

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL CLUB
DRIBBLING BALLS

VOL 12 NO. 7

6/4/84

Well sports fans, we certainly have had a couple of heavy weeks socially speaking. With Sale coming up there doesn't appear to be much chance of recovery either. Perhaps this is a timely spot to remind everybody that death is nature's way of telling us to slow down! Meanwhile, those who can stand it are still playing basketball, so read on....

V.B.A. DIV. 4 (Wed. 14/3)

Uni 61 d. Broadmeadows 35

If you're wondering why you're reading a men's seconds match report at a time when they have been scarcer than Clarkie at a training session, just look at the scoreline. Obviously when the three top scorers are big guys, they are going to want to make a noise about it. And they did. But there's more to a match report than just noise. First they had to find someone who could put more than two or three words together in a vaguely coherent manner, then find someone who could type, write or at least draw pictures. That ruled out all of the guards they knew (did you here the one about the funny post player who never played for the seconds again? - Ed.) Anyway, they got their mums to help, and here it is : THE SECONDS : A NEW ERA (or IS THERE LIFE UNDER SIX FOOT) (Would you like to try for some life six foot under? - Ed.) Fresh from a resounding defeat against Chelsea last week, odds of 50-1 were easy to find against poor old M.U. However, keen observers of last week's game will have noticed a massive 16 points against G. Pendlebury's name, a stunning display of brilliance which was the sign of things to come from this plucky young side. From the moment half the team arrived late, missing the Captain's inspirational fire up speech, things were looking good. After a casual start Simon called on the patented Uni zone press, a move which saw Broady crumble under an avalanche of steals, fast breaks and solid inside work. A 20 second burst saw our score change by 10 points and spectators started leaving the ground. Even slow fractures (it would contravene the Trade Practices Act to describe them as fast breaks) by the forwards and a fair number of "mystery man" passes couldn't make the score any closer than 30-18 at half time. Cary and "Young Burkie" impressed with their guardsmanship (well what else could you call what guards do?) and everyone hustled like there was no tomorrow. Words like dominant, mesmerising, match-winning, omnipotent, incomparable and humble (try "imagination" - Ed.) go some small way towards describing the performances of the big real men (or should that be the real big men) of Wednesday night. The combination which has fulfilled Trevor's life-long ambition - to play on the wing - is set to lead the seconds out of the frying pan and into the finals.

FF24 14, Pendles 13, Abba 10, Cary 9, Tim 8, Tiny 4.

C.Y.M.S. Championship (Sun. 18/3)

Uni 90 d. Abbotsford Cobras 49

Well sports fans, this was almost a convincing win. After a quiet first 12 minutes or so the Captain read the riot act and we went into immediate action - we laughed. Once we worked out that the opposition's idea of offence was to hurl an eighty foot pass down the court each time we scored, their chances of winning took a small nosedive. A fifteen point half time lead was quickly extended to heaps and the game was a bit of a procession from there on in. Our shooting was pretty poor for a lot of the game, we probably should have shot 120. Some of our offence would have done the Three Stooges proud. One 3 on 1 in particular springs to mind. I've never seen anything so easy quite so comprehensively stuffed up. I suppose I have to mention that the Captain shot 26 points in the second half and claims he didn't cherry pick. Handy effort. With one game to go we might just squeeze into the four.

Simon 37.

C.Y.M.S. B GRADE (Sun. 18/3)

Uni 45 d. Someone 31

After winning the last three or four games in fine form, the Sunday night boys are looking a million lira. Just the right end of the season to produce the goods, I hear your say. Roll on finals (let's be under them - Ed.) And so it would have been if not for that extended patch of mid-season indifference - our way of avoiding embarrassing finals failures. But back to the game, another example of the sort of classy performance you've come to expect on Sundays. Everyone put in, and there was little doubt of the result (even after Andrew turned up).

Clarkie, FF24 8, The Golden One 7, Tony, Wacka, Steve 6.

