

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL CLUB
DRIBBLING BALLS

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To all those people reading Dribbling Balls for the first time, we'd like to give you all a big hello, so HELLO. This is the official organ of the Melbourne University Basketball Club, and should be read as often as possible, to help you realise that there's always someone worse off than you are. Anyone is welcome to contribute match reports and the like, it's your stairway to the top of the world of literature. Actually, it's marvellous what little gems people come out with on odd occasions, and this edition's introduction could well have been quote of the week instead. Hutch is responsible for declaring that Dribbling Balls is widely read in three states - pissed, paralytic and comatose. Thanks for that Hutch, now on with the show...

V.B.A. DIV. 2 (Wed. 22/2)
Kilsyth 67 d. Uni 34

Well we did not do too well in this game. The scoreline is a fair indication of the relative standards of the two teams, although it probably flatters us a little. Non-existent offence and similar defence were the features of the game, as we were totally outclassed by a team which has recruited quite well since we last played them (they only have one player who was playing with them 2 months ago). Everybody tried hard but as a team we weren't up to it.

Les, J.C. 12.

V.W.B.A. DIV 5 (Wed. 22/2)
Uni 33 d. Caulfield Spartans 24

This was a game of 3 parts - 1 half, 1/3 of one half and 2/3 of the same half. And if you understand that what are you doing reading a magazine like this? To quote Teddy at the end of the first half, "Tony (brief pause) I think you should get really mad at these girls, cause that was the worst half I've ever seen them play." So I got mad, well I spoke with a hint of aggression and they went out and played humungus basketball, scoring profusely, mainly through fast breaks. As for the rest of the game we cruised along to a comfortable win, sung and a bone Oh! (please refer to Dribbling Balls Vol 12 No 4 for my guess at the spelling, Tony - Ed.) I must apologise for my use of adjectives in describing the two taller girls in the team (??? - Ed.)

Rhian 9, Terry, Meg 8, Mary 4, Linda, Ellen 2.

V.W.B.A. DIV 2 (Wed. 22/2)
Uni 31 d. Stuarts All Stars 26

"Whatever you do, don't take the bottom team lightly." Such were our dedicated coach's words just before he raced off to play his own game. Paying our usual amount of attention to such pre-game instructions we struggled monumentally for the first 38 minutes of the game, spending most of it trailing by up to 4 points. In the last two or three minutes we went a bit troppo and scored some baskets to run out winners. The scoring was evenly spread, and we are now only one game outside the four with a bye to come next week. A bit of effort and we might just scrape into those finals.

Annette, Bernie, Bridget, Anne 6, Jean 4, Leanne 3.

V.B.H.B.A. A GRADE MEN (Thu. 26/1, 2/2, 9/2)
ANZ 33 d. Uni 27
Uni 37 d. TAA 33
Uni 51 d. Varpas 35

Just when you thought your Thursday night mugwump (I looked it up in my Funk and Wagnall's - Ed.) had gone to sleep, here is the quiddity (ditto - Ed.) of our progress. The slowest guard and shortest centre in A grade, both of whom happen to be your humble reporter, has hit some form. Geriatric fast breaks, missed left hand hooks and other old tricks of Easy Lay had the opposition

hold the stall and make some money out of some other saps (never could spell "discerning buyers") for a change. Go easy on stuff like old wardrobes and the like which take up heaps of room, but other than that, just about everything is welcome. If you don't have any junk, perhaps your folks might or your neighbours or the local police station - use your imagination a bit. Old copies of Dribbling Balls don't count.

COMMENCEMENT TOURNAMENT : This is being held on Saturday March 24 in the gym at uni. If you're interested in helping out by either playing, coaching, refereeing, making hamburgers, running the barbecues or yelling out smart arse comments from the side of the court then see Henry, Abba, Woody or Bernie as soon as possible and let them know.

