

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL CLUB
DRIBBLING BALLS

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This is the first Dribbling Balls since the last one. It is also the last before the next one. All this is totally irrelevant, except that one of them is the I.V. report, which will probably be irrelevant in its own right. None of this has much to do with anything at all, but I couldn't think of a better way to introduce this edition. And now for the Life And Times Of Judge Jim Beam (Unabridged Version) starring a cast of hundreds...

V.B.A. DIV. 4 (Wed. 8/8)

Uni 104 d. Preston 48

If you've stopped watching the mens' seconds on Wednesday nights, then you've just missed the game of the century. If you think the reason for the recent lack of seconds' match reports is because we've been getting crapped on, then you're probably right. If you think I'm going to keep quiet about the biggest win since Carl Lewis won the M.V.P. at the games, then you're almost certainly wrong. If you think I'm going to get sick of writing this before you get sick of reading it, let me welcome you to your first edition of Dribbling Balls.

Spurred on by the Aussies' quest for gold in L.A., the real seconds produced a personal breast in what was possibly the most humungus game in the southern hemisphere. Undaunted by Preston's size and youthful good looks, the "Mean Machine" showed the world (not to mention Spike, our faithful cheersquad leader, supporter and scorer) their true colours (why do I keep hearing the strains of the Star Spangled Banner? - Ed.) by cruising to an astounding 39-20 non-deficit at the break. (This is "champagne basketball" Pendles - playing on a Sunday night after "breakfast" at Mal's is not.) Inspiring stuff, especially "Tree" Andrew's 13 strong inside points, but the Captain had other ideas. Drawing on his years of psychological training (paper is cheaper - Ed.) he told us in no uncertain terms that we were "weak as piss", and that if we didn't beat these guys by 40 points then we were girls. Being almost unanimously reluctant to undergo that sort of elective surgery, several fingers were promptly extracted and the sparks began to fly. Never before have three doctors, three computer wizards and a shrink taken over court 8 with such dominance, skill and good old-fashioned humility. While the medical men "operated" from outside and the wizards "chipped" away at the boards, the Captain bombed them in from all angles as if it was court 1 on Sunday. The game could have gone either way until SBG's free shot brought our score up to three figures and sort of sealed it - even we can't throw away 60 points in 2 minutes. All in all, a sensational game, where the score line says it all. What more can be said? Nothing, but that's never stopped anyone in DB before. Is this a sign of things to come? Is our longest winning streak to be extended to 2? Is it true that Clarkie (Mr. Motivation) turned up? Is this the reason Dave removed his beard? Am I getting sick of asking these stupid questions? The answer to these and other vital questions should be written with your name and address on the back of your telephone number and sent in a stamped self-addressed envelope to a good home. No herograms please, just throw money, and I'll have another port thanks. (Thank goodness this is over - Ed.)

SBG, FF24 21, Trevor 20, Tony 16, Crombie 12, Dr. T 10, Clarkie 4.

V.W.B.A. DIV 2 (Wed. 15/8)

Uni 40 d. Sandringham 31

Well Sandringham certainly gave us a bit of a surprise in the first half here. They began the game throwing these 80 foot bombs which sort of kept going in. We stayed in touch with some good running into offence, especially from Bridget, but although our defence looked faster and more aggressive than ever we couldn't stop the flow of baskets. It took a last second 20 footer from Tracy to tie the game 19-19 at half time. As is our usual pattern we went to

the zone press in the second half and were never headed from there. Gillian was again a driving force here, causing turnovers and scoring a couple of crucial baskets under pressure. Bridget and Bernie were great as usual and demonstrated good control of the offence, while Spike and Carmel did fine jobs on the boards as we outscored the opposition 21-12 for the half. Another very good, even team effort as we power on towards the finals.

Bridget 9, Spike 8, Carmel, Annette 6, Bernie 5, Gillian 4, Tracy 2.

V.B.A. DIV. 4 (Wed. 15/8)

Monash 51 d. Uni 35

And the critics said it wouldn't last! Yes folks, there were some people in the club who thought that the seconds wouldn't be able to maintain their incredible winning streak. And they were right. After a disappointing start we slept through the first half, against a very ordinary looking Monash side, to secure a handy 8 point deficit. Simon reminded the so-called big men of the team that the game had in fact started, but this had no effect in improving some very lack lustre performances. The Doctor did a top job covering for the rest of the guards, who obviously had better things to do with their time than to bother turning up. All in all, a pretty piss poor effort that. If it hadn't been for the Captain's usual 20 points it would have been an even more embarrassing scoreline. The only good thing about playing at Monash is you have plenty of time on the way back to forget about the game. (See John, I can write a match report without slandering Pendles. But did you hear that he was nominated for BHP's Pursuit Of Excellence award after the pub crawl - special category : persistence. Another quiet achiever??)

SBG 20, Dr. T. 10, Bigmen very few.

