

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL CLUB  
DRIBBLING BALLS

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Well, sports fans, we don't actually have a large number of match reports for you in this edition, but we've got some articles you wouldn't believe. I mean, I wrote some of them and I don't believe them. Just remember though, if your team isn't in Dribbling Balls it's because YOU didn't write a report. However, if your team is in Dribbling Balls, don't blame me...

M.B.A. A GRADE (Mon. 9/7)

Uni 48 d. Country Raiders 37

Was this a great win? Did we play two halves of basketball? Did Gary shoot ten out of ten from the free throw line? Did Terry play his best game in A Grade? Does Leigh Matthews play for Hawthorn? (Is he just a king-hitting thug? - Ed.) Well, even your average, retarded Dribbling Balls reader knows the answers to the above questions are 'Positively YES'. Continuing our aggressive approach of the previous week, it was 'run the fast break night' - which Gary did upon every opportunity. Not a subtle routine but bloody effective (sounds like Pendles at Moe to me - Ed.). Of course it should be added that the BIG 4 (Terry, Tony, Luke and Phil) fought hard under the defensive basket, got some strong rebounds and threw some great fast break passes (85% success rate?). Score at half time was 20-15. Since Gary managed to grunt "Say something BAD about me this week!" O.K. then mate, you should have passed off to me (the trailer) once!! But, is this the start of our epic winning streak? Ask me next week. All played well.

Gary \*26\*, Terry 8, John 6.

C.Y.M.S. Championship (Sun. 15/7)

Uni 71 d. St. Albans 43

We were playing the bottom team here, but that's never stopped us before has it? We made a rather slow start to proceedings until a change to a man to man defence allowed us to break away a bit. Actually, it allowed Chris Morrey to break away a bit. He ran fast breaks, stole the ball, took rebounds, ran a few more fast breaks, played some defence, took some more offensive rebounds, hit a couple of outside jump shots, make a few drives and basically dominated the game. By half time we led 32-14, with Chris having shot 16 points for the half. At half time Simon told Chris to get fit, amid chuckles from those who were listening to the coach's speech (I think there were a couple of spectators who didn't know any better) and we continued on our merry way. Our defence got a bit slack but the result was never really in doubt, even for us. Chris scored 12 more points in this half to complete a reasonably outstanding game, the best I've seen him play, Burkie hustled well as usual, Haggis and Simon chipped in with a few nice baskets and everyone had another pleasant Sunday evening. The worrying part of all this is we are now in the four.

Chris 28, Simon 10, Haggis 9, Paul 8.

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MOE TOURNAMENT : Well, there's no doubt our first excursion to the Moe Tournament was a success. All teams performed well except the men's firsts who were slightly on the bad side of woeful, support was good, the refereeing had to be seen to be believed and even then it couldn't be. The ref's had the greatest collection of landing pads I've ever seen, not to mention moccasins eh Teddy. Teddy won the tech foul stakes for the weekend, but only because he had Alan Garroway (well known Collingwood sympathiser and Uni hater) reffing one of his games. Socially it was a success, just ask the managers of the Moe caravan park, where it appears we may not be staying next year, or if you don't believe them, just ask Pendles (the DOMinator). How he makes so much progress with "Hi, I'm Gary" is beyond me. Or you could always ask Mattman why he couldn't get into his room at the motel - Pendles swears the door was

unlocked (he didn't mention the table and chairs stacked behind it though). Or you could always ask the people at Toto's why they had a table for 25 reserved that Sunday evening, or you could always ask Jean why she had a couple of slabs in the boot of her car Sunday night, or you could always ask Bridget and Mal why Monty Python is so funny at 4:30 a.m., or you could always ask Bowlesy's house mates why they've evicted him. Any of those would probably agree that the weekend was a success.

