

We are still a little short of match reports and the like to print in Dribbling Balls. Correspondents and/or match reports are still required for the following teams Monday night men A and C Grades, Wednesday night men Div 3, women Div 2,4,5, Thursday night men A Grade, women C grade, Sunday night men B Grade, women A, B and D Grades. Aside from those teams, we seem to have most covered, at least on a sporadic basis. So come on, write something. Anything. Remember, Dribbling Balls ... the match reports for the morning, the bullshit for the evening...

V.B.H.B.A. C GRADE MEN (Thu. 13/3)

Uni 36 drew with ?????? 36

After an inauspicious start (we only had three) stand in coach Muller arrived to help save the day(?) Despite a two point deficit for late start the lads were confident. Then I arrived to an unforgettable welcome (something like "Where were youbrain?") The rest of the half was even and we still felt confident. The second half started with our offence working i.e. we ran down the court, took the first shot as usual, but for a change they went in. In the final seconds we were two points down and we weren't so confident. But then the steal of the season occurred. Thump, out of his hands went the ball and then with resounding skill the layup was completed (how did you guess I did it?) The opposition weren't too happy though, and comments like "Why didn't you go for a three pointer you gutless bastard?" were common. We were happy with a draw though, after a recent bad streak, i.e. we kept losing. I suppose I should mention the fact that they only had four players, but on second thoughts I don't think I will.

Nick, Dave 10, Steve, Ben 6, Mick 4.

BALLARAT : The annual Labour Day Long Weekend tournament was run and won at Australia's premier centre of sun, surf and sin, Ballarat. Nothing unusual about that you might think, only this year the men's firsts were the team that won. While the other three club teams met with mixed success during the games, they were unable to reach the finals, but Rick, Les, Bowlesy, Hugh, Simon, Paul, Trevor, Haggis and J.C. played an unusually consistent and powerful team game to sweep aside the opposition. The closest game they had in the rounds was 15 points against Bundoora Bullets and the other wins were 40 points against Spectres and 26 against the highly fancied B.C.A.E. led by Div 1 player Glenn Bines. In this game the team was in especially devastating form, leading by 20 points after only 10 minutes as Bowlesy, Rick and Les absolutely burned. A 30 point semi final win against an undermanned Jetz side featured some fine shooting from Mungus and SBC and led on to a 20 point grand final win against Ballarat Celtics, 62-42. They were expected to give us a tough game, especially when Les couldn't play after dislocating ~~his~~ finger in the semi, but we played very well to win convincingly. Rick capped off an excellent last weekend for the club by collecting the grand final M.V.P. award (after having to break out of his flat by jumping from the first floor window when he discovered he was locked in on Saturday morning). Bowlesy was an outstanding player all weekend, with his strength around the basket a telling factor in most games, and Burkie was a key to all the wins with his aggressive defensive harassment. Individual performances can almost be discounted though, as it was a real team effort, with everybody contributing.

As for the other goings on at Ballarat, outdoor activities were slightly curtailed by the freezing cold, wet weather, but indoor activities were once again well to the forefront. As always, the Provincial Hotel was the scene for Saturday night's fun. There were the usual events, although some notable performances arose. Firstly the club enforcers (Jean and Bernie) convinced the

manager that the people at the disco in the dungeon not only didn't want their supper in the bar where we were drinking, but in fact, they didn't want it at all. This gave us lots more time in the bar. In fact, we stayed in the bar until about 1:30 a.m. when the bunnies game started to get a bit noisy (not out of hand, just noisy). At this stage the manager decided to sell us numerous slabs and vanquish us to the upstairs lounge. At this stage he had already vanquished Lissa "Another pot of red thanks" Evans to the outside of the pub for trying to gate crash the disco past the bouncer with the eyepatch. I just have the feeling that "Don't give me a hard time Sinbad," was the not the right password. The boys were also impressed by Mungus and his sense of humour, although it must be mentioned that Jean was somewhat less impressed. Talk about cheap laughs... how many many men does it take to clean a toilet? At this stage Tracy's cousin ("I only usually have one or two drinks") was busy drinking anything she could get her hands on, and was well on her way to an appointment with the floor. Mungus had done more ground work than a paddock full of wombats, but was destined to miss out (carrying on his good form from I.V.?) After more bunnies we departed the upstairs lounge about 3:30 a.m. and comandeered taxis to return to Shady Acres. Just another Saturday night at the 'Rat. It should be mentioned that John McKelvie behaved himself in exemplary fashion in the taxi this year.

Sunday was a nice quiet day with the odd game here or there, although there was a bit of a mad panic to get back to the Provincial first thing in the morning and retrieve the convoy of cars left there with all our gear the night before. Highlight of the day was a chicken and champagne farewell dinner for Rick at Bernie and Paul's parents' place (she'd sent them away for the weekend). While many people took the opportunity to have a little snooze, it fired up a bit after we came back from the men's semi final. Having a grand final the next day though, we took it pretty easy with the party breaking up about 3 a.m. Our thanks go to Bernie and Paul for their warm, dry house, it was most appreciated. Monday we caught the end of the Skywankers' C Grade grand final victory (featuring those MUBC splinters Tree Andrew, Rob Sweetten, Rod Trevena, Dragon Antolos and Mark Carroll), then followed it up with our own B Grade grand final victory, then dashed back to Melbourne just in time for training then a quiet pizza at Toto's. There were about 20 people at the Ballarat reunion, which was a fitting end to a successful weekend. Even the new club tent didn't leak (but why didn't Mudd sleep in it?).

