



2018  
Ultimate  
Hall of Fame  
Awards Dinner  
October 19, 2018  
San Diego, CA

## **ULTIMATE HALL OF FAME AWARDS DINNER**

### **--- PROGRAM ---**

6:45 – 7:15 Open bar and buffet

7:15 Welcome - **Robert Rauch**

USAU champagne toast – **DeAnna Ball and Tom Crawford**

Ultimate History – **Tom Kennedy**-introduce **Dan “Stork” Roddick**

**Hall of Fame video**

**Awards – Hall of Fame Class of 2014**

**DeAnna Ball** – USAU Strategic Plan

**Awards – Hall of Fame Class 2015**

**David Barkan** - Huck It Back charities

G.U.M, Ultimate Impact, Ultimate Peace, E.R.I.C

**Awards – Hall of Fame Class of 2016**

Hall of Fame member remarks

**Awards – Hall of Fame Class of 2017**

**Kate Bergeron & Pat King**-Ultimate Foundation & Ultimate Impact

**Awards – Hall of Fame Class of 2018**

**Phil Adams** - 50 & Still Flying – weekend activities

9:30 Closing Remarks – Robert Rauch

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### --- Class of 2014 ---

**Liz Marino** started her competitive ultimate career with ZULU at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst in the early '80's, and continued to thrive in Santa Barbara with the Condors where she played on teams that won multiple national ('84, '85, '86, '87, '89, '91) and world ('86, '88, '89, '90) titles. Thereafter, Liz competed with the New York Area team and completed her illustrious career on Boston's Lady Godiva. Liz is a gifted athlete who competed in her youth as a gymnast. In ultimate competition, multiple highlight reels demonstrated her athletic prowess and ability to outrun her opponents with ease; a true joy to watch. She was a defensive threat, willing to fully extend her body to block key strategic passes made by her opponents. Many of those plays resulted in "stuff and score" goals. Above and beyond her stellar playing ability, Liz was a team player who demonstrated sportsmanship that made her an asset on every team in which she participated.

**Jim Parinella:** Jim's long and storied ultimate career has been the definition of excellence, leadership, longevity and innovation. After learning the game in Pittsburgh and Cleveland, Jim first came into the spotlight while leading different contending Boston teams in the late '80s and early '90s, but when he helped form and lead Death or Glory in 1994, he changed the fortune of his teammates and the game of ultimate forever. A gifted athlete who simply could not be covered, Jim was also a strategic mastermind who was an integral force behind the invention of cutting-edge hybrid zones and elegant offensive formations that frustrated and conquered the best teams in the world. As an understated captain who led by doing, Jim delivered results with DoG: six straight national championships from 1994–1999 and three world titles between 1996 and 2000. Arguably Jim's most impressive statistic is an individual one; he has played in a national championship (open, masters, grandmasters) every year since 1992 and is still going!

**Johnny Appleseeds:** While the sport of ultimate was developed at Columbia High School in 1968 and spread by 1970 to a couple neighboring high schools, it likely would have disappeared were it not for the efforts of a cadre of evangelistic early players to spread the game beyond central New Jersey high schools. We honor this critical core of individuals who were responsible for ultimate's germination, ensuring that it took off in those critical years up through 1974, later dubbed the "Johnny Appleseeds" by Joel Silver. While there were many players who played a role in getting ultimate established, this group deserves special recognition for their highly impactful role in ensuring ultimate's self-sustaining growth and penetration, taking it beyond the Maplewood parking lot.

While the sport of Ultimate was developed at Columbia High School in 1968 and spread by 1970 to a couple neighboring high schools, it likely would have disappeared were it not for the efforts of a cadre of evangelistic early players to spread the game beyond central New Jersey high schools. We honor this critical core of individuals who were responsible for Ultimate's germination, ensuring that it took off in those critical years up through 1974, later dubbed the "Johnny Appleseeds" by Joel Silver. While there were many players who played a role in getting Ultimate established, the following deserve special recognition and Special Merit for their highly impactful role in ensuring Ultimate's self-sustaining growth and penetration, taking it beyond the Maplewood parking lot!"

Joe Barbanel	Jeff "Yogi" Durra	Al Jolley	Dave "Buddha" Meyer (d)
Walter Belding	Bob Exans (d)	Irv Kalb	Mike Miller
Dan Buckley	Steve Friedman	Ron Kaufman	Jim Pistrang
Jon "JC" Cohn	Kevin "Igor"	Rick Labasky	Jim Powers
Ed Davis	Harper	Jim Lovell	Dan "Stork" Roddick
Jim Diehl	Jon Hines	Dave Leiwant	Larry Schindel
Dave Dinerman	Bill "BJ" Johnson	Andy McGruer (d)	Ed "Zoop" Summers
	Bruce Johnson		Geoff West

### --- Class of 2015 ---

**Rich "Gags" Gallagher** burst onto the ultimate scene in 1981, when, as a first year player, he emerged as a major contributor to the Santa Barbara Condors' national championship team. After graduating from UCSB, Rich moved to Los Angeles to start his own software company. While evolving into one of the game's top handlers, Rich was the centerpiece of a multi-year effort to develop a top-level open club team in Los Angeles. In 1987, Rich and Polo Club finally broke through to become the first team from Los Angeles to ever qualify for nationals. This team, later named Iguana, showcased Rich as its primary disc handler and reached its pinnacle between 1989 and 1991, finishing as a semifinalist, finalist, and semifinalist at nationals during those three years. Rich was regarded as having one of the most accurate and powerful forehand throws, and is widely recognized as the first proficient thrower of what is now called a Scoober. His dominance, skill, and poise in the backfield were displayed at the 1990 National Championship finals, where he completed an astounding 94 of 95 pass attempts. During his playing career, Rich was held in the highest regard by all for his integrity and embodiment of Spirit of the Game!

**Skip Kuhn** was a standout, two-way star on NYNY from the beginning of their victory ride until the end, throwing the final goal to end the NYNY dynasty. His early years anchoring his high school team CRUD, the Atomic Dogs of SUNY Purchase, and later Life B4 Plastic, prepared him to fill a pivotal role among many marquee players on NYNY. With excellent handling skills, blazing speed, tremendous jumping ability, and high intensity in every big game, Skip was one of the few players used interchangeably on offense and defense. He's acknowledged by many of his NYNY teammates as the best all-around player on New York's star-studded roster. One example was the pivotal role Skip played executing NYNY's pull play. Often the opposing players would know and communicate that Skip was going to be the first cut to begin the play, and still he would get open. Uncharacteristically for a guy his size, he played deep in the zone, relying on timing and athleticism. Skip ran circles around defenders on offense and was a menace to great offensive players while playing defense. Not usually loud or boisterous, he brought focus and consistency to NY throughout his career, rarely missing a practice. Skip was a formidable competitor; he's widely respected by his peers and teammates as an athlete who thrived for years at the very top of the game. A lifetime member of the UPA/USAU, Skip continues to play summer league and compete in the grand masters and great grand masters divisions.

**Billy Rodriquez:** As the only man who starred on two of the biggest dynasties in the history of open ultimate, NY, NY and Boston's Death or Glory, Billy legacy and achievements are unparalleled: 10 national championships, four in a row with New York and six in a row with Death or Glory. Along the way, he also notched five WFDF World Championships titles. Always surrounded by superstars, Billy was never the center of attention, yet thrived in his supporting role of stifling defense and transition offense. Billy exemplified quiet greatness. He wasn't loud or brash, just simply superb. His man-to-man defense was both physical and intellectual. As an athlete, Billy covered the best players in the biggest moments. As a cerebral player, Billy outsmarted dominant throwers, cutting off angles, baiting them into blocks and masterfully guiding offensive flow into dangerous defensive traps. He showcased this unusual talent as a wing on zone D, proving he was one of the best at that position to ever play the game. His transition offense was impeccable; he was a high percentage thrower and playmaking cutter under pressure, and he took charge when needed with focus and fitness. In addition to Billy's great competitive success, he was also one of the most respected and admired on and off the field. Billy was a humble, selfless and gracious sportsman, supremely gifted at making everyone around him better by bringing the highest standard of excellence practice after practice, game after game, year after year.

**Bob Sick** first caught the attention of his Western region peers in the early 1980's as one of the top players and leaders on the Stanford University team that would become national champion soon after he graduated. After paving the path to Stanford's success, Bob exported his talents and deep knowledge of the vaunted "Stanford O" to the less structured but highly talented Flying Circus. Bert, as he is affectionately known, helped transform the competitive but free spirited group as he taught and institutionalized the Stanford O, and thereafter contributed to the team's success with his gritty handling abilities and a keen sense of strategy. Over the six year span of 1984 - 1989, the Bay Area- based Flying Circus/Tsunami teams played in the finals of nationals five times, winning titles in 1985 and 1988, and also a worlds championship in 1986. What made Bob stand out from his peers was the consistency and predictability of his efforts to move the disc downfield; everyone knew exactly what he was going to do, how often he would touch the disc, and yet he could not be shut down, proving to be a nightmare defensive matchup for any opponent. Bert was also a physical and relentless defender, taking on the toughest assignments regardless of size or speed. He was highly respected by his peers as one who strived to play the game of ultimate at the highest level possible, always acted selflessly to help his team and never let his will to win compromise his behavior on or off the field.

