

V.W.B.C. DIV 6 (Wed. 27/3)

Uni 35 d. Claytons 13

Tick, tick, tick.... Time for another match report from those women's thirds. Pitted against a Claytons basketball team (yes they were) we started in low gear and they started in a lower one, one which if reproduced in the mechanical world enable a tank to drive up the side of the Rialto (that's very funny, cracked me up - Ed.) Still we overcame their basket for the first half, to lead 17-2 at the change. The first half was dominated by the shooting of Leanne and Max, not to mention Jill hitting her two free throws despite being severely disadvantaged by not having at least three defenders around her (there were about 17 too many negatives in that sentence for it to make any sense to me - Ed.) The next half was just a "going through the motions" basketball type situation, with the only highlights being some good baskets from Jill (under pressure) and Lyn and some more bombs from Max.

Max 13, Jill 8, Leanne 6, Lyn 4, Kaylene 2.

V.B.A. DIV. 4 (Wed. 27/3)

Uni 66 d. Monash 19

What's better than beating the Catholics? Beating the Monashits! And what's better than beating the Monashits? Beating them by heaps! Today Fourth Division, tomorrow the world! Coach Pendlebury has shown he has what it takes to turn a team of champions into a champion team (sure you don't mean "Champignons"? - Ed.) After a spectacular first half which saw Monash scoreless in the first 15 minutes, the scoreboard showed the seconds leading 27-10. Superlatives like dominant, sensational, world class and phenomenal, fail to do justice to the impressive display of skills and teamwork on court 8. Gary suggested in his inspirational half time pep talk that mere perfection was not sufficient for the last game of the regular season and that an even better effort was required in the second half. And he was right! Teddy and Gary O'Brien hustled extremely well and the old 2-2-1 zone press saw innumerable turnovers forced. And the big guys even ran the second and third rows properly! If it wasn't for the fact the firsts would probably try to poach him, I'd mention the impressive performance put in by Dr. James Keck. His 15 points in the first half and 10 in the second (including 5 three pointers) are an indication of the field day he enjoyed on the wing. Similarly, modesty prevents me from mentioning the impressive rebounding exhibition displayed at both ends of the court by your humble correspondent. Perfection personified would probably come close if I was going to say anything, but I'm not. (And I'm not even pissed off about Skippy top scoring.) Not to forget the play of the day, as selected by the spectator: The Five Fouls defensive rebound, outlet to Lewis, full court pass to O'Brien, long pause, and bounce pass to FF barging in from the top of the key for a what was a Dr. J/Henry Cooper airborne finger roll (with pike). This play was not described by Bill Palmer as a "Flying Frap-Doodle". All in all a sensational way to finish off a season which has seen some top team and individual performances. What's more we will have finished second or third on the ladder. Roll on Winter season!! And the answer to this week's \$10000 question is: Mattman, the others have nothing to lose from an independent audit.

Skippy 25, FF24 10, Abba 9, Gary who's hi 8, Gary O'Brien 7, Tony 3, Trev, Teddy 2.

C.Y.M.S. Championship (Sun. 31/3)

Uni 83 d. St. Albans 33

We cruised through the final game of the regular season to sew up fourth place on the ladder and a first semi final berth the week after Easter. Not much to be said here really, the opposition were not really up to the highly intellectual brand of basketball played by this team of Einsteins. Relativistically speaking, we shat on them. Fast breaks formed the bulk of our offence, and we even scored off a few of the layups we took. Haggis was in

good form at both ends of the court and bottled some good shots, Jane shot well from the corner and contributed an awesome slam dunk, Chris M ran hard and did not quite manage to get his attempted awesome slam dunk over the ring. Pendles nailed some good baskets and was a top contributor in the second half and everybody walked away during Simon's half time talk. Never mind. Bring on Princes Hill in that semi, we'll cream 'em. I mean they've got all those Preston duds playing for them.

