jane (hint: Teddy was one of them)....

The following edition produced the first ever Crossballs and Dribbling Around (at the New Lincoln Inn)...

.....the food was cheap. The prices hadn't changed for 3 years and I don't think the food had either. The parmigiana was passable (after about 3 days) ... and there was also a token Chinese dish (no, not the waitress). For entree we had the bill ... the newest song on the juke box was "I used to kiss her on the lips but it's all over now". The overall rating of the pub was 2 stars, 1 ordinary good player and half a gong. Jan also told us that Mal Short was spending the next weekend coming in Paris.....

As if all that wasn't enough, later in the year Abba assisted in a

Dribbling Around venture to an upper class reception centre ...

.....There was no beer on the table so we had to have 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... The Dribbling Around score for the evening - one gold medal, 3 silver spoons, 2 glasses and a serviette...

Letters to the Editor are few and far between for Dribbling Balls, but when they turn up, they really make you wonder....

.....isn't Andrew a silly little boy?...Today we both had an exam and we both failed. Andrew in fact didn't fail, he just didn't pass. How very unfortunate that is...I am totally and utterly sick of writing this and therefore believe that undue boredom in the workforce should be relieved by constant glasses 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 prunes 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 if you thought that last letter was heady stuff, cop this lot from the same edition....

.....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...

1982 saw Intervarsity at UNE in Armidale, NSW. Dribbling Balls was there of course, and noted an unusual competition...

.....there was an I.V. mechanical bull riding competition (pity it wasn't bull writing - we'd win hands down) and each Uni was expected to provide a male and a female competitor. Barb was unlucky not to win the women's section, but we were disgraced in the men's section when Captain Cowgirl took one look at the bull and in the true spirit of the courageous wild west, ran for his life....

Don't you just hate playing off for third and fourth....

.....Trevor opened proceedings by leaping off the top tier of the stands and slamming the ball in the basket on the other court...and...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....

The highlights of I.V. were recorded for posterity in a wonderful song penned by Smith, Reilly and Burke to the tune of Jamaican Farewell. Three of the verses....

.....We played the rurals and the Gong,
For both these teams we proved to strong,
The mechanical bull was a mean machine
So Dirty-Greaves was no where to be seen.

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.

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.

All this aside, one of the most moving contributions ever made to Dribbling Balls was received from Abba and Cary when it looked like Henry was going to go into retirement....

.....we recalled our first club function, it was Henry who bought us beer and introduced us to the other club members (thanks for the beer Henry). Later at our first tournament, Henry kept our flagging spirits alive through the agony of defeat (thanks for the spirits Henry). And we remember Henry's courage in uniting us when the vicious grip of Bray Ball threatened to tear the club apart (thanks for the Courage Henry, but we would have preferred Fosters). Who else would have thought to bring Fanta and chocolates to stave off evil temptations at the height of Bray Ball (thanks for the Fanta and chocolates Henry, but we still would have preferred Fosters). Our own personal tribute to Henry is the Save Henry Or Perish society, or S.H.O.P.....

Little did we know or expect what 1983 was going to be for Dribbling Balls - without a doubt, the biggest and the best year on record. Hard to believe when you read the plug for the tennis day from the opening edition....

.....if you don't lob in for this day, it's your own fault. Let yourself in for a serve of some smashing fun. Get set (if you're game) to make a racquet in the special feature of the day, the McEnroe Memorial Yell Abuse at the Umpire Competition - it'll be the pits...

March was election time in the club, and match reports concentrated on everything but basketball...

.....a splinter group has been nobbling the Matt-stars in an attempt to destroy voter confidence in treasurer elect Mattman. This was revealed when a certain would-be rim-hugging elevator man broke down under the pressure of a second tinnie and confessed. The name of this unprincipled shot rejector cannot be published, although he has red hair and his initials are David Crombie....

To make matters worse, Chuck was the Player of the Month....

.....I'd like to install a sock vending machine in the foyer, I'd make a packet out of dumb basketballers who forget to bring their 6 pairs of socks to training...and...it involves 5 minutes a day jumping backwards and forwards over my wallet. By the time the next dividend comes through on the Western Mining shares I'll be dunking with my armpit...

Ballarat has now replaced Wang on the tournament calendar. Not only did the women win A Grade, but something bigger even happened....

.....the scandal so big even Giovanni couldn't get a grip on it, so unbelievable Linda Lovelace couldn't swallow it...the true depiction of the people who are cheaper than a whore with herpes...the Skywankers...

What about the men's firsts though? Obviously the team in form, and look who the club brains trust turns into an instant star....

.....one doesn't want to dwell on the mistakes and bad points, yet there was an absolute dearth of good points. The defence was okay in the opening and closing stanzas (the middle 38 minutes wasn't too hot). Werribee's two black players led the way, closely followed by their white players, the refs came in next with our players a distant last. The only highlight was Abba nearly standing on the ring to take a defensive rebound....

From the Dribbling Balls Department of Ultimate Optimism, we present these two absolute gems....

