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***The 1988 U.P.A.  
Collegiate Ultimate Frisbee  
National Championships***



May 27, 28, & 29

on Storke Field

Women's Finals 6 PM

Men's Finals 8PM

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*also*





# Santa Barbara Lager and the Ultimate Family Welcome You to the Collegiate National's



*photo by Linda Aku*

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# How do and a pleasant Welcome

Hello, and a hearty and sincere welcome to THE Santa Barbara tournament of the decade. Buenas noches to the all Collegiate players as they compete for the Ultimate honor of being a National Champion, and Muchas Gracias to those who have come to participate in the 6th Annual S.B. Classic. We realize that the journey to Santa Barbara takes a great quantity of time and considerable energy, and we hope you find our world worthwhile, pleasant, and comfortable. It is our goal to provide you and your 'mates a competent, competitive, and organized function full of fun on the fields as well as off. As usual, it is important to us that you play hard, get down and dirty, play a lot, and smile throughout the weekend's activities. Hopefully you will find Santa Barbara, Goleta, and Isla Vista as special and unique as we do.



**Daniel L. Schradermeier**

And the man with many talents and connections, who's door is always open for discussion and problems: He's a proud new daddy too, Jeff Hirsh. I owe you a beer, friend.

It is my job to coordinate activities and make this event click. Anyone who has ever organized or been associated with running a tournament knows about budgets, time constraints, headaches, frisbee time, aggressive individuals, and unbeknownst problems that arise and must be handled. Sometimes the job becomes one hell of a burden, but that's what I love about it - the spontaneous challenges. So as a great man once said: "You can please some of the people some of the time, you can please the other people at another time, but you can't please all of the people all of the time (or something similar to that). So, sorry to those whom I fail to please. All I can do is try, and try I surely will.

There are lots of people to thank, but utmost I want to thank my dad, who taught me about sports, competition, fitness, and always gave me a piece of his generous heart. You're special Pops.

Aw yes, special thanks are due the following for their time, effort, cooperation, legwork, and contribution. The event wouldn't have taken shape without their assistance.

Assistant Directors- Dale Kimbal, Victor Matthews, James Mallon

Collegiate Directors- Jared Tausig, Judith Dale (the ace in the hole)

Program Contributions- Scott Erickson, Matt Swider, Sean-daddy, Brian O'Donnell, Barton Merrill, Robert Austin, Ann Cohan, Marianne Setter, Lynn Lightfoot, Pattie Montgomery, PJ Donohoe, and of course, that dog with many talents, Skippy.

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T-Shirt Production- Techstyles

Photo's by- Chris Perry, Stuart Beringer, Brenton Kelly, Richard Reed, Mike Broughton, Joanie Merrill, and Linda Aku.

Special Thanks goes to KTYD, Santa Barbara Lager,

Naked Juice, Isla Vista Market, the Sojourner and company, Bud Light, SFCS Insurance Co., and the rest of our sponsors. Our Sponsors are great, and I hope you get a chance to use them. And I also want to thank (for putting up with me) JK, Trish Meyer, Ms. Kelly, Jackie (and her Mac), the other JK, Snuffy, my housemate Pete, and a host of others.

# Time... ... is on my side

Well, Uity is still going round and round and little has progressed in the last couple of years. Bob Austin made up a rule or two (anything to get his name in print), but basically the game is the same. I think it's Time to make an altercation.

Years ago, in an effort to simplify the game, people decided that it was time to play games by the point method, thereby eliminating what I believe was one of the more interesting aspects of competitive athletics - the clock.

Timed games are the best! Why? because the game's never really over 'till it's over. Since the introduction of point games, the element of offensive players (and I'm not even talking of Peter the cheater) has dominated the game. A team of quality defensive players with minimal throwing skills never has a chance against teams that can score on eighty percent of their possessions.

Glassboro State University won two National titles with three or four good throwers and ten or twelve excellent defensive stalwarts. Their zone forced tough passes and when they got control of the disc they PATIENTLY worked it in. Had those games been point oriented I doubt if they would have been as successful as they were. The premium placed on defense was much greater because they knew that they only had to be ahead at the end of the game.

Timed games allow for greater strategy! As the end of the game winds down, each possession becomes more critical, especially when the score is tied at twelve with thirty seconds to play. A captain had better put his best players on the field because it MATTERS!!

Now you say "Well, what about when the score is twenty-all, ceiling twenty-one". Well (I hate to be nit picky), but how often does this circumstance occur. Rarely is it tied at twenty, but in EVERY game that is timed, there comes a point when there is thirty seconds to play.

By re-emphasizing defense, a premium will be placed on conditioning. It will still be important to complete your passes, but a team captain faced with the prospect of encouraging young players will be able to help develop the young-stud/weak-sidearm player who is willing to kill on "D" instead of relying on the aging, old fart with the killer backhand but no legs.