C.Y.M.S. Women B Grade (Sun. 19/8)

Uni Geriatrics 90 d. Newts 26

Another one of those games where we just managed to hang on to the lead. Not really a game worth reporting on, but for the mind boggling, stupendously amazing effort by that power forward, ambidextrous skilled ball handler (no, not Jean). Yes, none other than Bernadette "How many's that now?" Burke. Dreizig und sechs points (and for all those that don't speak Italian that's 36). Could've been many more except she kept trying to pass to other people (you know how it is after you've hit 26 in a row). Karen also hit the big time with 22 points, only over shadowed by her wearing "drip dry only" shorts that had been put in the dryer on hot (sounds a lot like a do it yourself Grundy to me - Ed.) I'd be tempted to say they were well supported (are we still talking about the shorts? - Ed.) by strong efforts from Woody, Terry and Bridget except I already have. Roll on finals.

C.Y.M.S. Championship (Sun. 19/8)

Uni 69 d. Oakleigh Wolves 65

What a thrill packed, adventure stacked game this was sports fans. With a rather shakey grip on fourth spot we took on Wolves who we never beat. The first half was dominated by none other than, other than none, Gary Pendlebury. The old Pendles made some fine moves in offence, scoring at will, there is no more awesome sight than Pendles wheeling around to his right for the world famous "Pendlehook". He racked up 14 points in the first half, and with J.C. and Simon providing the outside shooting assistance we led 39-37 at the change. The second half saw us fall behind slightly as you might expect, and things looked pretty grim there for a while, but Haggis got us back into the game with some fine shooting and running. He dobbed 10 points for the half and we amazingly crept away to a lead which we didn't throw away when the going got tough near the end. Balanced team effort highlighted by Pendles first half and J.C. hitting six three pointers for the game, as we held on to that spot in the four. Dominant stuff all this.

Pendles 18, J.C. 18 (6 three pointers), Haggis 16, Simon 14.

V.B.A. DIV. 4 (Wed. 22/8)

Bold Personality 32 d. Nunawading 17

In an amazing reversal of form, Melb Uni, a disappointing second on a heavy track at Monash last week, came from nowhere to take their third win from four starts. The coach has gone into hiding, although he is rumoured to have taped a secret interview with Dribbling Balls (quite so, another scoop for our crack reporter Nonna Vent - Ed.). Stewards are investigating.

FF24 12, SBG 8, Crombie, Teddy Who? Dr. T. 4.

C.Y.M.S. Championship (Sun. 26/8)

Uni 80 d. Abbotsford Cobras 65

What a game sports fans. With only 5 players, including 3 direct from the I.V. welcoming drinks, we massacred the team in third place on the ladder, a good sign since we're in fourth place. Good running form Chris and Haggis combined with the accurate perimeter shooting of J.C. and Simon complemented the rebounding of Betty which was awesome (or some?). We led comfortably all the way and look like consolidating our place in the four. Amazing stuff this, from the team they said were GONE. Every one had an average scoring day.

Simon 16, Haggis 16, J.C. 16, Chris 16, Betty 16.

V.W.B.A. DIV 2 (Wed. 29/8)

Knox d. Uni

We had to win this game to make the finals. We lost. Being in the middle of I.V. week didn't help our cause very much, as neither the players or the coach seemed to be in the appropriate frame of mind to win the game. We tried hard but the concentration and adrenalin necessary were missing. Not even the return of Jean to the team could save us. With one game to go we now are destined to finish fifth or sixth. What a pity. Quite depressing really.

C.Y.M.S. Championship (Sun. 2/9)

Uni 60 d. St. Albans 49

We took on the bottom team here without the Captain to guide, nurture and abuse us, and did what any self respecting Uni team would do, nearly lost. A slight lack of defence combined with a hit and miss offence (not necessarily in equal proportions) gave us a chance of being the upset of the round. In the first half our offence worked on Chris and Haggis running fast breaks on the end of three-quarter court passes from J.C. and the odd basket from Pendles. Despite many mistakes we led 25-22 at half time. In the second half we slipped our lethargy up a gear or two, and with Chris still running well and Haggis shooting brilliantly from outside and Burkie hustling in defence, we powered away to a safe lead and subsequent victory. A very uninspiring victory, but somewhat typical of a post I.V. performance. The game was best summed up by Chris : "I'm going home to bed."

Chris 24, Haggis 18, Pendles 10.

As you all knew, there was a tournament at Preston the weekend before I.V. and we entered a Men's C Grade team. The following is a report on that tournament from an anonymous correspondent. (Why? He's Gary)...

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN - A TEAM REPORT ON TRIUMPH AGAINST THE ODDS

It's been said, even observed, that Melbourne Uni men basketballers are not eligible to use after shave. A weak hairless lot who only know one thing when the going gets tough - demand that the coach be sacked.

