

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL CLUB
DRIBBLING BALLS

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After two long years (if such things as long years exist, then these were they) of planning, preparation and panic (in approximately that order but not equal proportions) the Melbourne Uni hosted I.V. finally took place in and around and all over Swan Hill. This is the story of the part played by the Melbourne contingent at I.V....

THEME FROM THE I.V. SHOW "SWAN HILL" - THANKYOU.

Everybody knows that I.V. doesn't start 'til Sunday, unless of course you're organizing the thing in which case it starts Friday, three years before the Sunday. Notwithstanding this, most people staggered into Swan Hill on Saturday afternoon, with the excuse of doing some last minute preparation. Of course, this was a complete sham, all they wanted to do was get to the Oasis, grab a good room (i.e. one WITH a toilet and WITHOUT Fisher), have a few beers, and since we're so far from home, watch the Blues Brothers yet again in the all-new, completely revamped, looks just like Bowlesy's lounge, really Room 14 M.C.G. (Mobile Clubrooms Gathering). Yes, it was all there, the TV, the video, the music machine, all the videos, a pile of cans and Mal sound asleep on the floor. At this stage I.V. looks like being a dud rage.

SUNDAY

In a last ditch attempt to instil some discipline into the team, Coach Cooper has the troops down at the stadium at 9 a.m. for a two hour, last minute training run. Everyone was there, I mean, there isn't much on the telly in Swan Hill at that time Sunday morning. The women followed up with a light session between 11 and 12. Back at the Oasis that afternoon and the last minute preparations for the great influx were done. The main task was making up the fabulous I.V. show bags, which included the job of finding a T-shirt big enough to fit Jimmy Ralph - believe it or not.

The social function that evening was entitled Welcome Drinks at the Golf Club, and featured champagne, the unveiling of the Intervarsity Banner, beer, twisties and the inaugural plate of corn chip tossing competition thanks to our friends from U.N.E. It was a great start to the week, just ask that sleazeball Weenie Clarke. Did he really set a new club open and Intervarsity record for the quickest score(s). I mean, what's the younger generation coming to. When I were a lad, all were we interested in was beer. Aye, none of this gratuitous sex for us. What it is to have been born too early.

The welcome drinks were adjourned to the Oasis at their conclusion, or to the Quo Vadis (translated as "too cheap to sponsor"), and wasn't it good of the UNSW people to pay for our meals and the screening of Rocky Horror. Pity they remembered later in the week and asked us for the money. Oh well, that was enough for one day.

MONDAY

It seems to have been fairly easy to lose sight of the fact that we actually had a couple of teams in Swan Hill which were supposed to play basketball at some stage. We were however reminded with a couple of games on Monday morning. The women started things off...

WOMEN 45 d. N.S.W. 14

There was a big rumour going around the traps the night before that NSW were a big show this year, would perhaps give us our hardest game for the week. Such proved not to be the case. They started in man to man which didn't worry us a lot as Spike and Bridget were scoring quite well off our set plays. We were caused a slight amount of worry though when Bridget stuffed her knee 10 minutes into the game. Not really the start we wanted to the week. Never mind though. Spike and Anne were dominating in our man to man defence, Wales couldn't handle it at all, and we led 21-6 at half time. In the second half we didn't take any chances and used our zone press to great advantage with Gill leading the way from the second row, holding them to 8 points for the half while we poured on 24 to run out 31 point victors. Everybody did their job (except Bridget, she did Mark Carroll's job I think), with Anne and Deb shooting well in offence. In the end an easy victory set up by our good play.

Anne 14, Kylie 7, Spike, Deb 6, Bridget 4, Tracy, Gill 3, Max 2.

This convincing victory was immediately followed by the men's team having their first outing for the week.

MEN 58 d. QUEENSLAND 46

We always seem to struggle against Queensland, no matter what sort of team they have. This year was no exception. In a tight first half we were unable to break away as we would have liked, although Chris Morrey was running some excellent breaks on the end of long court passes from J.C. and finishing them off with spectacular drives to the bucket. He picked up 8 points for the half, while Brian worked well around the basket to grab 5 as we led 29-22 at the change. The second half was almost a carbon copy of the first, although we led comfortably after a short burst midway through the half. The increased presence of Matt and Mark on the boards was an important factor, Simon shot consistently well and Chris continued to do well in offence topping of a great game with 8 more points allowing us to run out comfortable 12 points winners. Closing highlight of the game was the play with 5 seconds left where J.C. threw a long court pass to Matt who grabbed the ball well outside the key - "too far out to score" they said, took a step and a half a slam dunked the living daylights out of it. Nice one, big boy.

Chris 16, Matt 14, Simon 8, Mark 7, Brian 5, Mungus, J.C. 4.

Later in the day it was the second women's game, against a side that weren't expected to give us much trouble (despite Henry's specialist coaching)...

WOMEN 62 d. TASMANIA 15

Our zone defence was sufficient to ensure us a victory here, and with Spike in scintillating form early in the game we had enough points after 10 minutes to ensure we didn't need to score for the rest of the game. Deb took over where Spike left off in offence and by half time we led 32-11. In the second half, with Max controlling the point, Sally working the boards and Lisa dominating on the break we outscored the opposition 30-4 for an easy win.

Deb 12, Spike 10, Lisa, Anne, Kylie 8, Gill 5, Tracy, Max 4, Sal 3

In a game thought to be not too different from that the women had just played, the men also had an easy one...

MEN 62 d. U.N.E. 32

The first half of this game was sufficient to set up a fairly easy

win. Simon was out to sharpen his shooting touch and did so with 9 points for the half, and while the rest of the team struggled with their shooting, we managed to run enough fast breaks to lead 24-8 at the break. In the second half our defence took a small holiday, but with Andrew, Clarkie, and Teddy keeping the running game going a 30 point win was not far away. So far so good.

Chris 11, Simon 9, Andrew, J.C. 8, Mark, Clarkie 7, Brian 6, Teddy 4, Mungus 2.

Now after all this excitement, what could be better than a nice quiet relaxing evening in front of the telly set. Well apparently a Toga Party featuring 350 semi-clad degenerate basketballers could be better. I told Bowlesy that it would never catch on, and was I right? Well actually, no. It was a wild and fantastic turn out at the Oasis that night, with everybody wearing sheets, curtains, table cloths, leopard skins, boot polish and/or whatever else they could get their hands on. And wasn't there a lot to get your hands on at the party. Arriving at 8:30 there were already large numbers of people dancing on top of the tables, and the band had only just put on a warm up tape. When the band for the evening started playing, the crowd went wild. I told them the Hepcats wouldn't go over well, and was I right? Well actually, no. They also made a big mistake in playing the Blues Brothers tape between brackets, because this meant people refused to leave the dance floor. As for all the sleazing that was going on, I thought it was disgusting. It was all I could do to keep watching it. I predicted at this stage that Clarkie would be dead by the end of the week (or perhaps the end of the night if his luck held out), seeing him sandwiched by those four women lusting after his body was not a pretty sight. For further information on the big movements of the evening, consult the individual reports later in this Dribbling Balls. Musical beds? But there was no music.

TUESDAY

To test the stamina of the women, we had a big game at 9 a.m. this morning, against a team which hadn't lost a game in 3 years at I.V...

WOMEN 32 d. WOLLONGONG 31

If we thought yesterday's game against NSW was going to be hard, we certainly new we were in for a tough one here. Without Bridget, most people were favouring the Gong for a victory, but that sort of thinking is too lightweight for our team. We played man to man for the first half with devastating effect. Spike blanketed Wendy Dal Santo and Anne pressured the Gong ball handlers into many mistakes, as a real tight game developed. Tracy was holding our offence together as well as picking up a number of crucial defensive rebounds, and when Kylie made a couple of baskets we were all level 16 a piece at half time. In the second half, neither team could gain a conclusive break. Gill played her heart out on the boards at both ends and contributed a couple of very useful baskets and Tracy continued her fine form. Spike and Kylie dominated the boards and the game went right down to the wire. It was left to Anne with 8 vital points for the half to get us in front at the right time, i.e. by a point with no seconds left, and we had beaten the reigning I.V. champions for the past 3 years. A great game to start the day. Nerve wracking, but when we consider that our shooting was fairly poor all game, we realized we were in with a chance this week. We had a bit up our sleeve.

Anne 10, Tracy 8, Gill 6, Spike, Kylie 4.

As if all that wasn't enough excitement, immediately following

this it was the men playing the big grudge game for the week...

MEN 47 d. DEAKIN 44

I wouldn't say the guys were pumped up for this one, but we had to prise their toes off the ring after warm up so we could start the game, and after losing to Deakin by a point two years in a row, we weren't about to let it happen again. In fact we started like we were shot out of a cannon and before Deakin knew the game had started we had a 9 point lead with J.C. and Chris again combining well in offence. It was not however to be like that for long. We lost control of the defensive boards and lost some of the early enthusiasm and by half time we trailed 23-24. Our determination in the second half was good, but our offence was letting us down. Mark was playing a great defensive half, Thunder and Matt were trying hard on the boards but we were slipping further behind. With 4 minutes to play we were 7 points down. However we were not going to give in. In an inspired couple of minutes J.C. scored from a drive, a steal and a pair of 3 pointers to shoot us back into the lead. From here we weren't going to let them back in and our defence lifted secure us the three point win. It felt so good after three years of trying.

J.C. 19, Chris 8, Pete, Matt 6, Mark, Simon 3, Brian 2.

After that big high of the morning, the question was could we keep it going in the afternoon. For the guys, the answer was no...

MEN 32 lost to MONASH 58

In the same way that we were hyped up to play Deakin earlier that day, so Monash were to play us this afternoon. The only difference was they sustained it for the whole game, while we proceeded to have the classic sporting let down after a big win earlier in the day. We were completely outplayed for the entire game, with our offence being virtually non-existent and our defence unable to cope with Monash's outside shooting or aggressive board play. At half time we trailed 17-29, with Chris being our only offensive contributor of note with 6 points. In the second half things went from bad to worse as we got further and further behind. Mark did a few nice things, but on the whole the performance was pathetic and we deserved to lose by 26 points.