**Lori Van Holmes** started her competitive ultimate career on open teams in the early 80's, founded and captained women's ultimate in Minneapolis (Repo Women). With the skills to play any position, Lori has always been a key team member and continued her winning ways with 11 women's national championship appearances (three finals and five semifinals): Chicago's Nemesis semifinals in '87; Boston's Lady Godiva semifinals in '90; Seattle's Women on the Verge (WOTV) finals in '92, '95 and '98 and semifinals, '97, '99 and '94; and two more semifinals in the mixed division with Seattle's Shazam in '02 and '03. She competed in three WFDF World Championships, earning the gold in Vancouver with WOTV in 1997. Lori was a driving force in the growth of ultimate in the Northwest and captained WOTV through their glory years, demonstrating her commitment as a leader and stellar athlete. Lori was a two-way starter, a defensive standout and prolific receiver; one of the strongest runners in the sport. In addition to her ultimate play, Lori displayed a true commitment to giving back to ultimate by serving as West Region Coordinator, coaching college and high school ultimate teams and running tournaments and clinics. She mentored and inspired scores of women who have promoted our sport with passion and excellence.

### --- Class of 2016 ---

**Nicole "Sprout" Beck** was a soccer star turned ultimate player sensation! She was focused, competitive, intelligent and a flawless athlete. As a young player being nurtured on the Maine-iacs, she blossomed into a dynamic, all-around handler and cutter who pushed those around her to be better. Time and time again, Sprout would simply dominate. Her speed and vision on the field were a lethal combination; her skills spanned all areas of the game.

Nicole brought women's ultimate to another level of competition and athleticism, which garnered wide support from her peers, both women and men. After earning national titles with the Maine-iacs and Felix, Sprout was one of the founding members of the San Francisco-area team Fury, and contributed to the growth of a dynasty with five national and one world title over the 12 years she was with the team. Nicole was instrumental on and off the field; she recruited players, held teaching sessions, and helped develop innovative strategies that led Fury to their many successes. At the end of her competitive time with Fury, she became the only player to have her number retired. Sprout's combination of athleticism, a strategic mind, her love of team and her dedication to our sport is the gold standard for ultimate.

**Tiina Booth** is noted for her contributions to creating the template for the development and support of youth ultimate. The Amherst Invitational, school clinics, the National Ultimate Training Camp (NUTC); Tiina built the foundation of youth ultimate in the Northeast that has been replicated throughout the U.S. After helping to found the women's division and serving as a women's regional coordinator in early 1980s, Tiina became the coach of the Amherst Regional High School (ARHS) ultimate team in 1989. She co-founded the Junior National Championships in 1998 and coached her ARHS boys' team to national championships in 1998, 2003, and 2004. In 2001, she founded NUTC, the first overnight high school ultimate camp. Over the years, the NUTC experience trained the next generation of ultimate stars and attracted players from across the U.S. and internationally, with many NUTC alumni returning as coaches. She was a coach of the U.S. Boys' National Ultimate team in 1998, 2000 and 2004; these teams won the World Championship in 1998 and 2004. She co-wrote the original curriculum for the UPA/USA ultimate coaching certification in 2003-04, co-authored the book, "Essential Ultimate" in 2006, and has been a writer for online publications. Tiina founded the Ultimate Players and Coaches Conference in 2007, which convened giants in the sport for the promotion, teaching, and growth of ultimate. After retiring from coaching the ARHS boys in 2013, she became a coach for the University of Massachusetts men's ultimate team in 2014, helping to bring them to Nationals that year. (their first time in 26 years), a position she continues to hold today.

**Stu Downs:** As the cornerstone of Atlanta's Chain Lightning, Stu was the face of southeast ultimate from the late '80s through the late '90s. Big, lightning quick, with solid hands and an arsenal of creative throws, Stu could play any position on offense or defense. With a mind as nimble as his reflexes, Stu locked down the middle of zone defenses with strategic baiting and huge layouts. He was, arguably, the best middle-middle of his era. After achieving initial success on Boston club teams in the mid '80s, Stu came to Atlanta, where he fortified Chain Lightning and led them to 10 appearances at Nationals. In addition to his high level of play, Stu was widely acknowledged as the embodiment of Spirit of the Game; his iconic sportsmanship is legendary. Stu influenced and inspired thousands of ultimate players of all ages throughout his long career; his impact continues today as a global ambassador, coaching for Ultimate Peace each summer in the Middle East. Stu always showed the utmost respect for his opponents and, in turn, earned a reputation as one of the most exemplary players to ever take the ultimate field.

**Cindy Fisher** played a seminal role during a transition time for the Ultimate Players Association (UPA) by building and sustaining the foundation upon which the UPA would become a true national governing body for the sport. During a time when the player community was not wholly supportive of the UPA, she maintained the championship series at the club and college levels, published newsletters in the pre-website era, and supported the volunteer base and player community, all essential and unheralded tasks that allowed ultimate to continue its growth and development. As a player, Cindy helped organize the women's team at Gainesville in 1981 and was a core member of the Washington Area Frisbee Club after moving there in 1987, played with Satori, and organized the 1989 Nationals tournament in D.C. She became the UPA Newsletter Editor in 1991 and assumed the Managing Director role later that year, moving to Houston where the UPA was then headquartered. In 1992, Cindy oversaw the relocation of the office to Colorado, and over the next four years, despite a lack of board-level executive leadership, developed a long-term strategic plan that transitioned the UPA to a new corporate structure with greater organizational effectiveness and continuity with less reliance on volunteers. And she accomplished these transitions while singlehandedly managing all the day-to-day tasks of the business side of ultimate. After stepping down as Managing Director in 1996, Cindy then served as National Women's Director from 1998 to 2002.

**Paul Greff:** In the first half of his open career during the 1980s, Paul excelled in relative obscurity on his Detroit-based teams, Coffee & Donuts and Night Train. Each year, hopes for a Nationals bid from the Central Region were dashed by perennial title contenders the St. Louis Tunas and Chicago's Windy City. In the early '90s, Night Train finally broke through, allowing Paul to showcase his talents to a wider audience at Nationals. Whether throwing clutch goals as an unstoppable offensive force or making layout blocks while minimizing opponents' top players, his dominant play left opponents asking "Who is that guy?" In 1996, Paul took his talents to Boston DoG, joining a formidable team at the outset of their extensive championship run. Arriving in his mid-30s with no prior championships, Paul quickly became the difference for DoG. He cemented his role as the X-factor, propelling DoG to four more consecutive national titles with his reliable crunch-time performances. While approaching 40, Paul continued to dominate and lead the best team in the country to championships season after season. A two-way player throughout his career, Paul almost certainly had more touches on DoG during his four-year run than any other player. Paul excelled without flash and delivered with humility and steely determination. At his peak, Paul earned the moniker "TGPITG" (The Greatest Player in the Game). It was difficult to dispute.

**Pat Lee:** From the mid-1980s through mid-1990s, Bagger was regarded as one of the game's biggest playmakers. Offensively, he was always a deep threat with his superior speed, quick change of direction, and big sky ability. On defense, he could shut down the opposing team's top offensive stud with his ridiculous closing speed. Combined with his field awareness, he was regarded as one of the best to ever play the position of zone deep deep. Bagger's legacy in Texas ultimate is far-reaching and unprecedented. Beginning at the University of Texas, Bagger led his team to numerous appearances at College Nationals, including consecutive semifinals. Bagger's level of play raised the expectations of what was possible throughout the entire Austin ultimate community. Leading his Austin-based teams to four consecutive appearances at Club Nationals in the late '80's, he put Austin on the Club Nationals map and laid the foundation of success for future Austin club teams. Bagger rounded out his open career playing with Chicago Windy City and San Diego Nice Guys. Always level-headed, Bagger earned the respect of the greatest players of his era with his spectacular play on the field.

**Andrew Lugsdin** has the distinction of being the first Canadian player to be inducted into the Ultimate Hall of Fame. Andrew was part of a core group of players and leaders that built Furious George (and Team Canada) into two of the most dominant forces in the sport for over a decade. During this time, Andrew's teams captured three UPA/USA Ultimate Nationals titles (2002, 2003, 2005) and three WFDF World Ultimate Championships titles (1998, 2004, 2008). From the late '90s through 2005, Andrew was widely regarded as one of the best all-around players in the game. He made an immediate impression as one of the most complete and unstoppable offensive cutters to ever play the position. Despite regularly drawing the other team's toughest lane defender, Andrew was always able to get open at will. Andrew's overall game had no weaknesses, and that is what separated him; he could do everything. With his powerful 6'5" frame, he would handle, take defenders long, cut underneath, and catch the goal, often doing all on the same point. Andrew was also an elite defender. Anyone who watched Furious knew who led the team; Andrew was an elite leader. As the main captain for Furious George during most of his tenure, Andrew proved to be an exceptional strategist and tactician. He was a key contributor to conceiving Furious George's innovative offense and excelled at making in-game adjustments. He was also an exceptional motivator, capable of willing his teammates to play their best when nothing less would do. It's hard to imagine Vancouver ultimate evolving as it did without Andrew's spectacular play, motivational leadership, and drive for excellence.

**Jackie Watson Pierce** won seven national championships and a world title with five different teams during her incredible career in the west region; she was a leader and key component of every team she played on. Her offensive prowess was on display with her history-making fierce upwind hammer to the back corner of the end zone to propel Santa Barbara's Burning Skirts to their first national championship. From there, she moved to the Bay Area and helped lead the Maine-iacs to their first national title in 1990. Jackie played an important role in the Maine-iacs' string of victories and her style left an imprint on how the women's game developed. Jackie's cerebral approach to the game, coupled with her natural instincts and physical ability, made her a player like no other from her era. Her ability to pick apart opponents' games (both individuals and teams) was key to her versatility as a player and teammate. Jackie was a steady and potent offensive player who was difficult to cover; she exuded confidence and imparted this to her team. Her play was versatile and dynamic, and she was and continues to be a great champion of Spirit of the Game. Jackie continues to promote and teach ultimate for children in Cape Elizabeth, Maine, as a way of giving back to a sport that has given her so much.

