

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL CLUB
DRIBBLING BALLS

VOL 12 NO. 20

17/12/84

Will this be the last Dribbling Balls for the year? How should I know, but after last weekend's partying performances few people seem to have the strength to write match reports. And the answer to last week's supplementary question is Melbourne University Basketball Club, all the others go to bed sometime between 5 p.m. Friday and 9 a.m. Monday...

V.B.A. DIV. 4 (Sun. 11/11 & Wed. 14/11)

Uni 45 d. Yarraville 28

Uni 47 d. Diamond Valley 30

What more need be said? Nothing, but here goes. Like they say in the classics "When the going gets tough, teeth are tougher than basketballs." Why? Because they're magnified, stupid. But cereally folks, the seconds have shown that when they play consensus basketball they're unbeatable, unstoppable, invincible. They're unreliable when they put Australia first. This Wednesday follow the team which promises least, you'll be less disappointed. So, when you think of basketball, think of the seconds. The preceding was a paid political advertisement on behalf of the Australian Basketball Disarmament Party. Written and authorised by candlelight. Spoken by word of mouth. Adapted from the best selling radio play, "Ethel the Aardvark Goes Quantity Surveying" by using imagination. Combined scores : FF24 19, SBG 17, Lewis 16, Richard 14, Pendles 13, Teddy 6, Dave 5, Tree 2. What the critics said :

Jean : "Power forwards don't get AIDS. Think about it!!"

Max Gillies : "The two-legged stool, the square basketball and Hi, I'm Gary."

Paul Dainty : "Gary who??"

Bob Hawke : "Did you hear the one about the ex-Australian Test captain whose daughter is on heroin?"

And the answer to the supplementary question is : Judy Knight, the others get drunk on pub crawls.

V.W.B.A. DIV 2 (Wed. 28/11)

Kilsyth 35 d. Uni 33

After an inspirational first half, we trailed 7-20. We had dominated all facets of the game except offense, defence and rebounding. The coach left after his rousing half time oration. "I'm going. See you in the bar." Having rid ourselves of unnecessary obstacles we played a very good second half. Bridget contributed 13 points, Spike 6 and our change to zone defence held the opposition nicely. We just couldn't bridge the gap in the last couple of minutes. Thanks to Brian for filling in as coach for half a game. I knew the team would sort him out if he suggested anything silly. Did he really take Jean off the court late in the game? Brave man.

V.B.A. DIV. 4 (Wed. 28/11)

Uni 49 d. Nunawading 51, NDP 6, Informal 5.

What an overwhelming show of support for the seconds!! After opinion polls saw the game as a two-way tie at 25 all at half time, some gutsy campaigning split the informal vote 4-1 in our favour to allow us to snatch a moral victory from apparent defeat. Apparently a clerical error on our "How-To-Score" card resulted in some confusion over whose points were whose. Anyway, we are quite convinced the vast majority of informal points were intended for us, and we've written to the VBA demanding that the game be awarded to us. The preceding was a paid political advertisement based on very little fact. Written and authorised in the interests of taking up space so that there is less left for Monday night match reports (good for basketball - Ed.) Actually, we didn't play too badly for the first 35 minutes with some good performances from the guards, especially Gary O'Brien who has put in a couple of sensational games after his recent promotion. And the answer to last week's supplementary

question is : Hi, I'm Gary - the others are all rock groups.

FF24 16, Gary 10, Teddy 7, Dave (Senator) DeVries, Clarkie 6, Davo 4.

COLLINGWOOD A GRADE WOMEN (Sun. 2/12) SEMI FINAL

Uni 48 d. The team that cries 12

Well sports fans, what a game this was. Spectators turnnapped in droves to see this big semi final. Every seat (3) in the small Collingwood court was occupied. We were cooking right from the start. Judy was dominant on the fast break, fed well by good long passes from Gill who was controlling the boards with Linny and Lissa. Sue was kept busy dodging the elbows of the opposition's chief knuckler and sook. By half time the opposition had collectively spat their dummies as we led 25-4. They didn't bother trying in the second half as the Uni mean machine rubbed their little noses into the floorboards. The only disappointments for the game were there were no fights and no tears. Rats.

Judy 20, Gill 14.

