

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL CLUB
DRIBBLING BALLS

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Well, it's all happening in Dribbling Balls this edition. Grand finals, contributions, tournaments. I'm almost overwhelmed. I've got just enough whelm left to do it again next edition. So keep those donations, oops, reports rolling in. We'll get that 12 million...

V.B.A. DIV. 2 (Wed. 25/3)

Uni 56 d. Melbourne Tigers 52

There are two sure ways to fire up in a basketball game. One is to play against your old team, and the other is to play against a team of splinters. Both of these factors were in our favour in this game. Riq played a blinder of a first half, with Jane not far behind. We kept Killer and friends off the boards well and cruised to a comfortable 16 point break at half time courtesy of some good guard type hustle from Col and Burkie. John avoided being ejected from the game by a trigger happy ref and played an inspirational half. True to form we managed to let them back into the game in the second half but held them out strongly at the end. Victors by 4 and a 3-1 record. Can it last??

Riq 19, Burkie 13, Jane 8, J.D. 7, Col 4, Les 3, FF24 2 (I'm not going to mention that Mungus only shot 2 baskets for Melbourne).

V.W.B.C. DIV 3 (Wed. 8/4) Grand Final

Uni 40 d. Yarraville 35

I have a rule against writing match reports for teams in which I am not involved, but I guess I should make an exception in the case of a grand final win. This was a good win by the women's firsts, I guess there's no such thing as a bad win in a grand final. Over much of the game our form was well down on what we were capable of and hence we trailed for most of the first 30 minutes. A burst midway through the second half took us into the lead as Bernie hit a three pointer and Carmel made a three point play with a drive to the basket, some good pressing took us to 10 up where we looked safe. A spirited revival by Yarraville made us look somewhat less safe, but really there was never any doubt as we held on to win by a comfortable 5 points. Carmel was awarded the MVP for the game and was our leading scorer, Bridget must have been our leading rebounder and revelled in the transition from the guard to the forward spot, Anne and Bernie made baskets when we needed them and Gillian and Tracy worked hard in defence and in controlling the offence. Coach Sweetten (three E's, two T's) is to be congratulated on his work with the team who have topped the ladder all season. Hopefully this will be a stepping stone back into Division 2 for the club.

Well, I've received longer match reports than this next one before, but I really can't remember when. Oh well, I suppose they did win the grand final...

C.Y.M.S. Men's B Grade (Sun. 12/4) Grand Final

Uni 78 d. Swann 71

After a season of comprehensive ass kicking, the Sunday night B grade young (Cliff ??) legends finished well clear of the opposition on top of the ladder with only 2 losses for the season. These ageless performers combined skill, grace and hook shots to instil fear into the opposition coming into the finals.

As with Greg Norman, this team gets better with age and so can afford to ask higher appearance money, which Albert Park subsequently did when the finals came around. I mean spectators should get value

for money and after viewing this combination in action (no Ed., not inaction) the trustees realized the value was there and the money wasn't. Fearing that they may have only two finals appearances, the boys played like men dispossessed in the first finals game and ran out losers by five points. But, "no problem, we'll have it fixed for you next Sunday" was the call and sure enough, playing something resembling team basketball, saw us through the preliminary, and a revenge match set up against South Camberwell.

"Well, this is it" was a classic way to begin a classic game. The combination consisted of Smithy and Teddy running the point position, Mattman, Bowie and Fishsh on the wings, Tree, Mal and Furgs inside with Skip playing anywhere he could score from. The first half was played in two parts (quarters ??) - suffice it to say we almost didn't score in the latter part after looking the goods at the start of the game (playing Skip on the bench during this stage of the game may have had something to do with this lack of scoring). Still, team-work was evident early with the ageless (numbers don't go that high) Bowie making some nice moves under the boards to the delight of what we initially thought were Furgs' parents (we assume they must drink) whom (no it's WHO Max. Are you sure 99 ??) (I think so, you see "whom" is the objective... - Ed.) who were responsible for a large part of the audience volume, and all its consumption of Crown Lagers within the stadium. Spasmodic offence left us 24 to 33 at the half with Skip having scored 12 points so far.

But, we were still in with a show, and what a show! The second half started evenly with the scores pretty well matched. Tight defence pressured their good outside shooters and allowed us to get most of the defensive boards. Some fat turd did manage to hit some 3 pointers against us but you can't plan against arse. In what eventually turned out to be a winning move, the man to man and zone press defences set up many steals and scoring moves working much better than the box and 1 we'd tried against them in the previous final. In a final time-out, with the scores pretty even after a good fight back, Mattman implored us "to take the ball to the basket if it's clear, and put the ball therein". Language like that is hard to follow at the best of times but we managed to go out and build up a 4 point lead by some cool free throw shooting from Furg and Teddy. We promptly lost the advantage with some not-so-cool last 30 second backcourt fuck-ups. So, with no time on the clock, we found ourselves in that enviable position of having the same score as the opposition (ie. 65). At the same time, on the other side of the world, another champion in Greg Norman was in a similar predicament - the only difference between us and him is, he's a loser.