Mark 7, Chris 6, Matt, J.C. 4, Brian 3, Pete, Hugh, Clarkie, Andrew 2.

After that lot, thank goodness there was a women's game to cheer us all up. Another win was of course expected...

WOMEN 46 d. ADELAIDE 30

This game didn't look like cheering anybody up for the first 10 minutes or so, as we were generally outplayed by what could best be described as an ordinary team. We appeared to suffer a let down much the same way as the men in the previous game. A slack start to the game led Adelaide race away to 11-20 lead and we weren't looking good, but zis iss Kaos, vee don't panic here. I give zee order ven to panic. Prepare to panic! After all this, Spike got on target in offence and our defence suddenly remembered why it was there and when Max hit a good shot from the top we had managed to get back to trail 20-21 at half time. In the second half Spike continued to play well, Anne struck form in our zone press and Deb was hitting from outside as we managed to outscore them 26-9 for the half and run out comfortable winners in a game that should have never been close.

Spike 15, Anne 12, Deb 8, Tracy 4, Gill, Lisa, Max 2, Kylie 1.

So with another day's fun and games over and done with, it was off to the Town Hall for another night's fun and games. The main games being the Boat Races. As for the main fun, well it all depended on who you were. Again one may refer to the individual reports for further details. I mean, cheap laughs are bad laughs. I don't know what that's got to do with anything but I thought I'd pop it in somewhere just to keep Jean happy. There was quite a lot of beer drunk this night, not to mention people. We could have consumed more I suppose, but it is impossible to empty a barrel in less than 18 minutes, which was the best time registered, during the boat races. The boat races themselves were quite entertaining, and extremely well run by our Blues Brothers acting as judges. Smithy was the hands judge, Haggis and Fish were the spillage judges and Mal was the head judge. Speaking of which, wasn't Mal a busy boy that night, amongst others, but which others did he get amongst. Suffice to say, when he liases with a Uni, he really liases with them. Our women's boat race team consisted of Janet, Woody, Bridget and Anne, and after watching their form, it seems like they were lucky to have a bye in the first round. The practice race resulted in a comfortable win for the referees over our women (if that's the right phrase), then they were unfortunately eliminated in the next round by U.N.E. The men's team, in consumptive order Brian, Tree, J.C. and Henry, fared slightly better, accounting for Flinders in the first round, U.N.E. in the second round and Deakin in the semi finals, to face Monash in the Grand Final. Atmosphere was electric as the final began, level at the first baton change, level at the second baton change, level at the third baton change, Monash in front by a third of a pot at the end. He was pretty quick that Brian Rosetti. Anyway, we were runners up for the second year in a row, again beaten somewhat convincingly by a better team despite producing our fastest scull of the evening. It should also be noted that three of the four teams in the men's semis were Victorian. It was a good thing that the disco was the only thing scheduled for the night, 'cause I think the bottom row of the pyramid would have needed a snorkel and flippers to make any progress on the dance floor by the end of the evening. Of course, we could have always got Fish to "sponge" it up I suppose.

Actually, Pauline put in a big effort this night too. It was pity she decided to have a little snooze on a row of seats behind the bar area, because it was discovered that there was a trolley available for moving these things, and since Pauline was off her trolley, it seemed like a good idea to take her for a spin. Good thing she'd passed out otherwise I think she may have had a bad attack of the bed spins. For other interesting gossip concerning Matt, Tracy, Trevor, Robert, Clarkie etc.... consult the individual reports a little later on. Anyway, after all this excitement, people returned to their motel rooms, and what's more, some weren't even locked out of them. They were of course the laughable minority. Home is where I lay my hat? Well some people seem to think the same thing about beds. Bed is where I lay my.. pyjamas???

WEDNESDAY

Now, nobody likes early games the day after the boat races, and as fortune would have it, we didn't have one. So most people had time to find their way back to their own motel room and put on their playing gear before the first games of the day...

MEN 43 d. SYDNEY 30

This game was a real playing highlight of the week. We basically continued where we left off in yesterday's debacle, only we were lucky

we played Sydney this time. Actually the first half wasn't too bad, as Simon regained his shooting touch for 10 good first half points, while Thunder and Mark were strong on the boards. We led 30-18 at half time. In the second half our defence improved, led by Mark who was playing a good game, and Clarkie who was also hustling well. Tree and Mounie did some good things but our offence was basically pathetic, as the scoreline of 13-12 for the half indicated. We were obviously always going to win the game, but really. Still, I.V. wouldn't be I.V. if you didn't give the coach something to worry about, eh?

Simon 10, Mark 6, Hugh 5, Pete, Matt, Tree, Chris 4, Clarkie, Andrew, J.C. 2.

We were looking for another good performance from the women in their next game, and basically we got it...

WOMEN 39 d. U.N.E. 27

This was a more dour struggle than we would have hoped for, but we expected U.N.E. to put up a good fight. Our defence was excellent, as our man to man kept them under pressure and relying on fluke baskets to post scores. Spike played very well on her opposite centre, who'd been scoring freely during the week and Kylie was performing well on the boards, a sight to which we were rapidly becoming accustomed this week. Unfortunately Anne and Tracy were the only ones who looked like troubling the scorers in offence as our shooting was off again, so our 16-13 half time lead was perhaps not a true indication of our domination of the play. Things changed a bit in the second half though, when Kylie found her shooting touch and it was good night U.N.E. as she rattled up 10 points for the half. Our defence was as tight as ever, and we ran out comfortable 12 point winners. Not inspirational, but effective.

Anne 11, Kylie 10, Tracy 8, Spike, Deb 4, Gill 2.

Shortly after this the women fronted up again for a game which matched two teams undefeated so far this week...

WOMEN 57 d. LA TROBE 37

The Trobers were a side which relied almost totally on the skills of Wendy Knight and the size of Narelle Pagram for their wins, so when Anne brilliantly blanketed Wendy for the first half and Spike shut Narelle out totally, we were certainly in the driver's seat. Anne was also on fire in offence, grabbing 11 points for the half, often on the end of long court passes from Gill, generated by good defensive hustle. We had a solid 23-14 lead at half time. In the second half defence relaxed a little, but our offence was unstoppable. The press was effective, as Gill picked up steal after steal and either converted them herself or passed on to Anne who added 12 more points to her tally in this half. When Spike started firing and contributed 14 for the half we were well and truly home, leading by well over 20 points. A lapse at one stage allowed La Trobe a couple of cheap baskets, but all in all it was a devastating performance by the team.

Anne 23, Spike 16, Gill, Kylie 6, Tracy 4, Deb 2.

With that game to inspire us, the men played another team in form and looking for a finals berth...

MEN 57 d. N.S.W. 31

The first half of the game was about as tight as you could get a game. Both teams led at various stages, with the big men dominating the offences. With both sides opting for man to man defence, the Cookie Monster threw 14 points for Wales while Matt was great with 10 points

for us, but obviously neither could stop the other in defence. We led 22-18 at half time. In the second half we improved our defence, with Mark and Brian especially doing well, but our offence was struggling. There was still only a couple of points the difference with 10 minutes to play, but things soon changed after a couple of steals and a three pointer to J.C. shot us to an 11 point lead. From here we just exploded, with Chris and Simon running well into offence, and we eventually blew the opposition away. We had at last managed to find some form, although, 10 minutes of basketball would not be enough to win a finals game.

J.C. 16, Matt, Simon 11, Brian 8, Chris 5, Mark, Andrew 3.

I guess everybody felt like a bit of a rest after all that, but we all know there's no rest for the wicked. Which, not all that amazingly, brings us back to Deakin Uni. The story so far... Deakin women are on top of Pool B, having won their 5 games by a minimum of 12 points each game. So far so good. Enter mystery informant from another well known University, who claims to have information of a "vital nature" to sell. Not wanting to miss out on the gossip, we listen. There's a big rumour going around that Deakin's star player is a ringin, and that the name on the scoresheet is not the one her mum has sewn to the inside of her panties. We decide to check it out (well, at least the scoresheet part of it). Enter supersleuths Macpherson and Campbell, minus trench coats and shoe phones. After hours of tracking the suspects and several lengthy car trips, we brilliantly managed to locate the Deakin manager, 10 yards from where we started our search 2 hours before, having dinner at the Oasis. Adopting his usual subtle and extremely tricky approach, Campbell interviews Deakin Manager Hale...

Campbell : "G'day John."

Hale : "G'day John."

Campbell : "Enjoying your dinner?"

Hale : "Yep."

Campbell : "Not any more! I hear you bastards have a ringin playing for your women's side."

Hale : "No?"

Campbell : "Yeah."

Hale : "Shit!"

So another case solved, and once again the forces of niceness triumphed over the forces of evil and rottenness. We stripped the Deakin women (of their points) and trotted off to the Bush Dance. Full credit to John Hale though, he took it pretty well. In fact, later that night he came up and told us that they had two ineligible women, not just the one. Amazing.

The Bush Dance was full of highlights from whoa to go. The band was Shade at Hoppers Crossing or some such name, and every body was ho-downing, Virginia Reeling, willow stripping, hog jowling, not to mention Jed Clampetting all over the place. Most of us by this stage had given up trying to keep track of the inordinate number of sleazeballs in our club this year. We just left them to their own devices, or whatever they amused themselves with. I still don't believe what Bowlesy and Fish do with beer guns though. By the way Mattman, who was that woman I seen you with?