Playing highlight of the Moe Tournament was again the performance of the women's A Grade side, who made it two tournaments in a row when they went through A Grade undefeated. After disposing of Morwell, Traralgon, Country Vic U/16 and Heyfield by comfortable margins in the rounds we played Country Vic U/16 in the Grand Final.

We started well and jumped away to a 6-0 lead, with Spike dominating in offence. Our zone defence was doing well but as their "triangle and two" defence was cutting our guards out of the offence, baskets became hard to come by. They slowly crept back into the game and in fact led 10-13 at half time. Spike had 8 of our 10 points to this stage.

After half time we slipped to 10-16 down and the supporters were looking a bit worried, but from this point the game changed complexion. Annette who had been sent out in the second half with instructions to put up her shot from the wing did just that and it very quickly became the Schepini (how do you spell that?) Show. She hit five out of her next six shots as we rocketed into the lead. Bridget and Bernie were playing outstanding games as controlling guards and their tremendous defensive pressure never gave the Country Vics a chance to get settled in offence, and with Jean, Spike and Carmel ruling the defensive boards the opposition didn't score after the 10 minute mark of the half. Tracy and Gillian enabled us to keep the pressure on defensively as we rested Bridget, Annette and Bernie.

As it came down to the last three minutes we led 24-20. Good control here saw us use the clock well, and our defence still stopped the youngsters, with Spike picking up a couple of key rebounds. When Schepini netted her sixth basket for the half with 30 seconds to go it was 26-20 and shut the gate. That was the final score and a great follow up win to Portland. Schepini hit 12 for the game, all in the second half and was awarded the M.V.P. award for the grand final. Spike had 8 points, all in the first half, Bridget and Bernie were dominant without scoring a lot, but as is usually the case in a winning grand final, it was the team effort that won it. Can we make it three in a row? I'm sure C.U.B. and Toto's hope we can. Thanks to all the supporters for their help, and thanks to Bowlesy too, for opening his house for the after Toto's party at such short notice. Hope you can find somewhere else to live now Geoff.

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Speaking of Bowlesy, he gave me this next contribution at Mal's cocktail party last week. He probably doesn't remember, but I think it is meant to be a reply to Jean's letter which appeared in the last Dribbling Balls. So, despite the fact it doesn't really say very much, Dribbling Balls is almost proud to present a brand new segment - Telegrams To The Editor...

"Jean Prior-Hyphen-Foges : What noise does a whale make? Stop. Wodger"

Great stuff, Bowlesy. That's the sort of contribution that makes Dribbling Balls what it is today - and you're responsible. All other replies to that letter in the last Dribbling Balls may be addressed to the Jean Prior Fan Club, c/- Dribbling Balls.

GOOD FOR BASKETBALL : As announced in the last edition of Dribbling Balls, the Good For Basketball competition is now closed. Despite the efforts of most people out there we managed five written entries, two on ordinary paper, one on a tram ticket, one on half a serviette from La Trattoria and one on the inside of an empty cigarette packet. Inspirational stuff for the judges, that's for sure! This response was, however, far in excess of the response to our last competition, so I suppose that says something (about the last competition). Here now for your edification and enjoyment are some of the "classic" entries for this competition. What is GOOD FOR BASKETBALL...

First we have a combined entry from Phil Quinn who coaches the Geriatrics team at Albert Park and Woody who plays in that team...

Poems and limericks for prematch pep talks are good for basketball.

- Phil

Poems and limericks for prematch pep talks are bad for basketball.

- Woody

Incredible effort that one. Compare it with this gem from Bridget...

There's no tournaments between I.V. and Swan Hill and that's good for -

- (a) sanity
- (b) caravan park management
- (c) Mal's jocks
- (d) my liver
- (e) all of the above

Now that's more like it. An entry written with real feeling, from the heart. Perhaps not the same could be said about Judy's entry on the La Trattoria serviette...

Matthew bought the coma pack and that's bad for basketball.