Five minutes overtime was played so we could get the very responsive audience really excited (at no extra charge) and warmed up for the following games. Now was money time and the boys payed out big, winning steals and finally getting the running game going which had served us so well during the season. A 15-8 overtime saw us poo on them from a great height - the final scores being 80-73 with the points being distributed : Mattman 4, Bowie 4, Fishsh 15, Mal 7, Furg 4, Skip 35, Dirty 5, Teddy 4 and Tree 2.

It's hard to name individuals in this game as everybody contributed to the scoring and everyone put in very well on defence, however, Skip was exceptional, hitting baskets from everywhere throughout the game and really firing up for the finals.

It was great to join the enthusiastic supporters for the following

finals and much thanks must go to them for their support. Thanks must also go to all those who have played on the team during the season, who have made this a memorable season and something to tell our children about (if they weren't there at the game). It was a great performance by all, particularly Skip, and Mattman who has coached well throughout.

C.Y.M.S. Championship (Sun. 12/4) Grand Final

Jetz 72 d. Uni 48

We didn't just lose this grand final, we had our arses kicked for the whole 40 minutes. We picked a fine time to play our worst game for the season, sure the opposition played well, but really we were a disgrace. It wasn't that people weren't trying, it was just that everything we did was wrong. Rarely have I seen so many ball handling, passing, catching and other assorted mistakes from a team of experienced and capable basketballers. We seemed totally overawed by the situation. We trailed 12-0 as it took us more than 5 minutes to register a score and by the time the first half had gone 10 minutes we were about 20 points behind. The game was effectively over at that stage, and we never looked like making a challenge or a comeback. Our defence was the best part of our game but I can't remember Jetz having to make many baskets under pressure. Our shooting was woeful, we would have been lucky to shoot 20% from the floor over the game, and you don't win grand finals with those sort of stats. Les was probably our best player, with Rick and Mungus also contributing, but really we didn't have one good player. I felt sorry for the crowd who had come along to support us, we didn't give them much to support. It was a fairly humiliating defeat and I was embarrassed by how badly we played. Look at the bright side though, another 24 game season starts in two weeks time.

C.Y.M.S. Ladies Championship (Sun. 12/4) Grand Final

Uni 51 d. South Camberwell 42

Well, what do you say the night after Bernie's wedding, when you have six players, prodigious hangovers, no one to shoot three pointers and have just watched the A Grade Men go down in their final to the deserving Jetz? Hmm... leave it to Bridget... "What we need guys, is a good solid zone, lots of shots to go in, not many fouls, plenty of rebounds and more luck than we deserve." So what do we do, but go out and perform those exact tasks. It was a great team effort, with Bridget, Anne and Spike leading the way with the points as they just kept running off everyone else's good screens. The defence was awesome and South Camberwell's terrifyingly high outside shooting percentage plummeted under the pressure. From there we ran the break well, with some super passing from Bridget and Carmel, often connecting with a sprinting Anne (fortunately ours!) at the other end of the court. Gill was unstoppable on the boards and took the ball to the opposition at every opportunity, often creating a fast break out of nothing. Tracy and Spike played their usual controlled games, setting up the offence when everyone else wanted to run and gun - how boring of them! (So that's what happened to run and gun - Ed.) Even J.C. found few opportunities to scream at Spike about dawdling and yawning on the court (he wouldn't do a terrible thing like that, he's one of the nicest guys you'd meet in a month of Sunday Grand Finals - Ed.) as she managed to stay awake for the entire game. All in all, a top performance, if a surprising one, from a team that will never be satisfied with just one grand final win in a week. Thanks must go to the crew who hung around to cheer and generally carry on at such an ungodly hour. We know we told you we'd buy you a keg of beer if we won, but I'm afraid we were lying.

Anne, Spike 16, Bridget 14, Carmel 4, Gillian 1.