The floor was in remarkably good shape this night, which not only meant it was good for bush dancing, but also means "track good" for pyramid racing. Yes the long awaited debut of the Melbourne Uni Formula One Precision Pyramid Racing team was witnessed. After a flying Le Mans

start, we formed the pyramid and raced the length of the dance floor while bemused onlookers looked on bemusedly. I told Bowlesy this would never catch on, but I was at a bit of a loss to explain the teams practising out in the foyer, and pretty soon there was a challenge on. The teams lined up and away we went. We were off to a slow but steady start, which paid off when the opposition pyramid collapsed. They reformed and we have photographic evidence for the stewards of pyramid interference in the straight, but despite this we were racing away to be clear winners. Some clown from U.N.E. however decided that we shouldn't really win, and decided to demolish our pyramid by jumping into the back of it. Yeah, that's what we thought too, pretty fuckin' funny. Now hell hath no fury like a pyramid scorned, so we took the only option available. Ripped off the moron's cowboy boots, ditto for his moleskins (no, he wasn't from Newman College), tore off his jocks and deposited them in various parts of the Town Hall. Despite this incident, pyramid racing had begun for the week. Lots more excitement that night, but eventually I went home to my bed and Matt Miller went home to his, the only difference being, I got to sleep in mine, while he had to sleep on the floor. Why? I thought you'd ask that.

THURSDAY

Remember how earlier this episode, we mentioned how people didn't really like 9 a.m. games, well Coops had a 7:45 a.m. meeting this morning to ensure the blokes were ready for theirs, as the result of this game could mean first or fourth place in the pool. All were present, although Matt wasn't looking too good after spending the night on the floor...

MEN 31 lost to A.N.U. 43

The first half of this game was equally as bad as any other half we've ever played, in any arena, anywhere in the world. We got creamed on the boards, and our offence, oh that's right, we didn't have any. The half time score of 13-21 flattered us. In the second half we at least staged a bit of a fight back. J.C. fired up a bit to toss in 10 points for the half and we even managed to level the score at about 25 all at one stage. But from that time on, we copped another pasting, unable to cope with the aggressive boarding and defence of a side who did not necessarily want to win more than us, but certainly used their talents better to ensure they did win. The twelve point margin was not indicative of how badly we had played and let ourselves and Henry down. It did not take long for the news to filter down to the court that Deakin had beaten Monash, which meant the top four teams in our pool had identical 5-2 win-loss records after the preliminary rounds, and it was clear that we would miss the quarter finals on percentage. A very disappointing result, one we must hope we learn from, in a hurry.

J.C. 10, Simon 6, Chris 4, Mark, Brian 3, Pete, Mungus, 2, Matt 1.

This crushing defeat caused most of the guys to return to the Oasis and begin the task of collecting 150 empty stubbies in a day, but there were better ways to cheer up. The women had another game, also against A.N.U. only this side hadn't won a game all week...

WOMEN 62 d. A.N.U. 11

The opposition in this game was not very good. Their sum total for the first half was 2 points, from foul shots. Our offence was evenly spread scoring-wise, with Gillian leading the way to a 23-2 half time lead. In the second half we ran a lot of fast breaks, and were able to experiment with various combinations of players. Lisa did very well in the running game getting 10 for the half, as did Spike during a brief

appearance. We let a couple of their players who hadn't scored for the week get baskets, 'cause their guys threatened to cream us if we didn't, and they'd already done that once today. A comfortable 51 point win meant we finished on top of our pool, undefeated in the preliminary rounds, thus earning a direct semi final berth tomorrow, skipping the quarters this afternoon. A top effort.

Lisa 14, Spike 12, Gill 11, Anne 9, Kylie 6, Max, Tracy 4, Deb 3, Sally 1.

After all this, we had the afternoon off, the women to rest and relax, the men to get pissed. This many of them managed to do without much trouble at all. Highlight of the early early afternoon was the coin tossing game, where Henry established an early lead over Andrew, but Andrew came back strongly to win 8-7 eventually. As Henry stood and sculled for the last time, the game was completed with the (now) traditional words "This isn't as good as it looks. I'm going to spew." And with that, he did. Hot dog skins on the car park, then a goal right through the palm trees. Spectacular barformance. This did convince Simon to wimp it out of his game with Chris, but didn't convince Fish and Linny to stop. But more of that story in the individual reports I expect.

There was no official function that night, but huge numbers of people gathered at the Oasis to see the Geoff Bowles "let's go to the video" Show. I told him no one would enjoy N.B.A. highlights, and was I right? Well, as it happens, no. It was all on the big screen, Dr. J, Moses, Magic, Plays of the Week, Thunderbirds, Maxwell Smart, Blues Brothers...and Bill Curtis was there. I don't know what else happened that night, except that at last count there were 130 stubbies in Chris' room, and he just rung his dad to tell him the phone was ringing or his dinner was ready or something. It didn't make much sense...

FRIDAY

One of the problems with finishing fourth here, was you had to play a game at 8:45 next morning. At least there was no team meeting...

MEN 67 d. WOLLONGONG 63

It looked like the opposition were going to stuff around in this game, and they did for a fair bit of it, unfortunately in the process they seemed to throw a large number of points, especially 3 pointers. Fortunately for us Simon was having a hot game with 10 for the first half, and Tree was competitive on the boards with 8 points, but it was 31 all at half time. The second half was a close affair, as we tried to break away, but couldn't. Chris eventually got his running game going again and we managed to sneak in as 4 point winners, playing off for fifth and sixth positions later today.

Simon 14, Trevor 10, Chris, J.C. 9, Matt 8, Mungus 7, Brian 6, Mark, Teddy 2.

Forget that last game, the women were up next in a real game, the semi final...

WOMEN 47 d. N.S.W. 25 (SEMI FINAL)

We faced a team we had convincingly beaten in the rounds, but had improved quite a bit to sneak through to the semis, the recipe for a danger game if ever I've heard one. We were not at all complacent though, and despite a few hiccoughs which caused us to change from man to man to zone defence, we seemed to be in control. They played man to man against us, and we handled it well. Spike was in fine touch,

hitting 9 points for the half mostly, long shots off the set plays. Anne was also hustling well, and the team got a big lift when Bridget stepped onto the court for the first time since injuring her knee in the first game Monday. She made a couple of good baskets and we held a handy 25-16 half time lead. In the second half our defence was excellent as we applied the zone press to a Wales team we thought was suspect under pressure. We were right. We held them to a lousy 9 points for the half, with Anne, Gill and Spike generating many offensive opportunities. With 10 minutes to go the game was all but over as we extended our lead to 15 then 20 and coasted in from there. A fine game by the team, taking us on to the grand final that afternoon.

Spike 15, Anne 12, Bridget 8, Deb 5, Gill 4, Kylie 2, Tracy 1.

After all that excitement, the guys had their playoff for fifth and sixth position, in fact a game featuring the same two teams that played off for the positions last year...

MEN 59 d. W.A. 52

Last year we won this game by a point on foul shots with a couple of seconds to go, and this year looked like being another close contest. Our first half was not too bad, as Matt dominated the boards for 8 points, Clarkie and J.C. did well in the guard shooting department, but our defence was average. We led 35-27 at half time. The second half we just managed to keep our noses in front most of the way, with Chris and Mark running well and Thunder doing a job on the boards. We ran out 7 point winners to take fifth place overall for the week. A result that was nothing more than very disappointing. We lost only two games for the week, but they turned out to be fairly important ones. The talk after the last game indicated that people were disturbed enough to get the team to do better next year. Let's hope we can remember how bad it felt all the way to Brisbane, and use it as a spur. Special thanks (and apologies for not doing better) to Henry for his efforts at training and I.V., we appreciated it.

Pete, Matt 10, J.C. 7, Trev, Chris, Mark 6, Clarkie, Brian 4, Andrew, Simon, Mungus 2.

This was the one we'd all been waiting for, the lads had the white towels ready, and it was grand final time...

WOMEN 54 d. W.A. 47 GRAND FINAL

None of us had seen W.A. play very much during the week, so it was with some uncertainty we approached the game, a fully timed, 30 second clocked, all or nothing game. We started in man to man defence as usual, and established ourselves aggressively against a team which had told us very emphatically at the start of the week that we didn't have a team good enough to win. Anne did a superb job on West's gun guard and key offensive player Leslie Hately, keeping her right out of her rhythm, a factor which had a tremendous contribution to the final result. We were however, having some trouble settling down in offence, and it was left to Cyclone Tracy to take it to the West defence and bomb three baskets from the top of the key when we were struggling to score. Fouls and the long time the game was going to take to play forced us to switch to a zone defence, which proved effective except for a couple of long shots which snuck in. Bridget came in off the bench and again did just what you would expect of a captain, in offence and just lifting the team all over, while Gill and Spike were taking the ball right at the West defence, drawing a large number of fouls. Spike was especially effective, making 6 out of six from the line for a total of 8 first half points. Our aggression enabled us to fight back from 5 down to level at 17 all, then lead 24-21 at half time, but boy,

was there a long way to go yet.

The start of the second half looked good for us, as we applied the zone press and stretched our lead to 7 points. Unfortunately after 3 minutes Spike picked up her fourth foul. "Let me stay on - I promise I won't foul!" was the plaintive cry. "You're joking! Sub black." was the sympathetic reply from coach J.C. Meanwhile, back on the court, some re-arrangement with Kylie going to the centre was quickly done. Bridget was playing a super game, making us forget she couldn't even walk two days ago, and made baskets from a drive and two classic jump shots, as we maintained our lead. Anne was playing a dominant game in defence, hassling the West guards every stage. Deb came in off the bench and showed her composure under pressure by making a clutch basket from outside, and still there was a long way to go. We had the seven team fouls in what must have been about 5 minutes into the half, and it was looking like a long way to go. West made their charge at us and got within a couple of points, but they didn't count on Kylie. Her rebounding had been great in the final and indeed all week, but she now took over and dominated the offence. Four field goals in about six trips down the court - wave those towels boys - and we'd strung the lead out to 10 again coming down the stretch. Spike came back with 8 minutes to go, Gill and Tracy both made two at the foul line, but there was still an eternity to play - about 4 minutes. We looked to be in control with Gill, Bridget and Anne using the ball and the clock well, playing our game, but then we lost Gill with five fouls, after a really valuable and gutsy game. Okay, then we lost Spike with five fouls, or was it in the other order, I can't remember, I was too involved. Never mind, whether she went first or second is irrelevant, she played a fine game. With a minute to go, I was beginning to believe we were going to win, so it didn't matter when Kylie also got her fifth foul and joined us on the bench, after what I would say was her best ever game for the club. That last minute was an enjoyable minute of basketball indeed. With two seconds to play and a seven point lead, that was enough for us and the bench decided it was time to invade the court. We were half way across it as the siren went, and we were Australian Universities Champions for 1985. What a sensational feeling, shaky legs and sore hands and all.