Haggis 18, Jane 17, J.C. 12, Pendles, Les 10.

V.W.B.C. DIV 4 (Wed. 3/4)

Werribee 32 d. Uni 26

The opposition played man to man against us again (same as last week). We ran our offence much better this time, except our rebounding in offence left a lot to be desired. We ran out of fitness and/or enthusiasm in the third quarter where they went a bit berserk and got away from us by a few baskets.

Mandy 11, Woody 6.

V.W.B.C. DIV 2 (Wed. 3/4)

Uni 54 d. Coburg 35

We arrived at the stadium to find ourselves on top of the ladder on percentage, ready for a game against the third team on the ladder, who were also undefeated. Things were tight in the first couple of minutes as our man to man defence allowed them a few cheap baskets, but three baskets in a row from Bridget kept us in the hunt. This forced them to play zone and thanks very much said Bernie who hit four baskets from long range without a miss in a shooting display that broke the game open. Carmel stabilized our zone defence by dominating the boards with a display of strength which made Bowlesy look like Peter Allen, and we led 28-14 at half time. In the second half Bridget and Spike were on fire in offence as we tore their man to man to shreds and these two shot our first 14 points for the half as we raced away to a 20 point lead. Jean had taken over where Carmel left off on the boards and we controlled the game brilliantly against some aggressive defence (read head hunting there). The difference got down to 14 at one stage but as Spike and Bridget took their combined total for the half to 20 points it was bye bye Coburg, hello 19 point win. Excellent win - this team is on a roll.

Bridget 16, Spike 14, Bernie 9, Anne, Jean 6.

V.B.A. DIV. 3 (Wed. 10/4)

Uni 43 d. Diamond Valley 15

This was the first game of the Winter season for the men's firsts and we all trekked out to Eltham to play Diamond Valley on their home court. It was a lack lustre, low scoring game (half time was Uni 16 - D.V. 5), but who cares, WE WON!!! Les scored 8 of the first 10 points which was a fine effort and it almost looked good when we ran fast breaks (top stuff Mal).

Mal 11, Les 10, Brian 6.

And from the deja vu department here's another match report from the same game...

V.B.A. DIV. 3 (Wed. 10/4)

Uni 43 d. Diamond Valley 15

Most of us had been fired up by the great win of the the men at Sale - the rest of us went out to the ideologically sound Eltham Leisure Centre to play the first match of the V.B.A. Winter season. Even leaving Carlton an hour before game time was insufficient to beat three other teams out to the court, but after Eltham and Oakleigh kicked the under 6's off court 2 we were underway against Diamond Valley. With stirring words from coach Bill Riddle like "You should beat these guys easy" we knew we were in trouble, after all they were all 5'6" pre-pubescent wimps whereas we were only 6'6" intellectually superior post menopausal wimps (watch out for D.B. competition

this year to guess the average age of the men's firsts!). The pace in the first half was a real cracker (i.e. a six month old soggy salada) and with the occasional basket from Les and some fast breaking from Mal we held them out for a 17-5 lead at the change. The second half saw much of the same with Captain Cop-out refusing to shoot on the break for the first time in his life and insisting on trying to make impossible assists (kept hearing footsteps eh Simon?) Dave in his debut for the firsts fouled out without too much trouble and wearing number 25 threw down a firm challenge to FF24 as the club's most offensive player. All in all a pretty ordinary, lack lustre performance. Back to the real world in Albert Park next week.

Mal 11, Les 10, Brian 6.

