

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL CLUB
DRIBBLING BALLS

VOL 12 NO. 17

5/10/84

It certainly has been a big month in the Basketball Club. Closely following in the wake of Intervarsity we have a wave of sickness. Following the wave of sickness came the Annual Presentation Dinner, immediately followed by another wave of sickness. As if this wasn't enough here's another Dribbling Balls, raising sickness to an art form. Read on, well how else are you going to fill in the commercial breaks during Perfect Match.

V.B.H.B.A. C GRADE MEN (Thu. 16/8)

Uni mid 30's d. BHP high 20's

Top side BHP were defeated by determined second side Uni in a game of two halves (funny about that). Our great defence and good offence characterised the first half while their lacklustre defence and very poor offence characterised the second. It is likely the two sides will meet again in the finals so it was important for us to level the score 1-1 after being defeated by BHP earlier in the season. CC (Coach Cooper) called for a zone press from the opening bounce. The press and good defensive hustle early had BHP playing like a rabble (synonym for Real Men) and the good work was rewarded by an 18-8 lead at half time, however we should have led by more. After the resumption we continued to play well, but decided not to put the ball through the appropriate hole and, you guessed it, BHP came within 3 or 4 points. In a tight finish we gritted our teeth and much to the pleasure (surprise?) of the coach and the team, pulled away and held about a 6 point lead for the last five minutes. After the game CC was heard to say "It's great to win the close ones" and "It's the sign of a good side" Our players' keenness to win was exemplified by Mattman who made some crucial steals late and played an aggressive game. His aggressiveness even spilled onto the scorebench when the incorrect scores were displayed. Bridget is believed to still be recovering. Steve M.'s attempt to take the ref out of the game is also worth a mention. throw the ball in a bit harder next time. Peter, Carlo, Andrew, Mick, Mark and Dragon all played well.

V.B.A. DIV. 4 (Wed. 29/8)

Uni 59 d. Eltham 28

You just can't keep a good team down. What this has got to do with the seconds I have no idea, but it's better than starting a match report with "This was a game of two halves". Talk about a game of surprises but. Clarke minor not only turned up but made it in time for layups, Haggis played under what I can only assume was an assumed name and Simon didn't get a run. Some things never change though : a good team effort, another win and five fouls 24. If we don't stop this winning type behaviour we forget how to lose.

Clarkie, Dr. T 12, FF24 10, Tony 9, Haggis 8, Trevor 6, Teddy 2.

M.B.A. A GRADE (Mon. 10/9)

Princes Hill 44 d. Uni 35

Coach arrives back from overseas to supervise the lads in their last game and put them through their paces. Gee these six week conference trips to London are tough, especially all the pints of beer you have to consume during scientific discussions with old mates (sorry, colleagues). Anyway, back to the game, which was a good overall performance by us, especially since Prices Hill are the top team. We started with a switching zone and man to man defence, but it quickly became apparent they weren't so hot versus man to man. We were doing well when getting the ball up the court quickly, and everyone was doing something productive. A couple of fast breaks to Gary and the opposition wasn't looking like premiership material, but 24 all at half time was a fair indication of the evenness of the game. In the second half they surprised us a little with a zone press, but the real difference was we stopped hitting our

shots. We had plenty of opportunities and plenty of the ball, but a few easy shots were missed. Nevertheless a good effort and we're getting close to the top teams. Well we might've only won 4 games for the season, but that's 100% better than last season and our percentage was 10 points higher. A further 5 games or so were lost by margins of 2-6 points. So with a further slight improvement big things must be expected next season.

Gary 16, Tony 6, Terry 5.

C.Y.M.S. Championship (Sun. 16/9)

Jetz 69 d. Uni 49

So we take on the top team in the second last round, eager to do well and hold onto fourth spot on the ladder. All very nice ideals but we didn't quite have the manpower to make much of an impression on the bigger, faster, stronger and more talented Jetz. By half time we had established a reasonably small deficit to work with, but the opening minutes of the second half blew that out to reasonably mammoth proportions as we basically failed to score for quite some time. We managed to keep the loss to 20 points as J.C. started bombing from distance and Simon bagged a couple but it was a convincing loss (not as convincing as the last time we played them and lost by 40 though).