Too often one team jumps on another and annihilates them in twenty minutes, then sits around and rags on the two teams out there killing each other for the right to face them. That's Really Fair!? If both teams were out there for the same length of time, two things would happen. One: They would both play the same number of minutes (no kidding), and Two: The team that got jumped on may stand a chance of wearing down the lazy, old, strictly offensive team once they



*photo by Chris Perry*

had the opportunity to run with them for an hour or so.

I think one of the primary reasons timed games were eliminated was that tournament directors didn't want to deal with starting and stopping games. But my solution would be that each round of games would be time-slotted (hey, just like they are in point tourney's) and once slotted, they would start with a common signal, be given a ten and five minute warning, and all games would end at the same time. If a game was in progress when the clock ended the teams could either end the point there or play it out, (a captain's meeting dilemma). When the games get more serious (semi's and final's), a time-keeper could intervene, and the game's end could be stop-timed (clock stopping on fouls, scored points, and time outs).

The worst rag on time-keepers was always that it added another non-player in the process, and the "purists" hated that. Well boys and girls (We're not girls! Call us women), the days of purity are Over with the advent of on-field decision makers (don't call them ref's). It seems apparent that an impartial time-keeper is NOT going to interfere with the outcome of any game.

Time also adds intensity! Why? When players know that their team is not a loser until the game actually ends, they are apt to stay pumped up. How often have you looked at your teammates when the score is 12-7, game to fifteen, and seen "quit" on their faces. In timed games, when the score is 12-7 and there's five minutes left to make up that deficit, a point a minute is an easy goal, but scoring eight to their three is not.

'Good Luck Condors'



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Sure you still have to outscore them by five, but time adds pressure on them too, and with each score the noose tightens a little more, and the defensive pressure kicks into another, higher gear.

So the only logical reason for games played to points is that they're easier to keep score for, and that's not reason enough. Let's see a little evolution (or is it devolution?) in the game. Remember what it used to say on the back of the frisbee? "To fly, flip away, experiment, play games" (or something to that effect). It's time to experiment and play games. Let's see the sport go through a new growth spurt. I mean, hell, it's 1988 already, what are you waiting for, Christmas?

P.S.

For you crafty little devils who think you can simply stall out the disc at the end of the game by throwing dump passes, try it! It's a lot harder than you think, and the "D" just loves seeing dump passes on your own goal line. It is also much harder to get open when the "D" knows what you're doing.



photo by Mike Broughton



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cover photo by Chris Perry

poster photo's by Richard Reed

# An Ultimate Check-Up

by SCOTT "GEEK" ERICKSON

I really believe that Ultimate is at a bit of a crossroads. I don't mean all of the squabbles about "Spirit of the Game" and redrawing regional boundaries, but on the basic lifeblood of the sport - Player Involvement. I have been playing this wonderful sport for seven or eight years now and it almost seems to me that there were more teams then than now. Team turnout at tournaments for both men and women has done little more than fluctuate and certainly not grown by the leaps and bounds that many of us hoped for or predicted. The level of play and the seriousness with which many teams approach competition has definitely increased, but why not the participation? The growth of Ultimate is a real challenge to all of us and will remain so for some time. Without wide-spread media acceptance it will continue to be difficult to broaden the player base of Ultimate. The fact remains that after all this time (the 20th anniversary of Ultimate is this year!), hardly anybody knows who the heck we are and what this game is all about.

There are two groups of people out there reading this article. The first group are those of you that have had the good fortune to play some Ultimate. You already know how much fun it is to play the game, travel to tournaments, and sweat and succeed with a team. The second group has never played the game and may not even have heard of Ultimate until you found yourselves at this great event this weekend. I hope that what you see and hear sparks a desire in you to participate in the future. For Ultimate to continue to grow, those of us in the first group need to reach out (and keep reaching out) to those in the second group.

To you players out there.... how did you start playing Ultimate? Chances are that some friend introduced you to the game or conned you into playing on an intramural team. We all know that we weren't watching the UPA Game of the Week on TV, nor did we pick up this week's Sports Illustrated to read the cover story on Kelly Green. We learned about the game by word of mouth or by an accidental encounter on a school playing field. And even more importantly, most of us had one or two people that kept calling us up and dragging us out to the field to play. Their enthusiasm was contagious and soon we couldn't be kept away. My thanks go out to guys like Bob Cook and Steve Courlang for encouraging me while I was completely useless on the field. Who do you need to thank? By the same token, isn't there somebody you know that needs to find Ultimate? Your roommate....that athletic work associate..... that non-athletic classmate.... your sister..... your father..... it doesn't matter. It's an easy game and a fun game. But they probably won't come out on their own. We need to get them there.

