

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL CLUB
DRIBBLING BOWLES

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This edition of Dribbling Balls focuses on the important philosophical questions of basketball within the Melbourne University Basketball Club, like does Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle apply to toilet crams, can you call three seconds on an existentialist if he doesn't believe the key exists in the first place and if cheap laughs are bad laughs does this explain why Dribbling Balls is free? The answers to these questions and others will be revealed as for the next 30 minutes we meet the type of person that actively seeks out danger, meets it head on and then runs away. Let's go to the video tape...

V.W.B.C. DIV 6 (Wed. 13/3)

Uni 46 annihilated SY's 12

What a way to go, first match of the season and we've romped it in. Their defence had a hole in it like a sieve and so if Max, Sue or Jill didn't get a fast break we scored from inside. Their erratic offence was difficult to play defence against because I think they were practising their caber tossing with the ball - it didn't look much like basketball anyhow. In any case we managed to keep them to just 6 points per half which was a top effort.

Max 14, Leanne, Sue 10, Jill 8, Lyn 4.

Come on, give us a break. The following is apparently a match report from G. Bowles but sometimes it's hard to tell. We only print it here because we have absolutely no scruples, standards, taste or concept of literary ability...

Good evening. Tonight on "Who Cares?" we examine the biggest thing in basketball since Bill Palmer. A look behind the glamour of fourth division at... "The Seconds". Who are they? What is it that sets them apart from the rest of the club? Why are they so special? What has made them great? What's for tea, Mum? These are just a few of the questions we'll be ignoring. But first, an in-depth, behind the scenes, hard hitting, get the facts at all costs, no holds barred, no time limit, in an iron cage, no referee, look at their most recent triumph (now available on BETA and VHS) : "Hey, Hey It's Wednesday" or "Pray That They Stay Out There Somewhere"...

V.B.A. DIV. 4 (Wed. 13/3)

Uni 46 d. Diamond Valley 33

The first half was surely one of the best you will ever see on any cricket arena, anywhere in the world. Not only that but it was good too! Undeterred (undy turd??) by the absence of some of the more over-rated members of the team, substitute coach Pendlebury called a full court zone press from the outset. "But we've only got five players, and that's including you!" came the cry from the guards. But Pendles had spoken, and in 45 degree heat, with player comfort somewhere on the wrong side of pleasant, 5 brave lads proceeded to demoralize the Diamond Valley Bunnies unmercifully. Needless to say it was the big men who dominated the half. CROMBIE (8 points), PENDLEBURY (5) and BOWLES (11), each a legend in his own shoe size, played the sort of humungus basketball which has become their trade mark. And who said big guys couldn't shoot foul shots!! Mention should perhaps also be made of the rebound taken by the opposition in the first half. Despite a slack final five minutes where Diamond Valley scored a field goal, we managed to cling to a 24-8 lead at half time. "We can still win this!" were Gary's inspirational words during the break, but we paid no attention to that as the second half started with the player fatigue meter just a shade over 36 and some rather nasty cracks starting to open up in the pitch. Sloppy play saw us lose our momentum (i.e we stopped) but a few well delivered home truths from the coach (I almost had to retire hurt, very hurt) brought us back to life and the sparks started to fly.

Teddy's hustle and ball control and Tony's driving saw us seal it with 10 minutes to go and not even the colour of their coach could snatch a well deserved victory from us. And did you see the sky-scraping goal tend in the dying seconds of the game - looked pretty awesome to me! All in all a gutsy effort, more than can be said for the wimps who didn't show up (except of course for the Tree, who is said to be in a stable condition - didn't even know he preferred horses - which reminds me of a conversation overheard in Ballarat - Patient : "Will I be able to play basketball when I recover?" Doctor : "You'll be exactly the same as before." Patient : "Oh shit.") And the answers to the supplementary questions are "The Provincial Hotel" - the others quieten down after 3 a.m. and "Mark Cadzow and Pendles" - the others don't snore.