V.W.B.A. DIV 4 (Wed. 21/3) SEMI FINAL

Monash d. Uni by approx 12

We lost, but, we'd just like to point out that we are the most successful team in the club at the moment, as this was our first season in Div 4 (round of applause please). This makes Davo the most successful coach of the season (thanks Davo). Thanks also to David (Abba), Max, Teddy, Widget, Annette, Haggis and Tracy for their support at the game and J.C. who helped commiserate at the Rising Sun.

V.B.A. DIV. 2 (Sun. 25/3)

Ballarat 50 d. Uni 41

The obituary for Uni basketball's second division career was written last edition. This week we well and truly buried it down in Ballarat. Cosmic performances from this game included not having enough players to start on time, some rather indifferent refereeing, some rather not so different (from the usual Uni efforts) playing, Pendles arriving at half time and so on and so forth. We did try during the game, some things we tried even worked, but it was the same old story, although we hit a few people back this week which was a bit unusual. Never mind, we weren't in a suitable frame of mind to win the game or the fight, and bowed out of Div Two with a very meek whimper rather than a bang. Sadness doth now envelop me. I'm off to play some good blues records. They might cheer me up.

V.B.H.B.A. C GRADE WOMEN (Thu. 29/3)

Uni 21 d. Zhraus (!) 16

Last game of the season and despite the final score a rather pitiful performance. Mattman had us playing a 2-1-2 the whole game with mediocre success due to it rarely ever actually being run through, and it was a team of forwards MM exasperatingly pointed out. Anyway, some good boards by Linny, good and bad hustling by Terri (only 3 opposition left and she managed 2 fouls in 2 minutes to get the magic 5 - not that I'm suggesting that Abba being on the bench had anything to do with it!) Fortunately we had the ref's assistance in fouling all but 3 "Zhrausites" off after such incidents as Leslie practically being lifted off the court as the ball was being snatched from her after she'd made a basket, Linny getting karate chopped in the neck by some girl asking her to stop holding her while I had to listen to the opposition coach yelling out directives of "get that number 5, when she has the ball just run straight through her". But of course it was all lots of fun and in the spirit of great basketball competition.

V.W.B.A. DIV 2 (Wed. 4/4)

Uni 52 d. Stuart's All Stars 32

A crushing victory here by the club's top team. Aided by some incorrect uniform points and a late start we were 13-0 up before setting foot on the court. From there we never looked back very much. The first half was dominated by Anne's accurate shooting and Jean's boards at both ends of the court and our half time lead was quite useful. The second half was also quite reasonable with the main highlights being some fine offence from Bernie, some really

excellent hard running from Bridget and Spike surviving the game. An easy victory for the team which is going to dominate second division over winter.

Bernie 14, Anne 8.

Well sports fans, the never ending stream of fantastic contributions to Dribbling Balls continues this edition. People loved Bowlesy's article on Ballarat last week, which just goes to show there's no accounting for taste. Working on the same principle, cop this lot...

We thought it would be appropriate to give some of the new players an insight into the intensive training program of M.U.B.C. Take last Friday night for example. An exhausting warm up was undertaken at the Clyde before moving on to general skills training at new facilities, kindly made available by SB-G and Spike (and very nice, too). Instruction in some basic moves was given with the aid of Dr. J. Feeling that we were ready to progress to a higher standard we moved from the relatively simple amber fluid to the challenging red wine (which was still challenging some people the next day). Offence reached a new high with the phoning of Ian R. Bett at 2:30 in the morning under the guise of 3KZ. Is Betty still wondering who the strange woman on the phone was, and what was the song that Santana played at the end of Woodstock anyway?

Mal Short must be looking at a place in the firsts after that marvellous exhibition of raw egg skulling which invoked sympathetic dry wretching from a few onlookers. Skulling cans in an inverted position vis a vis standing on one's head (careful not to get your toe stuck in your ear) is an offence that definitely needs some work, and isn't recommended for people with weak necks or any intelligence whatsoever. Spike and Simon tried hard all night but were eventually dropped from the squad at 4 a.m. So close to a 4:32 but so far. Well, I suppose if I had a bedroom full of mirrors I'd go to bed too.