Great game played in the grand final played by Cyclone (topped off a fantastic week), also Bridget and Kylie, but as I was told numerous times, we won it because we were a team, and I agree, the team played a great game. As such, it is probably unfair to single players out for praise in the grand final, for I truly believe it was a team effort all week, and this was what won it for us. We did the things we talked about at training, and those weeks of hard work paid handsomely. The coach could not ask for more from his players on the court or just supporting each other. Special mention too, to Brian and Teddy, whose work with their teams made it possible for the coach to integrate their players into the team so easily, and with such a high skill level. Congratulations players and coaches. You deserve it. The towel wavers deserve thanks as well, a job well done, also the Melbourne contingent who travelled up on the Friday to watch the game.

Bridget 13, Tracy 11, Gillian, Kylie, Spike 8, Anne 4, Deb 2.

After that we were, strangely enough, in the mood for a bit of a celebration. Coincidentally there was one organized, starting in the car park with severaltty-four bottles of champagne, numerous beers, and a team pyramid on the gravel. Ouch. Some of us took time out from the celebrations to watch the second half of the men's grand final, where underdogs La Trobe beat red hot favourites Adelaide, even though the

Trobers played the last four minutes with four players after three of their starting five fouled out, and had trailed by a lot of points during the second half. A popular victory, and one of the most amazing I've ever seen at any level of basketball. The final score was La Trobe 78, Adelaide 69.

Back at the Oasis, it was still party time, although some had seen the bottoms of too many champagne bottles already and retired to bed to sleep it off for a while. Well, it was 6 o'clock. Never mind, we had a big night ahead of us at the presentation dinner at the Oasis.

About 8 p.m. we made our entrance at the dinner to the tumultuous applause reserved only for the winners. It sent shivers up my spine I don't mind saying. This was all part of what we'd worked for. Unfortunately, one of the occupational hazards of winning I.V. is that everybody wants to visit your table and toast you then get you to scull. So after the first five or six of these we were looking for escape. None was forthcoming, 'cause it's even worse if you host I.V.. Never mind, after a few more we were free to sit back and soak up the feeling.

Next item on the agenda was the announcement and presentations to the All Australian Universities Representative Teams, the mens and womens all star teams selected by the coaches during the week. The women's team was announced first, and applause was deafening as each name was announced, but none more so, when it came to the last two player's names... "From Melbourne - Anne Cantwell"... "From Melbourne - Spike Lindy Barrett!" Brought the house down. As coach of the winning team J.C. was named as coach of the Representative Team. The congratulations of all club members should go to these three, who all earned and deserved the honour. The next announcement was that of the men's team. With a great sense of timing and building the atmosphere, our announcer Mal "Grandstand" Short again left our excitement to the last name to be announced... "From Melbourne - John Campbell!" It was all pretty emotional stuff, and J.C. had a fair bit of trouble escaping the table to collect his trophy, but made it eventually. It was just the start of a great night.

After a small eating interlude, our award presentors returned for the big one, the one we'd been waiting for - presentations to the winning teams. One by one the players were announced, and went forward to a standing ovation to collect their trophies from Cheryl McKinna who'd come up from Melbourne and supported us in the final, as well as being head presenter. One runs out of words to describe the feeling of standing up there as a team, receiving the plaudits of the crowd, and watching Bridget hold the brand new shield aloft. I'll never forget it. Unfortunately for Bridget she had to hand the shield over to J.C. as the next announcement was made... "The Most Valuable Player in the grand final, from Melbourne - Bridget Grounds!!!" Well, I've seen happier people in my time, but not more hysterical. It was a great reaction to an award so well deserved, but only because of the way she played. I suppose we all went back to our seats after that, it's hard to know if they have seats on cloud nine. I do seem to remember Max trying to prise my fingers off the shield so we could move it to safety, but I'm not sure she succeeded.

The next highlight after all that was the Intervarsity debut of well known Melbourne band Hi, I'm Gary. Full credit to the band, some of them were sober enough to play, and they played pretty well too. We were pretty worried before Intervarsity about what would happen to the

band if we won, but never fear, they were in top form. Then again, I've never seen a band that people wouldn't dance to at I.V. I reckon it was one of their best gigs, with Spike and Gary both in good vocal form, even though Spike couldn't talk after the performance.

The other thing from Friday night which should be mentioned is the performance by Petite Pauline Murphy. Not happy after some local shiela had invaded our happy little family gathering at the Oasis, Pauline asked her to leave. When she decided she didn't want to, Pauline decided that perhaps she'd help change the girl's mind. Whether she managed to rearrange the girl's mind is debatable, we are however certain she managed to rearrange her face. A slashing right cross from Murph and the lass decided that perhaps it was getting late after all, and she had an appointment with her dentist tomorrow anyway. Way to go Pauline.

All this fun and frivolity raged on 'til 1 a.m. when we left our friends at the Oasis to mop up, and retired to whoever's bed or partied on, depending on one's particular state of exhaustion at the time. It's good fun winning.

SATURDAY

Well, it's almost all over. The Representative games were hardly a highlight, with the I.V. All-stars beating the Melbourne Uni Leftovers in the women's game, and the result being reversed in the men's game. Nevertheless, it was a fine display of the best in athletic ability, or how to play with a terminal hangover, I'm not sure which. Henry claims he felt better after playing, but he still looked like he'd been dead three weeks to us. All this silliness involving running around was soon called a day, and we wandered off to the golf club for the I.V. recuperation barbecue. Just a quiet beer and a chop, with those hundred or so souls left at Intervarsity.

This function was highlighted by the consumption of 20 slabs, against all predictions, and the pyramid race down the home straight of the Swan Hill race track, won by a slow and steady Melbourne combination over a fast and reckless (and frequently collapsing) Tasmanian entry. After all this, it was down to the river for a pleasant two hour cruise on the paddle steamer P.S. Pyap. Wonderfully scenic and relaxing, at least until someone spotted a bunny on the shore, so we had to play bunnies for a while. What fun.

After the boat returned, just about everybody was totally rooted, especially that girl that Bowlesy demolished in the leg wrestling. After a quiet dinner, and a quiet beer, unless you were Henry with the Tasmanians (who don't know how to drink, only scull), and a quiet viewing of Meaning of Life (unless you were Mal, in which case you were collapsed on the bed snoring prolifically, or Bridget, ditto on the floor, sleeping with her eyes open), we went to bed, dreaming of a nice quiet Sunday drive back home.

SUNDAY

Intervarsity is over. It is with a heavy heart, that we bid fond adieu to the sunny climes of Swan Hill. Appropriately, it was raining all the way back to Melbourne. Although we found neither the Swan nor the hill, nothing can detract from what turned out to be the best run I.V. in living memory. This was a credit to the organizers and the multitude of Santa's helpers that were there. As with a winning team it

is perhaps not fair to single particular people out for praise, but Haggis was a fantastic I.V. co-ordinator, Woody was equally magnificent, Mattman worked like a Trojan on the finances and accommodation, and the effort from Bowlesy, Mal and the social committee was superb. Well done everybody.

As a new innovation to the I.V. report this year, all the participants were encouraged to write a line (page, book...) or two on their impressions or highlights of the week. In retrospect, that may have been a mistake, but that's never stopped Dribbling Balls before, so cop some of these...

First off, with off being the operative word, an anonymous entry left on the desk by Kylie...

What a way to get your kicks! Matt Miller, whilst watching the NBL videos on Thursday night announced, "I could have an orgasm watching this. You just watch me." Thanks for the invitation, Matt. Mark Carroll wears pink jocks. Apparently Pete McGregor likes golden showers - he had beer poured on his head 3 times at the toga party - work that one out. What was Mark Carroll doing when the maids burst in on Wednesday morning? Rumour has it he was speechless - must have been the surprise (you can't write things like that, oh well, just a little bit - Ed.). Ann Cantwell's comment in the car park on Friday topped the week, "Fancy winning!"

And our next contribution comes from another Warner Wulf clone (this stuff is straight from that green garbage bag I reckon) ...

Okay then, let's go to the video tape for the plays of the week IV 85....

Most inexperienced move by a rookie : No contest event this, Hugh Sandie Saturday night at the Oasis by asking Trevor A to line him up with one of the three early arrival Newcastle girls - without even seeing them!!! (Lucky it wasn't Monash - Ed.)

Fastest cross-Oasis lounge getaway sprint : Also went to Mungus when he saw the "goods" from Newcastle and quickly learnt why they're called "Pogs".

In your face award : J.C. long court pass to Matty Miller in the dying seconds of the Queensland match - one step and SLAM!!! In your living room thank you. We were all terribly impressed down here I can tell you. One of the girl's team was so impressed she spent all that night congratulating him (you can't write things like that, oh well, just a little bit - Ed.) - I bet he never wears a leopard skin toga again.

Off your face award : Chris Morrey, Thursday afternoon, approximately 130 stubbies, he got by with a little help from his friends (& a push button phone).

On my face award : (incorporating the Banana Splits 'holdabus' commemorative silver chalice) over several action packed nights to Trevor 'Tree' 'Turbo Man' 'I do feel guilty' 'well I did after the third time anyway' 'Barney' Andrew. Funny name for a girl isn't it?

