

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL CLUB
DRIBBLING BALLS

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Due to popular demand there has been no Dribbling Balls for the last month. Now the bad news. With due regard to the opinions expressed about last year's editions of Dribbling Balls, the Editor has chosen to ignore these completely and continue with Dribbling Balls this year anyway. As is the annual tradition (sometimes), we kick the year off with the Swan Hill tournament report, subtitled (Mud-) Slinging In The Rain...

SWAN HILL 1983-4

Two men's teams and one women's team made their way to Swan Hill for the New Year's tournament, unfortunately we'd entered four men's teams and two women's teams. Oh well, makes for easy subbing. Thursday evening was spent trying to pick the right side of the tent to sleep on, seven of us managed to do so, the others had to be on the same side as Pendles. The old Thin Arthur was in fine form, sandwiched between Mattman, whose sleeping bag was full of shampoo, and Linny, who had obviously not been warned of the dangers of sleeping next to Arthur without ear plugs and a baseball bat. At last count Pendles told her 27 times that he'd introduce himself in the morning. We were also impressed by Wacka's joke concerning the man with three monkeys, and we should also mention that Warwick was the first to arrive at this tournament (and only the second to leave).

Friday morning saw the games commence. Sixteen blokes were in attendance for the four men's games that morning, and the four teams of four posted four losses, the firsts being awarded the gold star for losing by 41 points. Honourable mention to the seconds who only lost by three points and probably should have won. The women's firsts shocked Uni supporters by fielding five players but still managed to lose. This basically set the pattern for the rest of the weekend games-wise, although late arrivals and some doubling up by players boosted most teams to six players by the end of the weekend. The final tally for the six teams was 18 games, 16 losses, 1 walkover received and 1 win. A truly inspirational start to the year. Several fine examples of defeat snatched from the jaws of victory (the men's seconds team springs to mind here) - you wouldn't play for anyone else but Uni, would you? I mean where can you get this sort of support whilst losing every game. Special supporters award went to Abba for inspirational team motivation and crowd incitement to riot during the final C grade men's game. Sheeds would have been proud of you son.

Several individual highlights from games do come to mind however. Bowlesy played very well for the firsts, especially in the Bendigo game, proving to be a driving force in offence. Mal made a welcome and useful return to the club playing arena (didn't he, Karen). Trevor put in well despite being restricted in movement due to a severe contusion of the thigh (just looked like a bruise to me). Teddy's driving was amazing (on the court as well) and in the final game we had Doctor Magic Niceman Kareem Abdul Moses Morosoli dominating the rebounding and high post pivot shots. Anne McGrath showed a lot of form in the game against Knox dominating the boards at both ends, while Pauline, Meg, Linny, Jackie and Pongy showed remarkable resolve in not walking off the court during a disgraceful exhibition of callous insensitivity from a Swan Hill team who thought it necessary to press full court for the whole game in order to ensure the 73-7 winning margin. Bad for basketball, if you ask me, which their coach didn't, but I told him anyway. Don't think I got through though, should have used monosyllables.

Meanwhile, back at the tent it was raining. This necessitated moving to the Oasis for pre-party drinks and disco crashing. After several pre-party drinks, especially if you happened to be drinking with the Lobsters, it was back to the tent for some partying. It was still raining. Shelter was found and things kicked on quite nicely. The cask of red wine became severely depleted as the night wore on, thanks to Bridget and Karen who were drinking it from conveniently swiped glasses and Henry who was drinking it from a conveniently empty beer can. Bridget soon acquired an unnatural attachment to Henry's stomach, just before acquiring a more natural attachment to the ground. She was eventually poured into bed and later put in an early bid for the next Brown Paper Bag Award. It was still raining. The party kicked on quite nicely into the morning, most people retiring after the Grundy started. Grundy of the evening award went to Mal for his frontal Grundy of Karen. These two were the last to vacate the party scene and the first to provide us with some gossip.