V.W.B.C. DIV 6 (Wed. 10/4)

Uni 42 d. Rejects 13

....This story and others tonight on 40 minutes. Rejects by name and how aptly named they were. Dear Mr./Mrs. V.W.B.C. "What on earth are we doing in Div 6?" Anyway, Jill dominated the first half with 10 points and was well supported by Leanne who was working well at high post, and Sally who was rebounding strongly and controlling things nicely at point thankyou very much. Half time saw us 19-7 up, and we could have spent the second half in Pete's Bar and still won comfortably. The other half saw the odd basket from Lyn and the even ones from Max, with Kaylene coming to the fore (and the game) early in the half for a couple of nice baskets. Special mention for Sue "My left hand only exists to stop the arm from fraying" Harmon for some superb defence which caused many turnovers. In the end it was Uni how far, but there are still quite a few areas which need improving, girls. Who said punctuality?

Jill, Max 12, Lyn 8, Kaylene 4, Leanne, Sue 3.

C.Y.M.S. Championship (Sun. 14/4) SEMI FINAL

Princes Hill 73 d. Uni 60

This would have to rank as one of the worst performances seen on any cricket arena anywhere in the world. We certainly got off to a flying start, hitting four points in the first 14 minutes. Our play was characterized in the main by shocking defence, uncontrolled offence, poor shot selection, missed easy baskets, numerous ball handling and passing errors and overall lack of endeavour. It was a miracle we didn't trail by more than 22 points at half time, where the score was 42-20. In the second half, after slipping 25 points behind we staged some sort of comeback, eventually narrowing the gap to 8 points with 3 minutes to go. We were not however playing well, even then. The resulting loss was very disappointing as we had a good team which played well for most of a long season, but could not produce the goods when it counted. Exceptions to this would be Chris Morrey and Les who played well in the game, nobody else could really hold their head up afterwards. Pretty piss poor effort this.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING : Is over again for another year, and wasn't it a bottler this year. Not only were there several three way elections to liven things up, but there was also lots of gratuitous arguments about this and that to make sure no one got to the pub crawl too early. The following lucky souls, their pseudonyms and favourite sayings, were elected to the corridors of power for the next 12 months or 87 discussions of coaching, whichever comes first :

President : Woody Macpherson (Woody, "No, you can't have the Tim Tams yet")
Vice President : Terry Mason (Slammer, Mudd, "Of course it's waterproof")
Treasurer : Matthew Wellington (Bomber, "You can never have too much money")
Secretary : John Campbell (J.C. "What's wrong with these shorts?")
Assistant Secretary : Bernadette Burke (Bernie, "Let's play pub crawl")
Male Social Secretary : Geoff Bowles (Bowlesy, "Just one more drink then")

Female Social Secretary : Judy Knight ("All I can say is no comment")
Male General Rep : Trevor Smith (Smithy, "Sleep in the back seat, Fish")
Female General Rep : Jacqui Lee (Jack, "Fell asleep in front of the T.V.")
Male Junior Rep : David Liddle ("Does the mens team always win tournaments?")
Female Junior Rep : Janine Claxton ("Why don't the women win tournaments?")

In the extremely unlikely event that you have a complaint about the club, or the even more unlikely event that you have a suggestion to help the club, or the never before experienced phenomenon of having some praise for something the committee has done, then don't hesitate to contact one of the above people, after all, you elected them (ha ha - it's all your fault).

BUSH DANCE : Uncle Mattman says "Keep on selling the Bush Dance tickets folks" so we can make lots of money and take over Elders IXL or run Intervarsity, whichever costs less.

RAFFLE : Uncle Mattman says "Keep on selling the I.V. Raffle tickets folks" so we can make lots of money and take over Elders IXL or run Intervarsity, whichever costs less.