Punch of the week : Pauline "Murph and the Magitones" "Don't mess with me" Murphy, Friday night at the Oasis. That girl must look pretty stupid walking around Swan Hill with no fucking teeth! (Stein)

W.W.F. Wrestlemania bout of the week : Saturday afternoon, Geoff "If you don't mind umpire" "Get that out of here - that's too lightweight" "There'll be none of that, and none of that either" Bowles the new and undisputed heaveyweight, Murray River leg wrestling champion of the world (well the Murray anyway). On yer back and on yer way girlie.

Worst catch of the week : Shared by Michael "Weenie" Clarke Monday night and Henry "Decennium" Cooper Friday Night. By crikey, I'd always wondered why they invented beer.

Double play of the week : Robert "Teddy" "Budgie" "I'm so depressed" "How much does it cost to get to Sydney" Sweeten Friday night. Ye who soweth thy seeds carefully will eventually reapeth thy harvest. (I'd pray for a crop failure if I were you - Ed.)

Longest base hit without scoring : Hugh Sandie batting on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights. He took the plate many times but couldn't quite get on top of those Adelaide curves.

About fucking time award : J.C. in the 85 Rep Side Friday night, both men's and women's teams. This may sound a bit odd but we have a medical expert looking into it. (you can't write things like that, oh well, just a little bit - Ed.)

Most likely to become and olympic sport award : Melbourne men's team "definitely-not-synchronized" towel waving team. Right hand, grab it in the middle, wave it once then put it away - not as much fun if you actually use a towel though.

High of the week : 4:35 p.m. Friday afternoon 'til some stage of early Saturday morning at which point I became temporarily more comatose than usual. Well done girls!!!

Cheer of the week : To everyone who organized and helped and put in for all the weeks and weeks before and during I.V. - congratulations, you have earnt the respect of every member of every participating university, and remember, "if it's worth doing, it's worth getting Melbourne Uni to do it well!" Well then, that feels better. Until next year at Queensland, this is worn out Teddy.

And here are some questions from Henry about things he doesn't understand...

Why did Pauline ask if there had been a trolley in the back room of the Swan Hill Town Hall? Had she really been the fifth sculler in the boat race final?

If the beer goes into Bowlesy's ear does it really come out of

Fisher's mouth?

Why did Mal say "Does anyone have a pen?"?

How many people actually were locked out of rooms by Clarkie, Hugh, Trevor, Mal, Tracy, etc... and WHY?? (and how many times? - Ed.)

What did Chris have in common with some of Swan Hill's senior citizens?

Why did Hugh ask number seven's name...?

Does Gillian really have gravel rash on her knees?

Was Max really late to the final dinner? Why?

Did Lisa eventually find Tim's address?

Why did Budget look happy all week, despite being unable to play most games?

Was Brian really just there for the sport?

What is an O'Carroll? (Ask Mr. & Mrs. Smith - Ed.)

What does Patrick have to do with all this?

If you took the shortest person from one team, added water and mixed with the tallest person, what would you have?

Why did Jackie leave early? Could Andrew tell us?

Why did Debbie ask to be excused from late "bar duty"?

What did Sally wear under her Toga?

What drink do you finish off with "just a dash" of milk?

What is a good number of pots to drink on a quiet Saturday night at the Oasis?

Did anyone adore Robert's haircut?

(What does it mean when someone says "This isn't as good as it looks"? - Ed.)

In the interests of bad taste, we present this next report from a man who has raised disgust to an art form. I mean to say, Yoplait from the nose? Yuk. What he does with eye glasses and cigarette, it's enough to make you sick...

Regurgitate, regurgitate, bring up all the food you ate! Did somebody say food? I've heard it called the health food of a nation, but the way some people were treating our national heritage smacked of treason. To relate the more documented cases, Henry Cooper, who shall remain nameless, took his message to the streets. A crowd looked on in awe and disgust as this latter day prophet of sobriety brought forth an example of what the demon drink can do to a once healthy human being

(this prior stage in Cooper's life being steeped in mystery and fable). Not once but four times did Coops perform the liquid pillar in this excellent vomiturition. For the uninitiated, this is a spew which manages to hit the ground whilst it is still issuing from the chunderous gob (while standing up, of course). Being a fine exponent of this art, it was a pleasure to observe the correct leaning forward stance employed by this master to avoid the shoes being covered by the puerile, steaming stream of viscid vomit. Another point to be appreciated was the ability to get the nostrils into the act as well, an artful touch indeed.

The downfall of Cooper was of course, the dreaded "caps" game, and indeed, 80% of the people to partake in the activity were found later to be lining their respective larynxes with a thick coating of burning chuck (there will be short pause in the typing of this article to allow readers to leave the room - Ed.). Whilst Mounie resisted the temptations, the other players showed there were no winners in this game. Linny and Chris by their own volition became drivers of the big white bus (huh? - Ed.) whilst yours truly showed how poorly stale beer travels. Having completed the odd innings of caps with Linny and Chris, I was taken to a quiet rest on Pauline "The Knuckle" Murphy's bed. It was then that two ignorant females mistook the gurgling sounds associated with natural degassing to be the preliminaries to a techni yawn. Their solution to this problem was to drag the problem for several metres by the legs over nylon carpet and cold concrete. As this proved ineffectual in bringing about the predicted gusher, the obvious solution was to remove a large toenail. The novice chunderers Cantwell and Murphy then learnt that stale beer doesn't travel well at all, as once regaining the relative comfort of the bed, I delivered just retribution for their folly, down the side of the bed in lumpy mouthfuls. Thanks girls!

Finally, it must be noted that Pete McGregor early in the week, showed all the would be Valentinos how it should be done. He met and seduced this desirable individual who I recall was known as Victoria Foster. Having spent all night coveting her attributes, he took her to a room where he lay on the floor and she literally threw herself all over him. As would be expected he held her in his arms all night, only to find in the morning that she had turned into a huge pizza, extra large with diced carrots. If he is so happy to hug a spew after he dumps it all over himself, one wonders if he would ruin the joke about the difference between a woman and a turd? All I can say is the whole subject is just sick..... Fishshshshshshshshsh.

Thank goodness that last piece of crap is over and done with, and we can get on to another piece of pure, unadulterated gossip mongering. Yes, it's the Morrey Report...

Saturday : Mark and Kylie check in as Mr. & Mrs. Carroll.

Sunday : Michael Clarke strikes his first two victims at Highway 16, a poor blonde from W.A. and Jackie Lee. Andrew Mounas jumps on the wagon with Jackie as well. (you can't write things like that, oh well, just a little bit - Ed.)

Monday : Fish prances stark naked behind the bar at the Oasis, and is promptly dumped in the ice bin by Bowlesy and Mal. Matt Miller disappears with Cyclone. Clarkie with victim number 3, U.N.E. women's manager, and retires to room 8. Messers Morrey, McGregor and Sandie

upon approaching room 8 are greeted with verbal abuse to the tune of "___k off!" They decide it's a wise idea to seek alternative accommodation (in Gill's room) only to find the bed has self destructed with the help of an atomic drop from Geoff.

Tuesday : Highlight of the morning comes from Pete, who, waking up in a pool of vomit (his own) accuses Hugh of throwing up on him. Night time sees the more cultured members of the group venture to the Silver Slipper for an A-la-carte meal and an intellectual conversation that saw the birth of such nick names as Hugh "Mungus" Sandie, Gillian "Thumper" Payne, Simon "The Purple Headed Junket Pumper" B-G and Lisa Schwaaaaaaaaaarrrrtzzzz.

Wednesday : Melbourne's pyramid is assassinated by a bush piggy, who in turn was promptly stripped naked and paraded before the public. Mr. & Mrs. Carroll actually remain at a function past 12 o'clock. Hugh, not to be left out, bags an Adelaide woman (I didn't think her face was that bad - Ed.) and Matt Miller finds himself looking for a bed.

Thursday : Men lose to A.N.U. - time for a few quiet beers. Andrew and coach Cooper indulge in a game of tops, an hour later Henry sculls, announces "I'm going to spit" and promptly reveals his stomach contents to the public eye, decorating in magnificent technicolour, the Oasis car park. Fish and Chris then took up tops with disastrous results - they drove the big white bus, associated closely with the locals and Chris was even seen washing Simon's car. Pete and Clarkie descend upon Highway 16 with mixed results - Mike misses out, but Pete holds up the fort (even if his desperation got the better of him - he was later seen trying to chew his arm off).

Friday : Henry's revelation in the car park after the girl's final "If you're not fussy you can score easily this year" so he did, despite some competition from Dave Liddle. Clarkie was off with victim number 3 again, and for a change, Mr. & Mrs. Carroll were in bed by 10.

Here comes another anonymous report (this time from Cyclone Tracy), focussing on the seemier side of Intervarsity...

Friday night at the Clyde prior to the "Funeral", I was told "Give me an I.V. article or else!", in other words, slag someone else before someone else slags you (ha ha! too late - Ed.)! But where does one start? Or what aspect of the week should I look at? Perhaps a tiny "weenie" look at nocturnal activities or the Schwaaaaaarrrrrrzzzz report (you can't write things like that, oh well, just a little bit - Ed.). Or a brief account of known/reported tiger acts (also known as spits/chucks etc.) A few of the honourable mentions are :

1. The silent gurgle on Gill and Deb's floor without gaining consciousness
2. Marathon bus driving performance by the person who was kind enough to wash Simon's car bonnet from the balcony
3. The "Niagra Falls" liquid gusher in the motel car park after a game of tops

Or perhaps little gems of conversation like "You like chicken? Well suck on this, it's fowl" Or the UGLY sight of some U.N.E. male unwillingly being reduced to his birthday suit at the Town Hall. But then again, basketball was the main aim of the week, and the Melbourne women showed their grace, skill, style, class, (and definitely no ass), authority, fitness, etc. etc. and dominated. What more need be said,

except Brisbane 86 - FINALLY.

