

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL CLUB
DRIBBLING BALLS

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Welcome to the second Dribbling Balls of 1985. What's that, you missed the first one? Well you must have known your luck couldn't hold out forever. Now read on. Why should I be the only one to suffer?...

V.W.B.A. DIV 2 (Wed. 30/1)

Uni 48 d. St. Kilda (3) 32

The first half of this game was characterized by the dynamic offence of this Uni side and the basket bombing of the opposition. Defence failed to make an appearance for either side. Bridget leant weight to the theory that there is life after death by turnpping with new boots and a concrete ankle brace and playing the game. She had also managed to slash her hand on some metal at work that day, so with all these handicaps she only managed 8 points in the first half. Jean and Spike worked the boards well to snare 6 each as we led 28-22 at half time. In the second half we decided to give the defence a bit of a run just to break the monotony, and the improvement in the scoreline was almost astounding. With Jean again boarding well we cruised away to a comfortable win. We now appear to be unassailably perched in fourth spot with two weeks to play before finals. The team is playing well. Special mention to Judy in this game, which was her debut with the firsts. She played a very capable game and chipped in with a couple good percentage boosting baskets late in the game. I dare say it won't be the last we see of her in the team.

Jean 12, Bridget 10, Spike, Gill 7, Judy, Carmel 6.

I've just received this anonymous contribution in the mail, so here it is. See how easy it is to get into Dribbling Balls (before Dribbling Balls gets into you)...

V.W.B.A. DIV 5 (Wed. 30/1) "While the coach is away, the team WILL play"

Uni 35 d. Saints 17

Yes, Mark failed to see his thrids team win their first game. I couldn't say it was the most exciting or the fastest game that's ever been played, but who needs to be fast? Lyn started the year off well with 5 fouls, everyone rebounded well.

Jackie 12, Sue 10, Jill, Lyn 4, Kay 3, Max 2.

C.Y.M.S. Championship (Sun. 3/2)

Uni 80 d. Footscray 54

The only thing in doubt after the first five minutes of this game was the winning margin. After an awesome display of dunking during warm up on court one we moved to court nine and continued the job. With Jane Graeme dominating the inside and scoring well from offensive rebounds especially and J.C. nailing several three pointers we raced away to a 41-22 half time lead. In the second half we again did well in offence but our defence was fairly slack at times. Rick produced some spectacular jumping on occasions, Les contributed at both ends and Burkie and Chris hustled hard. Probably the highlight of the game were several pieces of great teamwork on fast break situations for class baskets. We are currently holding third place here, and with this team even we may find it hard to miss out on the finals this time.

J.C. 18 (4 three pointers), Jane 18, Rick 14, Les 10.

Now this next article from Pauline is what I call a match report. What wonderful reserves of undiscovered talent we possess in this club...

C.Y.M.S. Ladies E Grade (Sun. 3/2)

Uni 29 d. Sth Melbourne 22

This was a pretty good win for us considering we defeated the previously

undefeated top side. Not only that, we only had 4 players for the first 10 minutes. Jackie arrived late, "fell asleep in the lounge room, and didn't wake up 'til 10 past 5" was her story, although the fact that she was still drinking at the last pub in the Tour de Williamstown the night before has got nothing to do with the whole situation. Sleriously thlough (slick)(sick)(sic) we did play well. Lissa and Jackie grabbed all the passes, rebounds and basketballs and placed them in the receptacle provided ten feet above the floor. They had 9 and 8 points receptacly, er I mean respectively. The ref didn't seem to care how either side got the ball so we went in tooth and nail, and the opposition went in tooth and hips and bums and elbows and nails and nails and nails. Nicole did well on the wing to put up a number of shots, while Teresa and I stymied the defence with our switching offence. Sometimes she played wing and I played point, while at other times (unannounced to the opposition), she played point and I took the wing. Gosh we're sneaky. Looks like we might sneak in the finals at this rate too.

Lissa 9, Jackie 8, Nicole, Pauline 6.