We need to avoid the myopic approach to Ultimate. "Is this guy going to help us get to Nationals this year? No, so let's not bother teaching him anything." It is



photo by Brenton Kelly

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difficult to find the time to mentor a player, form a recreational league, or get involved in the organization of the sport.... but it is necessary. The "elite" level of Ultimate play should eventually form only a small portion of player involvement. The average guy and gal on the street need to be playing Ultimate. This is when we will see our sport break free to bigger and better days. It may sound melodramatic, but in my opinion we are facing not just the growth of the sport, but the survival of the game. This is the generation of players that must make it happen. The Ultimate Players Association has set some lofty goals for the sport over the next decade: growth in team involvement, player involvement, city and corporate leagues and eventually status as an NCAA and Olympic sport. These goals can be attained, but not unless we all take the time to spread the word and work to make it happen.

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Welcome Collegiate Players



I believe that we are on the right track. A tournament the magnitude of this one is evidence of that. Media consciousness is picking up. I no longer have to explain Ultimate to EVERY person I meet, just some. It is being played in more and more schools at earlier ages. This is exciting. I just hope that thirty years from now, when I'm watching Ultimate on my 3-D TV, it will be the NCAA Championships in the Rose Bowl before 100,000 screaming people and not a PBS special as they describe an obscure group of geriatrics who stubbornly play this funny sport with an old-fashion plastic toy.

I don't feel that I have yet put back into the sport all that it has given to me. Chances are that most of us haven't. It would be a shame to see the strides that we have taken go for naught. So find somebody and get them involved. Before long they, and you, will be glad you did.



photo by Joanie Merrill

# ULTIMATE HIGH SCHOOL

by P.J. DONOHOE

Dos Pueblos Ultimate High is the only high school level Ultimate team that is currently active in the Santa Barbara area. The team was founded in the fall of '87 as the brainchild of teacher and athletic coach D. Schrad.

In the first month of Ultimate High's existence, regular participation in scrimmages grew to over thirty players. Currently, scholastic spring sports has reduced Ultimate High to a tournament team led by captain P.J. Donohoe - ("We'll get more participants when the summer comes"). Players on Ultimate High are now hoping to spark interest at the other local high schools to the extent of forming an informal league for the '88/89 school year.



## *Ultimate Junkie!*

by Pattie Montgomery

At the time it all seemed rather innocent. My roommate said, "It'll be fun." "Yeah, but I can't even throw a frisbee." "We don't care!" "Yeah, but...um...well, all right, I'll come and check it out." I mean, how hard could it be, after all, they let dogs play, don't they? Ha! I was quick to learn the dogs were the smart ones. They sat on the sidelines while their masters chased a 165 gram piece of plastic up and down the length of a soccer field, non-stop... for hours on end...rain or shine! I also found out why they didn't care if I could throw, because I seldom did. I began to wonder why this wasn't listed as a track and field event.

But soon I learned there was indeed method to this madness. The throws came - forehand, backhand, hammer, knife, thumber. How many ways are there to throw a frisbee, anyway? Don't ask! It all happened so gradually, I hardly noticed. But as each day passed the ultimate virus continued to spread throughout me until one day on the phone my mother asked me, "What's a Cag, dear?" It was then I realized, I'd acquired ultimate lingo! Words and phrases like Huck it and Ted had crept into my everyday conversation. But this was just the tip of the iceberg...I had begun to acquire beads and meet people with names like Geek and Cones! Ultimate had infiltrated my social life. I began to organize my time around when the next tournament was and how I'd get there. Within one year I'd been transformed from an average middle-class American into an Ultimate Junkie!

However, a year later, a year stronger, I look back amazed at how this change occurred so naturally, and I smile. I'm thankful, for some of the best people I've ever met have been during this year. So on behalf of all the "Ultimate Rookies" out there, I'd like to say thanks, to all the players that I've encountered, for their patience to teach and their desire to promote a truly great sport.



# The Tide Cometh from the West.....

by MATT SWIDER

What the heck does that mean? It means a lot of memories for five members of the '86 UCSB Black Tide Ultimate team. We were on our way to our hotel after arriving in St. Louis (site of the '86 National Championships) around midnight and decided to take the scenic route via the Thomas Jefferson Memorial. It was written in stone in front of the monument; "The tide cometh from the west, it's immense swells crashing around us....." (a quote from the Lewis and Clark expedition). Oh well, I guess you had to be there.

The Tide is attempting to make its third straight appearance in the Collegiate Nationals, but things have not always been so good. Collegiate Ultimate at UCSB began in 1984 as Ronnie's Ranch Hands. The team was started thanks to a dedicated effort by Tom Kennedy and Greg Sharpe. Mr. Kennedy always seems to get things started around here. Anyway, TK and Greggo attracted between forty and fifty players during the tryouts for the team. They trimmed the Ranch Hands down to twenty-seven members (it was twenty-six, but Greggo called me back after the cut and let me know that I had made the team after all. Thanks Greggo, I still appreciate that). The team included members of the Condors, and this team seemed unbeatable. That is, until the quarterfinals of regionals when a very psyched Oregon Ducks team handed UCSB the only loss of the season. The loss eliminated us from receiving a National's bid.