Now this next contribution shows a bit of promise, I laughed at least twice in the opening paragraph. Scotty Palmer takes a look (with a little help from an anonymous Matt Miller)...

Dateline Swan Hole - Prodigious, titanic, corpulent, voluminous, Broddingnagian, bigger than my mouth, bigger than the Carroll's contraceptive bill - these are the phrases I would use to describe the immensity of the fracas witnessed at the venue of venues (to quote that cliché of clichés - unquote) that Tasmania of clashes (where sex with anyone and anything you can lay your hands on is the norm) that roundabout of turns, the Swan Hill Basketball Intervarsity Tournament. What a sentence. I would say more about the sheer dinosaurian dimensions of this event, but I've been through the Thesaurus twice already and I'm eager to start sledging people. So here we go folks!

Remember that old crusader of 21 years, the miraculous Michael Clark, may his testicles rest in peace. They've been put out to pasture and he's on the lookout for more recruits, so beware all you full forwards (or full guards for that matter), you may wake up with less than a hangover in the near future if you're not careful. Bear with me for a moment while I interject a bit of punctuation for any that I may have negligently missed . , ! ; : / ? - % \$ \$ \$

Clarkie showed consistently good form for four fantastic full quarters of football. Other players can only look up to him as a shining example of what this game is all about.

Coach Henry Cooper saw the light late in the game, but not too late to show his complete lack of experience on the ground (and against the wall). Before his late recovery he was heard to say - quote "If you're not too particular about what you get, there's a lot of sex to be had out there" - unquote. Although, I prefer the maxim adopted by that player everyone looks down to, Trevor "Smithy" Smith - quote "No muff too tuff" - unquote. Nuff said.

It must be noted at this point however, that Henry "Coops" Cooper did have some fierce opposition in his attempts to score that elusive goal. This came in the form of that dynamic team manager, that well hung wonder, Dave "Libido" Liddle (or is that "Liddle" Libido? Who knows?) What a deceptive player, he puts on this opposition-baffling guise of the innocent little complete wishy-washy no hope turd. How he manages to fool all those people leaves me dumbfounded. Coops fell for it - and paid for it. He withdrew from the game with a severe case of coitus interruptus. What a blow - but medical experts indicate that he will be back as ugly as ever next year. (You can't write things like that, oh well, just a little bit - Ed.)

Another closely contested battle was the fight for sleeping quarters. What a blood bath, as the sheets on Chris Morrey's bed testify. Pete McGregor revelled in the opportunity. Pete makes a crust by throwing up on himself and sleeping on it. His comment - quote "You made that right up" - unquote. Rumour has it that it wasn't even his stomach contents, perhaps the marque of an avid fan, or perhaps it had just been forming on his face for days and no one noticed.

Disappointing was the match preparation of Mark Carroll. He was an

hour late for the match. His excuse - quote "I had to do up my shoe lace" - unquote. If you ask me, he must have been doing it according to the Karma Sutra to take that long.

In the rucking department there were many contributors. I would make mention of all the players who attempted this most necessary role in the game - after all, what's a match without a ruck - but my legal advisors indicate that I am already looking at a damages bill that would buy you a night with Leanne Edelstone or the Sydney Swans.

In my estimation, Hugh Sandie was the big Fosters Flop of the week. To put in so much hard work on the sidelines, but to emerge with a clean pair of Reg Grundies is what everyone in the game dreads. This ugly fate befell that great guy with the pendulous private parts, Herman "Or so he tells us" Sandie.

My firmly held opinion is that this was a stupendous event that must be enjoyed by every self-respecting player - if not for the quality then for the sheer weight of quantity (as I might say). As you may have guessed, I'm fast running out of cliches and friends. This is Scotty Palmer saying good-bye to what might have been a fun filled few years with the M.U.B.C.

While we're on that tack, we have a contribution from Mungus, the IV '85 Stat Sheet match reports...

Pete McGregor : 10 shots taken, 9 rejected, defensive player Naomi, team La Trobe (appearance looks very much like Kylie) 1 basket, a rimmer, later ruled invalid due to quality of defence. Defensive player very poor standard, big fiery red head from Poggy land. The legends were not impressed by this offensive thrust. Spike was the only decent bird to come from Newcastle at I.V. (check that out with Tree will you? - Ed.) Pete was slamming in the warm ups, but couldn't get a dunk in off the court. Free throws, 1 taken, 1 made. Venue Gillian's room. Pete, noted for his fine shooting style, kept the free throw to minimal carpet space. Fine percentage over the two years. I.V. award : biggest dip out.

Mark Carroll, Kylie O'Brien : Shots taken, lots, all made. Incredible shooting percentge, very individual players. Dunking both on and off court. I.V. award : Smashed S and S's Perth records for shooting percentage and shots made.

Purple Headed Junket Pumper : Shooting down on previous years, still an excellent shooting percentage.

Matt Miller : Slammed home a reverse Monday night. Lost his touch and his percentage slipped.

Tracy Nero : One free throw made, then hit her straps within minutes to make a reverse lay up (I hope she brushed her teeth inbetween). (You can't write things like that, oh well, just a little bit - Ed.)

Wee-Nee : Big basket on Monday night, followed by some good offensive moves through the week, but no more three pointers. I.V. award : Led felching percentages.

J.C., Max : Good outside shooting from both all week. Max subbed out of the game on Friday night.

Gillian : Poor percentage, the Uncle's defence proved too good.

Chris "Julio" Morrey : Lack of offensive interest shown, but steady defensive . Good free throw shooting. Big frapdoodle with the Fiat getting an assist, plus a bonus shower.

Swaaaaaarrrrtzzz : (at this stage Mungus appears to have become a little distracted and forgot to finish the report. Dreaming of Adelaide perhaps? - Ed.)

Speaking of Lisa, here comes the one and only, definitive, Swartz Report...

Well, what can I say? Intervarsity this year provided me, and I'm sure a lot of other basketballers, with a week unlikely to be forgotten (although I have to try and remember it first!) It definitely left LaTrobe I.V. in the dark. There was never a boring moment, and each day there was something to look forward to - whether it was a salad roll from Turner's home style bakery, a beer at the Oasis, or even a game of basketball.

The highlight for me was, of course, our victory in the final. It was so hard to believe for a while, and I think it only sunk in when we entered the dining room for the Presentation Dinner to the sound of hugh-mungus applause.

Besides this, there were many other memorable moments. All of our games, both men's and women's, through the week were great, also each social function. The Toga Party on the Monday Night, with its consequent scandals (Roman scandals? - Ed.) was especially great. Another time was when Chris wiped himself off and in the process gave Simon's car an unwanted wash (which he didn't wipe off - Ed.) And how can I forget Henry's effort (if you find out, we'd all like to know - Ed.), I honestly didn't know how to throw up politely in public until now. Thanks Henry.

All of these and many more small events, added up to make a week that I can honestly say is right up there with the best of them for me. Everyone else who was there will probably feel the same way (some of them just feel hungover - Ed.). Very rarely do you get the opportunity to improve your friendships with people you know on a casual basis, or to meet others from around the country, as well as participate in an enjoyable sport. Intervarsity is staged each year for just this purpose (ask Mungus what the three aims of I.V. are - Ed.), and our Melbourne Uni I.V. committee should be proud to know that they made very many people very happy (not to mention drunk - Ed.) by organizing a terrific week.

And now for a slight change of pace, we have a report from the M.U.B.C. Light Middleweight Champion of the world and Swan Hill...

Tony said it to me as we were driving through Kerang on the way home,

"Yes Pauline," he said, "You had a good I.V."

"That's funny," I thought, you see I wasn't really sure because the last thing I remember was packing the car on Saturday morning and toying with the idea of sinking a stubby before Matthew got back from the city. I remember I dropped the stubby and there was broken glass everywhere...

I have no recollection of what happened between midday Saturday August 24 and midday Sunday September 1 when I regained consciousness in the car whilst passing through Kerang. You can imagine my surprise, because I was driving.

I've read "Sybil" and I've seen "Three Faces of Eve" on the telly. Gee, don't you think Joanne Woodward is a great actress? But I must get back to the issue at hand.

"Tell me what happened," I tried to sound really casual, "Tell me what everyone did - tell me what I did."

Tony and Matthew laughed all the way to Bendigo. I had to side track them into a local pub for a counter attack and a few stiff drinks to get it out of them. They eventually told me.

Well, I can believe all that stuff about Bowlesy and his video machine being locked out of their room, and forced to scull Yoplait in room 13 (Bowlesy, not the video stupid). I can believe Clarkie scored more points off court than on court. I can believe Fish and Linny drank themselves stupid, and that Chris hang his doo-dad over the balcony and piddled on S.B.G.'s car. I can believe that Fish threw up beside my bed and bled all over my blankets. I'll bet everybody laughed, ... I'll bet I didn't ("No we didn't!" - Pauline #2 and Pauline #3). I can even believe I rap danced, hit my head on a chair and was comatose for most of Tuesday night ("Would you believe - all week!" - Pauline #2 and Pauline #3). But I cannot believe that I hit poor, innocent locals. ("They weren't poor and they weren't innocent and don't worry Pauline, you didn't hit her, we did." - Pauline #2 and Pauline #3). I must have been counselling them on human rights. - Pauline #1 (I think).

Who were the heroes who organized I.V. this year. Flipped if I know, but Mal's written the Organizing Committee Reps Side Post I.V. Pen Pics for them (in no particular order of merit, since there is no particular merit)...

Chris "Haggis" Macpherson, 5'11 7/8", No. of I.V.'s - heaps. Captain of the side. For a man who carries the sign "Don't give me a folded deckchair" managed to keep things unfolding all week with unflustered efficiency. Eminent Boat Race judge and Blues Brother.

