

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL CLUB  
DRIBBLING BALLS

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Once a year we are fortunate indeed to be able to report on Intervarsity. Not this year though, it's had its name changed to the Australian Universities Basketball Championships. Other than that most things seemed to be the same, or were they? For more information, sit back, read and enjoy (or (e) none of the above) the report ...

THE AUSTRALIAN UNIVERSITIES CHAMPIONSHIPS, BRISBANE 1986

or

IF THIS IS THE BEST, I'VE MISSED THE POINT SOMEWHERE

Now the meaning behind the subtitle of this report may be immediately apparent to those not in attendance, but with a little bit of luck it will be by the end of the report.

FRIDAY

It is a well known sports fact that when you are taking a team to strange places for a competition it is very important to get them there early to acclimatize. As such, I'm sure this was the reason for most people journeying north to Brisbane on the Friday before the competition began. Whatever the reason, most bundled onto the 7 a.m. flight at Tullamarine in various states of disarray. Fishshsh probably took the prize as the worst looking specimen, having only had one hour sleep that night. The flight for the most part was uneventful, despite the discovery that the bar would not be open during the flight. Headphone entertainment was the order of the day, and was highlighted by the discovery of new wave American comic Steven Wright, but more of him later.

Some two hours later saw arrival at Brisbane and some minor logistic problems. Like how to get this huge load of people and luggage from the airport to the Uni in our tiny bus. Easy - make two trips, but who goes and who stays? Well, it seems that it was here that we made our first blunder of the week. Most of the girls went, and most of the boys stayed. No real problem, except the bar at the airport was now open. By the time the bus returned from the first drop off, the airport squad were well lubricated and ready to attack Brisbane.

After departure from the airport things just got worse. It was necessary to do a U turn which coincidentally involved a bottle shop and three slabs. It was apparent even at this early stage that most trolleys had been left in the long term trolley park back at Tulla. None exemplified this more than Mungus. After a couple of pots he was absolutely minus trolley. He was an ugly sight hanging out the bus window accosting the locals... "On yer back or on yer bike, girlie!" did little to endear him to the locals, nor did his philosophising about the problems besetting Queenslanders as a race. He was much more friendly wandering the college at which we were to reside for the week... "Mick Dundee, from Australia. Be in town a few days. Probably see you around." It was at this stage we locked him up for a few hours. Protective custody.

Mungus' next appearance was later that day when the Gold Coast subsection of the club were about to depart to spend the evening at

Jupiter's Casino, or as Mungus had convinced us, he was off to "Kick some serious casino ass." I'm not sure anyone really believed him, but the expression "kick ass" was rapidly gaining popularity, and it seemed likely we would all have sore feet by the end of the week.

Dinner that night was to be at some Spanish/Mexican type of cheap Jappo/Scandanavian restaurant substitute, as detailed in the mind of Lissa Evans. Unfortunately Lissa's mind possessed neither an address nor a road map, so after hours of searching the idea was abandoned. Eventually it was decided to party on back at Emmanuel College. We crammed about 20 people into Smithy's room and had a quiet tinny or 30. It got a little less quiet as the evening progressed, and by 3 a.m. it was positively raucous, although it must admitted that most of the noise was associated with Bowlesy and J.C. trying to wade through the mountain of cans that had accumulated near the door. Lucky for us this was a dry college. At this stage it looked like being a long week.

### SATURDAY

Saturday dawned bright and sunny, unlike a few of the inhabitants of Emmanuel College. Not surprising really, when all you want to do is die in peace, but the maids burst into your room three times before 8:30 a.m. to see if you're still in bed. Eventually they win and you get up, ready to face a great day on the beach at Noosa. When the bus returns from a Frisbee buying expedition it's already about 11 a.m. so we set off for parts unknown, Smithy at the wheel. Things are a bit quiet on the bus, with silence punctuated only by the occasional groan and claims of "I need a cup of coffee. If I don't get coffee soon I'm going to die." from J.C. After 20 minutes driving we are still in suburban Brisbane when Tree suggest that we should stop the bus. Why? He's going to be ill. When? Now. O.K. Smithy slams on the brakes and we stop in the middle of the road. Tree gets out and goes round the back of a convenient bus shelter. Seeing the need to park the bus in a less conspicuous place than the middle of the main road out of Brisbane, Smithy parks the bus where we can all get a good look at Tree. He apparently is O.K. and we all march off to the milk bar - for snacks, and coffee. Tree has a meat pie and a litre of lemonade. That should settle his stomach. The bus trip continues uneventfully, finishing at Maroochydore about 1 p.m. Most make use of the sun and sand for a frolic on the beach, with the exception of J.C. who sees death as a better alternative and collapses on the grass of the foreshore.

A couple of hours sun, frisbee and cake shop visits and it's back on the bus and back to Brisbane. A cheery trip which terminates at the Brisbane airport in the bar, to pick up David "Radar" Liddle. At this time Bowlesy decided we should eat the carrot cake which he had purchased that afternoon. Another logistic error. We need a knife. Geoff gets one from the cafeteria section and returns to the bar and starts carving. Well, next thing you know, Commonwealth Police surround the bar, Swat teams are scaling the terminal building and a hundred rifles are pointed at our heads. They wanted the knife back. They did not seem to appreciate Geoff's somewhat unique form of logic, nor did they appreciate comments like "What are you going to do, take our birthdays away from us?" When they answered "Yes" we decided to return the knife, but not before the cake was carved and eaten. Thus we created headlines as the Australian Cutlery Terrorists. Our friend the police man was last seen playing around with a 10 cent coin and the luggage lockers.

It was pizzas, beers and a quietish night (except when Andrea was ensuring that the blokes didn't get more than their share of pizza) in

the T.V. room back at college that night. The return of the casino mob brought tales of woe from most participants, with the exception of Michelle who managed to win \$35 by backing her favourite number 23 straight out on the roulette wheel and it came up second spin. Apparently neither Mungus nor anyone else kicked much casino ass, but Thunder returned with a great case of audio visual sunburn after spending the day recovering from too many zombies.