Eighty-five saw Ronnie's Ranch Hands become Black Tide and the loss of most of the Condors from the previous year. However, TK and Greg Sharpe recruited Nick Donahue to share the coaching duties. Nick, by all accounts, was a very inspirational leader, as well as the author of the infamous "pie theory" of Ultimate. I did not get to see much of his effort though, because I was busy coaching and organizing the UCSB Slicks, the second team. Neither team did much at Regionals that year, although the Slicks did manage to get their only win of the season against Cal Tech.

Before the start of the '86 campaign, the Black Tide asked TK and Greggo to step down. It wasn't that their efforts were not appreciated, but we didn't like being the only team with coaches. Something happened right that year, because even though we lost in the Semi's at Regionals (to Oregon) we managed to come up through the loser's bracket and beat Chabot to go to Nationals (how sweet it was). In St. Louis we won four of five pool games (Guess who we lost to? Oregon), and finished first in the pool. In the Semi's we were pitted against another team from the west, Stanford, and they proved too tough that day. The Tide entered as the twelfth-seeded team, and we ended up

*cont. on pg. 22)*



*photo by Richard Reed*

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# BIG GAME SAFARI

by D.L. SCHRADERMEIER

There was a time when picking off ground squirrels at fifty meters with a twenty-two gave me a cheap and unthoughtful thrill, but those days of mass murder vanished upon returning home from that war Uncle Sam provided for us a few years back. My preferred weapon these days is a frisbee: I seek, stalk, and throw at Big Game. Now, the classic big game have names such as lion, water buffalo, elephant, and tourist, and reside in Tarzanland. Someday I hope for the unique opportunity to throw my devastating backhand at a charging rhino (and live to tell about it). Until then, I have to practice on the Biggies of North America. Our biggies are deer, antelope, moose, vermin, and the griz. Playing Ultimate in the off-season has improved my style and technique of hitting the open target.

The disc is a decent weapon. There is scientific proof that wormburners have decimated herds of ground crawlies, and scientists state that a thrown knife (or infamous razor) kills zillions of tiny, winged insects. A well thrown disc at one of the biggies can make a sizeable dent. A quick wrist, steady hand, good pivot, seeing the whole field, and a zinging, vicious throw can make even the formidable grizzly dance. The funniest dancer is the easiest to hit too. Deer (like sheep) are not very bright; fact is, they're down right dumb.

You can get pretty close to a deer by acting like an ignorant tourist taking "THE" National Geographic shot while bloating Bambi's ego with chi-chi compliments, ("Oh, aren't you cute; What a blessed darling; What a delightfully, dumb deer"; etc.). They'll usually ogle and gawk in your direction, making sure that you are just another harmless troll, and then it's back to masticating the unsavory shrub grass. This is the time to strike. Make a good fake, stay low, and throw the backhand. Aim for the rear, hit the damn butt. Once the shot hits the glutties maxis (huntin' jargon), it usually takes the dumb deer fifteen or twenty seconds for the hit to register in the brain. Shock then enters the deer; "I'm hit" it thinks, but the bewildered buck has not the foggiest notion as to what by. It jumps up and down, looks in your direction, and ten seconds later Bambi has forgotten the whole incident. Bingo Bucko, you just chalked up a biggie.

Antelope are such a pain, but an incredible and worthy adversary. You've gotta windsprint at 60 M.P.H. plus just to catch them suckers, and then just to confound you they break back at warp speed and are usually open. Good thing the game of Ultimate puts a person in good condition, because it usually takes all day to wear a herd down. Offensively, throw the overhead. Antelope never look up (too many gopher holes) and thus they never really know when the deadly disc is airborne.

Good takes again open up the toss. Pronghorn play a lot of zone, and to beat them you ought to keep the disc moving and the throws must be accurate. You fail once, and they are on the move.

The best way to bag a moose is head on. Moose are very, very physical and their antler defense is among the elite. They play best when they are in marshy turf or five feet in a lake. Moose go nuts when they see an errant disc, so the warning is, don't miss or you'll get bulled over. Their weakness is the give and go, so dish and spread them. Moose are casually lazy. Don't confront them in the early morning or sunset because that is when they are the most active and physical. Their energy is usually focused on beer lodges and they are well established as party animals. Stalk these creatures in mid-day (after they've consumed a sixer), and hit them with a barage of short, quick throws. Remember!! Patience. It usually takes ten or twelve frisbees to take down a 1,500 pound, charging, angry, bull moose.

Varmints are a miscellaneous, mischievous, and meritorious variety of quarry. Eagles are great to hunt, but unfortunately it is very difficult to heave a disc six hundred meters straight up. Coyotes are wily, charming characters who just love to smile mockingly while they step nonchalantly to one side as the disc zings past. And if you throw short, they'll chew it before you can scare them off. Canadian geese are always travelling or calling fowl; and to bag a badger you need to be thrown a pass whereas you lay it out over the top of old Mr. Badger, smacking the critter on the head as you fly past. Badgers are apt to bitch a lot, but they also like to play games and get their faces in the dirt.