COLLINGWOOD A GRADE MEN (Sun. 2/12) SEMI FINAL

Uni 28 d. Coburg 26

Well sports fans, what a game this was. Uni doubling the opposition's score for most of the game, then managing to fall back to 22 all at full time. Being as this was a semi final extra time of 5 minutes was played. We were on tenterhooks but the team wasn't going to let us down, were they? A skyscraping rebound in defence then two in offence to Coops (who plays high post in this team) both resulted in baskets as we romped away to an unassailable 28-26 lead with 30 seconds remaining. Carlo decided to seal the issue by drawing a foul for some shots but charged by mistake and gave the opposition fifteen seconds to level the scores. All they could manage to do was travel so we cruised in as comfortable winners. Easy game.

V.W.B.A. DIV 2 (Wed. 5/12)

Uni 42 d. Sandringham 36

This was quite an entertaining game, with a good performance turned in by the women in black. Several members of the team had to have an emergency meal of fingernail before the game started due to a surprise inspection (the first in about 10 years) but eventually we got going. We trailed for most of the first half as our man to man defence was once again ineffective (and that's being polite). Despite an injured back, Spike was dominating the offence with good touch shooting, and her 12 points for the half allowed us to sneak ahead 26-25 at the break. Jean was also a dominant force with her strength around the defensive boards. Having already shot as many points in a half as we are used to shooting in a whole game we decided to concentrate on defence in the second half. This had the desired effect as we held the opposition to 11 for the half and held our lead. With Carmel playing a fine game at both ends of the court we snuck away to a five point lead late in game and held on well to beat the fourth team on the ladder. Mention should be made of Bridget's passing too. In the last couple of games her passing has been well below her usual high standard, but in this game the vast majority of it was brilliant.

Spike 18, Carmel 9, Bridget 8, Bernie 5.

V.B.A. DIV. 4 (Wed. 5/12)

Uni 55 d. CYMS 31

What's better than beating the Catholics? Beating them by a lot! The seconds are in real danger of having to play in a final series this season. Worrying stuff, but it's a funny old game, cricket. Still, it's good to see Simon smile again. But what about the game, I hear you ask. Well, I won't bore you with the details of how well we played - suffice to say that Tony P. put in a typically solid farewell game, Abba made a successful comeback, the brothers Clarke were an awesome sight fast-breaking together (actually, what's written on this piece of paper looks suspiciously like fart-breaking to me, but I don't suppose it is really - Ed.), Davo and Gary dazzled the opposition with

their guardsmanship and Bowlesy got a couple of boards. Quite the best team game we've played for decades - the offence even made a guest appearance (remember the offence?)

Tony, FF24, G.O.B. 10, Abba, Clarke minor 8, Clarke major 7, Davo 2.

Stop Press : And the answers to the Thursday night A grade (REAL MEN) supplementary questions are : D. Crombie, 13 points and "He's my hero".

V.B.A. DIV. 3 (Wed. 5/12)

Uni 44 d. CYMS 33 or some similar score line

What's better than beating the Catholics? Beating them twice in a night! After the seconds had easily disposed of the same CYMS team in the previous game on this court it was thought reasonable that the firsts do the same. Having no Henry to coach the side, Simon organized a coaching coup by recruiting a well-known Division 1 player (from the bar) to coach the game. Despite this, we still led for all the game and didn't really look like losing at any stage. Man to man defence was reasonable, although we allowed them too many drives and rebounds, while our offence was quietly effective when not thrown into panic mode. Les was outstanding for most of the game, especially with his rebounding and help in defence, and Richard played a solid game. Haggis put in well and did the bulk of the ball handling well. Mal obviously relished playing on the wing for a change and adapted to role of feeder well. Pendles, Chris and Simon did the occasional nice thing, but forgot the key change to E Minor.

Richard 14.

COLLINGWOOD A GRADE MEN (Sun. 9/12) GRAND FINAL

RMCYC 76 d. Uni 37

Well this might not be the biggest grand final loss in club history, but it's flippin' close. In a "controlled" first half things did not go all our way, and we trailed 41-11 at half time. In the second half Coops and Fairless Fly scored a little more freely to give coach Steve Galea a bit of heart but we didn't get a whole lot closer. Still, it's better than coming third.