#### SUNDAY

What happened on Sunday? It rained. How dare it? However, as we were soon to discover, like everything else that went wrong during the week, it was all our fault. "You, you, you southerners, you. You come up here with five dollars and the clothes on your back, and you don't change either. You, you bring your southern rain to my happy sunshine state..." and so it went on. All things considered though, it mattered little that it rained, because all we did was train. Twice. Talk about keen. Anyway, it was just like being at home. We had half a court for the first session and had to fight off the badminton club for that. Some of the more adventurous members of the party (i.e. the boys) lunched a place called Solutions right near the Uni. It was here we discovered the culinary delight known as a satush. A yummy cross between an pizza and a spicy vegetable pie that was so big and filling, not even Bowlesy was game to tackle one on his own (and I doubt whether Ruck could manage more than one and a half). So what was this satush, we inquired. Italian, Turkish, Lebanese? Well not exactly, they explained. Satush stood for Solution's Answer To University Students' Hunger. Amazing. It was interesting training after one of those.

Basically, the day's activities were just to fill in time before the welcome drinks that evening. These were being held at the hockey club, right opposite our college, how convenient. Things were just getting underway, i.e. had been going for an hour and a half, when the unthinkable occurred. They ran out of beer. A potential riot was narrowly averted when they announced that more would be available in 15 minutes. So what happens 15 minutes later. A guy rolls up with a dozen regular cans and a dozen light cans tucked under his arms. For 400 of us. Now I know the Queensland people think they are pretty good, but I don't think they're capable of a "lovaes and fishes" effort with beer. Consequently, most people left in disgust to entertain themselves. Still, these things can happen, so we'll give them another chance tomorrow. We did however, discover that it was all our fault that they ran out of beer. We didn't tell them the right amount to order apparently. Or perhaps it was the fact that we forgot to tell them that if you have more people one year, you will possibly need more beer. Silly us. Anyway, I talked to Geoff, and he said "You can never have too much beer." Can't help thinking he's right.

#### MONDAY

After three long days of acclimatization, we were ready to start games. After a hearty breakfast of eggs, bacon and baked beans the bus convoy to the Lang Park court began. We had been told by the Queenslanders the court was fine, but I was a bit suspicious when I noticed that neither their men nor their women were scheduled to play any games on it (but more of that later). Our fears were well founded, it was an average court, but it did have a concrete floor. Pretty shabby if you ask me. Never mind, on with the games...

Women 33 d. Sydney 31

Ah well, it's now October 30, I don't think Teddy is ever going to give me his match reports for I.V. so I'll fill as many details as possible. This game on the concrete of Lang Park was a real thriller. The lead changed quite regularly and at half time it was all level, with Kylie and Andrea having 10 of our 16 points. In the second half we faded a little and things looked pretty grim when we trailed by five with not long to go, but then a bomb from Tracy and two strong baskets inside from from Kylie gave us the edge and we fell in by 2 points. An exciting start to the tournament.

Kylie 13, Andrea 8, Tracy, Sam, Michelle 4, Lissa 2.

Following that game, due to some stuff up in the draw the men's team played straight away at the same court, against last year's champions LaTrobe

Men 55 d. La Trobe 36

We were fairly keen to do well here in our first game together after all that training. In fact we started really well. Our man to man defence led by Mark "Xmas" Carroll blanketing Dave Davies and John Swaaartz murdering Mark Collins was very effective, and LaTrobe's man to man was unable to cope with the size and mobility of Matt "Killer" Miller and Andrew Parkinson. A couple of steals to J.C. and Swaaartz along with fast breaks from Chris "Julio" Morrey and Mark "Sheezy" Sheehan saw us lead 27-13 at half time. We again started well in the second half, aware that the Trobers are most dangerous when they're down, but we weren't going to be beaten here. We ran our lead out to 20 points as Parky was unstoppable in offence netting 10 points for the half, and our defence continued to be tight. We ran out comfortable winners in a game where all twelve players hit the court and contributed. A confidence builder for the week to come.

Parky 15, Swaaartz 12, J.C. 7, Sheezy, Killer 6, Julio 3, Tree, Thunder, Mungus 2.

After a short break during which we transported ourselves to the main stadium at Auchenflower, the men played their second game...

Men 61 d. Macquarie 32

We were not expecting a particularly hard game here, and as it turned out we cleaned them up quite convincingly after the first couple of minutes. Xmas was dominant on the offensive boards and J.C. had the running game going well with long court passes to the forwards. Our cause was helped somewhat when the Macquarie centre was sent off and reported for elbowing Xmas in the head after being fouled, and we led 29-16 at half time. The pattern was similar in the second half, with Chris and Sheezy leading the fast break assault and Trevor "Dirty" Smith getting in on the assists as we cruised away to a 30 point win.

Xmas 11, Julio 9, Parky 7, Matt, Sheezy, J.C. 6, Swaaartz, Thunder, Mungus 4, Tree 2.

Directly after this game the girls played their second for the day, again accidentally at the same court as the men had just cleared..

Women 36 d. A.N.U. 28

This was another tight game, with the tall girls of ANU giving our slightly undersized squad a bit of trouble. However Andrea was giving us tremendous drive in offence with 9 first half points and we led narrowly at the change. In the second half we held our advantage with Michelle hustling really aggressively, Tania boarding well, Sam working hard at both ends of the court and Sally and Janet doing solid work

when they came into the game. In the end it was comfortable win.  
Andrea 11, Michelle, Sam 6, Kylie 5, Tracy 4, Sally 2, Janet 1.