Which leaves us with the most unpredictable critter of them all: Griz. Here's the bad news: can't outrun them, can't fake them, can't intimidate them, can't hassle them, can't play better "D" than them, and you can't out drink them. Only the young, foolish, and stupid challenge the grizzly because, like the moose, griz only plays on the turf it knows. Griz has one more major stipulation; griz plays by his rules, and what creates even more havoc, fright, and paranoia is that he makes up the rules as he goes along. Grizzlies have been known to swallow the disc and thrower simultaneously. You can't win a match, contest, or discfight when you're pitted against this behemoth. To bag a big, bad, brown, brawly bear you better get a banger of a toss off. Here's the way the pro's do it: Locate the target about a half a mile away across a large chasm or insanely rapid river, step back, take a deep breath, run as hard as you can to the throwoff line, release at the optimum angle and force, and yell "Yo, homeboy, your grandmother was a cow!!". It is then time to run. Quickly find a climbable tree, and listen for the thump of the disc. If the disc hits the target you'll know; big bears make big roars. Hopefully he'll be confused and dumbfounded because he figures nobody is such an idiot as to take on a bear. Caution: Wait three hours before you even think of moving. And remember, always be aware, and never, but never, take them critters lightly.

# Burning Skirt's

photo by Mike Broughton

by Lynn Lightfoot and Marianne Setter

Looking back on the history of women's ultimate at U.C. Santa Barbara, it's interesting that this town, considered such a breeding ground for ultimate players, has produced a legacy of constant struggle for the women's UCSB team. 1987 saw yet another new beginning, with advertisements bringing over thirty women to our first few practices. This large turn-out soon dwindled to about fifteen players, half of which were willing to dedicate themselves to the pain and frustration it takes to become a good Ultimate team.

Let us take the time to thank the few experienced players who patiently endured the frustrations of a beginning team. We were a team whose two hour practices consisted of a game to five. On the line up, six out of seven people volunteered to go deep, a turnover was a major transaction which not all of us understood, and drills were almost impossible due to the lack of discs.

(cont. on pg. 22)

In the Afternoon

She was fair and sweet  
A friend  
I wanted  
to touch

She asked me  
What I did  
I'm alive I said  
I play disc

Are you a Master sailor  
a banker or a tailor?  
No, I play  
disc

What is disc  
she wondered  
I don't know  
I said but I'm alive

by GURU



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### Mid-Atlantic Region

**Men:** E. Carolina, Carnegie-Melon Mr. Yuk



photo by Chris Perry

## *First Will and Testament*

by SEAN-DADDY

According to my recollection, Ultimate frisbee began as an innovative game; no referees to call violations, the players would self-officiate. It was ruled that the players would not make calls that would violate the spirit of the game. In other words, one would not accuse an opponent of a violation in order to gain an advantage.

This is what sets our game, in it's ideal state, apart from all others; people in the midst of incredible intensity who remain faithful to fairness and integrity. The spirit of the game must exist as an ideal in our minds. As long as we implement this idea, it will remain strong. If we allow the spirit of the game to wither into insignificance, however, I can only predict the future rise of referees.

### Central Region

**Men:** Kansas H

Winona S

**Women:** Kansas

Carleton



photo by Mike Broughton

**Southern Region****Men:** Texas, Georgia Tech Tequila Worms**Women:** Gainesville**Northeast Region****Men:** Columbia, Wesleyan, UMass**Women:** Cornell Wild Roses, UMass Zulu*photo by Richard Reed***on**

horizontals, St. Louis U.,

t.

Betty, Madison Mudeaters,

College.

*photo by Mike Broughton***SCHEDULE OF EVENTS****Collegiate**

May 26-

Check in at Hotel, or camping spot  
8:00 PM Captains meeting

May 27-

First game- 8:30 A.M.  
Second game- 11:00 A.M.  
Third game- 2:00 P.M.

May 28-

First game- 8:30 A.M.  
Second game- 11:00 A.M.

May 29-

Semi's- Women 12:00 P.M.  
Men- 2:00 P.M.Final's- Women 6:00 P.M.  
Men 8:00 P.M.

Final's in Harder Stadium

**Classic**

May 28-

Random Co-ed Play  
Registration by 12:00 P.M.

Captain's meeting 8:00 P.M.

May 29-

First game- 9:00 A.M.  
Second game- 11:30 A.M.  
Third game- 2:00 P.M.

Fourth Game- 4:00 P.M.

May 30-

First game- 9:00 A.M.  
Second game- 11:30 A.M.  
Semi's- 2:00 P.M.  
Final's (to be determined)  
In Harder Stadium

# Crustacean Roots

by BRIAN O'DONNELL

This Memorial weekend Storke field will showcase Collegiate and professional Ultimate action. This is the regular avenue for those interested in the sport to pursue competitive titles and championships. There is another realm of Ultimate that I've been associated with here at UCSB. Intramural Ultimate action contains many of the same ingredients spectators will be digesting these next four days.