.....a bit more concentration at training on a few of the finer points should see the men's seconds become competitive, if not a force in third division...and...the Demons have now won three in a row on their march to the flag....

And now for some more of the Cooper logic (as subtle as ever)....

.....if you want to play basketball but don't know the rules (75% of the club??) try reading a book with a title similar to "Basketball - Rules of the Game"....

Not only was Chuck a Player Of The Month, but he had a get rich quick scheme, where his Uncle was going to supply us with 150 dozen pairs of socks....

.....we had to tell Chuck to tell his uncle thanks, but we can't afford to spend \$5000 on socks at the moment. He's now working on a new deal where he's trying to import 30 Taiwanese who can knit quickly....

Thursday night C Grade match reports were not to be missed, as we all followed the fortunes of the Teddy Boys....

.....height, speed, skill, stamina and intelligence, coupled with undying enthusiasm will always produce the desired result. The Rising Stars are not over endowed with any of the above...highlights of the game included speculation about the mystery spectator, Teddy not being able to play because Trevor tickled his bum with a feather, Chuck's class jokes in Pete's Bar (why would you want to gargle sand?)....

Teddy certainly does have a way with words, especially when there's a prize at stake for the best D.B. article....

.....let me relate to you last Thursday night's pregame scenario in multi-dimensional, dramatically ironical, omnisensational ultraverbosity...the Teddy Boys continued on their inexorable drive to supremacy!!! Can I have the mystery prize now please Ed?

The new breed of club member attracted to us in 1983 had some unusual habits, revealed at Portland....

.....how many sheep ships (careful) could you see after having a few chocolate mousse shakes Gillian?...

Sometimes you have to wonder about the tactics used in some of our games....

.....we managed to hold Coburg to a losing score. Unfortunately they managed to hold us to a losinger score...and...we dominated the game until our shots went up...and...at 61-61 Jane hit a foul shot to put us in front with 17 seconds left. As you would expect from there, an Oakleigh player made a 20 footer with 3 seconds left and we lost...

Winning the match report of the year award didn't affect Teddy, very much...

.....No fouls for Fivefouls and no points for Scott,
And no Mattman bombs from the car parking lot.
No rejections from Peter with muscles almost straining,
Whilst Saturday morning saw Trevor Andrew at training.
No fast breaks for Clarkie, no tech fouls for Teddy,
And no dunking for Andrew whose cup of tea was not ready.
And finally may I say, with some sort of glee,
That Chuckles for once did not camp in the key.
What could all this mean you say with a sigh,
Of course it was clear, it was the Teddy Boys' bye...

Tony Lewis has been doing great things with the women's thirds recently, but he had a few problems early on...

.....we started late with 4 players who tried hard to score but we inevitably lost. I plead for some committed players!!! (you can come along to Royal Park with me Tony, and we'll get some really committed players - Ed.)....

Intervarsity '83 saw hands across the Nullabor, and Dribbling Balls across it too. Did the largest single edition of D.B. ever published see Les at his last I.V. eh? He was his usual quiet self, most of the time....

.....Les had a very big grin on his face, which as we all knew could mean only one thing, he was pissed. "Thash rubbish," said Les, "I'm not as thick as you drunk I am." Fair enough too. He only had two small glasses at Tullamarine airport and about 10 free cans on the plane...

Apart from being one of the club's greatest basketballers, Skippy has long been one of the club's pseudoest intellectuals. Had he met his match at I.V.?....

.....Skippy and Serena - all they were doing was discussing the influence of radical neo-fascism on the Marxist theory of how to crochet footballs...and...Skippy stole the show with his soul stirring rendition of Prince Planet....

Highlight of the week certainly was not the performance of the men's team, more likely the cyclone....

.....Here I am lying in bed, having a nice sleep in, when what should happen but the world comes to an end. A cyclone whips in off the sea, rips the roof off the house in front of the flats, and deposits it in a variety of interesting places, including Tony Penington's bed...

Dribbling Balls never seems to have much luck with competitions, the Real Basketballers competition was typical with a mammoth 2 entries being received. Tony and Bowlesy told us that Real Basketballers....

.....own at least 35 basketball T shirts, don't sweat, work with computers (and so does Trevor Andrew), can't dunk but like to play at Portland so they have an excuse, don't wear white windcheaters, play for the Teddy Boys, make witty and informed contributions to Dribbling Balls, don't enter dumb competitions....

Late in the year we discover a new club rule, never get nurses to write match reports....

.....the cavity began to ooze copious amounts of rank thick grey-green pus mixed with a little blood....

This brings us to the end of 1983, and mercifully the end of the Best Of Dribbling Balls - and you didn't even know it had started. Thankyou to all the people who contributed to the Best Of Dribbling Balls by writing or being written about, and apologies for dredging up some of those stories many hoped were long since forgotten. Any masochists out there who may be interested in complete editions of old Dribbling Balls to peruse at their leisure are welcome to contact the Editor and arrange a private viewing. Come up and see me some time. Also, anybody interested in a Best Of the I.V. Pen Pics edition or any other brilliant features that may be swimming around in your heads, may like to mention it to me...