SINGLET ARE TOPS : Well, they are if you're a girl, lady, woman, female etc, whatever the case, I thought that was a catchy title for this little section. What is it about, well I'm not sure at this stage, we'll just have to read on and find out. You may recall that some little time ago there was quite a deal of debate about getting new design singlets and tops for the club (how could anyone forget? I mean some of those spineless committee members still faint at the merest mention of the word and mutter phrases like "Quick, put a lookout on the door. Has Dallas started yet?") Well, all that is just about history, only now it seems that some of the new singlets are falling into a state of disrepair, to wit, numbers or letters are falling off or fading severely. Since these are supposed to be high quality singlets/tops and we haven't had them for too long, we are organizing a effort to get the manufacturer to fix up the dud ones. So if there is something wrong with your singlet/top (apart from its contents) please see David Liddle or Jackie Lee as soon as possible with said item. It should perhaps be mentioned that the tops should be hand washed (which does not mean you throw it into the machine by hand) and treated a little bit gently. So please tell your wife or your mum (how many men does it take to wash a basketball singlet?) and the top will last a fair bit longer (even if I don't).

THREE'S COMPANY - FLOOR'S A MESS : Well it is if you don't look after it. Those of you out there with above average powers of observation will have noticed that there is now a new floor on the Beaurepaire gym. You bewdy. Since we are partially responsible for it's continued pristine condition, and benefit directly from its maintenance in such a condition, it's probably worthwhile mentioning a few "helpful hints" (hate the word "rules") to help you. First, do not wear your playing shoes to the gym, put your clean soled runners on when you get there. This also means don't wear them outside at all if you can help it and if you do, clean the grit from the soles before taking them into the gym (this is good for your shoes as well as the gym). If you go for a run before, during or after trainings, don't wear the same shoes you train in. Don't wear street shoes in the gym. Don't hit the floor when you fall over. Your cooperation in these matters will be an enormous surprise.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING : This world famous event is being held on Saturday, April 12 at 12 noon in the Large Entertainment Room of the Sports Union building (i.e. the one with the big green and white bubble on top). Why should you go? Well the committee met last night and tried to find a reason, but after several hours of debate decided that there probably wasn't one. This in itself should be enough recommendation for you to attend, after all, it will be the last chance you have to see this amazing body of administrators together in captivity. Should be good for a laugh. Other compelling reasons include the fact that if no one shows up we won't have a quorum and we'll have to hold the meeting again the following week and make another stupid announcement in Dribbling Balls. This year's committee will be elected, subs will be set for the year, reports will be presented and you get a chance to whinge to your heart's content (or until the pub crawl starts, whichever comes first) about any aspect of the club in general. What an offer.

PUB CRAWL : As foreshadowed in the previous paid political announcement, following the A.G.M. there will be a pub crawl. Now Dribbling Balls does not condone such events, especially the morning after such events. But all in all they do tend to be a bit of fun during the event. Participants can wander down to the Clyde after the A.G.M. or just meet there about 2 p.m. if you're going to wag the meeting.

PORTLAND : Is wonderful little place just a short trip down the south-west coast of Victoria. Main event in the social calendar of Portland is the Annual South-West Classic basketball tournament, to be held on June 7,8 and 9 this year. This event is frequented each year by a large number of teams, most of which represent Melbourne Uni. We hope this year will be no exception, and we hope to improve on last year's record (although we'll be hard pressed getting 3 teams into the B Grade grand final). If you wish to attend this tournament on the Queen's Birthday weekend (which is a good time to do it because that's when it's on) then please tell Henry or Woody or one of the general reps (you see them get elected at the A.G.M.) soon, so we'll have an idea of how many teams to enter.

It's always dangerous when you give some people a couple of beers and a juke box. They suddenly think that blokes who have made millions of dollars writing lyrics have somehow missed the whole point of the exercise, and set out to put things right. Unfortunately, the following is another example of such frivolous neuron wastage...

NOT THE PIANO MAN

It's nine o'clock on a Friday night,
The Basketball Club shuffles in,
And they take up positions around the bar,
And order a quiet beer or ten.
They say "Bartender how is your memory?"
"Cause I don't know my order for sure,"
"Better give me five pots and the odd lemon squash,"
"I'll be back in a moment for more."

Oh la da da diddy da,
La da diddy da da da...
Buy me a beer - it's your shout again,
And a packet of chips while you're there,
Well we're all in the mood for a rage tonight,
And people are starting to stare.

Now Coops at the bar is a friend of mine,
He's been here since seventy-three,
And he's quick with a sneer, or a full pot of beer,
And there's no place that he'd rather be.
He says, "Son, I believe this is killing me,"
"But it's a wonderful way to go,"
"I'm sure I could fondle that girl over there,"
"But my reflexes now are too slow."

Oh la da da diddy da,
La da diddy da da da...
Now Woody's a real int'resting character,
Who's dressed in green as a rule,
And she's married to Haggis, whose favourite line is,
"Thanks, but I'll shout last in this school."
And Fisher is practising Groucho Marx,
As Bowlesy tells more of his jokes,
Jean loves his recital of highlight tapes,
And he orders three Jim Beam and cokes.

Oh la da da diddy da,
La da diddy da da da...
Buy me a beer - it's your shout again,
And buy Rick a glass of moselle,
An island cooler for Judy too,
I suddenly don't feel so well.

It's a pretty pissed crowd on a Friday night,
And the manager falls off his seat,
He slurs out "Last drinks," and everyone thinks
It's off to Porchetta to eat.
And J.C. sounds like a megaphone,
And Pauline's got nice orange hair,
Fish falls on the floor and crawls off t'wards the door
Saying "Guys, what you doing up there?"

Oh la da da diddy da,
La da diddy da da da...
Get me a beer from the bottle shop,
We're off to the clubrooms tonight,
We'll all be boozing, Mal will be snoozing,
Just a typical Friday night.