In 1979, I met some people playing catch with the disc. They talked of forming a co-ed team to participate in the upcoming intramural season. Myself and a couple of housemates were interested and we signed up to join in what at the time was the largest intramural program at the school. The next three months held many surprises. The games were more competitive than I had anticipated, making friends was much easier than I thought possible, and the team get-togethers at the small Mexican joint afterwards was always king of the cake.

For the next five years I was a regular participant in the intramural program. Our original team, called the "Crustaceans," went through many changes over that time. Highlights over the years involved winning one co-ed championship, one teammate marriage, and having five members be on the 1981 National Champion Condor Team. Many, but many, great parties were thrown and numerous friendships developed over the years.

It has been nine years since our first team was formed. Past teammates have moved to other cities, having taken typical jobs as brain surgeons, rocket designers, and Reagan stand-ins. Almost half of the original Crustacean team has remained in the Santa Barbara area. Those of us in town have gotten ahead with new opportunities in the field of lawn mower repair, rubber design, and as a last resort, substitute teaching.

This weekend the Collegiate teams are here to crown a National Champion. The professional players are fielding teams and honing skills in preparation for the upcoming blood and guts fall season. But my spirit will never shed all those experiences associated with intramural Ultimate at UCSB. Sweet, sweet, memories.

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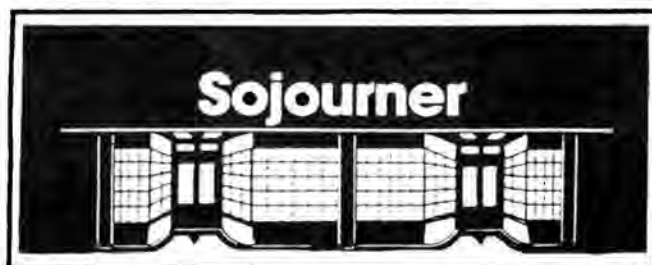
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Scene of the "Gambini Cup" Competition



by SKIPPY AKU

## Confessions of an Ultimate Dog

Well, it's that time again-- the wind is blowing hard and my human friend is doing some futile stretching and a couple of wasted laps in the hope of getting ready for the Santa Barbara Classic. It's easy to sense her excitement at the prospect of another fun-filled tournament; but what she probably doesn't notice is my own anticipation of the good times to be had at these monthly play fests. Ultimate tournaments are great for dogs, too.

They give us a chance to see old friends, do some stud talking, check out the bitches and to play our own little pooch games. (And I bet you thought dogs only went to tournaments to work on their tans.) Here are some of our favorite tournament canine games.

When you're a young pup, the funnest thing to do is play the "run-onto-the-field-in-the-middle-of-the-point" game. What a barrel of laughs! Here's what you do: wait for one team to throw-off, and then run onto the field. When the players start yelling at you, just ignore them and start prancing about. After you've made the game stop, and somebody comes to grap you, make a mad dash to the adjoining field and repeat the whole thing over again.

We adult dogs play more mature games-- ones that

frustrate and piss the humans off. One of these is called the "I'm-dying-of-thirst" game. The object is to see which dog can get the most humans to fill up empty discs with water. The best tactic is to walk up to a water bottle, lick the top, and give it a paw or two until some unsuspecting human pours the water in the disc for you. Then you casually sniff the water and turn your head and walk away. I know it's real snotty, but it's a blast to get humans to waste all their good, cold water so they have none left for later, when they're on the verge of sunstroke.

Another game we play is the "P and P" game (which stands for poop and pee). For the poop part, you wait until no humans are looking and then stroll onto the field. You nonchalantly squat in the front corner of the endzone and lay the biggest poop you can. Then you quickly run off and get together with your friends to watch all the humans' faces - what a crack up - we usually end up on our backs in hysterics. The second part of the game involves peeing (this is big with the guys). The lead dog picks a cone to piss on, and then all the other dogs follow suit. Once the cone has received a good dousing, the leader returns to pee on it some more and, of course, everyone follows him again. This could go on forever, but usually our bladders can only last for one or two hours. When the gang is in a really nasty mood (if we didn't get our milkbones in the morning), we play a variation of the peeing game. Instead of doing it on a cone, we squirt on some human's backpack or brand-new, over-priced

(cont. on pg. 20)

# LEGENDS

Our game is such an infant that it lacks an important ingredient that all sports seem to have: Stats and Facts. Nobody, not even the head honcho's of the UPA, knows who is Top Dog in the categories of goals, blocks, assists, bad calls, or points. Will our game catch up to the real world of trite trivia, or, as the old saying goes "There is no 'I' in team" so who cares? Each sport does produce athletes that exemplify and excel in that sport, and honors are bestowed upon that individual for their overall performance. The Big Three of Sports (baseball, football, and hoops) have their own Hall of Fames, and their time honored legends. When the names Ruth, Brown, or Chamberlain are mentioned, the image, and greatness, of these individuals are recognized and rarely argued with.