After an hour off, it was now 4 o'clock, and the women had their third game for the day. Now I'm a great believer in coincidence, and there were some great coincidences (Queensland style) in this event. Remember how the Melbourne women won I.V. last year, well the Queenslanders must have thought they were going to be strong again, why else would we have played Queensland as our third game for the day (their second) after only a one hour break from the previous game (they had a four hour break). Why else would our men be scheduled to play at exactly the same time so as to not be able to provide any support. Oh yeah, I forgot - coincidence....

Women 16 lost to Queensland 55

We didn't have much chance in this game, they were relatively fresh and we were relatively rooted. Consequently we couldn't score too well against their defence in either half and were run into the ground in the second half.

Kylie 5, Tracy 4, Sam 3, Michelle, Jackie 2.

As was mentioned in the previous sour grapes paragraph, while the women were playing Queensland, the men also had their third game for the day...

Men 113 d. Griffith 34

While the women were trying their hearts out against Queensland the men had lay up practice on the adjacent court. The starting five established a 20 point lead in the first six minutes and from there it was a procession. Thunder was awesome with some fine touch shooting from the corner and anything that missed the ring was gobbled up and buried by he and Killer. We led 57-13 at half time. The second half was highlighted by Fishsh with some dynamic open court play, ably assisted by Dirty, Sheezy and several of the other dwarves. The margin of 80 points at the end was a fair indication of the relative abilities and depth of the two teams.

Thunder, Xmas 16, Parky 14, Killer 11, Swaaartz, J.C. 10, Mungus, Sheezy 9, Fishsh 8, Dirty, Julio 4, Tree 2.

I must say it's great to be in Brisbane and appreciate all the sun. One really gets a lot of sun when your Uni has six games a day inside a basketball stadium. Not to worry, five wins out of six was fair compensation I suppose.

The evening attraction on Monday was the Tropical boat races night. Very appropriate name as it turned out. Before this event though, the gang donned their tropical gear and trotted off to dinner. Some mention must be made at this stage of the most imaginative tropical outfit for the evening, as worn by who else but Fishsh. I mean who else would go to the trouble of buying a pineapple, cutting it in half, hollowing out the top half then affixing said pineapple to his head via a leather tie. Very dashing it was, but not really suited to the Italian bistro we frequented for dinner. Never mind, they didn't seem to notice - must be something about living in Queensland.

The social gathering was held at the Lang Park indoor cricket centre, a reasonably inappropriately designed place. It was decided to have the boat races before any dancing etc. and they were a shambles, as we were rapidly coming to expect up here. Run an I.V.? These guys couldn't run a bath! The P.A. system broke down, so the crowd

dispersed. Then it was fixed, so the crowd re-assembled. The judges' knowledge of boat racing was minimal at best, so we were back to the bad old days of numerous re-runs of each race, regardless of who won and whether there was spillage or not. Between each re-run each competitor had to eat a banana, which was a cute idea, except that bananas have the unfortunate side effect of producing banana skins, which soon found themselves in orbit around the room. Eventually our women's team of Janet, Tania, Lissa and Dom were defeated in the first round after the mandatory re-run or two, whilst our men's team of Tree, Mal, Thunder and J.C. went the same way after a similar number of re-runs. It seems we made the silly mistake of not spilling at the appropriate time.

Eventually the dancing began, long after most people had lost patience with the boat races, which as it turns out, didn't even reach completion that night. There was disco music which was O.K. and most people took the opportunity to let their hair down, although with both teams having 8 a.m. games the next morning (another fabulous innovation from the Queenslanders, who didn't actually have an 8 a.m. game all week - there go those coincidences again) coaches had instructed their charges to be a little careful. I suppose we must have been, because I can't remember any interesting or embarrassing gossip from this night.

## TUESDAY

What makes an I.V. great? I'm not sure, but I reckon it probably has something to do with not having your manager bang on your door at 6:30 a.m. the morning after the boat races. Nevertheless, we were all at breakfast at 7 a.m. for some more baked beans in preparation for the 8 a.m. games...

### Women 62 d. Griffith 37

No problem with these early start games for the women. With Kylie and Sam in dominant form in offence combining for 20 first half points the game was virtually over at half time. In the second half Michelle, Tracy and Andrea took up where those two left off and were ably assisted by Lissa and Tania on the boards and Sue-Ellen who did her job in offence as well. An easy win.

Kylie 16, Michelle, Sam 10, Tracy 8, Andrea 6, Sue-Ellen, Sally, Lissa 2.

While all this was going on, in a little faraway gym somewhere on the Uni campus the men take on our arch rivals...

### Men 81 d. Deakin 53

Avid readers will no doubt recall the previous results between these two teams at I.V. Deakin by 2, Deakin by 1 and Melbourne by 3. They will also realise there is no love lost between the two teams. Our rookies this year had been well and truly informed of this fact and so it was we took the court with one thing in mind - kicking some serious Deakin ass. This we did. Things were tight early on in the game as Deakin played some physical man to man defence, but gradually we began to get on top. Parky and J.C. found the range in offence with 13 and 9 points respectively for the half, then Mungus came in off the bench and banged in 7 points from long range as we snuck away to a 38-27 half time lead. The second half proved what an advantage depth can be as we ran the Deakheads into the ground. Killer did well on the boards, allowing the Johns to run the ball out of defence to be finished off by Sheezy and Xmas. Parky was again unbelievable in offence, with 14 for the half, making an awesome total of 27 for the game, including a brick

which turned into a four point play which was later to earn him the coveted "Golden Brick Award". Twenty-eight points was a very satisfying margin at the end, over a team not too different than previous years.

Parky 27, Killer 11, J.C. 9, Xmas 8, Mungus 7, Sheezy 5, Thunder, Swaaartz, Julio 4, Dirty 2.

So what do you have after a game at 8 a.m.? Obvious really, another game at 10 a.m. It was proving a busy week for the women...