COLLINGWOOD A GRADE WOMEN (Sun. 9/12) GRAND FINAL

Uni 55 d. RMCYC 31

This game started as a tense, basket for basket struggle, as the opposition produced a mystery player who had miraculously qualified for the final despite not playing any games during the season. This only spurred the team on to bigger things. A technical foul on our "bench" during a philosophical discussion on the mechanics of refereeing with specific relation to the calling of sidelines also spurred on the team. When Lissa turned up to give us 5 players we were unstoppable. Gillian, Lissa and Linny grabbed almost all of the defensive rebounds and Gillian would then hurl tremendous full court passes to Judy for layups as we opened up a sizable lead. Judy was also shooting some fantastic baskets from the wing on the occasions that we had to set up the offence. Half time saw us in front 30-17, Judy having 16 of our 30 points. In the second half we maintained our lead as Sue got away on a couple of fine breaks and Judy paid Gill back with a couple of excellent passes. Linny snapped up rebounds all over the place and was strong at both ends of the court and when Gill made a couple of steals it was just a matter of how far Uni. It turned out to be a great 24 point win, and pretty fair incentive to pop back to Henry's for a party. Well done team.

Judy 20, Gillian 10, Linny 9, Lissa, Sue 8.

C.Y.M.S. Championship (Sun. 9/12)

Uni 64 d. Oakleigh Wolves 43

Well, we struggled a bit in this game. Slack defence and ineffective offence allowed an inferior opposition to stay in touch with us for the first 30 minutes or so. In the closing stages of the game we put in a bit more and

eventually slipped away to a 20 point break. Rick and Jane played fair games around the baskets, J.C. hustled a bit towards the end and Les was outstanding for the vast majority of the game, but all in all, we all seemed a bit jaded.

Jane 14, Rick 13, Simon 12, J.C. 10.

V.W.B.A. DIV 2 (Wed. 12/12)

Uni 36 d. Coburg 34

Well sports fans, what a game this was. With only five players we looked in trouble at the start against a very fast and aggressive Coburg side as only Bridget was looking effective in offence and we sadly missed our number one power forward Jean. We did well to trail by only the odd basket for most of the half. When Spike picked up a couple of baskets off set moves and Bernie found her long range shooting touch we managed to level for an 18-18 scoreline at the long break. The second half saw us start well, always an ominous sign for any Uni team but this one. Spike, Carmel and Gillian were picking up the boards well and Bridget was moving the ball well under pressure. With 8 minutes to go we were two up as tragedy struck. Bridget took a jump shot, was fouled and fell to the ground badly spraining her ankle. She was carried off, leaving us with four players for the rest of the game. Gillian took over the bulk of the ball handling and with Bernie did some amazing things in defence as we forced turnovers at vital stages. Spike was great at converting these into points and finished with 12 for the half. In a nerve racking finish we stalled the ball for the last 30 seconds to hold on for a two point win. One of the gutsiest wins we've ever had. It's great to watch a team that believes it can win - and then does. We whooped 'em agin, didn' we Josey? Reckon so.

Spike 18, Bernie 10, Bridget 6.

The following letter has arrived and is printed against the better judgement of most people with a skerrick of intelligence. Unfortunately this does not include the Dribbling Balls Editorial staff...

Dear Mr. Ed.,

Why can't we have another amazing "Cross Balls" from those comic geniuses Tony and Bowlesy. We really enjoyed the last one and our sex-life hasn't been the same since.

Yours in anticipation,

Anonymous & Frustrated.

Dear Bowlesy,

Or should I say :

1. Beloved horny animal, I hear. (4)
2. Yes, blow out this club comedian. (7)

You must be

3. Trot around your family humourous. (6)

Most people who tried the last one thought it was

4. Confused European plague fish. (4)

If you don't have anything better to do with your time than write these crazy

5. Correspondence from landlords. (7)

then I suggest you seek professional

6. Headless young puppy. (4)

Yours with the the amount of sincerity appropriate,

Mr. Ed.

And having unloaded that, let me unload this. Yes, it's another chapter in Dribbling Balls' favourite breakfast cereal, Dribbling Around. Come with me now, to a basketball club that never was. A club where Haggis was something you ate and Spike was what you did in a volleyball game. A club where a basketballer and his ring could have an open relationship. This is...

DRIBBLING AROUND

Laaasssie. Laaasssie. In this episode, some basketballers decide to become rock stars...