A legend is a story or stories handed down for generations and popularly believed to have historical basis. It is a notable person or the stories of their exploits. So, it is with great pleasure that this article takes three players to honor for their skill, their performances, and their achievements. These are some of those people who have made Ultimate what it is today, and it is doubtful that without their time, energy, and dedication to the sport, we would be here today:

Do you know who has the most years of Santa Barbara Ultimate experience, and is still active? For years this person never missed a chance to play Ultimate and afterwards allowed his house to be the "Club House" of S.B. Ultimate. He has guided, counseled and coached several generations of Ultimate players, whether they wanted it or not. He has been a player, coach, and organizer of uncounted S.B. teams. If you want to know any past or present information about the game, the Condors, Collegiates, intramurals, or pick-up Ultimate, go to this person. How is so-and-so playing? Is someone in the "Big Slump"? Who's the next superstar? Who has the most turnovers (including practice) in Ulti History? Go to this man.

For years his name came up in conversations in and around the community. He is never at a loss for words or opinions. This man gives new meanings to the words rag, cag, dirt, swill, defense, keeping score, and stacked team. In fact he gives new definitions to a lot of words. If you disagree with him, you may be taken on an emotional roller coaster ride. But you'll certainly respect him in the end for his honesty and convictions in these kickback, wishy-washy times.

If there is one person you don't want watching when you get hand blocked or force a throw, it's this person. However, one word of praise from him can pump you up for months. I don't know

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photo by Brenton

anyone who knows more about Ultimate, or has influenced more S.B. players. Tom Kennedy built the chassis of the Santa Barbara Condors, but it has been Bart Merrill who has provided the gas and been the engine. No one can, or will, replace him.

by ROBERT AUSTIN

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# SUBWAY

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photo by Chris Perry

What Ultimate player has competed in every Nationals since the first UPA National Championships in 1979? What player has won five consecutive National Championship Titles?

It is hard to describe all that this person has done for the sport of Ultimate. Over the years, this person has taught hundreds of people the game; kids out on the playground, kids in daycamps, college kids, and teammates at the National's level. She has helped raise the level of the game to what it represents today and her hard work and dedication have kept her at the leading edge of the sport she loves. She is continually trying to perfect her skills; the reason is simple, she wants to be the best she can, and while she tries for this goal she works hard to help those she plays with to be the best they can be. Kelly Green has had a tremendous influence on influencing Women's Ultimate.

Kelly has worked hard since she first started playing in 1979. She played her first two years with the Michigan State Men's team, practicing five days per week and travelling to every weekend tournament. Working against men made Kelly work harder and longer than anyone else. The

work ethic has remained with her.

In 1981, Kelly and some of the MSU men began the school's Women's team, later called the Fisheads. Kelly had the unenviable task of teaching an entire team of rookies how to play Ultimate. She led the team to the first Women's National Championships in 1981, and the Fisheads finished in fifth (out of five). In the following two years the Fisheads became a force of gutsy, hardworking players who were close to unbeatable.

After capturing the 1983 National Championship and graduating from MSU, Kelly moved to California. She joined the Santa Barbara Condors and brought her work ethic, strategies, mental toughness, and determination to a team made up of fine athletes. The team won national titles in '84, '85, '86, and '87 (an amazing and gruelling feat!). About half of the last team was comprised of new players, but by the time of Nationals, these "rookies" played with confidence and control. The faces may have changed over those years, but at the core was Kelly.

It is obvious by her record and her play that Kelly was and is the greatest Women's player in the game. She is not the fastest runner, trickiest thrower, toughest defender, or flashiest diver, but she plays the most outstanding, well rounded, controlled game of ANY player. Kelly has the ability to dig down deep when the going gets tough and there are no subs, and do what it takes to get the job done. It is a matter of being consistent, confident, determined and smart. Her game is one of control, and that makes her a winner. She is the best.

by ANN COHAN



photo by Stuart Beringer

Tom Kennedy (affectionately known as TK) is one of the finest athletes ever to play the game of Ultimate. He has also been known to swish the hoop from twenty-two plus with deadly accuracy, his softball pitching and fielding is legendary among the leagues of Santa Barbara, and he is precise and accurate at ball, as well as disc, golf. The man has one of the truest backhands in the game, and he was far from a slouch on defense. He is a winner, not just for the sake of winning or losing (because his winning percentage must be astronomical), but because of his superb attitude on and off the field. Few players have equalled this winning attitude, and even fewer players do it with such ease and ability that it makes everyone surrounding them feel like they are winners, too. Athletes, great athletes, are truly inspirational, and they often times pull you along with them to reach new heights. Tom Kennedy is one of these rare breeds.