**Catrin Pittack** was regarded as one of the top female defensive players of the northwest region. Her outstanding power, speed, and competitive focus was unrivaled. She was known for fabulous layouts, skies, speed, being an unstoppable deep-threat receiver, and her lefty throws (while playing with a broken wrist). As a former captain from Massachusetts Zulu and rookie defensive stopper for the Boston-area Smithereens, she took what she learned and patiently, deliberately prepared the little-known Seattle women, Women on the Verge (WOTV), to become a national powerhouse. In addition to 12 appearances at Nationals and an impressive record of four world championship titles, Cat helped propel the women's ultimate program in Seattle from almost non-existent to the most competitive in the world. Her leadership, rigorous hill and track workouts, and demand of attendance at all practices is what changed the culture of women's ultimate in Seattle from merely a fun pastime to the development of an elite team competing at the highest levels of the sport. After her dominance throughout 10 years of captaining WOTV, Cat continued leading the way as a force on Seattle's new elite team, Riot, resulting in their first national championship title in 2004, when, at age 40 and with two young children in tow, she continued playing chase and getting game-changing diving blocks. She is recognized for raising the bar for the level of athleticism in women's ultimate and for being a leader who helped put northwest women's ultimate on the map.

**Randy Ricks** was a co-founder and key player on the St. Louis Tunas, one of the most prominent open teams of the '80s. Building on his previous success as a star high school and college basketball player, Randy quickly developed a reputation as one of the game's most feared receivers. He presented serious match-up problems for all opposing teams; he was fast, agile, and with the disc in the air, he jumped high. Randy's downfield cutting was one of the primary reasons the Tunas, with their lightning-quick set of handlers, played such a forceful, explosive, and wide-open game. Despite being slightly under 6'2", he played much bigger, dominating taller players in the air due to his three-foot vertical leap. In the finals at Nationals in 1984, Randy was the game changer, leading St. Louis to victory as he snagged seven goals. Subsequent to his early years as a premiere downfield target, he developed into a

balanced and versatile threat at every position. By the time he left the open division, Randy had a full arsenal of throws, which he was capable of delivering with tremendous accuracy and touch. He applied his offensive skills successfully for many more years, winning numerous championships in the masters and grand masters divisions. Randy has always been a role model for Spirit of the Game, exemplified by his fun-loving nature, joy of the game, and respect for his opponents.

**Christine "Wags" Wagner** started her illustrious ultimate career as a fresh, young player for California-San Diego and went on to play for Safari. She was totally committed to learn, play, and absorb everything. With her height and amazing hands, she was an incredible target in the end zone. A solid player on both offense and defense, she quickly grew into a starter and fierce defender for many years. A lefty on offense who also effectively used her wingspan in the cup of a zone defense, she was a force to be reckoned with. Wags' peak came when she played with the Maine-iacs. She exhibited defensive strength, a strategic mentality, and true grit as she contributed to three national and three world championship titles with her team. Wags was recognized amongst her peers as a strong athlete, sprinter, and an extremely effective and crafty defender. She was also a very dangerous deep threat; it was not unusual to see two players covering her when she got close to the end zone. Wags on-field play exemplified integrity, athletic excellence, and dedication to upholding Spirit of the Game.

**Amy Wilbur:** With the nickname, "The General," Amy was a mainstay of women's ultimate in New York City for almost a decade. Although New York women's ultimate was a perennial underdog to Boston and the like, Amy led her team with as much intensity, focus, and compassion as any player on any team. Amy raised the bar for all who played with and against her with her athleticism, leave-it-on-the-field attitude, and passion for the game. Amy won two national titles with Godiva as a starter on both offense and defense. A key member of the 1990 World Champion Lady Condors, she was named tournament MVP after a narrow victory in the finals. Amy was a mentor and an example for the many women who played in New York during the '80s and early '90s. She inspired an often-struggling team to perform beyond their collective talents by playing both ways – covering and shutting down the opposition's strongest player on defense and dominating downfield on offense. A relentless defender, a sure-handed receiver and a surprising success in the air, Amy was a nightmare for her competitors. Despite her single-minded intensity and competitive spirit, Amy was always considered a fair player, sharing mutual respect and amity with her competitors.

### --- Class of 2017 ---

**Dave Blau** was an unstoppable two-way force during the dominant New York dynasty of the 1980s and 1990s. A go-to cutter on their vaunted four-man pull play, he was the stalwart thrower and tenacious receiver that enabled NY, NY offenses to dominate all comers. At 6'2", David was unusually agile, deceptively speedy, and freakishly springy, outrunning and out-jumping the best players in the game, against whom he was always matched. David was pivotal in leading NY, NY to six U.S. National and four World titles. David had a huge underneath cut back to the disc for 30-40 yards. Great defenders knew it was coming and no one effectively stopped it. Anywhere near the end zone, David found the disc in his hands near a cone, his favorite place to score. His defense was just as impactful; NY would rely on Blau to shut down the best cutters in the biggest games. Stop after stop, block after block, he brought physicality and desire to every assignment. Opponents learned to fear his presence, yet their respect for him as a sportsman bringing his best never wavered. Though casual observers might have paid more attention to Dobyns' flair or Warsen's explosiveness, opponents and teammates agree that Dave was as impactful and influential as anyone on his star-studded NY, NY squad.

**Leslie Calder** grew up in a family of Canadian badminton champions and discovered ultimate by chance at an intramural league while attending McGill University. Described as a legend and a game changer by her opponents and astute ultimate players from the women's and open divisions, Leslie was a physical, driven competitor who trained hard, put her team first, and played every point full-out. She was an all-around player who was equally devastating on O and D. Teams had to adjust their offensive and defensive plans to try to contain her, and she always rose to the challenge of the top match-ups. Her combination of great top speed, jaw-dropping explosiveness, tremendous disc skills, unflappable mental toughness, and enviable field vision was unparalleled. As a sign of her contributions to the sport, this talented lefty is already in the Canadian Ultimate Hall of Fame. Leslie was all substance and no drama; she played and led her teams with tremendous integrity. She always demonstrated respect for opponents and never let her emotions get the best of her; she let her impressive play do the talking.

**Jeff Cruickshank** was one of the best throwers to ever play ultimate. When Furious George was winning two UPA National Championships and Team Canada was racking up three World titles, "Shank" was delivering breathtaking break mark backhands and devastating forehand hucks to win the biggest games. Even when an opposing team played perfect defense, Jeff found a way to get his teammates the disc, often for huge yardage. He broke down the best defenses with his lightning reflexes, sharp decision making and awe-inspiring precision. How did he get the disc so often if his arsenal was so well known? As a reset handler and occasional lane cutter, he used his athleticism, size, and shifty cuts to get open when there was no doubt the disc was coming his way. Defensively, Jeff was an O-line player who was counted on to get the disc back after a turnover. He read offensive plays, set up crafty traps, and got much-needed layout blocks at key times. Those following Furious and Team Canada during Shank's career

and got much-needed layout blocks at key times. Those following Furious and Team Canada during Shank's career were well aware of his fearless mindset and fierce will-to-win leadership style. He expected the most from himself, always put his team first, and competed with honor. While he never gave an inch, he always maintained respect for the game and those with whom he battled. His legacy is one of unmatched skill, contagious passion, and an unrelenting pursuit of excellence.

**Steve Dugan** was destined to become the driving force that would re-establish the legendary Santa Barbara Condors as the best team in the sport in the early 2000s. As the captain, and acknowledged heart and soul of the team, Steve's leadership, strategic game planning, and intelligent and consistent play helped the Condors reach the finals at the National Championships five times during the six-year period from 1998-2003, including back-to-back titles in 2000 and 2001. His team also played in two WFDF World Championship finals in 2002 and 2004, winning the title in 2002. Playing primarily at the handler position, Steve was regarded as one of the most skilled throwers of his era, with the ability to break the mark, bust a zone, or huck it deep with equal aplomb. His work ethic set the standard at practice, which inspired his teammates to do the same, while his relentless effort in games left opponents gasping and broken. Steve earned the respect of his peers as a player and person of high character and integrity.

**David "Buzz" Ellsworth:** A true "Iron Man" of ultimate, Buzz was the picture of consistent top-level play over a 15-year career in the club open division and an equal amount of time competing in the other divisions. He was the first player to win National titles in the college, club open, masters, and grand masters divisions. Buzz was a warrior – full stop. He was always ready to compete against anyone at any time, was able to play any position, and never wanted to come off the field. His leadership, toughness, intensity, and never-quit attitude inspired a higher level of play from teammates and opponents alike. Off the field, as director of Denver/Boulder youth ultimate for over a decade, it's impossible to fully describe the impact Buzz has had as an organizer, mentor, and coach on the youth ultimate programs, YCC teams, and the current and rising star players it has produced. Respected as a person of honor, integrity and wide-open heart, Buzz is one of the sport's great players and ambassadors.

**Pam Kraus** has been successful at every level of the sport with a playing career that spanned 21 years of National and World Championship appearances; Carleton College, Satori, Seattle's Women On The Verge, mixed team Shazam, and Seattle's Women's Masters team, Mint. As a captain and/or roster decision maker on WOTV, she helped lead the team to three consecutive WFDF Club titles. As the primary offensive handler and playmaker for the mixed team, Shazam, she won two national titles (2004, 2007) and a bronze for the U.S.A. at the 2008 Worlds in Vancouver. She competed with Mint at the Masters Championships to help earn a third-place finish in 2009. Pam was quick, crafty, reliable and resilient, with a complete arsenal of throws. WOTV's success was due in no small part to Pam's stellar play and leadership. Pam was a tenacious defender who could play anywhere on the field; covering handlers or receivers, playing middle-middle in the cup, and deep-deep in zone. As a defender, her versatility and willingness to do whatever it took, all with the utmost in spirit, made Pam a great role model and outstanding leader. Giving back is important to Pam; she coached elementary and middle school teams and Mint women's master's team. Pam has also served on DiscNW Board of Directors.