Wendy "Woody" Macpherson, 5'0", No. of I.V.'s - bit less than heaps. Vice captain. Conducted a sermon on the Oasis stage on Sunday and managed to produce 4357 I.V. survival kits from two slabs and three focaccio pizzas. Last seen at the Vic Market trying to flog off size 14 T-shirts. "We drank how many tinnies on the Saturday?" (864 - Ed.)

Judy "Miss Worry" Knight, 5'1", No. of I.V. dinners - 1. Gets a guernsey for performance on Friday night. Was not spotted much else

during the week.

Trevor "I'll get back to you on that one" Smith, 3'2" (sideburn length), No. of I.V.'s - large. "Jake" excelled himself this year. Eminent boat race judge. Wore his best moleskins to the bush dance - "I told you their name was 'Shades of Troopers Creek'!" Responsible for the dud band on Monday night. Hep! Managed to get back to nobody. Gang of three member and Blues Brother.

Lesley "Ghost" Day, 5'2", No. of I.V.'s - none. Did a great job organizing the welcoming drinks, then neglected to turn up (or went to another I.V. perhaps...)

Matthew "Bomber" Wellington, 5'11 7/8" with hat, No. of bank accounts - unknown, they are all unlisted. Rumoured to have bought a new car and his place in the Organizing Reps Side after managing I.V. finances. Absconded to Mt. Buller with the profits.

Linny "First Aid" Ellis, 5'6", No. of I.V.'s - don't know. Court sweeper of the week award. Foolish enough to take on Fish in that silly "throwing things into the glass" drinking game. Did not bounce back. Secret desire to play with Tassie.

Mark "Fish" Fisher, 5'96", No. of I.V.'s - one, and that's one too many. Where does one start? Applied for job at Oasis as room cleaner and short sheeter. Voted "best beer nozzle" at the boat races. Destroyed three human beings and himself on Thursday and then bounced back, or rather hobbled back later that night. Fortunately his talents weren't really exposed until the clubrooms funeral after I.V.

Charles "Chuck" Carnegie, 6'3", No. of I.V.'s - don't know. Graphic designer award for I.V. 1985. Great door work Chuck, not like the security we almost paid for on Friday night.

Pauline "Skull" Murphy, about 2" shorter than before I.V. No. of I.V.'s - not enough to satisfy her yet. Single handedly punched the lights out of every local woman in the Oasis on Friday night. Also selected for her comatose rap dancing on boat race night.

Geoff "Mr. Video" Bowles, 6'11", No. of I.V.'s - virgin. Social captain of the side. Got on well with a certain hotel manager "I'll just go and talk to my mate Geoff." Made the Guinness Book Of Records by pulling 65 jugs straight on boat race night without having his own drink. Had trouble finding a bed every night but apparently had plenty of sheets (accomplice of Fish, see above). Dominated in the game against the Fornos with an awesome dunk for the opposition. He protests that "it's the only basket I could find where they wouldn't play defence". Gang of three member.

John "Mr. Computer" Campbell, 2'6", No. of I.V.'s - lots. "There are absolutely no errors in the draw... except for these ones..." Got tied up later in the week with having to keep coaching the women. A memorial performance during an I.V. in which there was no memorial.

Malcolm "I go to Hans Raets' barber" Short, 6'10", No. of I.V.'s - I forget. Earned his place for the performance on boat race night, and for liason service above and beyond the call of duty. Unconscious during Fornos game, well at least for the first two minutes, not to mention various other occasions during the week of course. Awarded "best simultaneous flying rugby tackle on three Newcastle women" (Tree

was a close second for this award - Ed.) while they were attempting to steal the banner. Good thing he hit something soft (see Henry's photos). Gang of three member.

I don't believe this next report. Pete "Thunder" McGregor must have dropped out of Uni and taken up a full time writing career, with I.V 1985 being his first book, it goes for four flippin' pages...

Intervarsity 1985 certainly had more than its fair share of highlights. Even the car trip up had its moments. Stan Carroll was in charge of driving, and Mick Clarke was in charge of obscene conversation. Kylie O'Brien dragged us into a pub at Bendigo on the way, so we were well primed for the trip. It was during this trip that Weenie Clarke introduced the now famous concept of "felching". By the time we arrived in Swan Hill, we had laughed so much we just had to have a drink. As fate would have it we were staying at a pub. Leaving Mr. & Mrs. Carroll to unpack, we returned to the bar. By closing time we were well and truly merry, and had declared Intervarsity under way.

The official welcoming drinks were a chance to have a few drinks and meet the players from the other Unis (one should point out that this was a new experience for Pete, as last year's welcome drinks were only an opportunity have a few drinks, have a few more drinks, get really pissed, pass out and throw up - Ed.) Since we were playing Queensland the next day, I decided to help our chances by getting them drunk. Somehow I think the plan backfired. I even had Kylie helping me. It's lucky she doesn't drink at these sort of occasions, or she would have got really drunk (are we talking about the same Kylie? - Ed.)

On the Monday night the Toga Party was a huge success. It was a chance to have a few drinks and meet the players from the other Unis (one should point out that this was a new experience for Pete, as last year's Monday function he had taken the pledge for the rest of his life - or 24 hours, whichever came first - Ed.) Fisher led the way, showing us he was more than just a pretty face. I was disgusted at Fisher's behaviour, and think something should be done about this man. (I'll talk to Jean - Ed.)

After the party had dissolved, Chris Morrey and myself were looking forward to some well earned sleep. However, Weenie had other ideas. We knocked on the door but to no avail. Finally Mick (upset at being interrupted mid-felch) came to the window wearing nothing but a smile, and told us politely to "F___ off". Unperturbed we sought shelter elsewhere, namely Room 10. However Mr. & Mrs. Carroll refused to even answer the door for some reason (must have been asleep), so we finally came to rest on the floor in Gillian and Debbie's room. Strangely Hugh Sandie was there too. We didn't see much of Matt Miller that night, but the next day his room looked as if a cyclone had hit it. Finally we started to doze off at some ungodly hour, only to be interrupted by a visit from Geoff Bowles. He didn't stay long, just popped in to break a bed and a chair. Needless to say we were feeling quite ordinary next morning. Wanting to get into our room for a shower, we found Mick was still busy. However, upon a polite request from Chris ("Mick, open this f___ing door, now!") he let us back into our room.

On the Tuesday night, the annual boat races were held at the Town Hall. I was feeling a bit unwell (must have been the flu), so I piked out to get some sleep. This was short lived however, as Weenie came

bursting through the door to regale me with stories of the evening's proceedings. He added another chapter to the ever increasing Swaaaarz report (Weenie and her must have had a century between them).

Wednesday was Bush Dance night, again at the Town Hall. This was a good chance to have a few drinks and meet the players from other unis (well, the ones Weenie hadn't met yet anyway - Ed.) Unfortunately one of the players from the other unis had one drink too many and was foolish enough to mess with our pyramid. Boy was he embarrassed! Most of the rest of the night I spent on bar duty, thanks mostly to Spike (Quote, "Pete, you're so wonderful, do my bar duty for me.") I did hear however that Swarz was adding to her tally, just quietly, and that Hugh (the Big Dipper) Sandie was putting in some groundwork.

On the Thursday night we all congregated at the Oasis for some videos and (surprise, surprise) a few beers. Dipper Sandie put in some more strenuous groundwork. That man is living proof that persistence doesn't always pay off. Actually, Hugh must have been drinking in bed that night, because the next day Matt found spillage all over the sheets. After the videos Weenie and I returned to the Highway 16, but this was a bit of a dud. Mick made up some totally false story about someone from Newcastle (he has a very fertile imagination) and tried to pin it on me. I categorically deny any association with Mick's little fantasy.

By Friday night all I really wanted was a good night's sleep. We had the final dinner though, and sleep was in scarce supply. Swarz stepped up the pace, rumour has it she wanted to finish with a bang (Quote, "Has anyone seen one of those Queensland blokes?") She was last seen committing a personal foul with a referee.

All in all the night was a big success, even though Mick dipped out at the Highway 16 afterwards (Quote, "I can't believe it, this never happens to ME!") Rumour has it that Mick isn't used to rejection, and it just broke him up. Poor bloke!

Anyway, we all seemed to survive the week, somehow. Despite Chris Morrey driving the big white bus and Fisher trying to cut his leg off, no one was seriously hurt. Thank God we've got a year 'til the next one.

The next report is one we eagerly await each year, to find out how many friends Brian will lose this time. Yes, it's the Brians....

The Golden Gloves Award : Pauline Murphy, for the best sporting achievement off the court.

The Fidelity Award : Lisa Swartz, for devoting her attention to only one man this year, who happened to be an impersonator and appeared to change his disguise many times during the week.

The Best Room-mate Award : David Liddle, who strongly believed in the old saying "Share and share alike", though I'm not sure Henry was completely happy with the situation.

The Platonic Award : Hugh "Mungus" Sandie, the person who does the most groundwork but ends up with the biggest dip-out of the week.

The Diced Carrot Award : Henry Cooper, for the most spectacular vomit of the week, in the car park, behind the tree and in the toilet.

The Nobility Award : Mark Carroll & Kylie O'Brien, for having the most early nights at I.V. for their teams' sake and that of their appetites.

The Fountain Award : Chris Morrey, the son of an old derelict, for urinating on Simon's car from the first floor of the hotel.

The Michael Clarke Award : Michael Clarke, for the best one on one manoeuvres, offensive thrusts, inside moves and prolific scoring at I.V., and I'm not talking about basketball.

The Time Out Award : Ellen Maxwell, for having a self inflicted time out after the grand final, which lasted well into the final dinner.

The Non-Platonic Award : Mal Short, for the best liason officer of the week, performing his duties above and beyond the call of duty. Most fortuitous for you Mal. (Note: Trevor Andrew was a very close second in this award).

As is always the case after an event like I.V., Dribbling Balls turns into Kulture Korner. Bowlesy provides our first effort...

Minnie The Felcher

Hey folks, here's the story 'bout I.V. in Swan Hill,
It was a low down humungus felch,
It was the toughest week around,
But didn't one boy have a hell of a time.