Tom learned about Ultimate while attending the 1975 Rose Bowl, where Ultimate was played as a half-time demo. Ironically, Tom had already been playing a made up game similar to Ultimate for almost two years, where he and a few friends decided to stop just playing catch, but instead would run and catch, and this made up game would include everyone. Around '73, Natural spontaneity had led a loose group of twelve frisbee addicts into playing once a week at Mission Lawn or at Santa Barbara High School. Two years later the group learned of Ultimate, and eventually ended up with the name "Disc-connector". A core group was formed, and with the help of Tom Sheppard and Greg Sharpe, a new name was picked: The Condors. In 1977, the first opportunity for a West Coast team to participate in the National Championships (up until this time all the teams were in the east) came as Wham-o helped the current champ, Penn. State, come to La Mirada. The game consisted of two, twenty-four minute halves, stopped-time. The final score was 32-14, Condors. They have been at every (except '82) Nationals since then, and won the championship in '78, '79, and '81.

During those Glory Days of Condorism, it was TK who pulled the team together and upheld the powerful "swoop and pummel" theory. Tom Kennedy was the rallying post; his 'spirit of the game' attitude was unquestioned, and his bombing backhand was unstoppable. How many arguments he quelled or how many goals he threw are unknown, but the figure "a trillion" sticks in one's mind. He is sometimes affectionately referred to as the Grandad of ultimate; not because of his age or longevity, but mainly because of the love and respect his peers and proteges share with him.

Tom Kennedy, alias TK, alias Grandad, will always be a force in the game of Ultimate, and if you look around a little, you may even see him here today.

by D.L. SCHRADERMEIER

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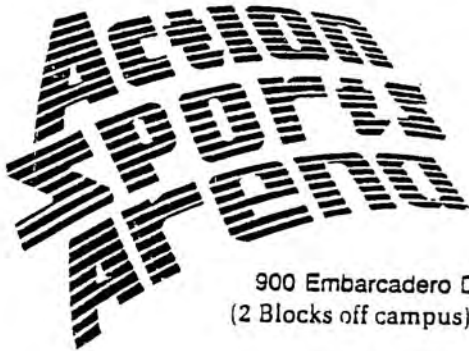
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photo by Chris Perry

*(cont. from pg. 15)*

tournament t-shirt.

The last game of the day is the classic "roll-in-the-mud-before-you-get-in-the-car" game. This one is pretty much self-explanatory. The one thing to remember, though, is that you should find the absolutely worst-smelling puddle out on the fields, preferably one that the seagulls have been bombing throughout the day. Once you've done this, your day is complete and you can go home as tired and exhausted as your human friend will undoubtedly be.



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third in the nation.

1987 was the year we would win it all. Most of the '86 team was intact and we were very hungry. We worked hard and sailed through the season, losing only to Chabot in the finals of Regionals. Penn State was the National's site, and it was the best run tournament ever. Games on time (every two hours), plenty of discs, medical support, water, and most important, wins for the Tide. We blew through our pool, out scoring our opponents 75-23. In the Semi's we handled San Louis Obispo and met up with Chabot in the Finals. Chabot got their revenge from '86, and the National Championship. We got the video, watching it over and over, wondering how we lost.

This is 1988, and I hope to be reading this article on the sidelines while we are waiting for our game against Cornell, or Texas, or even Oregon. As long as it's Collegiate Nationals, and not the Classic.

Thanks again TK and Mr. Sharpe for getting us on the right track.



(cont. from pg. 11) photo by Chris Perry

Though we were a new and inexperienced team, we went to a few tournaments and did the best we could. We didn't win a game the whole year, and some of the women started to give up on us. At the beginning of our 1988 season we had a core from last year's team, and a few new women. Through the plentiful bruises and pulled muscles, the bad ankles and sore knees etc..., we went to our first 1988 tournament, and we won a few games. The unbound happiness we felt at our first win was inspiring, but as a result, our team had to make an important decision: Did we want to continue to play strictly for the fun of it, or did we want to work to play at the caliber that brings victory.

Fortunately, the majority of the players were willing to dedicate themselves to harder and longer

photo by Karl Cook



photo by Dan Hyslop

practices, cut down on the partying (well, our intentions were good) and a serious commitment to the team as a whole. At the time of this decision we had little over a month until regionals, and we were still without a name.

It's not that we had not had a name, in fact, we had had a variety of names, many worse than the last. Names such as "Kunoichi," which is Japanese, but sounded like something you'd hear in a Jewish deli. And our favorite, "No Food In The Library," which was used as a punishment for being unable to agree on a name. At a recent team meeting there were several suggestions for a new name, many of which no one should be forced to hear. We needed a name to reflect the new seriousness of the team, yet still fun. Somehow, we decided that we would be "Burning Skirts." No one's quite sure how we ended up with this name, but we're pretty proud of it. Now that that's under our belts.....Our next goal - Nationals.... okay, Regionals first.



# PARTY! PARTY!

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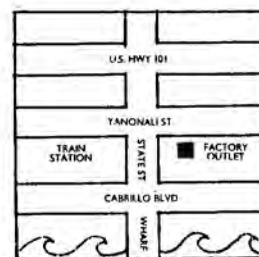
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