**Mark Licata** (d) made many contributions to the community and sport of ultimate in his long career of service, all in volunteer roles. Mark served as a Sectional and Regional Coordinator, Tournament Director, UPA Managing Director, Director of Competition, and a member of the Board of Directors. Mark's greatest contribution was as the Disc Standards tsar. With his engineering background, his scientifically demonstrated why Wham-O discs deteriorated which led to the adoption of the Discraft UltraStar as the official disc in 1991. Mark served as the UPA/USAU Disc Standards Chairperson for 17 years and remained active in ultimate until his untimely death in May 2014.

**Mary Lowry** has been the driving force behind the organization of youth ultimate in Seattle for over 30 years. The area youth program has been instrumental in developing Seattle into the powerhouse it is at all levels of the sport. As a teacher at Seattle Country Day School, she taught an elective disc sports class beginning in 1983 and has been coach of the team since 1984. She co-started a youth division of the Puget Sound Ultimate League in 1986 and, under DiscNW, established their first youth league in 1993. Mary continued helping with youth leagues and tournaments whenever she was needed. In 2000, Mary helped the UPA select the first-ever U.S.A. girls' Junior Worlds team and coached the team to a championship at the WFDF 2000 World Championships in Heilbronn, Germany. As an accomplished player of both ultimate and overall events, Mary was a co-founder of the first women's ultimate team in Seattle in 1983 and also co-founded the team that became Women on the Verge. Mary and her Seattle club team won the WFDF World Ultimate Club Championships in 1995 and 1997. An active freestyler, Mary is a three-time FPA Women's Pairs World Champion (1994, 1997, 2000) and Mixed Pairs Champion (2001); she won the WFDF Women's World Overall title in 2009, and was awarded the Jorgenson Coddington Award by the Freestyle Players Association for her contributions to the sport.

**Caryn Lucido** started her ultimate career as a grad student with the Austin Supremes at the University of Texas and competed with the UT men's team at College Nationals. She moved to the Bay Area for a successful run with the Maine-iacs and Felix, earning 4 National and 3 World titles. As a competitive gymnast at Stanford, Caryn knew how to fly, a skill for which she became well known on the field with diving defense and incredible layout receptions on offense. Caryn was a unique and dynamic player; her intensity, desire, and tenacity raised the level of play of both teammates and opponents around her. Her defensive prowess was instrumental in shutting down opponents – taking on top players, getting key blocks in crucial situations, and altering game plans. A versatile player, she was always an offensive receiving threat. As a team leader, she helped plan and run practices, hone strategies, and call subs in key games. As a mentor, she was among the first group of female players to travel to Japan to teach ultimate to college students. Caryn respected the Spirit of the Game, played fairly, respected opponents, and exhibited superb sportsmanship.

### --- Class of 2018 ---

**Michael Baccarini** has coached and inspired generations of young ultimate athletes as Head of Ultimate Programs at Paideia School in Atlanta since 1994, with dozens of players he coached going on to leading roles on national championship teams, as well as, receiving Callahan/Pufahl/Farricker awards in recognition for their spirited play. Others picked up a love for the game, and many give back to the sport by serving in coaching or administrative roles. In addition to being the head coach for the Paideia Middle School (coed) and Paideia High School (varsity boys), which were High School National Champions in 2001 and 2002, he founded Paideia Ultimate Summer Camp for 9-14 year-old children in 1997. Michael volunteered as UPA National Youth Director from 1999-2001 and was on the Youth Advisory Council from 2002-2005, which established long-range plans for youth development; designed a coach training/certification program; and created a new full-time Director of Youth Development position. He was the U-20 U.S. Open National Team Coach (with Tiina Booth in 1998, 2000, 2004, and sole head coach in 2006), winning 3 golds and a bronze, and was head coach of the U-20 YCC Champion ATLiens in 2013. He was also co-author, with Tiina, of "Essential Ultimate: Coaching, Teaching, Playing" published in 2008.

**Paul Brenner** was regarded as one of the best all-around players in the 1970s. As a member of the Cornell Buds from 1975-1978, which featured three other future Hall of Fame players, Paul, along with fellow Hall of Famer, Jon Cohn, was the primary focus of opponents. Paul had the vision, intensity, and talent to dominate the ultimate field and helped lead his Cornell teams into the semifinals and finals of the biggest tournaments of his era. Paul is acknowledged as being among the first to perfect the hammer throw, illuminating its potential as a major offensive weapon and zone buster. He used that expertise to team with Cohn to win the Double Disc Court event at the '81 World Overall Championships. Paul continued to play in the club open division well into the early 90s, but in relative obscurity on teams in upstate New York. While these teams lacked the experience or depth to compete for national championships, Paul used the situation to teach many youngsters how to play the game along the way.

**Bob DeMan** was one of the stars of the dominant NY, NY dynasty. Standing 6'4", Bob was that rare big man whose game was not defined by owning the sky and dominating the end zone, but rather by his keen offensive understanding, smooth, graceful movement, and powerful break mark throws. Usually playing the third person in NY, NY's vaunted four-man offensive pull play, Bob's job was to gain large chunks of yards and then look to throw for the goal. As a member of NY, NY, Bob won five consecutive UPA National Championships in the club open division from 1989-1993, along with three WFDF World Championships. Following two more appearances in the semis at UPA Nationals with the New York Cojones, the full breadth of Bob's talents were revealed when he moved to Texas. Bob's presence led the Houston Houndz to new heights and into the national forefront, winning Southern Regionals for the first time in 1997, and back-to-back appearances at UPA Nationals in 1997-1998. Bob was an unstoppable offensive force.

**Dominique Fontenette** has been a dominant force in the women's division since she first began to play. Winning the Callahan Award and a national title during her time at Stanford, she continued playing with premier women's teams in the Bay Area and Boston and currently plays in Seattle with Riot. Over the length of her career, Dom has been a key team member with four UPA National Championships in the women's division and six WFDF World Championship titles in multiple divisions, including being named to six U.S. National Teams – a remarkable feat. In addition to being continuously successful on the field, she has displayed exemplary sportsmanship and fair play at every level. Dom's athleticism and versatility as a player contribute to her ability to fill many different roles on the team/field and has enabled her to easily integrate into new systems and teams. Dom has participated in many teaching clinics over the last couple of decades (U.S., Japan, Uganda) and, more recently, organized a clinic for East African players (Tanzania, Kenya, Uganda) in Kisumu, Kenya. And throughout this exemplary ultimate career, Dom practices as an emergency medicine physician.

**Ian "Wiggin" Hue** (formerly Hutchinson) was regarded as the best player on the Boulder Stains teams of the 1980s. A former college football player at James Madison University, Ian was well known for his speed, agility, and complete game on both sides of the disc, which produced highlight reel plays on offense and defense. Playing

primarily at the deep position, and always matched up against the other team's top downfield players, Ian was a goal-scoring machine on offense due to his flawless cuts, relentless work ethic, and exceptionally strong hands. Ian's playing career included 17 years in the club open division and ended with a championship in the masters division at UPA Nationals in 2005 with Colorado's Old & In The Way. Quiet on the field and off, Ian loved the sport of ultimate and earned the highest respect of his peers as someone who always played the game with consummate high character, integrity, and sportsmanship.

**Greg "Hollywood" Husak** was one of the influential leaders and dominant players that re-established the legendary Santa Barbara Condors as the best team in the sport in the early 2000s. Greg instilled in his teammates the same focus and work ethic he brought to the field, driving them to greater success. Greg first announced his presence as an impact player while leading the Santa Barbara Black Tide to a "three-peat" as UPA National Champions in the college division from 1996-1998. Greg, as co-captain, helped the Condors reach the finals at UPA Nationals in the club open division five times during the six-year period from 1998-2003, which included back-to-back titles in 2000 and 2001, along with a WFDF World Championship in 2002. Playing primarily on the defensive line, Greg matched up against the other team's top threat. On the turn, Greg's cutting prowess made him a significant part of the offense and key goal scorer. Greg then took his talents north to San Francisco Jam. Adapting his leadership skills to a different team culture, Greg, again as co-captain, helped Jam finally get over the hump, winning UPA Nationals in the club open division in 2008. Greg earned a reputation as someone who played with integrity, led by example, and left it all on the field.

**Angela Lin** began her career at Georgia Tech in the mid-1990s and thereafter spent the majority of her long career with Ozone. She worked tirelessly to develop her offensive skills and push her fitness, speed, power, and durability, allowing her to develop outstanding defensive skills, as well. She was aggressive without being too physical. With her closing speed and endurance, she could battle with anyone. Angela is a true all-around player who has always played with great spirit, no matter how important the moment. As a leader, Angela inspires her teammates with her actions and supportive words. She has earned the respect of all of her opponents and teammates. She currently is a co-owner and co-captain of Atlanta Soul, a new professional women's team in Atlanta. Angela has given back to ultimate by hosting many women's clinics, captained many seasons, coached high school and club teams, and has been a true ambassador for our sport.

**Tina McDowell** began her ultimate career playing in the college open division with the University of Georgia and then had a long career in Atlanta and Denver with Ozone, Rare Air, and Molly Brown in the club women's division, and thereafter, went on to a successful run in the masters division, including the women's masters title in London at Worlds in 2016. With a strong mental game, she was super competitive but didn't let her competitiveness deter her commitment to the Spirit of the Game. She played with heart, integrity, grit, and determination. She was a tough, fair player, and a leader on the field with the ability to bring out the best in her teammates. Solid in every part of the game, Tina could throw to anywhere on the field, play effective defense against any opponent, and rally her team around her for the win. She was the total package. Tina loved the game, she loved her teams, the ultimate community, and our sport, and it shows in how she carried herself both on and off the field.