V.B.A. DIV. 2 (Wed. 15/4)

Uni 50 d. Knox Raiders 44

Bravery, stupidity or just a love for a challenging conquest? Whatever the reason, the firsts decided to throw logic to the wolves last week and trek to the outskirts of suburban Australia to take on the Knox Raiders. As the cold of winter began to reduce the level of peripheral circulation and hence increase the baggy-ness of the average pair of shorts the team braved the elements and strode out onto the court to meet their foe. After a somewhat mediocre tip off it wasn't long before we found our familiar groove and began to fill out our shorts. Graeme and Rick took control of the paint and once the mandatory first minute (down from 2 minutes in previous weeks - ask Henry) was over, the guards began to get into the flow with the result being a 15 point lead before too long. Clever substitutions by Coach Coop provided a good team effort to see us comfortably in front by 16 at the half. With things going so well, we set ourselves to do what all good Melbourne Yewny teams do and really grind the opposition into their own wooden floor. Ha.... ha.... In a completely unprecedented (???) second half we gradually lost our momentum as the game wore on and allowed our lead to flutter away. Bowlesy momentarily stemmed the tide as he slung an opponent into the stands when he wouldn't let go of the ball, but still we couldn't build on our lead. Down to the last minute and the game was going either way until Paul Burke, who had predicted a "7 game" before the encounter, made a James Worthy move along the baseline (without the dunk unfortunately, but the result was the same) to put the result beyond doubt. Despite a minor lapse in the second half we still drove back winners by 6 and with a FOUR-ONE win-loss record.

Rick 19, Paul 8, Jane 7, Dillon 5, Col 4, Burns 3, Bowles, Les 2.

SOCIAL NOTES : Starved for entertainment? Tired of watching television in a country where "Neighbours" is the top rating show? Well, here are a few "pearls" of wisdom from a well known insignificant committee member...

G'day,

This is the first report from your new social secretaries. We will be organizing many events during the year, and look for both support and ideas from you lot.

First, the events planned for the next six weeks. First up and quite soon, is a group ice skating at the Myer Music Bowl. This happens at 7:30 p.m. on the 5th of May. Bring along a change of clothes (especially if you skate the way Mark Fennell plays basketball - Ed.) because those that can make it will be going along to a restaurant afterwards. The cost is \$3 if more than 20 of us go, more otherwise. We need numbers soon so the rink and restaurant can be booked.

Next on the calendar is a "small boy" roast at the Uni after training on the 30th of May. The first batch should be ready about 12:15. (Bring me a boy... bring me another boy... - Ed.)

The next item planned is the Progressive Dinner, that marvellous annual event which is happening on June 20 starting at 7:30 p.m. in the Large Entertainment Room of the Sports Union. We need two more venues and of course, people out there to think of some fabulous dishes to bring along (it's cheaper if you do).

We haven't got any further through the year yet. Possible events

are a beer tasting and winery tour (combined? - Ed.) If you have any good ideas or would like to help organize something ring either Jackie (3801064) or me.

I am looking forward to a good social calendar for this year and hope most members of the club enjoy themselves at the events we hold.

Mick "Pearl" Johnson

AUSTRALIAN UNIVERSITIES CHAMPIONSHIPS : Formerly known as Intervarsity, are being held in Adelaide this year, from August 24 to August 28. We are now accepting applications for the positions of Men's head coach, women's head coach, men's manager and women's manager (fine young assistant coaches are not required but may apply for the head jobs). Applications (preferably written) should be given to Geoff Bowles, Henry Cooper or John Campbell by May 29. The appointments will be made shortly after this.

MT. GAMBIER TOURNAMENT : A very pleasant Easter break was spent in Mt. Gambier and surrounding districts when two Uni teams made the journey west. There were many highlights, some even happened during the games. Things looked good as the strains of Rawhide wafted over 831 Western Districts Radio and the Shitbox Citradore sped on to Mt. Gambier, as distinct from someone else who decided to go via Horsham instead of Hamilton. Nice short cut, still we did almost see Tatyoon, unfortunately it wasn't home. Friday afternoon we pitched our tents at the camping ground, which had plenty of room for all, contrary to common belief. It also had a big picture of the packed grounds last Easter, featuring the tents of last year's pioneers in the foreground. Pity really, I was sort of looking forward to sleeping in a cow paddock. The women lost their first game, despite a big effort from all concerned, especially Judy who was making a comeback to basketball on her birthday and Karen who was also making a comeback on Judy's birthday. We dined that evening at Macs hotel because we thought we were in Portland. This was followed by the men's game, which we lost by 10 points to Glengowrie who had an unfair advantage (who was very tall). After this it was back to the park for a quiet drink in the bracing arctic atmosphere. It was a quiet and very cold night.

