

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL CLUB
DRIBBLING BALLS

VOL 13 NO. 6

3/5/85

This edition of Dribbling Balls is jam packed full of healthy and nutritious match reports, ideologically sound feature articles, environmentally aware correspondence, economically viable editorial comment and culturally stimulating open forums of discussion. What a load of pigeon droppings that is. I mean cop this first match report...

V.B.H.B.A. C GRADE WOMEN (Thu. 11/4) SEMI FINAL

Uni d. Zhrams

What a good way to spend an evening, writing out the old D.B. and watching Fawly Towers. What's that you say J.C.? What's that you say Brian? "Fawly Towers is on Monday night and I should be at training on that night." Well let me explain, there's another reason I'm stopping home tonight. I've got an attack of the shits (D.B. will do that to you - Ed.) and you'd have it all over the gym. And anyway, the two go hand in hand don't they? Writing D.B. and having the shits. Woops - I mean watching Fawly towers. Oh yeah, the game. Well this report is so late you've probably already heard that we won the Grand Final the week later, which would seem to indicate that we won this one too. I don't remember all that much except that 5 minutes before the game we had four players, two with No. 8 and two with No. 4. "Oh shit!" I said, or did, I can't remember which, but it sorted itself out (Pauline, this article is becoming very messy - Ed.). Max "we're on a mission from God" shot 18 points and had the opposition constipated throughout the entire game. Lissa stole the potty, er, I mean the ball, quite a number of times, Linny and Jacqui made the opposition eat shit, Sue literally bombed baskets, Louise flushed their post players out of the key, I moved a motion that "we poop on them" and Judy the coach sat on the sidelines and shat herself. And we still won, but I'm still suffering from the after effects so I better take leave of you before my bowels do.

The following match report is certainly the longest ever written by somebody who didn't see the game. This is what you get if you ask for contributions for Dribbling Balls...

C.Y.M.S. Ladies E Grade (Sun. 14/4) SEMI FINAL

Uni 35 d. Altona "Women" 12

Yet another Uni women's team steams towards that seemingly impossible goal in their basketball career, a non-disputable excuse for writing themselves off at the Annual Dinner and presentation. The big event arrives. With lights in their eyes and immortality within their reach, several team members were only just stopped from throwing themselves out into the busy traffic of King's Way while driving to the stadium. Well, if I had a choice to play Altona Women or suffer an extended period of hospitalization of my own doing, I know what I'd choose.

They were there already. Janet quickly calculated a combined height of 45 feet, combined width of half that, and total weight of several ton, from under the chair at the far end of the court, where, on the odd occasion she dared to peek out. Goggle eyed and open mouthed we watched them warming up, biting pieces out of the ring and backboard as they routinely dunked.

Then the game was on. Our first lucky break came quickly as their 7'11" centre accidentally impaled the ball on the flick-knife in her right hand, and the umpire called the violation. This was quickly followed by some further violation of the body and head of said referee by concealed heavy objects within the crowd. An ambulance officer took the whistle and subbed on. With talons extended and gnashing fangs, Altona mercilessly advanced towards the

ball, but in a fantastic display of speed and fear our girls were never caught with the opposition closer than three yards.

We must give mention to some of the outstanding performances of the night. Janine scored well from outside with a new style of releasing the ball, back towards the ring and arms flung wide, in the face of tremendous defensive pressure as two guards mowed her down, and graded her level with Albert Rd.

Teresa ("Green" - Ed.) Pong was sensational, catapulting through the air from the defensive key, when their power forward put her foot through the court, hitting the appropriate board for a fine 80 foot field goal to us.

We briefly lost concentration after half time when their spectators kept pinching the balls if they went out of court (sounds painful to me, and not only that, do Altona Women have balls? - Ed.), and from major time delays caused by official substitutions when their coach interpreted signals to the bench as unfortunately ambiguous. Needless to say, we found our feet after having them removed from beneath us often, and knew we had them worried as they started making unforced errors, like dunking Jackie in the wrong basket.