**Joanie Merrill** was instrumental in the Santa Barbara Condors' domination throughout the '80s with 5 Nationals and 3 World titles. She began her career in 1982 with the Condors, transitioning to ultimate after an accomplished career as a member of the California-Santa Barbara crew team. Joanie was always on the field when it mattered and was relied upon to cover the "tall game", which she played with grace, fierce competitiveness, and tenacity. With a wingspan of about six feet, along with her quickness and coordination, Joanie was an incredible marker and would consistently hand block the best of the best. Joanie's defensive skills, powerful throws, and her elevation enabled her to contribute in a big way to the Condors' success. Throughout her career, Joanie has been an example of fair play and Spirit of the Game.

**Brian "Biscuit" Morris** was best known for his exceptional athleticism. Quick, fast, and able to out-jump everyone at just 5'11", Brian was the guy the other teams did not have an answer for. As an elite player for over a decade, Brian played at UPA Nationals in the club open division 12 times on prominent Bay Area teams Firestorm, Double Happiness, and Jam, with three appearances in the finals. His greatest accomplishment was leading Double Happiness to a WFDF World Championship in 1995. Brian could shut down the best offensive players in the game and get open and catch bombs against the best defenders. He was fiercely competitive and insisted on that same standard for his teammates. At the same time, Brian was known to be gracious and respectful with his opponents and a player and person of high character.

**Allan "Al Bob" Nichols** was an exceptional all-around player who was regarded as the hidden glue of the highly successful Vancouver Furious George teams of the late 1990s and mid-2000s; teams that won three UPA National Championships in the club open division and two WFDF World Championships. Al was an elite shut-down defender who matched up against the opponent's top cutters. But he was also an elite offensive player with a full range of throwing skills and the ability to play either behind the disc or downfield. Given his versatility and high ultimate IQ, Al was regarded as the most consistent big-game player on Furious. While a fierce competitor, Al played with integrity and sportsmanship, earning the respect of his opponents and teammates.

**Michele Pezzoli** was one of the first women to play on a men's ultimate team in the early days of the sport. She was instrumental in establishing the women's division at Nationals in 1981 and started the Santa Barbara Condor Women's team, which grew into the most dominant women's team of the '80s. Michele, along with teammate and co-captain, Sandy Ross, provided the leadership which enabled the Santa Barbara women to develop into a highly competitive team that succeeded in winning four UPA National and one World title during Michele's tenure. Michele welcomed all those interested in playing ultimate and imbued her teammates with the values of respect, friendship, perseverance, and fun. Under Michele's leadership, bringing your best to practice and playing with integrity were as much a focus as winning in competition. Michele was also recently inducted into the FPA Freestyle Hall of Fame and was an accomplished Overall competitor in the mid- to late-1970s and into the early 1980s.

### **--- Previous Inductees by Class ---**

**2013: Joey Giampino (d) ~ Jim Ingebritsen ~ Chris O'Cleary ~ Chris Van Holmes**

**2012: Nancy Leahy Glass ~ Molly Goodwin ~ Keay Nakae ~ Dennis "Cribber" Warsen**

**2011: Kenneth Dobyns ~ Tom Heimann ~ Cliff Marhoeffer ~ Mike O'Dowd ~ Wende (Coates) Pinz ~ The Discraft Ultra-Star – Special Merit**

**2010: David Barkan ~ Michael Glass ~ Peggy Hollinger ~ Jeremy Seeger**

**2009: Robert Evans (d) ~ Pat King ~ Andy Borinstein – Contributor**

**2008: Frank Bono ~ Carney Foy – Contributor ~ Gloria Lust-Phillips ~ John Schmechel**

**2007: Christine Dunlap ~ Harvey Edwards ~ Brian Murphy – Contributor ~ Dan Weiss**

**2006: Tom "Timba" D'Urso ~ Steve Mooney ~ Ann (Cohan) Orders ~ Heather Morris Raker Robert "Nob" Rauch – Contributor**

**2005: Jon "JC" Cohn ~ Kelly Green ~ Jim Herrick ~ Kathy Pufahl (d) – Contributor Sholom "Eric" Simon ~ The Founders – Special Merit**

**2004: Inaugural Class: Suzanne Fields ~ Irv Kalb ~ Tom "TK" Kennedy ~ Dan "Stork" Roddick ~ Larry Schindel ~ The "80 Mold" – Special Merit**

### **--- Induction Speeches – Alphabetical Order by Class Year --- 2004**

#### **Suzanne Fields**

There are milestones in one's life where doors open and you can choose to enter. And when you choose to walk through those open doors, some surprising and life-changing experiences become your way forward.

I was fortunate to have had an athletic and active dad who saw the inequities in girls after-school sports; he started a "little girls softball league" when I was 8 in 1961. It was through this experience, with my sisters and our buddies, that I learned the value of teamwork AND having fun while playing sports with our friends.

I was fortunate to grow up in a small town where EVERY kid was encouraged to play sports; whether it be intramurals, JV, or Varsity. And before Title IX was enacted in 1972, there were equal numbers of girls and boys sports opportunities in our community. I played every traditional individual and team sport available ...and even some non-traditional sports, like badminton and surfing! It was through these experiences that I learned to play hard, play fair, the value of encouraging everyone to play, AND getting along with a variety of people.

Playing sports set me up for life; I didn't see barriers or when I did, I tried to find my way around or through them. In my mind, if you wanted to do something, you did it. In the feminist times of the late '60's and early '70's, my personal mantra pre-dated Nike's Just Do It campaign. Perhaps, unfairly to other women, I didn't understand the myriad of experiences that may have been holding others back. It took me many years to realize that most girls and women did not have the opportunities that I did; not only to play sports, but to grow up in a strong matriarchal family where women worked full time, went to school, and raised a family....and what a great advantage this gave me when considering what was possible.

I was fortunate that while in graduate school in the Spring of 1977, I was walking through the UMass-Amherst campus and came upon a bunch of hippies playing a game of ultimate. I didn't know what they were doing, but it looked like fun, and Darryl Elliot and Dan Habeeb invited me to join. At the end of the game, we joined hands in a Energy Circle and each of us rated the game from 1 to 100 on how much fun you had - always a 99 or 100! That was my introduction to Ultimate!

I moved to Boston that Fall and in February 1978, I discovered "real" ultimate and met friends who became my family for the past 40+ years.

I met Toby, Leif, Keith, Yogi, and so many more guys, at the BU Case Center where we played ultimate throughout my first winter in the Boston.

I met Buz Laughlin, who planted the seeds of the Boston Frisbee Club, which later became Boston Aerodisc. Buz became my mentor and coach in all things disc. Our mantra was "Ultimate is my life, I live for nothing else". I was so busy helping to organize the Club and playing and practicing that I almost got fired from my first job because I was "too focused" on disc sports. I learned not to talk so much about ultimate at work after that.

I met Louie Mahoney in 1980; she was airbrushing on an empty field waiting for new women to show up for ultimate practice with the hopes of starting a women's team...while I practiced with Boston Aerodisc on an adjoining field - I wasn't yet committed to Women's Ultimate in 1980.

1981 changed all that.

I have been so fortunate, and privileged, to play this great sport for more than 40 years. My natural inclination to bring people together and "organize" things led me to being the voice for women in those early days. So many women across the country blazed trails to establish women's ultimate teams in their communities; just fighting to get a field at Regionals was a big deal back then...and the imbalances continue today.

Ultimate continues to be compelling to me. This sport has given me so much; life-long friends, a community of like-minded people, and the opportunity to observe and participate in the evolution of ultimate. I am grateful for all of this and for the opportunity to continue to engage with the ultimate community; past, present, and future.

I plan to keep opening doors.... and I continue to care about and be affected by this beautiful sport and the people in it.

Thank You!

**Irv Kalb** The underside of every Frisbee says, "Play catch, invent games". We obliged!

### **Dan "Stork" Roddick**

The stages of grieving are pretty well known and they are a surprisingly good fit with the experience of becoming an Ultimate Hall of Famer:

First comes SHOCK & DENIAL. Making the Hall of Fame is not a reasonable goal. Only the fatally egocentric could possibly imagine that end to their career. Winning some national or world championships? Sure. That's reasonable. But having a goal of being in the Hall is the formula for bitter disappointment. The math just isn't favorable. It's like basing your retirement plan on hitting the Super Lotto. Sure, people do win, but it's not reasonable to expect it. That's why most inductees probably react to their amazing good fortune with numbed disbelief. The typical acceptance speech at the time of induction is almost incomprehensible. It's usually some tearful babbling about sweat, mud, love and beer.

A few weeks or months later comes the PAIN & GUILT. Only the most emotionally insulated escape this stage. Maybe it's the outpouring of support from our teammates that reminds us that we were really nothing much without them. Why aren't they in there too? It's a TEAM game!

Some time passes and there's the ANGER that our mates will probably never get the credit for what we achieved together.

This, of course leads to DEPRESSION which often lasts many years, mixed with REFLECTION, and LONELINESS because there's really nobody who can understand. "Hey man, how can you not be on top of the world? You made it buddy. You're in the Hall!"

Then, if things go really well there's some RECONSTRUCTION & WORKING THROUGH. A long period of still trying to figure things out.

And finally... ACCEPTANCE & HOPE. And this is, after all, my acceptance speech.

After these many years of struggle, I do finally accept the blessing and the curse of this mantle. I've seen years of wonderful players join the hall and each generation heightens the contrast between their talent (and youthfulness) and my own. And, as the mists of time swirl over our past, it becomes less and less likely that my teammates will ever get the honor that each of them deserves. But, I'm at the stage of acceptance. It is, what it is. I am what I am and a reflection of what I was.

By now, the Hall has taken on a collective life of its own. Once again, we are a team. We are a team carefully built, not to win more games, but selected to honor our past and inspire our future. In that, I take hope. If the game is better because we played, that is a high honor indeed. An honor that I will finally, and fully... accept.