V.W.B.A. DIV 2 (Wed. 6/2)

Uni 22 drew with Melbourne 22

This game must be what they call the let down before the big one. With only a bye to go in this season and a guaranteed place in the four we performed at a level which could best be described as average. It must be said that our defence was quite good for most of the game, and indeed was the reason we led by 6 at half time with the press forcing several turnovers in succession. The offence was not terribly effective though. Sure we were fouled a lot while shooting and the refs didn't call them but we should have done better. An 18-12 half time lead was maintained for a while but our offence decided to take a well earned holiday in the second half so while defence restricted them to 10 points for the half we contributed a mind boggling 4 points to our own score. Missing 11 out of 11 foul shots for the half also didn't help our chances of winning. Never mind though. We'll just forget this game and beat Preston in the semi final in two weeks.

Spike, Gillian 6, Carmel 4.

The following is a report continuing an irregular series where women from this club go away on long weekends and bring back lots of money (for the club to do really useful things with i.e. not waste on new tops)...

Warrnambool Tournament 1985 : Yes Virginia, there was a Warrnambool Tournament, but it's hardly worth reporting on really. Oh well, if you insist. Nothing much unusual happened on the first few days, although the mens firsts did crack it for a win at one stage, it was not until Sunday night that things hotted up a bit. By this stage the women had won their three preliminary games and had a quarter final at 8 a.m. the next morning. So after a quiet meal featuring mountains of freshly cooked crayfish we all retired for an early evening. Except those who partied on all night and got involved in more World Championship Wrestling (complete with ropes and turnbuckle, sleeper holds and atomic drops) or for some the 4 a.m. sand dune rolling on the way to the beach (which they didn't quite get to) was more their pace. For those of a more cultural bent, there were the rambling recitals of dynamic ditties from Foges. The only question seemed to be could he remember them when he was sober? We may never find out. When people eventually retired for the evening things quietened down a bit and people went to their own tents, for a while anyway. It does seem that well known club moral guardian Jean Prior decided to check up on what was happening elsewhere, and that was apparently why she woke up in Bridget and Brian's tent, with Bridget and Brian. She tried to sneak out but was caught in the act. I for one reject all the innuendo directed at Jean about this incident and believe her explanation that she made a natural

mistake, then again, I'm scared of death.

Anyway, at 8 a.m. we turnapped at the Snake Pit to play our quarter final against Heywood. We started this game quite slowly, due in part I suspect to the number of well developed hangovers being paraded. At half time we had managed to take the lead by a couple of points. In the second half as the cobwebs began to disappear we blew the game wide open and won easily in the end. Our semi final at 11 a.m. was against a team called mixtures who had won their quarter final 78-11 that morning. After recovering from that shock we played a very good game with Carmel and Jean dominating the boards and Spike dominating the offence and again we blew the game out to 20 points before winning by about 12.

So, after a quick counter meal and a nerve settling ale (or Irish Coffee or both if you're Jean) the grand final was on at 2 and we were playing a very strong looking St. Kilda/Norwood combine. Things did not go so well early in the game as they scored several baskets outside then several baskets inside and we established a very comfortable 12 point deficit. Carmel and Max finally got our offence going with a basket each but things did not pick up too much when Bridget went down with terminal ankle and was carried off. Jean picked up four fouls and had to spend the last part of the half on the bench and all in all, when we trailed by 10 at half time it wasn't looking too promising, although Pauline and Linny had managed to bottle up the inside of the defence a bit more.

The majority of our supporters had followed Henry's example and gone to sleep during the early stages of the second half, but were brought back to life as we clawed our way back into the game. Jackie's effort in pulling down a couple of crucial rebounds was typical of the endeavour the team was putting in. In a remarkable turn of events, with Jean back on the court breathing fire and determined to show she wasn't going to foul out and what the flippin' heck had she been sitting on the bench for anyway, our defence completely shut out the opposition and when Gillian decided to take on their defence single handed with a series of spectacular drives through the key we got back to 32-36, then levelled at 36 then drew away. Spike, who had been quiet in offence for most of the game found the range from the corner for a couple of super baskets, Judy who had taken over the role as point guard from Bridget and controlled things very nicely made a fast break and suddenly we were 8 points up with two minutes to play. From here we held on to register a very gutsy grand final victory 46-42, in a game where we didn't look like we had a chance of winning for a long time. Haggis summed it up quite brilliantly when he said after the game that this was a team with character. It is quite true. The coach was certainly proud to be associated with a team that just refuses to be beaten. It's a great attitude that the players have, and really, you just run out of superlatives after a while. With three tournament grand final victories in the past 7 months I reckon Jean has just about got a claim for those new tops she keeps demanding. Then again....