J.C. 23 (5 three pointers), Simon 10.

V.W.B.A. DIV 5, V.B.H.B.A. C GRADE MEN and V.B.H.B.A. C GRADE WOMEN (19,20/9)

Somebody d. Uni, Somebody Else d. Uni and A Different Somebody d. Uni

Yes, last week it was semi final week in domestic competition, and what a big week it was for Uni. Three elimination finals, three eliminations. A short report appears here because I doubt whether any of the people involved in the games will write reports. The womens thirds lost their semi final against Ajax in pretty convincing fashion. They were all of the opinion that it was possibly the worst game they have played this season. It was especially disappointing after beating the same team twice in preceeding weeks. It was a shame to see all the hard work the girls had put in with Rob leave them one step short of the grand final. The C Grade men on the Thursday lost their final against Westpac. From the side we looked to be at least their equal skillwise, but from the start of the second half we didn't look like winning. This was the third semi loss in a row for the Rising Stars and the lads were pretty disappointed afterwards, they had an otherwise excellent season. This loss was followed up by the Women's C Grade side who bowed out of contention after looking like a big chance for much of the season. A disappointing finish all round to the winter competitions, then again, you can't win 'em all.

C.Y.M.S. Championship (Sun. 23/9)

Bisleri Lions d. Uni by 11

Speaking of things universitic in nature, we come to the last game before finals in the C.Y. competition. The A grade men's side is in fourth place on the ladder, one game and 6 percent clear. A thickhead guard who shall remain nameless to avoid embarrassment of the Editor of the journal gets the game time wrong and is talking to Spike on the telephone while the rest of the lads are playing a great game against second top side Bisleri who beat us by 40 last time. From 2 down with a couple of minutes to play we lose by 11. Not bad. C.Y.M.S. win their game by 48 points and when the percentages are calculated they tip us out of fourth spot by less than 0.1% Not very funny. Uni has managed to snatch fifth place from the jaws of the finals and we're pretty pissed off. So there.

I know it's hard to believe (and you haven't even read it yet) but everybody's favourite food review has returned. Yes, it's none other than, other than none, Dribbling Around. My word. The Dribbling Balls feature which visits various eating and/or drinking establishments and tries to survive the

experience. So here it is, hotter than one with the lot from La Porka Choppa, courtesy of the clubs Governor of Gluttony, Bowlesy...

DRIBBLING AROUND

Just when you thought it was safe to throw away your "Age Good Food Guide", Dribbling Balls has commissioned a special feature on the Franco Cozzo of Mexican Food, Carlos Murphy's Mexican Restaurant - Nordamelbin anda Armidale (speaking of commission J.C., about that bottle of port..) A select group of experienced gastronomes (concrete aboriginals in space? - Ed.) set forth from the Clyde, armed only with wine, beer and a yearning for nachos. "Do we need to book?" some fool questioned. "Na," says Simon, "It was empty last week." Trusting Simon's judgement the way Mal trusts the elastic in his jocks, we booked a table for 8 and the 10 of us headed off for depths of Nth Melbourne.

"Opposite the market," Henry had said. "Left on Crover and under the overpass" would have been a more useful direction. Anyway, Bridget came out of her comatose state long enough to direct us more or less to Mexico's answer to Toto's. Having got there, the lack of any menus was only a minor problem, as the waitress agreed to take our orders from the old copies of the War Cry someone had left on the table. The general consensus seemed to be in favour of two or three humungus Nachos Supremes for starters (just for a change). Those present who served in the Fiji campaign could sense this was to be a memorable night when our charming waitress boldly announced that the nachos were "off". "It wasn't raining when we came in" responded four veterans in unison. Memories of ice-cream and sirloin steak came flooding back as we asked her if they had any Mexican food at all. She reminded us that it was a Mexican restaurant, and I must admit it was very clean (certainly uncontaminated by nachos). At least she didn't say there wasn't much call for nachos around here or that the van had broken down or that they were very runny - they had just run out. It's a bit like Twin's running out of yoghurt or La Trattoria running out of Focaccio - pretty piss poor effort that.

Anyway, orders were taken (Do you serve Guacomoles? Certainly sir, we serve anyone) and drinks were consumed while Budget, still speaking in body language, bemoaned the lack of foody comestibles and collapsed under the table.