Women 27 lost to N.S.W. 36

This game would end up having quite a big influence on the finishing position of the team, and it was tight most of the way. We looked like we might break away at any time, but couldn't get enough drive out of the offence. Andrea was trying hard but having trouble from the foul line, indeed the whole team made only 3 from 10 in the first half, to trail narrowly at the break. The second half was an instant replay as we failed to bridge the gap, offence again proving a problem despite a big three pointer from Tracy. In the end we lost by 9 which was all highly unfortunate really.

Andrea 9, Tracy, Kylie 6, Sam 4.

For their second game of the day the men expected another easy run against the Pogs...

Men 57 d. Newcastle 25

It would be a brave person who would predict that any of our games would be uneventful, even when we were winning easily. With John Swaaartz burning in offence and Sheezy and Julio running well on the end of long court passes from J.C. as Killer rules the defensive boards, everything is going to plan as we run up a 20 point lead halfway through the the first half. All under control, right? Wrong. A minor incident in defence leads Parky to politely question a call. This led the referee to politely give him a tech foul, and suggest that he disperse or risk another one. Parky sensibly decides to disperse and placing his hands over his mouth subs himself out. This caused the ref to hit him with another tech foul for being smart. Taking his place on the bench (with five fouls now) the ref inquired if there was any problem. To which our fearless manager (coincidentally also named Five Fouls) replied "The problem's in your head." to which the ref replied with a bench tech foul. This gave the pogs about 30 foul shots and 8 possessions from the middle, but they could still only manage to trail 31-11 at half time. The second half started in a fairly lacklustre fashion, but Dirty and Fishsh came on and changed that with some dynamite offence. Mungus also found the shooting range and Thunder dominated the boards his strength. Our defence lapsed a little allowing them 14 points for the half, but who gives a rat's arse? Another easy win, despite the blow ups. Ah, but it's all good clean fun, and everyone kissed and made up after the game. We did not mention to the ref that Parky had been reported for obscene language the week before, and they left the arena best of friends.

Swaaartz 11, Mungus 9, Dirty 7, Fishsh 6, Parky, Julio, Killer, Sheezy, Thunder 4, Tree, Xmas 2.

So what do you do after a game at 8 a.m. and another at 10 a.m.? Obvious really, play another at 1 p.m. So the women have their sixth game in a day and a half, also against the Pogs...

Uni 24 lost to Newcastle 27

Having played so much basketball in such a short space of time, everyone was expecting the team to crumble towards the end of this

game. They were wrong, we crumbled at the start instead. We had our lack of height exploited to the limit as Jenny Hughes scored 14 points for the first half against our 7 and we trailed about 20-7 at the half. Well, Teddy must have given the team the silent treatment at half time because a different team came out in the second half and proceeded to kick the Pogs all over the court. With Michelle, Sam and Tracy hustling up and Kylie finding her offensive feet we stormed back to level terms with only minutes to play. We were on a roll and it looked all over including the shouting except we suddenly got tired in the last minute of the game. A desperation three pointer from Tracy would have tied the game at the end but it rimmed and went out just as we thought it was going to drop. A very disappointing loss.

Kylie 8, Tracy 5, Michelle 4, Sam, Andrea 2.

When all this was over we found that we had the rest of the afternoon off. So what do you do on a rainy night in Toronto, I mean a sunny afternoon in Brisbane? You go to Solutions with several slabs of beer (or Four X, whichever is cold) and order 10 satushes (satushi or satush third person plural, perhaps), sit there, get pissed, make a nuisance of yourself and argue over who gets the next satush. You could also build a huge mountain of empty beer cans in the middle of the table. We know, 'cause we did. You could also be silly and knock it over when you leave. We know, 'cause we did. Still, it was all good clean fun, and the management seemed to be quite tolerant of intolerable Uni students so we all parted on good terms.

After showering at college we were ready for the evening's social event, an appealing sounding event known as the "Shirt and Champagne" party. Well, we all did our bit and wore shirts, but what were these banana benders up to? Where was the champagne? Oh, here it comes, and yes, spare no expense these Queenslanders, each Uni has been allocated one whole magnum of .... is it Dom Perignon? Perhaps Great Western then? Imperial Reserve or Brut, Sir? Oh now I see what it is? Summer Wine? They have to be kidding. I don't know what happened to our \$65 dollars entertainment levy, but I don't reckon much of it was going on entertainment. Never mind, at least they had beer as well, and it didn't run out at 8:30.

Now, we all knew that Mal had been a fine young assistant coach, and we weren't surprised when he got the head job this year, but he did have a few problems at I.V. One such problem was associated with transport. Some of those places near Lang Park can be a bit tight when it comes to navigation around the obstacles, so when the moving bus gets side-swiped by a stationary car, there's nothing you can do about it. You can't even hide the humungus dent left in the driver's side of the bus, which was a pity because everyone then proceeds to give you an extremely hard time about it.

Mal's other problem this night was that because we didn't have a game until 12 the next day, he suggested to the boys that if they wanted to let their hair down (i.e. rock and roll, rage, get shit faced drunk, lose complete contact with their trolley, (e) all of the above) that tonight would be a good night to do it. Now, being the highly trained and obedient team that they were, they took Mal literally, and the grounds of the college were well and truly littered with trollies even before departure for the social event. And they didn't get much better when they got there. Their performance was typified by Matt "Killer" Miller. When the fried chicken came on (hey, didn't we have fried chicken last year? And champagne? Just another coincidence? Well not really, I mean, we had real champagne) Bowlesy, who was having a



tough time managing the team this night, spied Killer leaning in the corner quietly drinking from a jug. He did the right thing and gave Killer some chicken, which he devoured, bone and all, then, realizing his hands were a bit greasy, did what any couth and cultured person would do, immersed them in the jug of beer and washed them. Having completed that he removed them and dried them carefully, spraying people in a four table radius. He then continued drinking the jug.