**Larry Schindel** (Inaugural HOF '04, Johnny Appleseed '14) was one of the early developers of the game of Ultimate, as player and general manager of the Columbia High School team from 1970-72. While others were interested in little more than tossing a disc around, he had the prescience to realize how important promotion, communication, and the development of a critical mass were to the survival and growth of Ultimate. Larry was one of the key forces in the institutionalization of the sport, working closely with Irv Kalb from 1970-78 in the development of the rules of the game. Together with Irv, they are Ultimate's first "Johnny Appleseeds." Larry tirelessly promoted the expansion of the sport in the 1970s at high schools and colleges across the East Coast. He chaired the first "East Coast Captains' Meeting" in 1975, with 56 representatives from 32 teams attending (during a snowstorm), which was crucial in facilitating interscholastic and tournament competition in that pre-Internet era when communication was much more difficult. Larry was the founder of the Washington Area Frisbee Club in 1977 (now one of the largest clubs in all of the U.S.), and was Frisbee adviser to the Smithsonian Frisbee Festival, then becoming director of the National Frisbee disc Festival-- from 1977-1995: 4,000 to 26,000 people annually learning about Frisbee skills and Ultimate.

#### Playing Career:

- Richmond Avenue Gang, 1970. Founder and Player. Was one of 11 who challenged the "original" CHSVFS on June 18th 1970, and then became the CHSVFT
- Columbia High School Varsity Frisbee Team. Player and "general manager" (1970-72)
- University of North Carolina -Chapel Hill. Founder and player (1972)
- Rochester Institute of Technology (NY). Founder and player, and Frisbee Physical Education Instructor (world's first Frisbee college credit course!?) 1973-76
- Washington Area Frisbee Club. Founder and player. 1977-78

At the suggestion of Joel Silver, Schindel became the printing production manager for the student newspaper at Columbia High School. After 45 years in the printing industry, Larry retired in December 2016. Larry met Shirley via his personal ad (before tinder!), and 2018 is their 30th anniversary. They live in Rock Hill, SC. They have completed four cross-country drives seeing America's National Parks and Memorials, and Atlas Obscura sites. Their two grown boys are in Los Angeles and South America. Shirley and Larry attend [elevationchurch.org](http://elevationchurch.org).

Larry is very active in community affairs. Shirley and Larry were treatment therapeutic-care Foster Parents for 20 years. He was Co-founder of Recycling Action for Charles County (MD). He was the Commencement Speaker at Columbia High School (Maplewood, N.J.) in 1996. His mottoes are "Anything worth doing is worth doing well" and "Organize so that others can enjoy." Larry has given 189 units of platelets--a blood component that helps cancer patients. He has been called GMOTU-- you ask him!

## 2005

### Jim Herrick

Ultimate relies upon a spirit of sportsmanship that places the responsibility for fair play on the player. Highly competitive play is encouraged, but never at the expense of mutual respect among competitors, adherence to the agreed upon rules, or the basic joy of play. Protection of these vital elements serves to eliminate unsportsmanlike conduct from the Ultimate field. Such actions as taunting opposing players, dangerous aggression, belligerent intimidation, intentional infractions, or other 'win-at-all-costs' behavior are contrary to the Spirit of the Game and must be avoided by all players. (Dan Roddick)

When I was informed that I was a candidate to be a member of the Ultimate HOF I thought of my Dad.

He taught me SOTG long before Ultimate found me.

That I could be part of a sport where truth could guide behavior just felt right.

In my twenties I constantly quit careers to pursue plastic. Long John Herrick, five foot twenty and captain of Harvard's 1938 basketball team, never once reminded me that he had purchased, via his own toil (ironically as president of a plastics company) my education. So while Doris (Mom) would wail whenever I announced my intention to hitchhike or drive/carpool in some beater, or bus to the next far-flung Frisbee tournament, Dad would let me go long.

In my neighborhood, as a youth, we played traditional sports and games like, driveway basketball, ping-pong, touch and tackle football and Capture the Flag. We organized our own leagues for whiffle ball and we held our own track meets. Little league baseball, Peewee football and organized after school sports were terrific but most days we had to arbitrate our own contests. During these years, and to this day, I focused on fun more than the persistent lingering creed of Vince Lombardi.

### **Sholom Simon**

I am humbled and honored to be inducted into a sport that I've loved so much and has given so much to me. My Ultimate story begins in the early 1960's when my mother, a teacher, looking for a better school district for her children, decided that we had to move to Maplewood. When I got to high school, Columbia, some of the founders were still there; and in gym class there was always some group off on the side throwing a Master Frisbee around. In my Chem AP class I learned that there was an annual game between our class and the "Varsity Frisbee Team," which led to my eventually joining the team. The vets took me in and I began to play every Friday and Saturday night at the CHS parking lot. (BTW, that's my excuse for not diving enough during the rest of my career: my ultimate habits were first formed on asphalt!)

It was part of our ethic at the time, that anyone on the team that went to a college without a team would start one; and so I started organizing the day I arrived at Michigan State, and nine days later a rag-tag group of us hitch-hiked to Kalamazoo to play our first game (the second ever college game played in the state). I created the first ever regional playoffs, and by Spring we were playing in the 1976 Nationals; and in 1979, the very first UPA Nationals (where we missed making the finals by losing to the SB Condors by one point).

After graduating, I moved to the DC area, where I revitalized the Washington Area Frisbee Club, started the summer league, started the first women's team in DC (and, later, with my wife, started the second women's team there), became a UPA Regional Coordinator, played for Static and returned to Nationals, created the College Top 25, Rules Revisions, and ... see elsewhere for lots more details.

I am honored to be a part of all this and to have made a small contribution the spreading of "Ultimate as a Way of Life." Part of what makes Ultimate special is the unique responsibility it puts on each player. Unlike other sports, where anything you can get away with is legal (because all calls are made by a third party), a player must be able to develop self-control under the most trying of circumstances, in the heat of competition. Furthermore, at least back when I played, you had to compete with your opponents and not against them. There had to be some cooperation between the teams, or else the game would end up degenerating and falling apart. This is not unlike "real life." As a person moves through life, he or she has a unique responsibility – to himself and to his surroundings. Just as in other sports, there are certain "less than ideal things" that a player can "get away with" if the referee isn't looking, there are also a multitude of behaviors that a person in society can get away with if the effected people (whether it be "the law", the boss, strangers or a spouse) are unaware. Similarly, our lives must have a healthy balance between looking out for oneself and one's family, and looking out for society's welfare (in other words, competing with, and not against, other members of society). For this reason, and contrary to the saying, Ultimate not only reveals character, but it can strengthen it.

Best of all, in 1984 when I was helping run the April Fools Tournament, I (and my four male housemates) volunteered to host the Univ. of Florida women's team – which is how I met my wife, longtime Shakti and then Satori player Sue (Shana) Wallace. One of our highlights was when we both won at 1990 Worlds in Oslo. Another one of our highlights is watching our daughter play competitive Ultimate in NYC and DC. Without Shana, I couldn't have done half the things in Ultimate that I did, and I (and others who were positively affected by my work) owe her my eternal thanks. And I thank a number of folks who helped me along the way: the CHS gang (Larry Schindel, David Leiwant, Bob Evans, Jon "JC" Cohn, David "Buddha" Myers, John Husted-Sherman, and more), Mark Banghart, Fred Pisacane, Tom Kennedy, Nob, Kathy Pufahl, Troy Frever, Cindy Fisher (and many more).

Ultimate has been a tremendously positive force in my life, and I was privileged to help in some way to "pay it forward" to the next generation of Ultimate players.

## **2006**

### **Nob Rauch**

I was introduced to Ultimate in 1976 and immediately loved the game and its culture. As a player at the national and international level in the mid-1980s, it seemed to me that the lack of professionalism in the way the sport was being run was greatly hindering its growth and frustrating players, as the UPA was not responding to the rising expectations of the athletes it was representing. My motivation in getting involved as an administrator was two-fold: first, to make sure that the UPA was serving all of its constituencies, including the elite, mid-level, and grass roots players and, second, to provide much needed administrative and organizational direction to help ensure that Ultimate survived and flourished. I've spent a lot of my free time since 1987 doing my best to make a positive contribution to the sport in both the USA and globally. I had the honor of being inducted into this Ultimate Hall of Fame as a contributor back in 2006 but, if anything, I am as busy as ever still serving as President of the World Flying Disc Federation, increasing formal country membership to 80 countries and growing. With our goal of getting into the Olympics in either Paris 2024 or Los Angeles 2028, after achieving official IOC recognition in 2013, the future for our sport is as bright as ever and I am privileged to be playing a small role in helping to guide it along.

## **Steve Mooney**

I moved to Boston the day John Lennon died and remember the vigil in the common like it happened last night. December 8, 1980.

Standing there among a sea of mourning fans, feeling sad and alone, I thought, "Now what?"

I moved to Boston with little figured out other than the possibility of living with a friend, meeting some contacts in the photography business, and playing ultimate.

Let there be no doubt. I moved to Boston for ultimate, my adulthood postponed for trips around the country, and later the world. I did not know just how much this sport would usher in the next phase of my life, shaping who I would become as a person.

"Dan, I'm worried about Steve. Can you talk to him about ultimate, and get him focused on a career?" My Mom hinted to my college roommate, desperate to nudge some common sense into her wayward middle son. But ultimate was my life, and like many others, I thought of nothing else. It's nothing short of a miracle what happened next.

The real world terrified me. I'd taken a hall pass in college, mailing in too many assignments, not serious about any one direction or field of study. When Fortune 500 companies came calling, I could be found playing foosball or darts in the dorm.