SALE 1985 : So what happened this year in beautiful sunny Sale, gateway to the Victorian Riviera, sunshine capital of the south east? Well first off, it pissed down rain for a day and a half. No problem, you say, we've got a brand new tent and it's water tight. Perfectly true, none of the water that leaked in to the tent escaped again. Never mind, Slammer (i.e. Mudd Mason) sort of had it all under control and eventually it stopped raining anyway. Friday we played some games, with the highlight being David Crombie's sensational performance in the team's narrow loss to Ugly Wolves, it was inspirational, and the sort of stuff that convinced some of us a couple of years ago that Abba could be a star performer for the firsts. During the day, most teams were on the wrong end of their respective scorelines. During the night, we had a quiet drink around the camp fire and Fisher was on the wrong end of a club muscat bottle. Highlights of this episode included the discovery of the quite amazing incendiary properties of this fluid as Fish spat on the fire and his impression of a Gattling gun. Memorable stuff. Smithy must have been preoccupied as well, because he let Fish sleep in his car - big mistake. The inevitable occurred sometime during the early, early morning, still, I suppose it was better than having him in the tent with real human beings.

By about lunchtime Saturday all the teams were out of finals contention except for the men's firsts playing in A Reserve grade. In our first game we beat Parkside comfortably by 12 behind good shooting from Haggis and Les. In the feature game Friday night we beat Sale 47-45 when J.C. went on a three point spree. Our game on Saturday against Sandringham was meaningless since whatever happened we would play them again on Sunday in a semi final. Coops told us to lie down and we obliged, losing by 2. The following day we played them again, and never really looked like losing. Rick, Mal and Les were unbeatable on the boards as we cruised to victory. As part of our psych up for the grand final that night we found the sleaziest public bar in Sale that was open on Sunday arvo and had a few quiet malt cordials.

That night the grand final started at 9:30 with Uni taking on a confident and skilled United team, consisting primarily of Ballarat players, and including well known ex-Uni player Paul Burke. Why were these people so confident of beating us? Well, I think they appealed to the "Principle of Induction", developed by that famous (and dead) twentieth century philosopher, Bertrand Russell. It concerns the problem of when is it reasonable to draw a conclusion. The principle states that it is reasonable to draw a conclusion if there are many instances of the effect, no counter instances of the effect, and the more instances of the effect the more reasonable is the conclusion

drawn. Since 1974, the club has entered over 55 country tournaments. Of those 55 tournaments, the men's team have won (in round figures) absolutely none of them. Hence, many instances of us not winning and no counter instances, meant it was reasonable for United to draw the conclusion that they would win. Unfortunately for them Bertrand Russell wasn't playing for us (he was selected in the team, but when we found out that he'd been dead for 8 years we decided there just wasn't room for him on the bench - this also explained his propensity for three second violations, poor defence, failure to pay attention during time outs and smelly singlet).

Rick had had a really good sleep up until about 5 minutes before the game and consequently fired very nicely thank you in the first half as we got off to a good start, leading comfortably for the first 8 minutes or so. We lost our bearings after a time out as United players hit some uncanny baskets, and we proceeded to slip about 10 points down and the experts on the sidelines were saying "Gone!". A couple of steals for baskets from J.C. and a general lift in enthusiasm of the side however brought us back to a 5 point deficit 26-31 at half time. To this stage Mr. Geoff Bowles had not graced the court with his presence, but after introducing himself to the coach at half time and politely informing him that if he was fond of his face the way it was then perhaps his second half tactics should change. I wouldn't say Coops was influenced at all by this, but miraculously, Bowlesy was starting five for the second half. "Not your shot Geoff. Oh, good shot Bowlesy" was typical of his performance which sparked the side to come from 8 down to get back into the game. Also playing not an insignificant part in proceedings was Les who three times in a row down the court drilled home baskets from 17 feet on the wing, and along with Rick and Mal ruled the boards. Our defence had improved and was quite desparate, and when Haggis connected from the corner we were looking good. Four foul shots from J.C. in the last minute put the decision beyond doubt, and even a typical attempt to throw the game away in the dying seconds failed as we triumphed 55-50. This pissed off the majority of the crowd who were very much pro-United and anti-Uni, but it made our loyal and fantastic supporters pretty happy, so who gives a rat's arse? It was a great feeling to win and the players were jumping around yelling for more beer, more champagne and new singlets (there was nearly a team visit to the nearest phone booth to ring Jean up and tell her the good news, but Bowlesy chickened out). Yes indeed, the soap was really flying in those showers after the game.