Now we all know that nothing exceeds like excess, and apparently Chris was keen to prove this to us. About midnight the beer still hadn't run out, but Chris had. Apparently Chris had made an early exit and was so impressed with Mal's performance earlier in the evening that he decided that he'd like to drive the big white bus. But when we found him he was in the third seat back from the front, hanging his head out the window having a nice little sleep. Now that's no way to drive a bus, then again... Anyway, several of us took him home and poured him into bed, assuring him that he'd feel much better in the morning. Rotten liars.

Meanwhile, back at the dance, there was a band. I'm not sure that they had a name. I suppose they did, but they shouldn't have bothered. Only joking, they weren't too bad, but they certainly weren't in the same class as Hi, I'm Gary. Then again, what band is? For some reason, in the middle of all the dancing, the music stopped, and we had some more boat races. Apparently, due to the extensive amount of planning and organization exercised the previous evening, the boat races were not completed, so they had to finished on this night. We all took a great deal of interest in proceedings, and I believe that in the women's competition someone won and someone else didn't, while in the men's competition those placings were reversed, but I can't be sure. Anyway, everyone had a good time and danced around a bit, especially Killer, who didn't dance much, but was having a good time with some bird from somewhere - he was never much of a one for details was Matt.

This made it all the more surprising to see Killer turn up back at college soon after we had brought Chris back and were having a quiet beer in Thunder's room. For a start, we had no idea how he got there, although we were reasonably certain that his trolley was not involved in the process and had now officially listed as "missing in action". We eventually found out that he caught a taxi back here, which was good. Unfortunately as he arrived he found he didn't have any money on him, which was bad. Anyway, he convinced the taxi driver to take his watch as security while he went inside to get some money. This was eventually resolved and Matt came in to spill another couple of beers and tell us of his big night. This consisted of a psuedo-random search through the I.V. handbook first trying to recognize the name of the girl he had been chatting up, then when that failed, trying to recognize the Uni from which she came so he would at least know where to look later on in the week. This also met with dismal failure. After accosting Maude from Adelaide (who says "Hello, Bridget!") then attempting to break Thunder's door down whilst trying to get out of the room he made his way to his own room to spend an enjoyable hour or two trying to put his key in the lock.

Later that evening the second bus load of people came back from the turn for a small party. This party was curtailed a little later on with a visit from Angus McKiltlifter, some insignificant little college upstart (never could spell principal), who suggested that the college did not countenance the countenancing of any counter-countenanced activities (unless he was invited). We basically took this to mean

"Disperse or ve call out ze dogs." We dispersed.

### WEDNESDAY

After a quiet morning used to resuscitate the victims of the previous evening, there were more games. Tonight in Dribbling Balls, we discuss the phenomenon of deja vu. Tonight in Dribbling Balls, we discuss the phenomenon of deja vu. Those of you who started reading at the beginning of this report (perhaps weeks ago) and are still reading now (poor souls) will remember how when our women played Queensland the men had a game at the same time so they couldn't lend support, well today the men were due to play Queensland at 12 o'clock, and there are no prizes for guessing that the women had a game also at 12, and at another venue. Just another one of those coincidences I suppose. At least when you played Queensland you didn't have to worry about where you were playing, you knew you were on court 1 at the main stadium...

#### Men 40 lost to Queensland 56

This shaped up as being a very interesting game, with top position in Pool A at stake. We expected a hard game and we certainly got it. So far through the week we had won most games easily by running the ball, so the question remained as to what would happen if we couldn't run. The answer was clear. Nothing. We stood around like stale bottles of piss in the sun and our offence was fairly ineffective. Lucky thing our defence was worse or offence would have looked really bad. We let them drive to the hoop too freely, and what they missed, they rebounded which stopped our running game completely. Swaaartz was our only threat in offence during the first half with a couple of nice baskets and we trailed 19-25 at half time. The margin remained the same for most of the second half, despite some spirited offence from Parky. Queensland showed they could play very well from the front and in fact extended the lead in the last couple of minutes as we desperately tried to put on pressure. The resulting loss was a bit of shock to our systems, but perhaps it would do us good in the long run. Only time would tell.

Parky 11, Swaaartz 10, J.C. 5, Julio, Killer, Sheezy, Xmas, Thunder 2.

While all this was happening the women had a game they were keen to win well...

#### Women 35 d. U.N.E. 21

This game was primarily remarkable for the performance of Kylie in the first half. With 12 of our 18 points she dominated from the top of the key and around the boards. After her performance the result was just about assured, but good efforts from Sam, Tania and Janet in the second half more than sealed the decision.

Kylie 17, Tania 6, Andrea, Tracy, Sam 4.

Having had their standard two hour break, the women had another game, this time against those likeable Deakheads...

#### Women 39 d. Deakin 33

It's always good to see how rivalries set up between teams of universities can spread to other teams of those unis. So it was that we were very keen to kick Deakin, who looked certain to finish second in our pool. Kylie again led the way in offence, but it was the team effort that was keeping us on top. Sally and Tania were going well and Tracy was in deadly form from the top of the key, so it was we had 29 points on the board by half time. Our second half was a little less spectacular as we only managed 10 points, but our defence was keeping

us in front. With minutes to go the Deakheads were hitting the panic button so much they seemed to think that 3 minutes were lost off the clock somewhere. We counted the digits and they were all there so the game went on. What did transpire though was a glorious 6 point victory for the team. A super effort and probably the highlight of the week. And didn't the Deakheads crack the shits after the game. Their girls were in tears, their guys had gone off their collective brain cell (and tried to show us that by baring their behinds - really clever stuff guys, perhaps they'll change you back to Gordon Institute and you can all go back to studying Manure Management 101). I only wish all our guys had been there to see it.

Kylie 17, Tania 8, Tracy 6, Andrea 4, Sally, Sam 2.

Unfortunately the men were unable to witness this fine win because they had a game somewhere else at the same time - again. And let's face it, what could be better than beating the Deakheads? Watching them cry afterwards, perhaps...