I write this with heartfelt gratitude for being introduced the sport at a formative time in my life, when the real world posed a thousand questions, presented seemingly life or death decisions about where to live, what to do, and how to get a real job. Ultimate filled the void between an unimpressive college transcript, and my future. For the next twenty years, ultimate gave me purpose.

All along the way, when asked, I'd come out and say I moved to Boston to play ultimate. Not because it's a great city. It is. Not because I had some contacts. I did. Not because it was less intimidating than New York. It was. I said it, proud to be different. Proud that I moved to play a sport few had heard of, that still exists and thrives today. Proud to have built family and career along the way.

On that cold December day in 1980, I may have moved to Boston, but ultimate became my home.

On the eve of our 50th anniversary celebration, I say it again. "Now what?" and look to ultimate for guidance. The sport whose values help kids learn how to navigate in this crazy world, that gives young adults something to build community and confidence around, will also help me make sense of the next phase of life.

"Mary, why don't you make him stop?" My mom would say to the love of my life, hoping I'd start volunteering, helping society in some capacity.

"He'll stop when he's ready, I can't make that choice for him," always Mary's answer.

This past summer, my sixtieth, whether traveling to the Middle East, or to fields in Boston communities I've not frequented, ultimate once again illuminates a path.

I'm proud to have ultimate inextricably woven into my life. Proud to say my closest friends are past teammates. Proud to be a part of spreading the goodness that is our sport's spirit. I think that my mom would be proud too, finally.

## **Tom "Timba" D'Urso**

It is with great pride to be inducted into the Ultimate Frisbee Hall of Fame. Ultimate was an intricate facet of my life for 12 years. Frisbee afforded me numerous opportunities. It enabled me to travel the country. Additionally, it fostered my high level of competitiveness. However, the lifelong relationships built during my playing days of 1977-88 is held dear to my heart. Raised in a moderate NJ home seldom promoted travel. Before ultimate I had visited three states. I soon learned road trips were mandatory to play Ultimate. I remember five people piling into a Volkswagen bug headed to play for a weekend. Being of small stature usually got me the middle back seat. It didn't matter because we were going to play. The rides to and from tournaments were as fun as playing. We knew how to balance our good times on and off the fields. We would sing, dance, dress in silly costumes, play instruments in our pre game rituals. A comedy show until the first pull. Then Game On!

I've always been a highly competitive athlete. Initially, I didn't realize the level of competition in Ultimate. Daily practices at Glassboro, were filled with hilarious antics and an incredible degree of comradery. We laughed our way through afternoons on a sloped Bunce Quad right outside of the college president's office. At times, we'd see him peeking at us with what seemed to be an envious look. Few realized the impact that being a "Boro" ultimate player would become a lifelong adventure nor the extent Ultimate would progress.. Boro players would often yell out, "We're all pioneers!" we didn't know how true those 3 words would become. It has been nearly 40 years since Glassboro won back to back national championships. I still communicate daily with these amazing people. Ultimate was the common denominator that brought us together for life. I'm eternally grateful for that.

The thrills Ultimate has given me are lifelong. National championships, lifelong friendships, lots of plastic, being on the cover of the UPA magazine, all will be with me forever. Those who saw me play knew I was thoroughly enjoying myself out there. However, at some stage, I felt it was time to walk away. I left the Ultimate community in 1988 and never looked back. The rigors of being an elementary school teacher and commitment to Ultimate didn't jive. So I left and moved on. This was a extremely difficult transition.

There are a few final highlights to touch on. First, the trophy cup given to the Boro in 1979 after defeating two time national champions Santa Barbara Condors has a long story. I wish it could talk because it would have some great tales. I've been lucky enough to drink from it on many occasions. Special thanks to ex-roommate and Boro teammate, Kevvo Walsh. He insisted I come out for Ultimate. His persistence changed the course of my entire life. Thanks Double V. Also, what a total thrill it was to play Championship Ultimate with my cousin (and main man) Frank Bono. A fellow Hall of Famer and MVP of the 1980 National Championship Game Our roots run deep and I'll always treasure playing with him. However, my biggest thrill is being inducted into the Hall of Fame in front of my wife, Deirdre and two sons, Tyler and James. We have a running joke among Boro players stating, "We all married up." That statement is evident in my case. Deirdre is an amazing person who completes me. I'm very lucky and definitely, "married up." I'm so proud of the men my boys have become. Watching them grow into successful adults has been a joyous pleasure. When informed of my entrance into the Hall, an innocent 8 year old James said, "Dad can I have your autograph?" Having my family at my induction was unforgettable.

Who would have thought that a piece of plastic could have such an impact on a person's life. I'm living proof. I was one of the first ten players to be voted into the hall. An early inductee voted into the Hall of Fame by a committee of mainly opponents is very telling. I gained their respect as a player on and off the field. I kept the Spirit of the Game intact along with a strong desire to compete. I'm humbled by this honor and grateful for the opportunity to be a member of the Ultimate Frisbee Hall of Fame.

#### **Dan Weiss**

Thanks for all the fun!  
With gratitude,  
Dan

### **2007**

#### **Harvey Edwards**

Prior to Ultimate, I had just finished my high school basketball career dishing the Rock off to Bernard King. I was then recruited by Jim Valvano in 1974 to play hoops at Bucknell University, but I quit after my sophomore year when Valvano left for Iona and eventually North Carolina State, where the rest is history. Ultimate filled the void varsity athletics left, and I found many other disillusioned athletes longing for a new outlet for their talents. So, in 1976 my classmate, Tom Westervelt, and I formed the Bucknell Mudsharks; and by 1977 we were the number 1 seed at the Eastern National Ultimate Frisbee Championships.

From this humble beginning I fell in love with this sport that fostered a culture around "the spirit of the game." To this day the camaraderie forged from the friendships I made in the throes of intense competition is what makes this sport unique. Over the course of four decades of playing, many of my teammates who were once adversaries in earlier times, became and remain lifelong comrades.

So, in large part I owe my place in this august Hall of Fame to the good fortune I had to be on some stellar teams. I had the opportunity to play nearly all of my career on three teams that truly embraced "the spirit of the game" which elevated my "game" and kept me grounded in a sport where civility and respect among competitors governed disputes and differences rather than referees and officials.

I am most grateful for my start with the Bucknell Mudsharks in the '70s. That legacy continues to this day and may well be the oldest original name for a collegiate team to date. My move to the San Francisco Bay Area in the '80s allowed me to play with the colorful, comical and competitive Flying Circus. This provided me with years out West traveling and playing up and down the "Left Coast." During that time, I played with the late Peter "Wheels" Farricker, a dear friend and teammate, and against Henry Callahan of Dark Star in Eugene, Oregon, both of whom we honor till this day. Finally, my masters' years with the Seven Sages of the Bamboo Grove afforded me international play in the '90s and continued competition in the decade thereafter.

Ultimate Frisbee changed my existence in ways I do not believe any other sport ever could. Many of my closest and most trusted friends are people I played with and opposite on fields near and far. I owe a world of debt to a piece of plastic, a "flat ball," that sent my life spinning in directions I have thoroughly enjoyed. I am immensely grateful for the flight—Ultimate, like life, is tremendous!

## 2008

### Frank "FDB" Bono (originally written for 2008)

First of all I'd like to Thank everyone for coming here this weekend, and especially the "fine" folks who put this all on...Suzanne, Melanie, Sandie, Finlay, Dan Weiss and the rest of the committee. You know I'd like to stand up here tonight and say that playing Ultimate and winning the Nationals back-to-back was the best thing that ever happened in my life but, in reality it was the 3rd thing. 1st was meeting and eventually convincing Betsy to marry me in 1987, 2nd were all 3 births of my kids...Chris, Desch & Natalie who are all here tonight. They've had to listen over & over for 20 years all the crazy but true stories of our Ultimate travels, sometimes rolling their eyes. Thanks for listening kids. I LOOVE YOU! I'm not going to bore you & tell you how great of a time it was, The Road Trips, The Long days, The Strong Friendships made, but I am going to tell that it was a very special time. Going to practice for 3 hours (after classes) everyday was like going to a party...sure we practiced and we practiced hard but, LAUGH LAUGH so hard you cried. Some days after a long practice a few of us would stick around and play a round of disc golf. Plastic was in our blood. We just couldn't get away from it. Hey a big shout out to all the "Boro" guys who made it down here this weekend, and who also made those memories "Special" for Betsy and me.

## 2009

### Andy Borinstein

Many thanks to David Blau for coming up with a wonderful idea to collect and save everyone's induction speeches. In 2014, I missed the induction ceremony in Dallas due to attending my son's ice hockey games that weekend in Millbrook, NY. Very much appreciate the opportunity to share a few thoughts.

I'd also like to thank my wife, Hilary, and my son, Alex, both of whom have enabled me to pursue the sport well past my prime as President of DiscNY, one of USAU's largest affiliate organizations and as a High School coach. And I want to thank my fellow inductees for giving me this great honor and for it being a wonderful personal differentiator that I often reveal during corporate retreats as part of an ice-breaking exercise.

Fortunately, I no longer have work colleagues asking me if Ultimate is a sport involving Frisbee catching dogs which was always queried during my 20+ year playing and organizing career. Rather, they have seen it on ESPN, or know that it could become an Olympic sport, or have a friend, family member or even themselves having played the game. It is at those moments when I feel most proud of my early contributions to the sport, having been at the vanguard of Ultimate as we made small inroads getting mainstream media coverage, or had the dream that sport could be played in the Olympics, or believed that Ultimate would be recognized as a varsity sport across American high schools and would, one day, have over 700 college teams actively playing.

And the best part of it all was that it was such fun playing, organizing and contributing. I was fortunate enough to play at all levels and locations -- from High School to Masters, from East to West, locally and abroad -- meet amazing people along the way, feel part of a caring community, and make a difference on and off the field.

