

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL CLUB
DRIBBLING BALLS

VOL 13 NO. 1

1/2/85

So it's 1985 already eh. Time for another volume of Dribbling Balls. Never mind the quality, feel the volume. Looks like it's going to be another one of those years. Another whole year of Dribbling Balls. Aaaaarrrrh. Don't know that I can stand it. And speaking of not being able to stand it, what did happen at Swan Hill this year???.

SWAN HILL 1984

Well, a large number of people made their way up to Swan Hill on Thursday afternoon/evening. That was their first mistake. Coops and Smithy got into the Oasis just before the Oasis got into them, and by the time the tent was erect they were quite happy. Later in the evening as more people arrived more people seemed to be quite happy. And so on, and so forth. It was thought that 2 a.m. was a reasonable time to retire to bed. That doesn't mean anyone did, they just thought it was a reasonable time to. Several people were not a pretty sight the next morning when it was time to play the 9:40 game. Then again, very few of them ever look like a pretty sight.

Of the games played over the three days there were not many wins recorded, even fewer if you played for the men's firsts. Some performances were notable though, and should be mentioned, just to try and keep the basketball content of Dribbling Balls up to 5% or so for the first edition of the year at least. The women had a fine 2 point win over Dandenong after trailing by 12 at half time in their first game, while the men's seconds played some inspirational basketball at times led by some towering rejections from Tree Andrew and the amazing aerial work of Doctor T. So much for basketball.

Friday night saw fun at Lake Boga. A quiet ale (unless you were Bridget, Brian or Bowlesy and had been pubbing for a few hours, in which case you didn't do anything quietly) was followed by or included a swim, then the best two falls out of three World Championship Wrestling ("He's on the top rope! He's got a foreign object in his trunks! No holds barred..."), then Bridget taking off her clothes. Back at the tent that night there was more of the same, except the swimming (until Sunday morning, eh Pendles?).

During Saturday there must have been some more games of basketball, 'cause that seems to happen at Swan Hill sometimes. Can't be helped I suppose, but it eats into your beach time. Saturday night was spent having the occasional quietish ale by the tent, with the occasional game of cans/bottles, the occasional sing along, the occasional game of trivial campfire, the occasional visit from the Trobers and an occasional beer or twenty-seven. All this changed when the Swan Hill I.V. reconnaissance advance party returned from their reconnoitring of the golf club disco. Pendles, Judy, Smithy and Dr. T. returned about 2:30 a.m. after closely investigating about about eleventy-four Bundies and proceeded to liven up what was threatening to be a quiet, civilized evening. Smithy was raving about going to see some girls game at 9 in the morning, Rod had to be pissed because he was off on his astronomy kick again, Judy was investigating intravenous drugs (administered by a qualified medical practitioner) and Pendles was astral travelling - his mouth was there but his mind was somewhere else. Three hours later, some foolish people were still trying to get to sleep but Gary wasn't taking that for an excuse, so when Mal and Henry sent him off to wake the tented Bowlesy we figured that would end the whole thing brilliantly. Full credit to Geoff though, he was very polite before threatening to geld Gary and things eventually quietened down. No more need be said about the whole episode, but I

can't resist. Most of the crowd were entertained by the sight of Pendles going swimming the next morning, but how strange to do it in ice cold esky water while still in your sleeping bag. Still, there's no accounting for taste.

After all that we lost some more basketball games then went home or to Newcastle, whichever took 14 hours. Just another Swan Hill. A good way to finish 1984, a year which promised so much, but always had to wait 'til 5 in the morning to deliver it.

And while not wishing to dwell on something as seemingly insignificant as Swan Hill, we now print a letter from someone as seemingly insignificant as Pendles...

Dear Mr. Editor,

I don't like complaining, but I feel I must. In good spirits I went to the Swan Hill tournament thinking I would thoroughly enjoy myself as has been the case over many years.

I was so wrong and came back to Melbourne bitterly disappointed. For a start, I stayed 'til New Year's Eve, but everyone else had gone. Some people I believe, isolated themselves in Newcastle and others walked down Lygon Street and looked into closed shop windows. By the end of the night I was fully clothed and cold sober canoeing up Shit Creek with a Red Cross lady and a Solo man.

From a competitive point of view, the basketball games were played in a disgusting manner. Players approached each game with enthusiasm and scant disregard for Melbourne Uni's reputation. the men's seconds in particular were so competitive that they embarassed Matthew Wellington into shooting 46 points for the tournament.

The real disappointment however was the social scene. I can remember when a kick in the head and a broken bottle in your sleeping bag was a good night's sleep. People would cram into the club tent 'til at least 4:32 a.m. every night.

The Swan Hill experience suggests we now have subtle wife swapping in two man tents and tranquilizer injections for the hyperactive. The icing on this sorry cake, of course, is Henry Cooper, who runs around wanting to know why people are not sound asleep at midnight or sleeping with him.

I must commend my idols Gary Pendlebury, Trevor Smith and Rod Trevena for having the guts to yell at everyone including dead shits, roosters and Henry 'til 5:30 a.m. The Three Stooges would have been proud.

I can only conclude that the wrong people are going to tournaments. Could I suggest that Bill Riddle and Jean Prior be encouraged to go to Warrnambool as they would definitely liven up the occasion with their sense of fun.

Yours sincerely,

Someone who claims to be Allan Jacka but is really Pendles.

Well, thanks for all that Gary. I'm sure there are a few people left in the club that you didn't offend in that letter, but it seems unlikely that you'll live long enough to find out who they are. By the way, I think Jean's coming around to your place tomorrow for a quiet word in your ear, whatever truck it happens to be under.