I.V. I.V. I.V. I
Ho de ho de ho de ho

He messed around with a girl from the Gong,
He picked her up though he knew it was wrong.
He took her down, into my room
And the motel walls went boom boom boom.

I.V. I.V. I.V. I.V. I,
Ho de ho de ho de ho,
He de he de he de he,
Ho de ho de ho de ho.

"She was an animal" so said he,
She was a girl who liked to run free.
When it came to training, he was the head,
He tamed her passion right on top of my bed.

I.V. I.V. I.V. I.V. I.V. I.V. I
Ho de ho de ho de ho de ho de ho de ho

He whipped off her toga, good prospects ahead,
He tempted her to enter my bed,
What he found, was a trick you can't beat,
A big double bed with only one sheet!

I.V. I.V. I.V. I.V. I.V. I.V. I,
Ha de ha de ha de ha de ha de ha,
Short sheeted, short sheeted, short sheeted, short sheeted,
Hep hep hep hep hep hep hep hep,
Justice, justice, ... justice.

And if you thought that was bad, this next contribution should really fix you right up, a poem, by Mark C...

The Felchers From Swan Hill

There was movement at the Oasis, for the word had passed around,
That the boys from Melbourne were to try their luck,
They had joined the wild I.V.ers, they could felch a thousand times,
So all the girls had gathered for a ... drink.

Weenie lined up his targets, first the girls from W.A.
Then following on to U.N.E., to one I heard him say,
"Do you spit or do you swallow?", the topic I'm not sure,
But Julio and Thunder had to sleep on other shores.

On the topic of spits I must say, there were a classic few,
Like Henry after bottle caps, he took time out to have a spew,
Thunder also was a victim, as he woke to a pillow of chuck,
And Cyclone in the bathroom, I heard it made Matt duck.

Julio arrived in Swan Hill, with basketball on his mind,
Well with Marilla away skiing, what else could he do with his time.
He drank and drank and drank, to ease the misery,
And found a few new places to go and have a pee.

Mungus was a slow starter, and took time to find his feet,
But when he finally did, he headed straight for the sheets.
Some chick from Adelaide with glasses, I heard made him smile,
And Matt had to find another room, and storm it for a while.

Thunder's reputation went before him, for drinking at I.V.,
But this year was different, as he chased Shazza and Naomi,
He missed out on the Trobers, then looked in other seas,
And I heard from good sources, Poggy, Poggy, Poggy.

On the topic of the Pogs, Turbo-man was first class,
As every night he entertained one, and got to know her ... personality.
His partner still snuck in the room, unimpressed with what he's seeing,
For he was just returning from the felching at Highway 16.

So Clarkie broke a heap of hearts, with Swartz doing the same,
While Mr. & Mrs. Carroll were home early to rest up for next day's game,
Mal and Bowlesy spent their time practising atomic drops,
While Fish was last seen Oasis-side, looking for his jocks.

So now it's back to normal life, and lots of sleeping in,
No more David Liddle or maids at your door with a grin,
We can go and reminisce about things that we did do and see,
And wait in expectation for next year's I.V.

Stan "Felcher" Patterson

If you don't like culture, how about a nice quiz, a la that famous telly show, Slag of the Century, your quiz master... Anne Cantwell...

Who am I? I wore dark sunglasses, a black hat and a black tie. I also wore a stunning pair of red jockettes to the toga party. However, nearing the end of a delightful evening dancing to the Hep Cats, these red jocks found their way to my head, and my toga found its way up to my waist. ANSWER : Groucho Marx (alias Fisher).

I like the short reports, you usually end up being sued by a much smaller number of people. Fortunately Woody's nice we don't have to worry about all that...

For me, some of the best things about I.V. were :

- (1) No major stuffups with the organization - except Deakin Women
- (2) 300 people all singing Singing in the Rain at the same time at the final dinner
- (3) Pyramid racing in a time out at the stadium, at the bush dance and at the race track. I think they'll be an official I.V. event from now on
- (4) Being body guard for Pauline "King Hit" Murphy on Saturday (at the supermarket) amongst the locals
- (5) The women winning was sensational and this just made it the best I.V. of all time.

This next one is from Janet, the lady who took more photos than a bus load of Japanese tourists during the week...

The highlight of I.V. '85 must have been John Campbell's coaching tactics (now this is what I call an article - Ed.) With the game closely contested, J.C. called a strategic time out and ordered the move which won the game - a perfectly executed cross-court pyramid. Even though the Fornos bravely retaliated by singing in the rain, the damage which the inspirational pyramid had done couldn't be repaired. The Fornos suffered a crushing defeat. Animal of the game must have been Anton Danilo, for a deliberate charge on the heroic Pauline.

Last cab off the rank (well it's definitely rank and off) comes from the manager of the winning women's team, Smithy...

With a week brimming with stories of various feats of drinking, regurgitation and sexual deviancy, this year's Intervarsity (and several people's antics) will be talked about for quite some time.

Contrary to what it sounds from some other reports, it wasn't all just drinking, chucking up and searching around for some better motel room company - there was some basketball played - but who cares about that? Apart from the obvious highlight of the week's basketball being the Forno's game against the combined Melbourne Uni hangers on side, not much else is worth mentioning in this respect (but I'm sure someone will). The other noteworthy aspect of I.V. is, of course the social program...

Saturday was reasonably quiet spent getting settled into I.V. village headquarters and setting up the M.U.B.C. mobile clubrooms. The Oasis supplied a bit of "entertainment" in the form of THE only local band (and at one stage prospective I.V. performers) The Flying Mice and well known big Melbourne band "The Dear Enemas" or whoever. We came out appreciating the bands (appreciating that they wouldn't be on the I.V. lineup).

On Sunday it was time to set up for welcoming drinks. The banner was unveiled to the awe of some locals drinking in the golf club who at this stage hadn't really come to grips with the size of the phenomenon about to hit Swan Hill. The welcoming champagnes went down particularly well, and many people were heard saying "Shit, champagne! Typical Melbourne Uni." The beer began flowing and continued until it stopped, and then it was back to the Oasis for some serious disco-ing. When people decided it was time to hit the fart sack, many found some rooms contained only 2 people while others had up to five, which doesn't make a lot of sense in terms of accommodation efficiency.

After a few friendly early morning welcoming words like "Open the fucking door Matt/Clarkie/etc." there was the odd basketball game to fill in the time between functions. The Hepcats began setting up for the toga party, to the delight of the Tassie people. I don't think the Hepcats knew quite what to expect from I.V. although I had tried to warn them, but as they began their sound check, the kick drum had a bit of accompaniment from the Tassie drinking game, and when the first tape was put on (the Eagles of all things) they let loose. The Hepcats, used to playing to an unresponsive group of about 30 people, were appropriately amazed by the dancing on the tables, the amount of grog which got demolished and so on.

The boat race night was huge. The boat races themselves were well run by Mal, the judges and co. Newcastle and Monash were the eventual winners. The Pogs decided to celebrate by making the first and only attempt of the week to grab the I.V. banner, but this was thwarted by a great rugby tackle (or was it a pass) by Mal. The Pogs later showed what they were made of (in the form of their tits) to Henry (and whoever else was lucky enough to be in the vicinity). Pauline also showed us what she was made of, she must have needed to catch up on some sleep or something.

On Wednesday we had the Bush Dance, and the quantity of alcohol consumed so far in the week must have taken its toll, because we didn't even get through the prescribed dosage for the night, although a few stayers gave it our best shot. What was left in the last barrel was transported back to the temporary (for that night at least) clubrooms viz. Linny's room. We were set to really kick on, and in the morning all that was left of that barrel was four jugs and a few full pots - the same amount that had been transported back from the Town Hall, a bit of a non-event really.

To hold a free night on a night on which you have something planned was something a little different for I.V. so we did it. Videos at the Oasis turned out to be as big a hit as the old "throw the bottle top in the pot game" on Thursday afternoon. There had been a target of some totally incomprehensible number of cans which was supposed to be reached by the end of the day, and I think it was (with more than a little help from Fishshsh, Linny, Chris, etc.) This stupid game took its toll by sending these deparados into comas, after doing their best

to make room in their guts for some more cans to help with the tally. Fishshsh tried to hide his in Pauline's bed, but that didn't work because he left a trail of blood leading straight to it. A good time was had by all on this night as with the others, with the odd exception, like those from Newcastle who had a minor disagreement with the bar (head) manager of the Oasis that night and were consequently barred from the pub for the final dinner (if they got caught - which they didn't of course).

Friday saw the usual I.V. final dinner traditions and a little redecorating was carried out : Pauline fixed up a bird's face, Janet fixed up Trev's face, someone from Deakin installed some air conditioning via the front door and someone else tried to see what pizza coloured carpet looked like. The Pogs and Trobers entertained us with a few songs (someone had to) (not that Hugh Sandie would know). All up, it wound up a very successful I.V. Or did it?...

Saturday saw the BBQ and river cruise, a huge day for all who stayed around, and everyone had a ball and agreed it was the perfect way to wind down and say good bye. It also wasn't a bad way to get blind in the pleasant surroundings of the Murray. After the odd game of bunnies, the odd pyramid, the odd leg wrestle and 72 dozen cans, we said our good byes, went back to the Oasis and comatosed.

Well, sports fans, that's all there is, there isn't any more. Not until next year anyway, by then my R.S.I. might be cured. Thanks to all those correspondents who contributed to this Dribbling Balls, we couldn't have done it without you. Then again, perhaps that would have been a good thing. Let's do it again in Brisbane.

PS.

Thanks to all the Club members who made this IV so memorable : players, felchers, liaison (in all senses of that word) officers, the general Committee and the IV Committee. Special thanks to Woody, Mattman, JC, Murph and the Gang of Three who all contributed above and beyond the call of duty. Some of them still are.

Chris Macpherson