Pauline's effort on the half cigarette pack at Trattoria's is certainly one of the more lucid efforts. Well, not really, but I thought I'd say something nice about it...

Playing at Collingwood's bad for your health.

Umpires at Collingwood are bad for Uni.

"2000" is good for 1 dozen bottles (what do you reckon Bridget?).

Tony and Graeme have gone to Queensland and that's good for basketball.

Smoking is bad for your health.

Rap dancing is bad for your back.

Moe tournaments are bad for cars (thankyou Matt, thankyou Linny).

Foccacia is bad for your breath.

Not too bad that. Notice how almost all the entries so far are BAD for basketball rather than GOOD. Is there a psychologist in the house to explain this? Is nothing Good For Basketball? Well who knows? Not me. Come to think of it, who cares? Well, obviously one person cares, and without a doubt in the judge's mind, the winning entry in the Good For Basketball competition was this beauty from M.U.B.C.'s answer to Auntie Jack (but don't you dare tell her that, or she'll rip me bloody arms orf) - Jean Prior...

The Last Basket's open 'til 12 and that's good for basketball.

Beer is cold and that's good for basketball.

Beer is and that's good for basketball.

M.U.B.C. is good for C.U.B.

The "power forward" is good for basketball.

Standing next to J.C. is good for your ego.

Hanging shit on J.C. is good for all.

No "Y" chromosome is good for basketball.

Tournaments are good for fraternizing.

Unbiased reporting and rational judging of silly bloody competitions is not good for basketball.

Drinking with Jean and Bernie is bad for my grey cells. (Please ignore this last entry as Bwidgit comandeered the typewriter!!!)

Going in a shout with J.C. is bad for a thirst.

Missing training (even though it's the first absence in at least eighteen months) is bad for first five involvement.

Port is good for philosophy.

Real men are good as a bad example.

Warm up exercises are good for the prevention of injury, particularly the upper thigh area.

Not taking things too seriously is imperative for basketball.

Now what can you say after an entry like that? I wish I knew. See how easy it was to win. Congratulations Jean, fantastic effort, you will be presented with your prize at a suitable occasion. Promise. Just ask Bowlesy. Judges have decided that the second prize should go to Bridget (perhaps a small donation towards her rehabilitation course would be appropriate). Thanks to the five people who bothered to enter, and to the rest of you, if you think that not entering these competitions is going to stop me from running them, you're probably right.

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Incredible as it may seem, it's time for another Player of the Month. After much inner turmoil and many accusations of wimpishness, Dribbling Balls has decided to grab the bull by the type writer and interview the one and only Jean Prior Fogarty etc etc. as part of her prize for winning the Good For Basketball competition. After checking that my life insurance premiums were paid up, I caught up with Jean after she attended a Y.M.C.A. fundraising luncheon at the Footscray R.S.L., featuring Bruce Ruxton speaking on his favourite subject "A Solution to the Unemployment Problem - the Death Penalty for Labour Voters"...

D.B. - Hi, Jean, and congratulations on being our Player of the Month for (April, May, June and) July. How does it feel?

Jean - Thanks very much. It certainly feels good, and I'm glad you've finally seen the light, and not only selected a Player of the Month who is a woman, but a power forward as well.

D.B. - Yes, well that's one of the issues I'd like to discuss with you. How exactly would you define a "power forward"?

Jean - A power forward is anyone over five foot four who has the ability to make threatening suggestions to the coach and put him in fear of impending violence.

D.B. - Can't argue with that. What then do you see as the main role of the power forward?

Jean - You mean apart from making threatening suggestions to the coach and putting him in fear of impending violence?

D.B. - Ah, if you like.

Jean - Power forwards are a special breed, and as such their responsibilities are many. For example, initiating offences, providing team lifting inspiration, buying slabs and making the guards look good after they get themselves stuck in the backcourt or throw passes somewhere within thirty feet of where you were standing three minutes ago. Not to mention acting as club moral guardian.