One person who apparently does not share my fear of power forwards and death is Mr. Geoff Bowles who has collaborated with Mr. Simon Garfunkle to produce the following song which would have been a hit from the movie "The Graduate" except they got the words wrong. (It could also be a tape recording from the George Sanders School of Suicide or a scene from that well known film Death Wish III). Whatever you perceive it to be, let's still have a big club turn out at Bowlesy's funeral. Perhaps a pyramid guard of honour...

Mrs. Fogarty

And here's to you Mrs. Fogarty,
Our standards are all monitored by you, yes by you.
And we're so proud, Mrs. Fogarty,
All those things you said you'd never do,
But it's not true, it's just not true.

We'd like to know a little bit about you for blackmail,
We know you've had to learn to help yourself.
Look around you all you see are these pathetic guys,
Sleep around the club until you feel at home.

What's that you say, Mrs. Fogarty,
"Hangin' jocks from chandeliers ain't fun, it's just not done."
Well here's your chance Mrs. Fogarty,
Brian saves a place but only one,
And don't get sprung - he's oh so young.

Hidin' in a two man tent where no one ever goes,
Gets a little crowded there for three.
It's a little secret, just a clandestine affair,
Most of all you have to hide it from D.B.

Coo coo ca choo, Mrs. Fogarty,
The clubrooms is the only place for you, yes for you.
And what's that there, Mrs. Fogarty,
A nation in red jocks saluting you,
Ooh ooh ooh, your dream's come true.

Sittin' next to Bridget on a Sunday after dark,
Don't you wish you'd never had that booze,
Laugh about it, cry about it, when the word gets out,
Every way you look at it you lose.

Where have they gone, Mrs. Fogarty,
Your morals all have left and gone away, they couldn't stay.
Now it's too late, Mrs. Fogarty,
Your secret's out we'll never let you say,
"Henry you're gay", "Put that away."

Macs be praised, Mrs. Fogarty,
We knew you had it in you all along, you're not that strong.
Next time you're shocked Mrs. Fogarty,
Remember what is hanging over you,
From Surf Side 2, you're in the pooh.

After all that what can be said apart from "I didn't want to do it Jean!
It wasn't my fault, he made me print it. Don't hit. Ow!"

The following report is presented solely because someone wrote it and handed it in. If that hadn't happened you'd be looking at half a page of white paper. Actually, having read the article, that's possibly not a bad idea. Only joking Phil...

EON FM Masters' Tournament

Each summer, after the winter season has concluded, the V.B.A. runs a

short season when former "aged" first graders make a return to the number one court at Albert Park. The standard of basketball is remarkably high and such local identities as Lindsay Gaze and Bill Palmer grace the competition with their presence; in addition to a number of former Olympians and state representatives. Well you may ask "What are a lot of old age pensioners doing staggering around in Uni singlets?" Of course, back in those "golden" days, when basketball was still an "amateur" sport, Uni was just hanging in there in the top division of the V.A.B.A. Most of the players representing Uni were I.V. representatives back in the early and mid 70's. Most of the club's old players will recognize the names of Bowie (Peter Beaumont), Lards (Graeme Douglas) and your veritable correspondent (Phil FABULOUS Beart). The greater majority of the players in the competition were in their mid thirties, but there was the odd player in his forties. Anyway, it's nice to know that when you're too old to play top grade basketball, but still want to drag yourself around the court, that you are considered a Master and not a veteran!