Men 63 d. U.N.E. 20

This was a real demolition job, with the team keen to prove that we could still run. So run we did, and after a while the standard 20 point lead was established. Sheezy, Julio and Swaartz scored at will on the break, with some long court passes from J.C. finding the mark, Mungus was bombing from outside and Parky was awesome on the boards. We led 36-12 at half time, and won the second half 26-8 with all the team putting in well. Parky again was dominant, ably assisted by Fishsh at both ends of the court. An easy win.

Parky 18, Swaartz 9, Sheezy 8, Mungus 6, Xmas 5, Fishsh, Julio, J.C. 4, Killer, Thunder 2, Tree 1.

The was the end of all that, so it was now to prepare for the evening's outing, the boat cruise and disco attack. While women returned to college, the men indulged in a friendly game of touch grid iron outside the stadium. Rules were variable, and we nearly lost a few wide receivers under cars now and again, other than that, it was quite pleasant in the fading sunlight.

When we got back to the college, what did we find but all the women perched on the hill, hiding the remainder of a couple of slabs and the odd wine cask, having a small celebration after their monumental ass kicking of Deakin which put them out of top place in the pool. Worthy cause really, but there wasn't a trolley in sight. It looked like being a big night.

Did mention the boat cruise? I did? Good, because I'm going to mention it again. As with everything the Queenslanders organized, nothing was ever quite as easy as it sounds. Boat cruise, means everybody gets on a boat and goes for a cruise. Right? Wrong. Word spreads during the day that there is only room for 300 on the boat, so the refs can't go, and the bus drivers can't go and anybody who turns up a microsecond late can't go, and even then about 100 people will be turned away. As I always say, there's nothing like organization, and this was nothing like organization. Never mind though, we raced through our showers, bought 15 pizzas and raced off to the dock. What do we find when we get there? A boat, right? Wrong. Two boats. So now everyone can go. But as the sheep are being herded onto the boats some get separated, so some teams end up half on one boat, half on the other. Not a good method, but we wouldn't have expected much more. We were in fact lucky, all ending up on the same boat, with fewer people than the other one, which was just as well because the other one ran

out of beer 20 minutes before the end of the cruise. Actually, ours would have too if we hadn't found the Queenslander's own private supply and attacked that. Oh yeah, I'm sure they would have offered it around too. Credit where credit is due though, some of us got free foam stubby holders on the cruise. Don't see many foam stubbies these days, do you?

The cruise itself was quite enjoyable, but a bit chilly up on deck. Just ask the guy who stood on top of the wheel house and took off all his clothes to do some body building poses. Ridiculous really. We all enjoyed Dom's stockings and suspenders show as well. Not very appropriate for a boat cruise, but see if I was going to say anything. Other entertainment included another disco inside where people took advantage of the minimal dance space available. What else was exciting? We watched the lights appear on a bridge, met Maria from Adelaide, had some more beers and that was about it. The guys were again instructed to take it a bit easy because we had a big game at 8 a.m. the next day, so they were boring farts again.

Did I mention the discos before? I did? Good, because I'm going to mention them again. Upon arrival back at the dock the guys were all herded into the bus to return home while the girls were out to rage at the discos, as organized by the Queenslanders. Did I say organized? Oh well, never could spell fucked up. But more of that in a minute. Everybody on the bus? Where's Parky? I don't know, where's Sam? Sure enough Parky was desperately trying to sneak off to the discos for a bit of fun. He was forcibly returned to the bus and sat down. He promptly got up and ran away. He was caught a couple of blocks later, beaten severely around the head and neck region and returned to the bus. We continued on while the girls tried their luck at the discos.

How were the discos then? Who knows, nobody was allowed into one. In their usual state of organization, the Queenslanders managed to give us free disco passes guaranteed to not get you into any disco you choose in town. This led to ugly scenes where some locals claimed that "We worked shit hard for this I.V." to which some Gong wit replied "Yeah, and that's what we got - shit." and led another to query "If they wanted to have a private party, why did they invite us?" All a bit harsh it thought, then again, you've gotta be hard to be fair.

So it was, the bus returned to college without incident and with Lissa at the helm. Well when I say without incident, there was that time where that bit fell off the back of the bus. But that was okay because they put it back on.

#### THURSDAY

I like breakfast, there's always plenty to chat about. Like when Lissa was telling Bowlesy about the trip home the previous night...

Lissa : "A bit fell off the back of the bus last night."

Geoff : "What bit? The door?"

Lissa : "No, stupid."

Geoff : "Well what bit then? The exhaust?"

Lissa : "No, a sort of long round brackety sort of thing."

Geoff : "The muffler?"

Lissa : "No, I know what the muffler looks like. Anyway we put it back on so it doesn't matter."

Geoff calmly finished his breakfast, calmly left the dining room, then sprinted to the bus. Further investigation revealed that yes, they

did replace the bracket, but no, the spare tyre it was supposed to be restraining was not there. Lissa denied all knowledge of any spare tyres, claiming that her trolley never had one, although it was a long time since she'd seen it to check on that.

All this happened at 7:15 a.m. because the guys had an 8 a.m. game against the team which put us out of the finals last year...

#### Men 60 d. A.N.U. 43

It is always important to start well in vital games, and this we did, obviously inspired by the appearance of substitute coach Pat Riley, wave those fingers, Pat. Anyway led by Xmas Carroll on the offensive boards, Killer at both ends and the two Johns running the ball out of defence we led 26-4 before the A.N.U. guys had wiped the sleep out of their eyes. Parky was again on fire in offence showing excellent touch for 14 first half points as we led 38-17 at the change of ends. The second half was a more controlled effort by the team, again with all members contributing, as we cruised along 20 points up for most of the half. It was an important win as it showed we could compete against a physical team, something we weren't convinced of before this time.