Saturday saw the women have an 8 a.m. game which unfortunately they lost. Highlight of the game, Air-Karen, the enforcer, they don't make shirtfronts like that any more. After showering it was a convoy to the Coonawarra to sample some of the district's most renowned produce - the frozen hamburger. To fortify ourselves for this we indulged in some wine tasting at half a dozen wineries. Fortunately Mal limited his wine buying to two dozen (at each winery). Mungus also bought twice as much wine as last year (two bottles). Following this a pleasant barbecue in the sun was held at Hungerford Hill, with Mal being head chef and bellows pumper. Before we knew it, it was 2 p.m. and time to return to M.G. for our 3 p.m. game. This was our playing highlight of the weekend. The boys were in fine form after a few Coonawarra layups, and soon trailed North Adelaide Rockets by a comfortable margin. By half time we had reduced the margin to 5 and discovered that several of the opposition were really quite stupid. In the second half we never really looked much like winning, so when we were six points down with under three minutes to play and the coach said "There's still time" no one really believed him, especially the coach. So you can imagine the surprise when Bowlesy hit a basket, then Mungus and J.C. both hit clutch 3 pointers inside the last minute and we won 50-47. I don't know who was the most surprised. Great games from Mungus who got 14 second

half points after failing to register in the first and J.C. who finished with 17, Bowlesy 8 and Mal 4. So it was, a shower and a few beers (or a few beers and half a dozen Bundies if you were Mungus) and a wait for the girls next game at 6 p.m. This game was duly lost and it was time to have a little dinner.

That night saw a surprise birthday dinner for Judy, well she was surprised since it was her birthday the day before. We all had a fine time at the whatever it was restaurant we attended, with Pendles' toast to Judy a real landmark in the realm of public speaking. Mungus was trolleyless for most of the evening but still managed to enjoy himself on his numerous trips to the kitchen and while producing the famous cigar box aroma a little later on. Culinary performance of the evening was posted by Karen who upon finding a lemon grass tea bag in her handbag, ordered a cup of hot water. She didn't get it. We paid our individually presented bills ("We'll give you separate cheques and then there won't be any confusion - except the \$65 you'll owe us tomorrow morning") and departed for party time at Ivaaaaaaaaahrs' place, where Mal, Karen and Bowlesy were roughing it on water beds for the weekend. We had a fine time, listening to the squeals of delight as Sheena and Michelle socked away those West Coast coolers, Mungus snored away on the floor, Smithy grinned as Janet slept peacefully in his lap (she was asleep wasn't she Trev?) and the rest of us watched the Craw on the tele. We eventually departed for cooler climes, "Party in J.R.'s tent!" and drank quietly (?) 'til #*! a.m. It was much warmer than the first night, especially in Simon's tent where it was also much more crowded.

Sunday, bloody Sunday. What about it? Well, nothing really, only I needed to fill in some space while I recalled what happened on Sunday. Ah yes. Now I have it. Early morning, i.e. about 11 a.m. Simon and I drop off Michelle and Sheena who had decided to get wise and rock on down to the Triple Rock Chapel and catch the Reverend Cleophus James to get some churchin' up. We continued on to the hot bread shop then "The Winners" with the Short contingent. At its conclusion it was time for our own churchin' up, with Brother Swaggert, tearing down those strongholds. Hallelujah! It doesn't matter how much you contribute, as long as it's lots. Do you see the light? Yes, and it's time to pick up Michelle and Sheena, who apparently didn't get as much entertainment as you and me, brother. That afternoon the boys played a game against the S.A. Country Under 18's, which we were expected to win easily. As you would expect we played like spastics and only 9 first half points from Simon allowed us to lead 19-16 at half time. In the second half the lead was immediately cut to 1 point, but after that the game turned into showtime as J.C. picked up a bundle of steals, Bowlesy crashed the boards and Smithy and Fishsh rioted in offence. We won easily as a 24 point lead eventually became a 52-36 win, J.C. and Simon getting 11 each, Fish 9, Bowlesy 8 and Trev 5.

The boys quarter final was at 7 p.m. and we lost. Our offence was good for most of the game, although it wasn't helped by Mungus spraining his ankle 3 minutes into the first half and sitting out the game. Our defence had concluded with our previous game that afternoon and decided to make an early return to Melbourne. Consequently we trailed by 15 at half time, eventually losing by 16, 51-67. Mal played well on the boards and threw 9 points, J.C. got 16 and Simon 12. Pendles and Bowlesy fired up in the second half especially, but it was all to no avail. The only thing remaining was some Chinese food before the women's final.