The evening was won by a stroke of genius on the part of coach Pauline Murphy, who, moved by the plight of these undesirable social misfits, her relatives and neighbours, took it upon herself in her professional status to counsel the opposition during play, of the evils of crime, drugs, and beating Melbourne Uni basketball sides. At the point where she offered them free career advice and unemployment activity schemes they collectively fell to the floor rolling in fits of hysterical laughter and causing continuous centre line violations until full time, when the men in blue snapped the cuffs back on and took them away. Suddenly the umpires reappeared, declaring we'd whipped the pants off them and subsequently awarding us 10 point for incorrect uniform. Victory was ours.

By the way, if you don't believe any of this then perhaps you should come to the grand final on Sunday and have a look for yourself. The winning team was Pauline, Jackie, Janet, Janine, Heather and Teresa.

V.B.H.B.A. C GRADE WOMEN (Thu. 18/4) GRAND FINAL

Uni 31 d. P.W.D. 19

Well, it doesn't seem like anyone is going to write a match report on this game. Understandable really, I mean it was only a grand final win. Edited highlights apparently include the score being level at 2 all after 9 minutes play, Max consistently bombing in long range baskets despite much defensive harassment, Coach Knight firing the players right up into the press causing us to establish a winning break by half time, Magic Murphy (the three point queen whose feet were behind the line even if her shoes weren't), towering boards and good press play from Linny, offensive and defensive domination around the basket by Jacqui and Lissa when the oppositions 807 foot shots actually managed to hit something or one of ours accidentally missed, the quick quickness of Sue around the court, the aggressive aggression of Louise, the spectacular spectating of the spectators and the decision of Network 10 to televise the game live across Australia. Good effort girls, you can never win too many Grand Finals as Mattman would say.

V.W.B.C. DIV 6 (Wed. 17/4)

Uni 29 d. Midgets 21

..we talk to the team that is dominating world basketball at this time, especially Division 6. This story and more tonight on 40 Minutes. Tick, tick, tick... But seriously fellow television addicts, what a game this was. Pre-match game plans were thrown into complete confusion when Kaylene turned

up 5 minutes before the advertised starting time, so we told her to go away and come back in quarter of an hour. During the first half our defence was conspicuous by its absence and we let them score a few too many easy baskets, especially from rebounds. It was a good thing for us that Max and Jill were shooting well from outside and took turns in scoring baskets, providing 14 of our 17 points to half time. The half time score of 17-13 flattered the opposition in the extreme, so during the second half we decided to flatten them in the extremes instead. We outscored them 10 fouls to 2 for the half as the zone press produced many turnovers and plenty of gratuitous violence. The only thing that stopped us from winning by 20 points was that we won by 8. There seems to be room for improvement in some areas of our game, say shooting. New recruit Debbie Kool shot a couple of nice baskets in the second half and looks like a promising player and Sally played a neat game at the point as well. A comfortable win to cement our place on top of the ladder. By the way, the team wants its regular coach back - apparently they missed the verbal abuse, high technology tactics and right wing extremist political content of the time outs.

Max 12, Jill 8, Debbie 6, Kaylene 3.

V.W.B.C. DIV 2 (Wed. 17/4)

Uni 42 d. Frankston 29

The team is really thriving on this occupation of top spot of the ladder. Despite being reduced to 5 players only due to the absence of players at the Inter-collegiate boat races (who said anything about rowing?) what a five we had. We started the game in man to man but the opposition had had three of their players hung out to dry while they were wet and of course, they had stretched - to about 9 foot 5 and gave us a bit of trouble. Quickly we canned that idea and resorted to the old zone defence trick and contained them a little better. Spike was firing early in the half and made some excellent shots from the top, then Bridget chipped in with some timely hoops towards the end of the half including a 20 footer with half a second to go before half time, to give us a 20-15 lead. These two had 18 of our 20 first half points. In the second half our zone press gave us the break we needed to ensure a win. The pressure of the two front lines was excellent, allowing Spike to pick off about 20 passes, many of which she, Bernie and Bridget converted into baskets. The guards worked very hard at both ends and controlled the ball well when the offence needed to be run. All things considered, this was another good win.

Spike 16, Bridget 14, Bernie 10.

Here comes this edition's instalment in the Geoff Bowles story, also known as The Life and Times of Judge Jim Beam...