FiveFouls24 13, Abba, Pendles 12, Tiny Tim Lewis 9.

And now a match report from an old friend of ours here at Dribbling Balls, and isn't it good to have the little fella back writing for us? No you say? Well, we couldn't sign Genghis Khan...

V.W.B.C. DIV 6 (Wed. 20/3)

Uni. 38 d. Russo's 24

The man described by not really very many people, in fact none at all, as the great white hope (did he say dope? - Ed.) of M.U.B.C. has returned after a slight break to the trendy and high fashion world of coaching women's teams and writing match reports. Some things are different this time round though - gone are the days of reporting on everything but the game itself, gone is the humour (there seems to be small problem with semantics here, I mean, for something to be gone it must have first been present per se - Ed.), gone is the pathos, the alliterations, the verse and the rhyme. This is going to be a season of factual, hard-hitting Negusian, jacket-over-the-shoulder - "Albert Park is a dirty, dirty stadium" correspondence. So then, here we go - A lot can happen in 40 minutes, and what happened during those particular 40 minutes on the above date from 5:50 p.m. when six tireless and fearless champions defended the honour of the glorious black and blue? I can't remember for sure but I think we won.

Leanne 10, Jill 9, Sue 8, Max 5, Sal 4, Kaylene 2.

C.Y.M.S. Championship (Sun. 24/3)

Uni 91 d. Oakleigh Wolves 63

With our spot in the finals at stake here, the big black machine went into overdrive and mercilessly ground our hapless opposition into submission (except for the first 5 minutes when they shot lots of 3 pointers and led 13-5). Rick dominated the first half by taking lots of offensive rebounds and with Jane Graeme and Pendles proved to be too big to jump over and too immobile to get around. Consequently we led 41-22 at half time. In a second half marred by a spate of tech fouls induced by a bad case of "it's late Sunday night and we're not going to take any shit from you mongrels even if you don't give us any" from the refs (mostly on them but including one on SBG who had regatta-lag), but highlighted by some great "Morrey Loops" in offence, we poured in 50 points but slacked in defence as usual. We are now assured of a place in the finals, and there's a little bit of quiet money around says we can win. And that'll be the last time you see that dollar. The market update, courtesy of your local S.P. (if he existed, and if he was interested in this competition) is Jetz 5-2, Princes Hill 3-1, Bisleri Lions 7-2 and Uni 250-1.

Rick 19, Simon 14, Chris, Les 12, Haggis, Jane 10.

As predicted in the last edition of Dribbling Balls, we have what purports to be a Ballarat Tournament report. So, Dribbling Balls is now almost proud to present, without fear of entertainment, what could only be described

as indescribable - Ballarat 85. It was written by someone who purports to be Bowlesy, but that's no excuse...

5, 4, 3, 2, 1.... BUNNIES ARE GO!

This club may not know much about enjoying itself, but it certainly knows what it likes. Surely the highlight of the weekend, apart from Tree Andrew rejecting one of Howard Shockley's shots, was the biggest thing since Beer Hunter, more dangerous than Day-night Tag Team Wrestling, more suicidal than leaving Jean out of the starting five, more huger than Hi, I'm Gary (except for the lights), more exiting than state-of-origin stubby walking, faster than a Melbourne Uni guard, able to wake tall buildings with a single noise. Look, up in the sky! Is it absurd? Is it insane? Yes, it's BUNNIES... the game!

Saturday night saw mild mannered Bunny-master Fisher introduce a whole new lifestyle to a select group of trainee Bunnies (never could spell "unsuspecting clods"). What a game! Death has never seemed such an attractive proposition. The casualty list grew as the jugs were demolished. Never before have so many drunk so much and had so few brain cells left to show for it. Dangerously high readings on the open-ended potential body damage meter prohibit me from mentioning that Jean was "off her trolley", but I can say that Foges was close to death, Bernie was missing in action, presumed dead, Spike went to bed but left her body downstairs, Fisher turned our room into a public amenities block without first obtaining a permit from the relevant local government authority, I contracted terminal myxomytosis, John McKelvie brought a classic joke about a pizza and case of beer to life in the back of a taxi, it was situation normal for T. Smith, and sundry others suffered varying amounts of brain death.