So, back to the basketball. This was our best season for 3 seasons. We won 3 games - our first three games in 3 seasons!!! We suffered in the early games because of lack of practice and fitness - in fact only Lards and Fabulous Phil still play regularly, and it was a bit of a joke to see those ball handling wizards going on numerous fast breaks (I'll say - Ed.) As the season progressed and the team got used to playing together (also picking up some fitness!) we ascended from the bottom of the premiership table and managed to finish fifth out of eight teams. No mean achievement.

This would seem an appropriate place to remind you that the Uni Basketball Club needs its older, experienced players, who might be about to graduate and thinking of leaving the club. Continuity is always a problem in our club, and we really need our "veterans" to be guiding lights - one only has to look at the key roles played by people such as Henry, Haggis, Les, Skippy, J.C., Simon and Wacker (the last three here object to being lumped together with those other old timers - Ed.) In fact, I probably should remind most of these gents that they aren't far off being Masters themselves! I look forward to you being on our team in a couple of years, old chaps! Perhaps I should remind you all that "Old basketballers never lose their balls, they just get stuffed more often."

Hi, I'm Getting Free Publicity : Yes, I know it's hard to believe but up and coming rock stars and well known young egomaniacs around town, Hi, I'm Gary have secured another gig, this time a real one, in public. Due to circumstances beyond the control of the management of the Stockade Hotel (205 Nicholson St. Carlton) Hi, I'm Gary will be appearing at that venue on Tuesday February 26. So this is your big chance to get in on something really big and join in with rest of "Rent A Crowd" and generate some genuine imitation mass hysteria. We still need more volunteers for the fainting division, the stage rush division and the table dancing division. Unfortunately the Chris Morrey Groupie division is full. Sorry about that girls. So why not do yourself a favour and get down to the Stockade and catch Hi, I'm Gary before they catch you. Remember how good they were at the Basketball Club Christmas party, well don't let that put you off. My spies tell me they've been practising hard and now feature a couple of novelty numbers where everyone plays the same song in the same key. Should be a great new innovation. I believe they'll be unveiling a couple of new smash hits including "Don't Cry For Me, Murrumbeena", "When My Baby Smiles at Me I Go To Wagga, Wagga Wagga" and a song telling the story of Mal Short at Macs Hotel entitled "Who You Gonna Call - Jock Busters". Yes, Hi, I'm Gary, featuring well known club identities like Simon B-G, Pendles, Chris Morrey, Spike with a little help from their friends Bowlesy, Mal and Smithy, along with the complete cast of extras from Ben Hur. Read what the experts

said about them :

Bob Hawke : "It is clear that the majority of those who voted informal intended to vote for Hi, I'm Gary."

Pendles : "Just lost a button off my trousers. Any groupies can return it in person to 291 Richardson St."

Sir Garfield Sobers : "Hi, I'm Gary."

Yes, with recommendations like that, how could you miss the biggest event since the last 4 a.m. showing of the Outlaw Josey Wales? I don't know, but any suggestions can be sent to Dribbling Balls. Perhaps we'll publish the best one.

FREE GIFT OFFER! : Yes, Dribbling Balls still needs more people to write match reports for this esteemed journal. Hard to believe, isn't it? If you happen to get the urge to put pen to paper, pencil to parchment or thumbnail to tar, don't resist. Who knows you may even enjoy it. Imagine the thrill of describing one of your own skyscraping slam dunks in technicolour, cinemascope and supermarionation, even if you didn't really do it. I mean, half the dolts who get Dribbling Balls aren't going to read your contribution anyway, so you may as well make up whatever you like. We'll still print it. We're not proud. Look at some the crap that gets dished up from our regular contributors. Wouldn't you like to join this amazing journalistic fraternity? No, I guess not, but why not do it anyway. Next time you're sitting at your desk late at night, unable to solve that hyberbolic differential equation or can't decide what effect the devaluation of the Cocos Islands dollar will have on world parity pricing of oil or whether Archie and Jughead really are "just good friends", forget it and write a few lines for Dribbling Balls. The major advantage in doing this is I can stop writing these ridiculous entreaties.

NEXT WEEK : We may all be blown up by an MX missile, so why bother to preview the next Dribbling Balls? I can't think of a reason, so I won't.