Did you know that Dribbling Balls occasionally prints match reports of basketball games that Uni have been involved in? I guess not. Anyway, we now continue this well loved, much maligned and always ignored feature of this well loved, much maligned and always ignored journal...

C.Y.M.S. Championship (Sun. 20/1)

Prince's Hill 84 d. Uni 55

What a good way to start the new year - a nice 30 point loss. It's not really that we played badly, it's just, well, okay, we played badly. But not for the whole game. Well, not really the the whole game. Well, okay, the whole game. Our opposition featured three players from the star studded, talent laden, all conquering first division Preston Rams team, but we seemed unable to take advantage of that obvious plus. The opposition really was the type of team we seem to struggle against though, they were tall, strong, fast, talented, skillful, disciplined, desperate and present. There were some encouraging sights though. Rick played an excellent game, but undid all his good work by ordering, then drinking a jug of milk at Toto's after the game, Les tried hard (which is sort of like saying "the sun came up today") and at one stage we cut our 15 point half time deficit to 7 with Pendles scoring a couple of baskets. We did pretty well from this position to make it back to 30 points behind. As Coach Simon said after the game "I'll have a beer thanks."

V.W.B.A. DIV 2 (Wed. 23/1)

Uni 37 d. St. Kilda (2) 32

Well, with four games to go before finals the team finds itself out of the four on percentage only. This was enough to make our coach desert the team before the start of the game and only return for the session in Pete's Bar afterwards. Some people just can't handle pressure. We need three wins and our bye to make the finals and to this effect we started well last night with a win. It was slightly unfortunate that we seemed to struggle a bit against one of the lower teams, still we did lead for all the game and we did win which is a good start. The first half was apparently highlighted by Jean's 7 points including her patented leaping rebound 360 spin slam dunk basket and one out of two foul shots (don't know which of those phenomena is more unbelievable). The second half featured 9 points for Spike and the opposition catching up, but a good shot from Gill made the difference 5 and the game safe. Considering we are playing most of this season (including this game) with 5 players the win was a pretty good result. Jean continues to set a good example and Spike continues her dominant offensive form and they tell me our full court pressure man to man was outstanding. Of course, I don't believe anything they tell me.

Spike 15, Jean, Gillian 9, Bridget 4.

TOURNAMENTS : There's a rumour going round that we are going to enter teams in the Ballarat tournament on March 9,10 and 11. Don't know why, not everybody enjoyed themselves last year. Just ask the manager of the Lake Wendouree Caravan Park. But all jocks aside, there will be men's and women's team going, so see Henry or Woody if you're interested in going. Also, don't forget Sale over Easter - bound to be another dud rage.

FIJI 1986 : There's a rumour going round that Fiji has just been wrecked by a hurricane. This is not in fact true, they've just discovered the aftermath of the First South Pacific Universities Sports Championships held

there in February 1984. The moral to this story is that the Second South Pacific Little Bit of Sport and Lots of Fun Championships are being held in Fiji in February 1986. It is conceivable that we could enter a men's and a women's team in this tournament, but we will have to know reasonably soon those who are interested in attending. The cost for return air fare, accommodation and two meals per day ex-Melbourne will be \$720. Anyone who is interested in attending might like to let J.C. know sometime soon so we can do something about entering teams.

INTERVARSITY 1985 : Well, as most of you are no doubt aware, we are hosting this year's Intersarsity Basketball championships in beautiful downtown Swan Hill. A dedicated bunch of religious fanatics led by Haggis is doing the organizing of this extravaganza, but will need the help of all club members to make the thing a success. As with most things these days "success" is spelt M-O-N-E-Y. And we need lots to run these championships. As such, we have a raffle coming up, for which everyone (i.e. everyone, all club members, all those members of this club and all those club members which could be construed to comprise an everyone) will have to sell lots of tickets. The prizes are fantastic and include a trip for two interstate courtesy of our friends at Ansett and a video recorder. So when someone comes up to you and asks you to sell some tickets please do it, that way we might not end up in debt for the next 834 years, 12 days and sixpence.

BUSH DANCE : As Mattman says, "You can never have too much money." Consequently we are having another Bush Dance to raise money for Intersarsity. It looks like being held at the San Remo Ballroom again (remember the pyramid races and sock sliding competition?) on Friday, May 3rd. So start conning all your friends into coming along and having a wild time. More details when they come to hand.

SEX SCANDAL : Well, having attracted your attention, I have to inform you that, as always, Dribbling Balls is in desperate need of people to write match reports. It would be nice if there was something from each of our 17 teams in every edition of Dribbling Balls, but I suppose that's a bit too much to expect. Still, it wouldn't do some of you any harm to write the odd line or two, even if it's only the scores, so the rest of the club can read all about you. Any contributions (especially monetary) may be given to Beaurepaire counter attendant and placed in our pigeon hole there behind the desk. Said articles will miraculously appear almost instantaneously in the very next edition of Dribbling Balls. Now there's an offer you can't refuse.

STOP PRESS : WOMEN WIN WARRNAMBOOL!! JEAN DEMANDS NEW TOPS. COMMITTEE MEMBERS FEAR FOR THEIR LIVES. FULL REPORT NEXT EDITION.

Well sports fans, I've had enough of this first Dribbling Balls for 1985. Will Volume 13 be unlucky? Seems like it, I mean we've already had one edition and it's only January. Oh well, never mind. See you in the next edition. Or as we say after editorial meetings, "Beam me up, Scotty. There's no sign of intelligent life down here!"