BUSH DANCE : Well if you haven't heard about the Melbourne University Basketball Club Bush Dance yet, you must be some sort of hermit. We are running this extravaganza on Friday May 4 at the San Remo Ballroom and we are aiming to get upwards of 500 people there. This means a lot of people in the club have to get tables of their friends, relatives, pets and the like to come along, so we can get some reward for the amount of work being put into this. Tickets are \$15 per head, B.Y.O., supper provided, with the music from one of the best known bush bands that nobody's ever heard of -- The Bandicoots. This is sensational value, cheap at twice the price! As a special incentive, the Fiji Memorial Choir will not be performing any of their famous works from the South Pacific. What more could you want for the price?

DRIBBLING AROUND

Dribbling Balls is wonderfully proud to announce the return for 1984 of the immensely ignored feature, Dribbling Around. This installment in the rather irregular history of Dribbling Around (the basketballer's guide to connoisseurdom of cuisine and the like) takes us to the Tankerville Arms Hotel on the corner of Nicholson and Johnston Streets last Saturday evening to hear Vince Jones play, at least that was the idea. It was all Simon's idea....

We bowled up and the guy at the door said it was \$6 to get in. "What if we want to eat?" we asked. "That's extra, I've got nothing to do with the restaurant side of things." came his reply. Never mind. We paid our six bucks and walked into the crowded restaurant part.

"Table for six" said Mattman to the relic from Godfather Part Two, who eventually tucked us away in a corner. Then who should walk in but Trevor and Sue. Right. "Make that a table for eight," said Coops, with which the fellow started to complain but finally tacked another table onto the end of ours. When we discovered that Trev and Sue had some friends with them it was table for ten and the guy looked really mad. "But we've already eaten," declared Trevor, "Shutup" declared Sue. Well, it turned out that a table for six was ample (shades of the Suva Peninsula, all this) and we eventually ordered. Spike was a bit worried that we were going to end up with four truck loads of garlic bread for some reason, and that there wouldn't be enough scallops in her veal scallopine. I told her not to worry, one out of two isn't bad.

I was also a bit worried at this stage, having discovered that not only was it six dollars to get in and ten dollars for the meal, but beers were \$1:70 a 13 oz. pot. "Flipping heck!" I exclaimed, receiving three dollars change out of a ten when I bought four pots, while Pendles had a similar if somewhat overstated reaction when it was his turn to shout - he fainted. Nevertheless, we ate and drank on.

My sirloin (I haven't been able to resist since the Suva Peninsula) was nice served with beans, potato and zucchini, all quite nicely cooked actually.

The scallopine was nice (certainly uncontaminated by scallops), although nobody offered me a taste, Simon's king size rump was king size, as he insisted on showing everyone in the restaurant by picking it up in his fingers and waving it around his head for ten minutes or so (he claimed afterwards it was part of the grace in this new religion he was into "The Friends of the Bankrupt Capitalists"). Coops' chicken kiev was a bit of a disappointment as he didn't manage to squirt anyone with it (story of his life? Surely not).

With all that out of the way we spent a lot more money on drinks than Vince came on to play. He was probably quite good, for a Paul MacNamee clone. To be fair we didn't do him complete justice though, as some of us were more interested in talking than listening. Simon and I enjoyed his rendition of Skyhooks' Smut (Munchy, munchy Twisties, the shorts are such a drag etc...) although his singing was a bit more tuneful than ours I don't think he got the words right. Never mind, with practice he could be good. When all the people started to leave we realised it was 1 a.m. and it was time for the clock to strike and Pendles to strike out. Both events happened. The smarter ones of us in the party went home, the others apparently went to a Trober party in Clifton Hill. One of those apparently woke up there some time the next day, but I haven't been able to get Coops to verify this. It does seem however he is going into the extermination business as he keeps mumbling about catching Spiders. Probably enough said there in the interests of niceness. The Dribbling Around rating for the Tankerville Arms : 2 stars, a Vince Jones, 1 bankcard and an empty wallet. Still, we had fun.

So there you have it for another edition, full of thrills and spills, action and adventure, give and go, Zig and Zag, Scott and Joplin... Sorry, my mind just went to the Bahamas for a minute. See you all after next week's therapy session....