D.B. - You seem to have some strong opinions on guards, would you care to expound further?

Jean - All guards are frustrated power forwards, but the way I look at it, if you haven't got enough will power to make yourself grow tall, you probably haven't got what it takes to be a power forward. Guards are invaluable to the game though, it makes such a nice noise when you reject one of their shots.

D.B. - Let's get away from guards for a while. Many people say that your greatest assets in basketball are your inspirational aggression, never say die endeavour and ability to make threatening suggestions to the coach and put him in fear of impending violence. How would you react to that?

Jean - You can't argue with that. Don't get me wrong though, I believe coaches have a place in basketball.

D.B. - What's that?

Jean - Well, they're very handy for slowing down traffic on major thoroughfares for a start.

D.B. - Interesting thought. What mistakes do you think coaches make, that dopey power forwards wouldn't?

Jean - A coach I had made one once when he didn't put me on in the first five for one game. We sorted that little problem out though. All's going well now, and the coach is expected out of intensive care in another week or so.

D.B. - Right. Hope I wasn't out of line with that crack about the dopey power forward. Consider the fun part of basketball for a while. What's your idea of fun in basketball?

Jean - You mean apart from making threatening suggestions to the coach and putting him in fear of impending violence?

D.B. - Whatever you think's a fair thing.

Jean - Well, there's the camaraderie of the quiet slab or two after the game. Helping those inferior guards destroy a few more of their all too scarce grey cells. Trying to get a beer out of the coach via gratuitous violence and wholesale shit-hanging. All those things are good clean fun to the power forward.

D.B. - You mentioned the position of moral guardian. A few people think you've gone a bit over the top with your views on this recently. Would you care to respond to them?

Jean - I certainly would. You just give me their names and addresses and I'll respond to them all right. I believe there is strong underground support within the club for my views, and anyone who disagrees with them is liable to end up with strong views six foot underground. All us crusaders have these problems you know. You think it's easy for the Bruce Ruxtons, Joh Bjelke Petersens, Mary Whitehouses and Reverend Fred Niles of this world?

D.B. - Well, I would guess not. Do you have anything else to say on the matter that could perhaps justify your views from a standpoint more relevant to the basketball club in general?

Jean - Listen you shortarse, insignificant guard-type, jock-losing degenerate male, I don't have to justify my views to you or anyone else for that matter. Got that straight?

D.B. - Ah, right. Well, thanks for all that Jean, it's been most enlightening, but we are running out of time and space. By the way, would you mind letting me up now, that Mack truck is getting awfully close to my hea...

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After that last interview it seems the fate of the Player of the Month series may be hanging in the balance. A.M.P. are now listing me as a bad risk for a start. Still, I must thank Jean for being so cooperative and forthright. She told me to.

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It seems like we've had a last minute response to that call for letters to the Jean Prior Fan Club. Some people never give up, Bowlesy. Common sense tells me not to print it, but you know what they say, "deaf men tell no tales"...

Dear Mr. Ed,

At the risk of turning Dribbling Balls into a poor man's Access Age, I feel compelled, as one of the principal targets of the nasturiums cast by Ms. Prior (not to mention her sister's right hooks), to reply to her emotional outburst. While not being uniquely qualified for this task, when it comes to bad taste I must be regarded as a reasonable authority - if I haven't done it, eaten it or heard about it then it's probably not worth doing. (And if it's not worth doing, this is just the club to do it in). The other thing which prompts me to write this letter is the fact that certain people have been quoting excerpts from Ms. Prior's letter out of context, and making personal attacks on her character, parentage and intelligence. And this is exactly the approach I intend to take here.