Those remaining in the squad made a quick sprint (well drive) to a new training venue where a final drill of coffee and muscat was executed with much style (unlike the locking of doors episode - Ed.) Congratulations to John, Bridget and Brian who showed that 4:32 is child's play, and are thinking of starting a new tradition of 5:32 (I'm thinking of starting a new tradition of sleep - Ed.)

Humungus (tent - Ed.) effort by J.C. in particular who had to lead his side in a cricket grand final that day. A fine example by the captain of the side in getting an early night (and for those who are interested he made an impressive 34 not out). Bridget and Brian's sanity must be in question after they actually went to watch J.C. play. Must be Bridget's way of getting more court time, although some people will go to even greater lengths to ensure a good run, won't they Annette? (Hope you enjoy your new club, Bridget - Ed.) Not everyone is prepared to sacrifice so much for so little (someone's been telling stories - Ed.) So for people who think their game needs more work, training is every Friday at 7:30 for women and straight after the Clayton's training for the men, usually with enough time to get a good hour's musu workout. All in all, a few more trainings like this and we'll all be relegated to Collingwood Division 6.

Well thanks for most of that gang. A fine example of why not to call for contributions to Dribbling Balls. And as if that wasn't enough, here's another letter to the Editor I don't understand...

Dear Sir/Madam/Ed,

Firstly let me say how much I enjoy reading your newsletter (it makes life in a straight jacket almost bearable) and what a wonderful job you have

done as Ed. (The last time I got a pat on the back I was milking a cow - Ed.) I showed a copy of Dribbling Balls to my dad and told him that without you there wouldn't be any Dribbling Balls, and he said "That would be good for basketball." Anyway, I am in a dilemma. If Uni is on the side of goodness and niceness, how come those horrible sky wankers got in the finals and we didn't. I mean, does God know this kind of thing happens?

Yours in anticipation,
Irate.

P.s. Please make them put Daryl and Ossie back on Saturday mornings.
P.p.s. I'm the sort of person that likes Hill Street Blues, too.

Dear Insane,

Thanks for all that. Isn't it wonderful what modern day therapy techniques can do for you. I am sorry to hear that lunacy runs in your family (noses run in mine - Ed.). Pass my best (right cross) on to your dad. Why can't he appreciate good literature like Mrs. Crombie? To answer your questions one by one would be foolish, so here we go. Coventry have never won the F.A. Cup, but the Sky wankers may win the S.F.A. Cup. God makes all this happen to the Uni basketball club ('cause he has a sense of humour). If they put Daryl and Ossie back on Saturday mornings no one would ever get to training, as they would switch straight from D and O to Punter to Punter, which might be good for basketball. Finally, how many Hill Street policemen does it take to arrest a black man?

Yours infrequently (insert spaces as desired),
Ed.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING ANNUAL

Well politics lovers, it's that time of year again. The Demons are on their inexorable march to oblivion, the cricket whites have been stored away (teardrops and all) and the Basketball Club's Annual General Meeting is once again upon us. That forum for all things affecting the running of the club for the next year will be held on Saturday April 14 at 12 noon in the Sports Union Board Room. Elections will be held (as the Japanese bishop said to the Geisha girl), subs for the coming year will be determined and the highlight of the meeting will be the "Any other general business" section. Other features will include comedy items like the Mattman Treasury Yearly Statement (sponsored by Business Review Weekly) and Cooper's Corner (where a well known personality tries to ask the committee embarrassing questions and their resulting redness is measured on the audience clapometer). Please attend this meeting, as some of the committee suffer from agoraphobia and do very strange things (not that the two are necessarily related). Be there, or you may get elected.

There are still some places available in the teams for Sale Easter tournament. If you are interested in having a great time over Easter, why not consider coming to Sale and playing basketball for Uni instead. We are committed to 3 men's teams and 2 women's team so there's plenty of scope for a big party in Sunny Sale, gateway to the Victorian Riviera. Do you fancy camping in first class conditions with a view of the fabulous Thompson River? So do I, but one out of two isn't bad. Anyway, roll up for a great social event and a few decent games of basketball to boot. See Henry or Woody sometime before Good Friday.

And now for the greatest thing ever to happen to Dribbling Balls....