The dips arrived, to muffled cries of "Give me nachos or give me death" but the humungus quantities of frijoles, guacamole and the like averted any ugly scenes (if you don't count Henry with a mouthful of corn chips). Having eaten that, our charming waitress materialized and announced that Mark's dish had gone the way of the nachos i.e. "off". It wasn't as if he'd asked for pheasant under glass or lark's tongue soufflé, I mean he had chosen it from the menu. Anyway, Mark ordered a substitute (sirloin steak, I think) and ten seconds later she reappeared and said that there might be a small serve of his original order left and that he could have it not only gratis but as they say in Mexico - free. This small serve turned out to be about one third of a teaspoon of what must have been scrapings from the chef's boots. At least it made Mark happy that he'd got his first choice.

Brian showed us the sort of form he'd picked up in the canteen at Suva, a gutsy finger bowl scull, says it was the highlight of his meal, tastier than the chicken supreme. My "La Combinacion" was fairly well combined and it must have been a pretty humungus serve because I had trouble finishing Sandy's Carlos' Special. Judging from the way I kept thinking of a certain Johnny Cash song next morning it must have been fairly hot (and I don't mean "I Walk The Line").

What a night, the food waiter had given us food, the drink waiter had given us drink, and then Carlos Murphy himself rolled up. However, our luck was out (while you're down there, Carlos...) and all he gave us was a bottle of white burgundy someone had left behind. Top guy really. After a chorus or two of "What do we think of Carlos" we managed to get a 10% discount off the bill for singing the Punter to Punter Carlos Murphy song (although I suspect the discount was merely an effort to stop us from singing any more). But Sandy said the wine was O.K. (I didn't see who had the other half) and the singing woke Bridget up (bad for basketball - Ed.). All in all, quite a pleasant spot to get pissed at. Final scoreline : Carlos Murphy 3 stars d. Melbourne Uni Basketball Club all stars.

ANNUAL DINNER : Bad taste dictates that some mention be made of this year's Annual Presentation Dinner, and what bad taste dictates, Dribbling Balls prints. Judy and Davo organised a top place there at Studley Park Receptions and what a bang up night it was. The food was O.K. the booze was plentiful and the D.J. was there. I don't think that when he said he wanted to see more people on the dance floor he actually had human pyramids in mind, but who cares. The night fairly flew along through the real awards and then the Haggis and Woody (and Brian) Blues Brothers awards, finishing with a little singing in the rain at 1 a.m. As you would expect, we adjourned to the newly commissioned Clubrooms (i.e. Bowlesy's place for the party) and it was your typical after dinner party. I promised not to mention that Mattman and Lesley were back together again. I made no such guarantee to Pendles. "Hi, I'm Gary" and away we go. Clea was obviously captivated with the originality of this statement, and proceeded to attack Pendles in a chair in the corner. They progressed to the middle of the floor and what happened then is history. People gradually departed as the showing of "Life of Brian" started about 4 a.m. The final few departed about 6:15 a.m. Who was left? Well Bowlesy was sound asleep on the floor, then there was Mark and Lisa and Chris and Gillian and Clarkie and Kylie. Did I mention Clarkie and Kylie? I did? Oh well, there you go. Might not be the last time on this page either. Gillian was all for going out somewhere for breakfast, but Mark wanted to get home before his Mum got up. He apparently didn't succeed. Ah what it is to be young and reckless. Did I mention Clarkie and Kylie? I did? I keep doing that. Can't understand why. Never mind. It was a great Annual Dinner, I can't wait 'til next year's. Well, not any more than 12 months anyway. Did I mention ...

FINITO : Ah, the end of another Dribbling Balls. Did you know that 4.18 Joules of energy is required to raise the temperature of water by 1 degree C? Or that the ratio of the universal gas constant to Avogadro's number is called the Boltzmann constant. If you don't want to read more rubbish like this in Dribbling Balls then send in some match reports or feature articles. Then again, that other trash might just be more entertaining. The energy flux of a wave is the energy passing per unit time through a unit cross sectional area. So too, Dribbling Balls embodies substantial energy and goodness. I thoroughly recommend it. So, when you think of bulldust, think of Dribbling Balls.