It's Saturday afternoon. December 8. The Trophy Hall of the Beaurepaire Centre is undergoing a transformation. Judy has organized the decorators into a closely knit band of workers, who are feverishly decking the hall with boughs of holly fa-la-la-la-la la-la la-la in preparation for the music event of the year. The world debut of Hi, I'm Gary (the band). The roadies are moving in the gear under the careful direction of Trevor Smith and things begin to take the shape that will captivate an enormous crowd later that evening.

As time goes by, the band does sound checks, Mal Short puts the mixing board through its paces, a little last minute rehearsal, Mr. Geoff Bowles has the lighting set up and tested and come 7:45, after about 6 hours hard work, the stage is set for the event that would be bigger than Texas. The band leave for a quick shower and some Chinese food and the hall lies dormant 'til 8:25 when the doors open and the crowd begin to file in.

One can feel the tension mount as more and more people arrive, some in fancy dress, some not. Undoubted highlights in the fancy dress brigade included the Partonettes with their massive mammaries, Amanda Adam Ant, Julie Walker (who looked more like Dr. Hook's Ray Sawyer than the man himself), Terry "Peter Garrett" Mason, a bunch of Bruce Springsteen disciples, and probably the best outfit for the Christmas party was Mattman in the Santa Claus gear. Sensational.

Each time one of the individual members of the band arrived, a buzz would go round the auditorium, and well wishers and the curious alike would flock around them. The nerves were showing as they mingled with the crowd, just waiting for the time to pass. It would do so - slowly, but somehow inexorably.

By about 10 o'clock the crowd was building to fever pitch. The rumour had gone around that the band would start playing about 10:15 and the time was rapidly approaching. One by one, members of the band left the masses for the final tune up. At almost 10:30, as the strains of the introduction to Hot August Night began to filter through the sound system, we knew this was it. The crowd pushed forward to the stage and a tremendous roar went up as one by one the band took up their positions. Last on the stage was their leader, whose words to start the concert said it all - "Hi, I'm Gary."

After what could be called a nervous opening minute or two, things began to happen. The crowd was moving and enjoying, the band realized that it was going alright and everybody got right into the spirit. At the conclusion of the first song the applause and cheering was no less than tumultuous. For the next ten songs the band had the audience in the palm of their hand. Highlights of the bracket included Johnny B. Goode and the incredibly well received Roxanne. At the end of the first bracket most of the crowd felt that they had already had their money's worth, and anything else would be a bonus.

The second bracket was even better than the first. The band were now giving more of themselves to the audience, and for their part, the vast majority of the crowd were dancing and singing themselves to death. There was an "I love Gary" banner in the crowd, and Gary must have thought all his Christmases had come at one when some over-enthusiastic females (dare I say groupies?) got on stage and clawed him to the ground. They were removed while the band never missed a beat.

The stage was alive, and it was clear the band had developed into a very tight combination. Chris guesting on harmonica, Gary up front on lead guitar and vocals, providing a heap of showmanship, Spike on keyboards, lead and backing vocals, was obviously all class, Steve on drums, full of energy, Simon on bass, reserved to the point of being mysterious, and Chris on guitar, no doubt the sex symbol of the band with biceps bare, tattoos gleaming and the crowd at his mercy. From Brown Sugar on, it was one continuous highlight right through to the end, and then more in the encore.

After the performance the crowd danced on 'til two in the morning, well assured that their \$3 was money well spent. The night was an undoubted success and a credit to the organizers, promoters and Hi, I'm Gary. The performance could quite accurately be described as "professional". We were knocked out. The only unanswered question was "where did Pendles get that jacket?"

I must say that the Hi, I'm Gary Christmas party was one of the best turns we've had in years, and worth all the effort. As Pendles said though, it was disappointing not to see more basketballers there. Then again, it was their loss.

If this does indeed turn out to be the last Dribbling Balls for the year of your nineteen George Orwell, then a few people should get a mention. Thanks to all those who submitted match and other reports, especially Bowlesy, who always had something ridiculous to say when it was needed. Thanks to Jenny Baxter at the sports union for risking tennis elbow to print all the Dribbling Balls through the year. And thanks to all those who took the time to read Dribbling Balls, even if you were only looking for your own name. A special thanks too, to those who had a laugh at some of the articles, the Editor and authors appreciate the encouragement.

What happened this year any way? I don't really know, but somebody who is not Don McLean seems to think that the following sums it up. I have my doubts...