Well, do you fold it or scrunch it? Such was the rivetting

conversation (toilet talk) at the Chinese restaurant. Paper plane flying was also in vogue. Who says we don't know how to have a good time? The women's final ended in a somewhat predictable loss, although we kept them to a reasonable score. Everybody put in really well all weekend, none more than Janet who was irrepressible as our new point guard. After this we went back to the tent and had a quiet sing song 'til 4 or so in the morning. A pleasant way to end the tournament. So it was that on Monday we all loaded up our cars with Mal's wine and went home, a short 450 km away. It was all pretty good fun really. We might go back again next year.

The trip may perhaps be summed as was last year's, via the wine tasting notes...

1987 Mount Gambier Gift Selection - Due to unprecedented demand for last year's selection, we have pleasure in announcing an expanded range of fine wines soon to be released in an attractive gift box.

Your old favourites :

1954 Short's Folly Cabernet Sauvignon - Magnum (Still going strong)

1955 Zvirgzdins' Para Liqueur Port (Unprocurable this year)

1957 Short's Estate Shiraz (withdrawn on oenological advice)

1958 Five Fouls Brut de Brut (Now available in Nebuchadnezzars)

1960 Smith's Gully Generic Drink (Still great value despite fierce competition from plain labelled imitations)

Nicholson's NV Rhine Reisling (Still knitting)

1967 Virgin Hills Sandie Cooler (I reckon it's just that little bit extra mellow)

And our new releases :

1957 Mt. Karen Winery Chardonnay Champagne : A delicate blend of selected grapes which has threatened to kill me if I write anything nasty about her. Talk doesn't scare me!! However, physical violence is something entirely different.

1957 Knight's Folly Shiraz - Magnum : Am I ever gonna see that wine again? I think so. Return of a tired old favourite, a nice wine for a white wedding or for walking in sunshine. Or if you prefer to go your own way and fly a kite, you can live it up with this drop on echo beach beach (oh yes, I heard it that time - Ed.)

1958 Campbell's Museum Release Hermitage - Piccolo : A dry witted wine with an acidic palate and an argumentative finish. Can be drunk now or left on the bench for a little longer (just who's that aimed at then? - Ed.)

1958 St. Kerry's Private Bin Traminer Reisling : A quiet wine itself, but has the potential to keep you up all night singing silly songs.

1958 SBG Wine Co. (Inc.) Late-picked Botrytis Affected Trockenbeeren- auslese : A wine of great depth, if a little sweet.

JCH Wildlife Series : No. 61 - "The Fish" Royal Reserve Sparkling Show Muscat : One of the biggest noses in Australian wine. Strong traces of corn on the middle palate. Not a wine for listening

- to, a wine for laying down and avoiding. (Too much will make you sick - Ed.)
- 1962 Knight's Estate Beaujolais : Another sweet young thing, ideal birthday wine. Geez I'm a crawler.
- 1964 McShane Vineyards Sheena Cooler (285 ml) : The first strawberry cooler approved for alter use by the Vatican. A bubbly young thing which should appeal to all hugh try.
- 1966 Michelle Moselle : Unfortunately in very short supply and unavailable for tasting.
- 1967 Dallas Cellars Pinot Noir : You'll be ewing yourself a favour by trying this one (that was really bad - Ed.)
- 1968 Luder's Estate Chardonnay : A promising youngster, recently rated four out of a possible five fousls by James Halliday.

As if all that isn't enough (and I think it is) we have the following Quotable quotes...

- Karen (talking about dog trailers) : "I thought they were for midgets!"
- Mungus : "What's the pH of the chardonnay?"
- J.C. (returning from the ice machine) : "Anyone got five 20's for a dollar?"
- J.C. (returning again from the ice machine) : "Anyone got a dollar for five 20's?"

- Karen : "Ooh, it's blue isn't it? I don't think a lake is really clean unless it's blue."
- Sheena : "What are those wet patches on my li-lo Fish?"
- Fish : "I always get the wet patch."
- Mungus : "You fell for it like the fascist you are!!"
- Karen : "I've got a tea bag in my bag."
- Karen : "It's not Fleurie, shit!"
- Simon : "Un-woman that mouth."
- J.C. (to a friendly camper nearby, who he didn't know was German) :
"You won't like Queensland, it's full of fascists and nazis."
- Basil : "Don't mention the war. I did once but I think I got away with it."
- Pendles : "You've lost that lovin' feelin'."
- Mungus : "Mal, can I get into the boot please?"

So there you have it. Unfortunately that's not all of it. There is also this song, well, one verse of a song, okay then, one verse of rhyme, well it is one verse. To the tune of "Seasons in the Sun"...

Easter's Run and Gun

We had joy, we had fun,
We had lots of "Run and Gun",
But the baskets that we made,
Paled into insignificance when compared to some of the sensational moves made last year.