It certainly was a novelty to win, and although there were some fine individual performances over the weekend, it was definitely a team triumph. The team spirit (MUBC Muscat) was great and everybody contributed a great deal without exception. Congratulations to Les, Haggis, J.C., Mal, Rick, Bowlesy, No Dams (but several other expletives undeleted) and Henry, who also coached brilliantly. I could go on for hours with this sort of stuff, in fact, I already have. Oh well, once in twelve years deserves something.

And as if all that wasn't enough, someone anonymous contributed the following contribution from Sale, dealing with the weekend's...

QUOTABLE QUOTES

In her first tournament game, Kaylene Benson broke Dom Horne's open club record for the greatest number of falls in a game (no, not in an iron cage). She was heard to say "I said to myself before the last game...I'm not going down this time...but I did!" And we thought her performance was good on the court. Her other notable contribution was : "I read a survey where two groups of people were tested. One group practised shooting baskets for about a month WITH a ball, the second group practiced WITHOUT. After about a month the two

groups were tested to see how many baskets they could actually score. Both groups shot about the same number of baskets." Many questions are raised here. Did Kaylene get the information from Bill Riddle? Does she have her eyes on his coaching position - or any other position for that matter? (Space was left here for the Editor's clever comment, but I wouldn't touch it with a ten foot pole - Ed.) Is this the start of a new coaching trend? Will the club be renamed the Melbourne University Basket-no-balls Club? (Is it true that Tess Snowball? - Ed.) Are we already known by this name elsewhere? And what do the Pendlebury brothers have in common apart from charm and charisma? Stay tuned.

Bowlesy, always one to help the new club members feel welcome, decided to introduce some of the new face to our non-playing members at Sale this year. It went something like this...Bowlesy : "Sandy, I'd like to introduce Hugh Sandy; Hugh Sandy...no, not who, Hugh...I said her name is Sandy, Hugh... I know your surname is Sandy Hugh...I wasn't speaking to you Sandy...no I didn't mean you Hugh...no I'm not making fun of you Sandy...Hugh I said her name is Sandy...bunny number four calling bunny number two...bunny number two calling..." Thanks for that Geoff.

And the answer to last week's supplementary question is Henry Cooper. The rest of the team had stopped smiling by Thursday after Sale.

For those of you who thought we'd finished with the whingeing letters for a while, you must not have heard that old joke : "How can you tell when a plane full of Melbourne Uni basketballers has landed? The engines stop but the whining keeps on going." Here comes another one...

Dear Bowlesy,

We feel that we have been defamed in the extremeness by your "opinion" that during the game of "bunnies" we simply filled the role of "sundry others". Sundry indeed! We drank ourselves off our trolleys, off Jean's trolley and kept on drinking long after there was nary an occupied trolley to be found. We made mistakes in the game that made everyone else chuckle, said witty things (pity you didn't save some of them for this letter - Ed.), fell off our chairs and even said "rat's arse" several times in several different contexts. Just because we choose not to purge our bodies in front of and/or on top of others, or display our unmentionables from light fittings and/or ooze our morals in the general direction of others who might, and just because we have a height aggregate of slightly under eleven feet, does not mean we will allow ourselves to be herded off into some fatuously-orchestrated quasi-articulated collective noun thank you very much.

Robert Sweetten and Bridget Grounds.

Ps. I hope this letter appears in Dribbling Balls, and not Dripping Bowels, or whatever that nasty, urine coloured, fish'n'chip wrapper toilet talk was called.

Well thanks for all that, guys. It's that sort of thing which gives guards a bad name. Watch for the next issue of Dribbling Balls when we feature a letter from Mal's basketball boots complaining that they are being politically oppressed by the neo-Marxist behaviour of Pendles' petunia patch. Should be a highlight....