New Year's Eve saw more of the same of all this. It was still raining. After finishing our playing commitments it was back to the tent for a quiet party or something. Somebody suggested a game of bottles and after the rules were explained (cans on multiples of 3 and numbers ending in 3, bottles on multiples of 7 and numbers ending in 7, cans/bottles on numbers satisfying both conditions, reversing on all cans and bottles calls - simple enough if you ask me) the game commenced. Some people were a little slow to pick it up, but most caught on. Question: What goes "Three. Oh shit!" every two minutes? Answer: Dave Mockeridge playing bottles. We got as far as 22 once. I'm sure we used to do better than that in the good old days. Stubby walking was also attempted with a limited amount of success, as was beer hunter. I think letting Wacka shake the cans was a mistake, I mean all six cans were opened and nobody lost. Then we all wandered up onto the footy ground to join the thronging mass for midnight celebrations. Such were duly held. Karen and Bridget were quite popular with the Port Augusta people for some reason, Bridget especially made quite a hit with her flying tackles. Betty must have had one and a half beers because he was right off his face, we did enjoy seeing Bowlesy spray him with beer though, good for basketball. Back at the tent things kicked on for a while. Bridget assumed her favourite position, passed out on Henry's stomach, and the odd pyramid was made for good measure with Theresa adorning the top. Steve and Jackie were having a happy new year kiss which a little longer than most, about 14 hours at last count. Things waffled on for a while, until four survivors made it to the 4:32 celebration. Linny, Bridget, Henry and Teddy shared a tinnie, although judges later declared Bridget ineligible for the 4:32 as she had a two hour sleep just before. Most of the above foursome made it back to the tent to go to sleep (well, Henry and Bridget did), the others (who shall remain nameless) decided to sleep under the stars (well, under a roof under the stars).

The next morning a few people were a bit slow off the mark (not Steve and Jackie but). Dencorub on the lips??! We were treated to the nine highlights of Pendles life which proved to be more entertaining to us than they were for him I think. Another Swan Hill tradition was seen to be observed when we noticed that Henry had saved Janne a sleeping spot in the tent, coincidentally right next to himself. After 7 years of trying it's good to see some things never change. Janne was probably feeling rejected after missing out with one (or two) of the Aristotles. Breakfast was its usual scintillating affair, although the hamburgers were a new innovation. Should have taken the plastic off before they cooked them I think. The tent seemed to suffer a bit during the evening, although the new fire exit may come in handy one day. I don't think the spray on logo encouraging fun with felines was in very good taste though. After some games during the morning it actually stopped raining and we made it to Lake Boga for a swim. As evening fell we returned to the tent for a quiet night. Paul and Killer from LaTrobe showed us why Mockers was

so bad at bottles, at least we made it to 25 this time. The odd million or two mosquitos eventually forced us inside the tent, where the evening was wiled away with non-stop humour, song, dance etc. etc. finally finishing about 3 in the morning. Having Mal back is definitely good for Vaudeville. The next day we packed up and went home. What a boring sentence that was, I don't know why I wrote it.

For those who are still confused about bottles, the always educational Dribbling Balls prints the following guide to the required sequence needed to reach 1000. Please memorise...