On the 26th of August a Melbourne Uni men's team won a tournament. It was a feat equal to Australia II in the America's Cup or Cliff Young's run in the Sydney-Melbourne marathon. It was unbelievable, astounding and yet

understandable given the qualities of the Magnificent Seven led by coach Andrew (Golden) Mounas. Everyone passed the steroid test (yeah, but they stayed up all night studying for it - Ed.) and some chaps are now thinking about tattoos.

At Preston Girls' High School (a fitting place for this team - Ed.) the birth of the Magnificent Seven took place (a certain argument for retrospective abortion if you ask me - Ed.) There was Coach Mounas, a Greek community reject. There was Carlo, everyone hated him (you should have been at the marathon - Ed.) There was Crombie, he had potential, but only off the court. There was McKelvie, a loner. There was Mattman, he was only good for one against no one. There was Jerker and Pendles, just old and forgotten men.

As the tournament progressed 40 to 38, 35 to 31, 58 to 18 it became obvious that something was different. These guys had eyes of tigers desperate for rebounds (ever seen a tiger take a rebound Pendles? - Ed.), desperate for baskets and desperate for wins. (Just plain desperate, I reckon - Ed.)

At 8 a.m. on Sunday morning seven hungry men took on Bundoora Bullets and were magnificent. The fists, elbows and fouls assisted in the Seven winning 31 to 26. Carlo wanted to fight the opposition outside and he was not joking and they knew it.

At a team meeting complete with basketball videos Andrew Mounas said he was proud of the Seven, but a runners up medal was not enough. It was a speech reminiscent of Reagan's address to the Republican Party : "Let's shove it up everyone in the club, particularly the women's side of the club!" Everyone agreed except Carlo who preferred to shove it up Henry (just blew your medals boys - Ed.).

At half time Uni led Toscana (where's George? Gone for a ... - Ed.) by four points. In the second half the scores were tied on 4 or 5 occasions and with 5 seconds to go Pendles took a soaring rebound and was fouled with the scores level again. First free throw went in and the second missed completely. A long court pass was intercepted and Melb Uni's Magnificent Seven had won 52-51.

The party afterwards started at 6 p.m. with beer and finished at 1 a.m. when the brandy ran out. Never before has a Sunday night in North Carlton been so degrading. The emotional fights between Terry and Crombie and Terry and Mounas had to be seen to be believed. Mention should also be made of Cal for an emotional speech on why the Seven won. It must have gone for 15 minutes.

The following are the team awards :

Best Individual Effort : Carlo - for all the beers he turned up with
Best Claytons Coach : Matthew Wellington
Best Big man in tight situations : Pendles (best bigman wearing tights more likely - Ed.)
Best Big man in Relaxed situations : Crombie
Best Ethnic : Carlo
Best Supporter : Terry "I didn't think you'd win. Honestly, I didn't."
Best off court contributor : Cal

For all those of you out there who are deaf, blind or both, the club's Annual Presentation Dinner is on soon. This is the premier event on the club's social calendar and you owe it to yourself to be there. Further details are buried somewhere within the following piece of ????.

GUESS WHO'S COMING FOR DINNER?

What comes to your mind when I mention Annual Dinner?
Lots of food and drink or a speech from Ms. McKinna?
Dancing 'til you drop, with no feeling in your legs,
Or partying 'til dawn at Fiona Begg's?

Perhaps a quiet sherry at the Town House was your scene,
Perhaps the morning after, when your gills have turned quite green.
And you can't forget the Preston Club, at twenty bucks a shout,
The place where lots of wine was drunk and they carried Cantwell out.

And what about Cooper, at the dinner dressed in white,
Like Abba in his Bomber gear, a bloody awful sight.
Every year there's something that's bound to catch your eye
Like Graeme Clarke the doctor and his pornographic tie.

Is it J.C. at the microphone we all love to hear,
Or maybe that's the reason for cotton in each ear.
Is it Woody and her Haggis with their famous club awards
That make people pay their dough and come along in hoards.

This year'll be no different on September twenty-two,
As Studley Park Receptions hold our Presentation do,
At fifteen bucks per student and twenty-two per grad
You'll think you've paid out heaps 'til you look at what you've had.

The things you get at this place, like Smithy, are a steal,
You start the evening off well, with a classy three course meal,
There's no doubt through the evening you'll hear those glasses clink,
Coz there's free beer and wine and soft stuff, as much as you can drink.

The thing to do is buy a ticket, or two, or three or more,
See Davo or see Judy, they won't be selling at the door.
You'll know it all was worth it as at last you stagger home,
Coz with any sort of luck you'll forget about this poem.

Yours in Dribbling Poetry,

Guess Who.

After all that, all that remains to be said is see you at the dinner,
Dribbling Balls will be there, but don't let that put you off. Watch out for
the I.V. Dribbling Balls, get into it before it gets into you...