Having said that, I'm not totally opposed to the sentiments expressed in her letter - I too, feel that the night concerned "left a lot to be desired" : Where were the pyramid races? Why wasn't J.C. left out on the roundabout? Why were Mal's jocks removed before they were hung from the chandelier? I agree also that "cheap laughs are bad laughs" - I've never liked Dribbling Balls. The only other bits I agreed with were the "Dear Sir" and the "Yours sincerely". The letter did give me an idea for the next Dribbling Balls competition though - a search for the "genuinely funny people" who are alleged to belong to the club.

But serially folks, without stooping to mention any of Ms. Prior's own nasturtium-attracting exploits, the issue at hand is this : Who should be the judge of what type of behaviour is "acceptable"? I believe that the only behaviour that is unacceptable is that which reflects badly on the club in the public eye. While this type of behaviour is controlled by police, referees and German Shepherds, internal behaviour tends to be self regulating i.e. if you couldn't find 20 people interested in a toilet cram, it wouldn't take place. Similarly, if a pair of jocks hanging from the chandelier wasn't funny, no one would laugh at it. I'm sure the management of Mac's were more concerned with

the amount of noise generated by our pleasant Sunday evening than how tangled the "mass of gyrating bodies" was, or the size of J.C.'s memorial. I bet Dave's mum would have been offended by the sight of Mal's jocks, but surely they didn't clash with the chandelier so badly that the average tournament goer would have been too shocked. Come to think of it I don't recall being overwhelmed by the number of people covering their eyes, turning away or making a mad rush for the door.

If Jean wants to play God, let's see her perform a few miracles - turn water into port, make the men's firsts win a few games, find Pendles' perfect match - rather than trying to dictate standards of behaviour to consenting adults (or me). Besides, I reckon gratuitous groping is good for basketball.

Yours in punting poetry,  
Irate.

P.s. If you tell Jean I wrote this, Campbell, I'll personally arrange for a chandelier to be hung from your jocks. Signed FF24.

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What can you say after a masterpiece like that? How about "Want the name of my life insurer Bowlesy?" Your "each way Editor" thinks there are a few valid points buried in there somewhere, but I'm not getting involved anymore. Keep sending the letters in gang, one of 'em will make sense soon.

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MARATHON : Don't forget to get lots of sponsors on your sheet for the Annual 25 Hour Marathon being held starting Friday night 27/7 at 7 p.m. Also don't forget to volunteer to play for some time, if everybody does, the thing will be easy. I mean 10 players times 25 hours equals 250 player hours. There are 17 teams in the club, at an average of at least 7 players per team which makes a total of 119 players. Therefore if every player in the club played for a total of 2 hours 6 minutes and 3 seconds, the whole thing would be over. However, for every person who doesn't participate, every one who does has to play an extra 1 minute and 4 seconds. Doesn't sound much, but if only half the people in the club play, that means 4 hours 12 minutes and 6 seconds each, while if only 17 people play it means 14 hours 42 minutes and 21.18 seconds each. What sort of club member are you? Would you let your team mates do your fair share for you? Hmmm? Volunteer now - Uncle Max wants you!

COLLINGWOOD : Yes indeed, the women won the A Grade premiership at Collingwood last Sunday. A sensational victory which incorporated everything we've come to expect from a Collingwood game. Violence, tech fouls, sendings off, spectator baiting, threats, invitations to "Meet me outside after the game!", racial prejudice, class conflict - it was all there, but we still won. Full report will appear when someone writes one. Stranger things have happened.

INTERVARSITY : We hope to be able to announce the Men's and Women's Interschool teams in the next edition of Dribbling Balls. In case you haven't heard, Henry Cooper is coaching the Men's side, and they're training on Friday nights at 8:30, while J.C. is coaching the Women's side and they're training on Thursdays at 5:00 in the gym at Uni High School.

EPILOGUE : It would be nice to have some more match reports for the next Dribbling Balls. Please write some, it makes the Editor's job easier and slightly more interesting. Come up and see me some time. Is that a Dribbling Balls report in your pocket or are you just happy to see me. A hard man is good to find. See you soon. Let's went, Cisco.