1 2 cans 4 5 cans bottles 8 cans 10 11 cans cans bottles cans 16 bottles cans
19 20 cans/bottles 22 cans cans 25 26 cans/bottles bottles 29 cans 31 32 cans
34 bottles cans bottles 38 cans 40 41 cans/bottles cans 44 cans 46 bottles
cans bottles 50 cans 52 cans cans 55 bottles cans/bottles 58 59 cans 61 62
cans/bottles 64 65 cans bottles 68 cans bottles 71 cans cans 74 cans 76
bottles cans 79 80 cans 82 cans cans/bottles 85 86 cans/bottles 88 89 cans
bottles 92 cans 94 95 cans bottles bottles cans 100 101 cans cans 104
cans/bottles 106 bottles cans 109 110 cans bottles cans cans 115 116
cans/bottles 118 bottles cans 121 122 cans 124 125 cans/bottles bottles 128
cans 130 131 cans cans/bottles 134 cans 136 bottles cans 139 bottles cans 142
cans cans 145 146 cans/bottles 148 149 cans 151 152 cans bottles 155 cans
bottles 158 cans 160 bottles cans cans 164 cans 166 bottles cans/bottles 169
170 cans 172 cans cans bottles 176 cans/bottles 178 179 cans 181 bottles cans
184 185 cans bottles 188 cans/bottles 190 191 cans cans 194 cans bottles
bottles cans 199 200 cans 202 cans/bottles cans 205 206 cans/bottles 208 209
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cans 265 bottles cans/bottles 268 269 cans 271 272 cans/bottles 274 275 cans
bottles 278 cans bottles 281 cans cans 284 cans 286 bottles cans 289 290 cans
292 cans cans/bottles 295 296 cans/bottles 298 299 cans bottles 302 cans 304
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374 cans 376 bottles cans/bottles 379 380 cans 382 cans cans bottles 386
cans/bottles 388 389 cans 391 bottles cans 394 395 cans bottles 398
cans/bottles 400 401 cans cans 404 cans bottles bottles cans 409 410 cans 412
cans/bottles cans 415 416 cans/bottles 418 419 cans/bottles 421 422 cans 424
425 cans bottles 428 cans 430 431 cans cans bottles cans 436 bottles cans 439
440 cans/bottles 442 cans cans 445 446 cans/bottles bottles 449 cans 451 452
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bottles 548 cans 550 551 cans cans/bottles 554 cans 556 bottles cans 559
bottles cans 562 cans cans 565 566 cans/bottles 568 569 cans 571 572 cans
bottles 575 cans bottles 578 cans 580 bottles cans cans 584 cans 586 bottles
cans/bottles 589 590 cans 592 cans cans bottles 596 cans/bottles 598 599 cans
601 bottles cans 604 605 cans bottles 608 cans/bottles 610 611 cans cans 614
cans bottles bottles cans 619 620 cans 622 cans/bottles cans 625 626
cans/bottles 628 629 cans/bottles 631 632 cans 634 635 cans bottles 638 cans
640 641 cans cans bottles cans 646 bottles cans 649 650 cans/bottles 652 cans
cans 655 656 cans/bottles bottles 659 cans 661 662 cans 664 bottles cans

bottles 668 cans 670 671 cans/bottles cans 674 cans 676 bottles cans bottles
680 cans 682 cans cans 685 bottles cans/bottles 688 689 cans 691 692
cans/bottles 694 695 cans bottles 698 cans bottles 701 cans cans 704 cans 706
bottles cans 709 710 cans 712 cans cans/bottles 715 716 cans/bottles 718 719
cans bottles 722 cans 724 725 cans bottles bottles cans 730 731 cans cans 734
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cans/bottles 748 bottles cans 751 752 cans 754 755 cans/bottles bottles 758
cans 760 761 cans cans/bottles 764 cans 766 bottles cans 769 bottles cans 772
cans cans 775 776 cans/bottles 778 779 cans 781 782 cans bottles 785 cans
bottles 788 cans 790 bottles cans cans 794 cans 796 bottles cans/bottles 799
800 cans 802 cans cans bottles 806 cans/bottles 808 809 cans 811 bottles cans
814 815 cans bottles 818 cans/bottles 820 821 cans cans 824 cans bottles
bottles cans 829 830 cans 832 cans/bottles cans 835 836 cans/bottles 838 839
cans/bottles 841 842 cans 844 845 cans bottles 848 cans 850 851 cans cans
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880 881 cans/bottles cans 884 cans 886 bottles cans bottles 890 cans 892 cans
cans 895 bottles cans/bottles 898 899 cans 901 902 cans/bottles 904 905 cans
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962 cans 964 965 cans/bottles bottles 968 cans 970 971 cans cans/bottles 974
cans 976 bottles cans 979 bottles cans 982 cans cans 985 986 cans/bottles 988
989 cans 991 992 cans bottles 995 cans bottles 998 cans 1000

Are you interested in going to the Ballarat Tournament on March 10, 11 and 12 this year? If so then please let somebody know e.g. Henry, Woody or J.C. so we can guess the right number of teams to enter. Try to keep the "definite maybes" to a minimum if you can. Same applies to Sale at Easter time (and no Teddy, we're not going to Geelong).

The Dribbling Balls congratulations hot line has been running hotter than ever over Christmas. We congratulate Julie and Les on the birth of Christopher Paul on December 23, a great centre in the not too distant future by the look of him. We also congratulate Jenny and Steve on their engagement, announced just before Christmas.

As of the next Dribbling Balls edition it will be back to matches and match reports, so all you would-be correspondents out there start putting pen to paper and let us all have a good laugh. Contributions (especially monetary) will be gratefully accepted by J.C. or if you prefer anonymity, shove them in the Basketball club pigeon hole (woodpecker's hole?) behind the counter at the Beaurepaire gym. Until then, let's went Cisco....