Funny isn't it? You're trying to find out why forty million ants are disappearing under your bed, so you risk life and limb by tentatively poking your hand under said piece of furniture. Lo and behold, in amongst the lost socks, Yoplait containers, Age cryptic crosswords and dead flies you discover two things. Firstly, the main reason for the falling value of the Australian dollar is that most of the coinage of our underrated currency has been hiding there since February 1966. And secondly, you've been sleeping on top of the spot where old copies of "Tip Off" with match results scrawled in sweaty shorthand on the back of them go to die. Surprisingly, one of them purports to refer to a game won by us! Even more surprisingly, I don't seem to have written a match report for it. Quite frankly, I don't remember a lot about this game, but it must have been a Sunday night CYMS game and the opposition must have been woeful, unless of course we played like champions. (I know where my money feels safest). Anyway, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, here goes...

C.Y.M.S. B GRADE (Sun. 1985)

Uni 57 demoralised Someone 36

What a sensational game it was! Mattman obviously bombed them in from everywhere and Skippy must have dominated both ends of the court. Fish and Slammer (his name didn't become MUDD until Sale) apparently put in top efforts but W. Bray and T. Smith seem from the scoreline to have been mainly involved with the defensive aspects of the game. (A little power forward humour there guys) Good to see new recruit Ian doing well in his first game - gutsy effort that - still, we were lucky not to be penalised because apparently he didn't have a number on his singlet. I notice also from the scoreline that I scored an odd number of points - must have shot a three pointer? (I know where my money feels safest - Ed.) So much for the game. I never did find out what those ants were doing under the bed, but one other thing I did find was the answer to a very old supplementary question : Lake Boga, The Red Sea and the new club tent - all the others keep water out. And the winner is Terry Mason, the others are MUDD with two D's.

M. Wellington 14, J. Keck 12, G. Bowles 11, I. Uniform 10 T. Mason 6, M. Fisher 4.

V.B.A. DIV. 3 (Wed. 16/4)

Eltham 32 d. Uni 28

After last week's game against Diamond Valley at Eltham, it was only proper that we should play Eltham down at Monash Uni. Some of us certainly went down to Monash, but playing didn't seem to enter into it. We started slowly again and a steady stream of turnovers and uncontrolled offensive rebounds ensured that we strolled to a 10-11 scoreline at half time. The second half saw much of the same and it wasn't until the last five minutes that we demonstrated any will to win. Naturally by then it was too late. All in all, a gutless performance. Come on guys.

Les 10, Haggis 7.

V.W.B.C. DIV 2 (Wed. 24/4)

Kilsyth 31 d. Uni 30

Apparently it was a good thing I didn't see this game. We led 17-10 at half time but thought it unnecessary to play defence in the second half. Various sources said "uninterested" was the keyword for the game. Never mind. We'll be back and a lot more determined next week. Or Jean will get really mad.

In our last very exciting episode of Entertainment Piss Weak, we had a wonderful letter from two disgruntled readers. Here is the reply, from an extremely grunted writer...

Dear Mork and Mindy,

You want to complain! What a nerve. Fancy imagining that I would include two people whose "extremenesses" are as close together as yours, in the class of "sundry others". You were purposefully left out at the express wish of the said "quasi-articulate fatuous orchestra".

Many thanks though for pointing out the glaring error in my letter. You're right, I was out of line when I said that Teddy wasn't a guard's arsehole. I stand corrected, he is. As for Bridget What's-her-name, I wouldn't say that she hasn't been around the club much lately, but I don't think I've seen her since the girls won their last tournament! And that's saying something.

In fact I don't even know why I bothered to reply to such an outburst, coming as it did from two of the nicest fairy tale characters I know (say

hello to Sneezzy and Bashful for me when you get back). But what's done is done, and I'm not going to hold any more grudges, or any less (the words "R.S. Memorial" have a certain ring to them don't they?), but when people start slagging good ol' D.B. Toilet talk indeed! I don't know what I'd do without it. How would we get the fire started? What would we wrap up the rubbish with? What would we put under the cat? Why do I write this crap?

Yours paederastically,

FF24.

COMMITTEE MEETINGS : Are as boring as all hell you reckon. Wrong. You should have been at last week's committee meeting. There was almost violence on a number of occasions, and that was even before the Tim Tams and scones were brought out.