Parky 16, Killer 10, Xmas 8, J.C. 7, Julio 6, Swaaartz, Mungus 4, Sheezy 2.

Mal was so excited by our win he retired for a quiet chunder immediately after the game, the first victim of the soon to be famous I.V. wog. With all this over and done by 9 a.m. there was nothing much happening until lunchtime, so it was back to college for a sleep or whatever. The qualifying rounds were now complete. The women had finished fifth in their pool so it was the ninth to twelfth playoffs for them, starting with Macquarie at 1 p.m...

#### Women 45 d. Macquarie 11

The opposition were not real good and we easily demolished them with another good team effort. Sam and Michelle were the stars of the first half, while Sally led the way in the second half. Everybody got into the act as we romped away to a comfortable victory.

Kylie 10, Sally 8, Sam 7, Michelle 6, Lissa, Andrea 2, Janet, Sue-Ellen 1.

The men had finished second in the very strong pool A, so faced the third team from pool B in a quarter final at 4 p.m...

#### Men 73 d. Wollongong 30

We were keen to show that our pool was pretty strong and the other pool was pretty shithouse. I think we succeeded. The first five exploded out of the blocks with Parky, Xmas and Killer sweeping the boards, Swaaartz dominating offence with great running and shooting and J.C. throwing some prodigious long court passes. With Mungus coming in off the bench and firing the game was over by half time as we led 40-14, Parky having 14 points and Swaaartz 12. The second half saw the procession continue with a good team effort. Dirty, Tree, Sheezy and Fishsh boarded and ran well as we cruised into the semis. Further confirmation of the superiority of our pool was received when the third team in our pool (LaTrobe) easily beat the second team in the other (Adelaide) to make a total of 3 Victorian teams in the semis.

Parky 20, Swaaartz 16, J.C. 9, Mungus 8, Xmas 6, Sheezy 4, Tree 3, Fishsh, Julio, Dirty 2, Killer 1.

After such a good win what do you do? Throw up. Well, that was

Mal's suggestion and he led by example. After that he and J.C., who wasn't feeling too well either, went to bed (separately, not with each other), while everybody else went to the Breakfast Creek Seafood emporium for dinner.

Bus trips are always tricky. "Everyone here? Put your hand up if you're not here. Put your hand down Killer. Right let's go. Can't help feeling we've forgotten something. Never mind. Probably wasn't important anyway." After two trips everyone was settled in at the restaurant, then the penny dropped. "Where's Teddy?" "It sure does" was the reply in unison. But alas and alack, we'd lost Teddy somewhere. The man who was always last on the bus wasn't this time. He didn't get on it at all. Never mind, he knew where we were. Didn't he? Tree had a guilt attack and went back to find him but he was nowhere to be found. Never mind, we'll carry on regardless. The food was excellent and there was plenty of it, just ask Fishsh and Dom who shared the second biggest Fishshsherman's platter you've ever seen. The only one disappointed was Bowlesy who had been banned by Sandy from eating seafood while he was away - if she couldn't have any then he couldn't either. It must have been a quiet night, I know I slept for 12 hours of it. Bring on the semi finals.

#### FRIDAY

Friday is always a special day at I.V. and this was no exception. The whole men's team were at breakfast, even the sickies and we were keen to get stuck into Monash in the 10 a.m. semi...

#### Men 51 d. Monash 44 (SEMI FINAL)

Monash were undefeated so far that week, but we were confident of beating them. As it turned out we had more of a struggle than we would have liked. Xmas got us off to a fine start with some awesome rebounding which led to a couple of baskets including a spectacular three point play. Parky was also on target bagging 9 points for the half, but it was mostly our defence which was keeping us in front. Thunder came in and took some good boards and we led 24-18 at the change. In the second half we extended our lead slightly and had about a 10 point margin for most of the 20 minutes. This was mainly due to the awesome offence of Swaaartz. He and J.C. ran the ball at Monash time and time again and Swaaartz put the drives away with some fantastic moves he made look easy. When he didn't drive he hit from the outside. His 15 points for the half were vital, not to mention fairly impressive. Monash staged a comeback inside the last 3 minutes but when Killer buried the ball in the basket from point blank range on the end of a J.C. assist it was a 9 point lead and into the grand final. A good win in a tough game.

Swaaartz 19, Parky, Xmas 9, J.C. 8, Julio, Killer 2, Thunder, Mungus 1.

Because Queensland had no control over who was going to play where in the playoff rounds, it turned out the the women played directly after the men at the same venue, so we could watch the game. See, I told you it could be done...

#### Women 31 d. Adelaide 28 (Playoff for positions 9 and 10)

We were keen to win this one and finish as high as possible on the final listing, which at this stage was ninth. Andrea and Tracy gave us good drive in offence as we cleared out to a handy lead. Sam was also going well, providing some good running and continuing her good passing. Despite the fact we slowed down a little in the second half

and let those amazing little twins from Adelaide catch up to us, the result was never in doubt. In fact the result was sealed when with 3 minutes to go, team assistant manager and resident cripple Dom took the court. And received a standing ovation from the Adelaide men, but not nearly as good a cheer as when with her first touch of the ball she let fly from 15 feet - swish. Awesome stuff. So it was, a ninth place finish. Disappointing really, although I felt the team played really well for most of the week. After all, they won 7 and lost 3 to finish ninth. The team combined well with all players doing what was asked of them. Kylie was fantastic and carried the scoring load for much of the week, Tracy played well at the point guard position, Sam was a class performer who will improve and form the basis of the team for a couple of years along with Andrea and Michelle who both showed a lot of ability and promise. Sally and Tania improved with every game and made valuable contributions as did Jackie, Sue-Ellen, Janet and Lissa. Robert coached a large squad very well and should be congratulated as should Julie Lane the leather clad manageress and Dom the sometimes clad assistant manager and morale (as distinct from morals) officer.