But injuries aside, probably the best thing to arise from the game was the number of quotable quotes, most of which have already been lost (it's amazing how repeatedly falling off one's chair backwards affects both short and long term memory). But a few have survived to haunt the participants...

Fish : "Haggis, I didn't know your room had an en-suite."

Haggis : "It doesn't!"

Spike : "Bunny number 4 calling bunny number 13 ... oh shit"

Jean : "Bunny number 1 ... oh shit"

Fish : "How do you like that! Pissed as an ant and oozing morality. Well I don't give a rat's arse."

Yes, it's a funny old game, basketball, and anything's possible. And the answer to last week's supplementary question was "Mark Fisher". The others are house-trained (more or less).

Speaking of things which are a waste of brain cells, this letter appeared in the club pigeon hole last week...

Dear Editor,

I would like to object to moving men's training from 9:15 Saturday to a later period on Saturday morning. It is already bad that every weekend you wish to go away it is necessary to miss training. At least now with training

finishing at 11:00 it is possible to do something with the rest of Saturday. Men's training used to be from 12 to 2 on Saturday afternoon. We did not get nearly the same numbers that we get with the earlier training session. In summary, the training time we have now is inconvenient. This time has been reserved for men's training for the last 4 years. I object to us having to move to an even less convenient time to suit other members of the club. If gym time could be arranged on another night e.g. Tuesday, then this would solve the problem and I would not mind moving to this time slot.

Warwick Bray.

Dear Warwick,

What a fine letter. Spoken like a true club man. It is so rare these days to find someone with such a highly developed sense of self-sacrifice, one who is willing to forego all thoughts of personal convenience for the higher ideals like the general betterment of the club as an integral entity. It is this attitude which has helped make the club the great institution it is today. If only we had someone like yourself on the committee the club would be in really fine shape. What's that? You are on the committee? Well hog my jowls. It will please you to know that we have established a working party to consider the feasibility of your proposal to have another night of the week arranged, but we are having a little trouble sandwiching it in between Thursday and Friday. Irrespective of whether or not we can achieve this rather relativistic feat, we have decided to name it Splinterday in your honour, and when we work out the last of the problems regarding its implementation you'll be the first to know. I promise.

Yours with absolutely no sincerity,

Editor.

Ps. Only joking. (As I assume your letter was).

RAFFLES : Is not just a famous hotel or person after whom the aforementioned establishment was named, it is also a word representing a particular method of raising money for certain organizations. As coincidence would have it, we are currently running a raffle. Have YOU sold all your tickets yet. Well, why not? What's that? You haven't been given any? Oh, so it's all our fault is it? Well, who's a naughty committee then? What do you want us to do, go out and sell them for you? Please see Bowlesy or Bernadette and get some tickets and sell them or we'll have to run a raffle to raise money for the loss we made on this raffle. You still here...

BUSH DANCE : San Remo Ballroom on May is the place to be for this year's fabulous M.U.B.C. Bush Dance. The Bandicoots will be back along with all your old favourites like the pyramid races, the sock sliding competition and gratuitous forearm jolts on the dance floor. Matt desperately wants this to be a success, because we're going to make him pay if it isn't. So see him soon and organize that table for all your friends (no Gary, there are no tables for two). It was great last year, and who knows it might be good this year too.

PUB CRAWL : The club's Annual General Meeting will be held this Saturday at 12 p.m. This will be more fun than a Jeff Kennett election speech, but then again so is being run over by a bus. Be there and have your say in the democratic processes of the club (there's a prize for the first person to find one). Rumour has it there is a pub crawl that afternoon too, departing the Clyde gutter at 2:30 p.m.