Mattman was openly castigated (the stable dog was in luck again!) during the Treasurer's report, while during the discussion on the new club tent, Slammer (Mudd Mason to those who know his real identity) had to retire hurt - very hurt, when it was suggested that the tent may well be waterproof but his brain probably wasn't. Then the real fun started. Jean wasn't satisfied with the gratuitous sex and violence of Dallas and came along to the meeting looking for a bit more by displaying a prototype new club singlet. Half an hour's verbal sparring and disparaging insult hurling later, a subcommittee of Jean, Smithy and Jacqui was established to make a recommendation to the next committee meeting.

No sooner had Jean departed than Warwick opened the old favourite of the bar room brawl set, training times. What ensued was a general discussion of training times and coaching held on the sort of amicable terms to which we have become accustomed i.e. it made the ANZAC assault on Gallipoli look like Bernie marking the roll at Kindy. New Junior Rep David Liddle had been going great guns at the meeting ever since he offered to get us a cheap video recorder, but spoiled all his good work by asking if the Coaching situation was such a problem "Why don't we get another one?" Howls of derisive laughter were quickly followed across the room by a barrage of rather blunt flying objects of varying weights and dimensions including one of Bowlesy's shoes and a bit of J.C.'s brain which had been lying around on the floor since he did his block during the team selection policy debate.

All was eventually resolved in the usual way, viz fifteen rounds out in the back yard followed by a large amount of name calling. Woody took control of the meeting at 10:30 and declared it closed when there was nobody left at the meeting who hadn't been offended yet. Casualties were quite heavy, but none as severe as Haggis who had been slaving away in the kitchen (Woody keeps him chained to the stove with just enough slack to reach the bedroom) making 9 dozen scones with jam and cream. The scones were great but he made the mistake of standing in front of them after putting them on the table and Bowlesy ran straight over him causing multiple compound fractures. With the aid of beer, coffee, port, scones, chocolate Teddy Bears, Tim Tams and the like the arguments continued on into the night. I love committee meetings, you can put on so much weight.

INTERVARSITY 1985 : As you should all know by now, Intervarsity 1985 is being held in Swan HITT from August 26 to 30. Applications are now called for those interested in the positions of Men's Intervarsity Coach and Women's Intervarsity Coach. Duties for the positions include organising and conducting trainings during Term 2, coaching during the tournament and winning the championship (boat race participation an optional extra for those

thrillseeker's out there). Applications close with the Secretary (J.C.) on Friday May 10.

And now a word from the publicity machine for that most well known of modern musical ensembles. (That's right, yet another free plug)...

HI, I'M THE BOSS : Yes music lovers, if you thought Springsteen was big at the Showgrounds, you'll think Hi, I'm Gary are humungus at the Stockade. Yes, Hi, I'm Gary have another gig at the Stockade Hotel coming up, and all because... you asked for it. Due to severe financial difficulties the management of the Stockade Hotel have asked Hi' Im Gary to invite all their friends back to the Stockade and spend a million dollars drinking themselves stupid for the night. And what a night it will be. You'll hear one of Melbourne's best new bands, and then Hi, I'm Gary will play. Yes, this great band starring Mal Short on sound, Bowlesy on lights, Smithy on management, Gillian on door and the Melbourne University Basketball Club on self destruction are playing the Stockade Hotel in Nicholson St. Carlton on Friday May 10. You'll see Pendles, the man whose clothing is louder than his guitar, Chris Morrey, the man who offered his body to medical science for the good of all womankind, Spike, the woman with powers and abilities far beyond those of mortal Novacastrians, and Simon, who has finally made it to second bass. Not only that, but Rent-A-Crowd will be there too. There is also a big rumour around the traps that the band has actually invited a real musician to play with them this time. Should be a real novelty. Not only, but also, there will be the grand unveiling of the not yet but maybe soon then again probably not likely to be world famous Hi I'm Gary T Shirts. These will be for sale (never could spell ripoff) at the door. Buy one on the way out (but wait 'til 9 o'clock to avoid the rush). All in all, it's a great night to stay at home and watch Ivan's Movie Classic. Only joking (scratch scratch), do yourself a favour and get down to the Stockade on May 10 and hear Hi, I'm Gary - the band we listen to when we're sponsored to listen to it.