Kylie, Tracy 5, Jackie, Andrea, Sam 4, Sally, Janet 2.

So all that remains are the grand finals at Auchenflower. In the women's game Queensland accounted for W.A. fairly easily, in a game without too many highlights. I enjoyed last year's women's final much more. In the men's final we were to play Queensland, our conquerors from the qualifying rounds. The tension in the rooms was high as Mal (who had stopped chundering by this stage) fired up the team. His opening words of "Well, this is it" and offensive strategies like "There are only two good plays - putting the ball in the hoop and South Pacific" had the team in the right frame of mind and so it was we went out to kick some serious Queensland ass...

Men 59 lost to Queensland 67 (Grand final)

I don't have a very clear recollection of the game. I don't know why, perhaps it was just one of those games. We started solidly enough but seemed to go nowhere. Queensland again used their strength around the boards to stifle our running game, but we managed to produce a little more in offence this time, with Swaartz carrying on his good form from the morning and Xmas also playing very well. So it was at half time we trailed 26-33. The second half was a carbon copy of the first. We pressed and made some headway, but could never get enough from our offence to close the gap sufficiently. One ray of hope was evident when Dirty came on and played so well. He drilled home a three pointer followed by another basket to bring us within 5 points, but again we faltered. Killer put in on the boards and picked up a couple of baskets, but desperate scrapping at the end just saw us fall further behind. With a minute to play a loss was inevitable. So sad for a team which had played so well for the week. Thanks Mal, thanks Bowlesy and thanks Undermanager, it's a pity we couldn't have won it. We had no excuses and can take nothing away from Queensland, they beat us twice during the week and thoroughly deserved their win. I hate losing grand finals.

Swaartz 16, J.C. 11, Xmas, Killer 9, Dirty 5, Parky, Julio, Mungus 4, Thunder 1.

Life is not as much fun when you lose, but it goes on nonetheless. So it was we returned to college, showered up and had a few beers in preparation for the presentation dinner. Did I say had a few beers? Thought I did. Shot some cans, more precisely. A large pile of cans was made in very short time, the highlight being Michelle's very fast shoot - now there's a girl with a future. But all good things must come to an

end, so we went to the dinner, to be held in a tent at Milton Tennis Courts. Where else would you hold a formal dinner?

It wasn't as bad as it sounded. In fact not much sounded at all when Queensland entered the arena. A bit of a shame really, because entering the dinner as champions is a great feeling. Still, it can't be helped I guess. We were going to have a good time anyway, and I suppose they were too.

The dinner was much like the grand final, I can't remember too many highlights, which I don't suppose means there weren't too many. Then again who could forget the ceremonial smashing of plastic cups on heads, or Julie Lane racing off Swaaartz, or the Geoff Bowles school of how to get an extra meal without really trying, or Matt and Dom or about a million other things? I probably have.

The presentations themselves were quite remarkable. They began with a Queenslander standing up and declaring that if we didn't shut up there wouldn't be any presentations, to which the crowd quite happily responded with shouts of "Fascist! Fascist!" Anyway they got going eventually. Oh yeah, Cal Bruton was there. Nearly forgot that. He wouldn't skulk either, the little wimp. Made a good speech but, even if I couldn't hear any of it. Highlights of the presentation for us were the selections of Swaaartz and J.C. in the Australian Universities Representative team. Both played very valuable roles for the side during the week and it was great to see them get the recognition. Kylie and Parky must have both been very unlucky to miss out after fine performances during the week, especially when one considers some of the duds that were selected in the teams.

And so the night continued. Everyone eventually made it back to college and bed. Dirty had a few problems because he'd lost his jacket and keys at the dinner so couldn't get into his room. So he took Swaaartz's room since it appeared unlikely that John would be using it that evening. Unfortunately Swaaartz came back at some ridiculous hour of the morning and kicked Smithy out, so that was that.

#### SATURDAY

As a final parting gesture the Queenslanders had organized a BBQ send off for the Saturday lunch time, to coincide with the games for the representative teams. I used the word organized quite loosely. Half a dozen sausages for sale and no free beer ain't my idea of an I.V. turn. Not only that, they hadn't organized singlets for the reps teams or anything like that. What DID they do with my \$65? Still, what else could be expected of them after a week where the organizers totally failed to live up to their largely self-constructed big reputation. Flipped if I know. Who cares. As we hopped on the plane to go home and die, we could console ourselves with the fact that next year in Adelaide it will be much better, have no doubts about that. And it's only 12 months away. I can hardly wait...

To keep us going until 1987, we have the quotable quotes for this year thanks to Trevor "Dirty McSquirty" Smith...



Steven Wright (and then J.C. Fishsh FF24 etc) : Women, can't live with 'em, can't shoot 'em. It's a small world but I wouldn't want to paint it. You can't have everything - where would you put it? And the rest of the TAA (err.. Australian Airlines) comedy channel tape.

Mungus : On your back or on your way.

Thunder : I'm right, I've got a slab.

Fishsh : We'll never get pissed on this (XXXX).

Dirty : \$55 worth of mixed beer thanks.

Bottle shop attendant : Give us \$3 more and I'll give you three slabs.

Everyone : Quick, who's got \$3?

Mungus : Next time use a (bike) seat.

Everyone : Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia.

The college principal (to FF24 and Dirty) : Well since it's a Saturday you can have the party room 'til 12. Start moving everyone out at 11:30.

FF24 : 11:30 PM - Yerrr, O.K. (aside) Who is this guy and how does he expect us to get rid of this lot by 11:30?

Blokes' team : KICK ASS!!!!

Everyone (especially Lissa) : What wheel?

Somebody (I can't remember who) : Swaaartz won't be coming back tonight - stay in his room.

Swaaartz (when he got back) : What the fuck are you doing in my bed?

Girl at the Budget desk : Is the bus clean, in good order and full of petrol?

Dirty : Trust me!!!