Long, long time ago, I can still remember
How it pissed down rain in Swan Hill Town,
And I knew if I had my chance,
I'd win the game of bottles/cans,
And maybe I'd be happy then fall down.
But February made me shiver -
With each attack on my liver.
Bad news on the grape vine
Queensland piked one more time.
I can't remember if I cried
When the esky had no beer inside
Some mates and I went down the Clyde
And drank the musu dry.
We started singing...

Bye, bye to nineteen eighty four,
We've partied to the limit and then a little more,
We've wrecked ourselves at Bowlesy's and then slept on the floor
Singing "I'm goin' on the wagon for sure"
I'm goin' on the wagon for sure.

Did you go to Warrnambool?
And did see Abba look like a fool
Standing naked in the tent?
Now do you believe in Qantas planes,
And humungus tents that cloud our brains,
And is Fiji really where we went?
Well I know that O Week was a breeze
Cause I saw no freshers at the Wine and Cheese,
We all kicked off our shoes -
Man, we drank every drop of that booze.
I saw this hungry teenage Alsatian
Down at Ballarat it made us run
So on the road we had our fun
And drank the musu dry.
We were singing...

Bye, bye nineteen eighty-four,
We've partied to the limit and then a little more,
We've sweated out the alcohol through ev'ry single pore
Singing "My stomach's crook, my head is sore"
My stomach's crook, my head is sore.

Now for 12 months we've been on our own
After calling up Betty on the phone,
But that's not really new to me,
When it poured down rain again in Sale
It was no joke about the whale
When they carted poor old Abba off to jail.
And while Henry's car had broken down
On the way to Portland town,
Into a motel he just cruised
But Gill was not amused.
And while people laughed at what Pendles said,
The juke box gave us aching heads
And Mal Shorts jocks were torn to shreds
That night, at Mac's Hotel
We were singing...

Bye, bye nineteen eighty-four,
We've partied to the limit and then a little more,
We've been to toga parties which were hardly a bore
Singing "I think we've all been here before"
I think we've all been here before.

Helter skelter, you know that you'd do well'ta
Hang on to your jocks, or Jean will belt ya,
The power forward rules, O.K.
And as the girls went on the court
For A grade Moe, a slab was bought
For the party back at Toto's late that day.
Now the half time air - it really stank
As we sweated out the stuff we drank,
With Schepini on the floor,
We won by three or four
Now Pendles tried to play the field
But most smart girls refused to yield,
Do you recall what was revealed
At Bridget's twenty-first?
We started singing...

Bye, bye nineteen eighty-four,
We've partied to the limit and then a little more,
Mal's had cocktail parties where we got pissed for sure,
Singing "I think I'll just sleep here on the floor"
I think I'll just sleep here on the floor.

So there we were all over the place,
A generation off our face,
With no time left to win I.V.
So come on, Coops be nimble, J.C. be quick
Put Mark's tooth back before I'm sick
Cause we're eating Chinese food again for tea.
And as we danced there near the stage
The annual dinner was quite a rage,
And as if you couldn't tell,
We christened the clubrooms as well.
As Chris danced on into the night
Several people did alright
I saw Bowlesy snoring - what a sight
The day the musu flowed.
We were singing...

Bye, bye nineteen eighty-four,
We've partied to the limit and then a little more,
We've been to Pete's Bar and had beers by the score,
Singing "I think that someone's just locked the door",
I think someone's just locked the door.

I saw a band that played the blues,
The crowd was great (and full of booze)
As Hi I'm Gary had their day.
And I went down to the Clyde once more
Where pub crawls started twice before
And Judy got this journey under way,
And in the streets we staggered on,
From pub to pub it took so long,
Not a pub was missed
And some folk got quite pissed.
And when of this year we've had our fill,
And had a rest and made a will,
We'll catch the last train to Swan Hill,
And start up eighty-five.
We'll be singing...

My, my nineteen eighty-five,
It's gonna be a big one, don't know how we'll survive,
The party season's on again, we're glad we're alive
Singing "let's all help the new year arrive",
Let's all help the new year arrive.

My, my nineteen eighty-five,
It's gonna be a big one, don't know how we'll survive,
The party season's on again, we're glad we're alive
Singing "let's all help the new year arrive",
Let's all help the new year arrive.