My fondest Ultimate memories include:

- For the first time, stumbling across a game played in front of the Band Shell in Central Park in Spring 1976 and watching someone layout...on concrete. Wondering what the hell was this game they were playing?
- As a high schooler, being coached by "Mountain," a NY Frisbee icon, on how to throw a forehand
- Working with Brian Dobyns in 1977 to start an organized NYC high school league and holding playoffs and championships
- Going to the University of Pennsylvania, recruiting athletes and casual disc throwers to join the team, which would become one of the better college squads in the Mid-Atlantic and Northeast regions circa 1979-82
- Watching some of those Freshmen recruits make it to the semifinals of the first College Championships in 1984 at Tufts and winning the championships a year later at Stanford
- Organizing and playing in the Northeast/Mid-Atlantic All-Star game at the 1982 World Frisbee Championships at Rutgers University
- Organizing the first annual East Coast College Championships in 1983, a precursor to the College Championships held a year later
- Playing with and against NYC's best players -- David Blau, Kenneth Dobyns, Patrick King, Mauricio Matiz, Jeremy Seeger, Philip Vlahakis -- in our annual summer league or under the 59<sup>th</sup> bridge until 1 am
- Captaining numerous teams including four USA Masters squads who played in the World Championships in Oslo, Colchester, Jonkoping and Blaine
- Bringing the first Juniors team to Worlds (1994 Colchester)
- Championing Canada's inclusion into the UPA and Nationals (Yes, you have me to blame for that!)
- Writing for the UPA Newsletter, chronicling major events and commenting on key issues
- Commentating and doing play-by-play on game videos
- Chaperoning at YCCs
- Through DiscNY, providing financial opportunities to youth players who might not be able to afford to attend tournaments and watching this effort grow over the past five years
- Attending and assisting in youth clinics run by DiscNY
- Watching my son establish a team at his high school four years ago which is now thriving

In closing, it's been a great 42-year ride that continues. I look forward to hearing and reading your stories, memories and reminiscences as well as watching the sport grow to new heights.

And many thanks for recognizing all that I have put into Ultimate. I know I have benefited from it and I trust you have as well.

**Robert R. Evans (d)**

As a player and team leader, Evans was among the first "modern" Ultimate players. Evans began playing Ultimate early in the development of the sport, when the athletic possibilities were just starting to be recognized. His enduring legacy lies in the transformation of Ultimate from a countercultural pastime into the demanding, competitive athletic sport we know today. At a time when competitive Ultimate was rare, Evans brought a revolutionary approach: a long game based on his legendary backhand; aggressive athletic play at the deep back position; relentless pressure after turnovers; laying out for the disc; recruitment of athletes; and a profoundly serious, intelligent and analytical approach to the game.

While having a reputation as a sharp-tongued curmudgeon, Evans was, in fact, invariably gracious in victory and humorously sullen in defeat. He was generous to opponents and enthusiastically supportive of teammates. A fine teacher, Evans' approach was instilled in his younger teammates and also widely adopted by opponents, spreading virally throughout the Ultimate community, echoing down to the present day. He was also deeply involved with the evolution of the rules of the game, beginning with his early days at Columbia High School in New Jersey. After CHS, Evans was the spiritual leader of the Princeton team and an active club player. Evans competed at the 1980 UPA Club Championships and at the World Championships with Princeton Alumni in 1995 and 1997.

In his HOF interview, Robert summed up his career accordingly "I was a good teacher, coach and friend; a strategic innovator; in the '70s I helped shape the rules of the game, and the attitude that people took towards the game. I've told people that I am not the avalanche that is Ultimate, but I was one of the little pebbles that started the avalanche, and the game would be different had I not been there. -Robert "The Pebble" Evans"

Evans passed away in October 2017 at the age of 63. He leaves behind his wife Jane (1981 National Champion with BLU), son Joshua, daughter Dora, and a large extended family.

**2010****David Barkan**

For me, the main thing in Ultimate has always been about the team, and my main team was the Hostages. I played on teams before and after, but the Hostages were my Ultimate family. We were unkempt, unruly, and insular. It was us against the world, on and off the field. Though our obsession with one another made us oblivious to the havoc we caused wherever we went, it effectively bonded us. For life. It made us play with such a sense of unified purpose that when we were "on", it felt like every move was choreographed. Though the truth was, nothing was planned. We just understood one another.

They raised me, all 15 of them. I was an overly impulsive self-possessed hothead when I met them. When we folded up the team, I was a man. Not perfect, lots of growth still to come, but I was a boy no longer. Gus taught me to do the right thing and make the right call, even if it hurt. Tommy taught me to have fun and lighten up when I wanted to explode. Smitty taught me to push myself harder to be the best I could be. Jimba taught me about how to speak and hear the brutal truth. Matty taught me how to lead with grace. Becker taught me how to follow with humility. Hones showed me who I might be some day. Gessner made me look into my deepest darkest parts, and still laugh. Chris showed me how to be vulnerable. Mada showed me what it means to be strong. Craiger showed me how to push the limits of everything. Hank taught me how to be a mensch. Neal showed me you did not have to be loud to take control. Jeff showed me the meaning of unconditional love. R'ger showed me what a man looked like when I didn't really know. Rasta showed me it's important to always be a bit of a smart-ass. These priceless gifts guide me to this day, as I live life in this, my 60th year, on this planet.

So that's it. I fully dedicate my induction into the Ultimate Hall of Fame to these guys. They showed up as a team at my induction ceremony in 2014. They were there, like they always have been. Making me 100 times better than I am without them. Ultimate is team sport, and my team, the Hostages, will always own this honor with me.

**Michael Glass**

The sport of Ultimate continues to shape my life 40 years after having played my first pick-up game at Gilson Park. My fascination with the magic flight of the Disc and love of competition, continue to this day. Foremost in my mind though, are the many brothers and sisters that have been part of this journey. To quote just one of my amazing teammates (John Conway) "At no other time in my life have I had the shared sense of commitment that I had during those Windy City days". I feel incredibly blessed to have had the opportunity to meet, play with, and against so many incredible athletes and people. Many of whom continue to be the backbone of our lives. None more so than my strong, fierce, kind, empathetic and beautiful Nancy and our wonderful family. From coast to coast and Europe to the Middle East and Japan. We all are so lucky to have lived our young lives in the 70's and 80's and to have been a part of the birth of this great sport and the culture it continues to shape. I have seen and been involved with the youth players coming up today as well and they are amazing. Go outside and play ... Peace Love Michael Glass #11

## 2011

### **Wendell Pinz** Wow! 50th Anniversary Reunion!

Celebration of Ultimate in my hometown of San Diego! Congratulations to all the inductees, it's an honor to be in the Hall of Fame with an outstanding group of people. A special thank you to Suzanne, Gloria, Nob, and David for their diligence and dedication to Ultimate and the Hall of Fame.

Thank you to the Frisbie Pie Company, Fred Morrison, Pluto Platter, Ed Headrick, Whamo, CHS, Johnny Appleseeds, Rutgers, Princeton, Rosebowl, Stork, UPA, USAU, Coordinators, Captains, Volunteers, and long list of people who made our sport soar. Thank you to my family and friends who have supported and guided me on my frisbee journey. My Bro Steve who made me throw upwind at La Jolla Shores, where I honed my skills throwing a new 165g orange Whamo sporting the signatures of Scott Zimmerman and Judy Horowitz. Little did I know years later I would compete with them at the 1984 Mazda US Open Frisbee Championships. Thank you Mom for being my biggest fan, she came to all the games in San Diego wearing her Safari garb. Thanks mom for not thinking I was crazy for immersing myself in the chaotic world of spinning plastic for 16 years.

Being a timid high schooler I'd like to thank Stephanie Hewick and Tracy Headington for motivating me to try out for the frisbee "football" team. At my first practice I got to do the kickoff which I later learned was called the pull. That team was coached by Bill Tulin and would later be called "The Ultimates". We wore red dolphin shorts and white polo shirts, sponsored by local radio station B100. We did halftime shows for the Padres, Clippers, and Sockers. We were teased and dubbed the "show" team. Bill Tulin also introduced me to the individual events at the US Open. Another great influence for me was Mary Lowry who also competed at the US Open individual events. She was a mainstay on the "Women on the Verge" ultimate team from Seattle. She let this "rookie" borrow many of her discs and also showed me the ropes in the different events. Thanks to Jen Scott an amazing athlete, friend and teammate who threw with me for hours on end. Big thanks of course to my Safari teammates I would never have achieved any honors without you. Thanks for catching my crazy throws. Thanks to the goaltimate guys at Mariners Point for letting me play goalty in the root infested tree canopy goal, made for quick thinking and fast footwork. A special heartfelt thank you to Chris Pav my friend, teammate, and captain of Safari. Pav held Safari together for many years with her unrelenting psyche, spirit, cheers, bongo drums, and competitiveness.

Memories: Hammers, Santa Cruz, Boulder 4th of July, energy circles, waterbaby Spanky, face paint, frisbee beads, granny, bongos, mack line, Wagz hugs, Law Street, Shack, Ungowa Princess, J, Lizard, tiger balm, Icy Hot, Blisters, Bert and Paul, road trips, stencil tee shirts, bagels, Voofie, bananas, sunburns, polo fields, Jersey Court, sprained ankles, winter crystals, Chalcedony, dog that peed on Lucy McBride in team huddle, jog bra Anni, Advil, Patti give and go, Zkreations, Windjammers, old crappy powerbars, Poochie streaking, 20 plus frisbee weddings, Spike and Erik cardboard box parties, Tempe AZ band marching fields and scars, Jimi G and Cori Halloween Parties, Frenchy, creekie joints, Famous and Amos, Go long Shar, Factor, Entropods, 11:Bullet:11, Gatorade, Schmally, Los Seven Burritos, Jim Herrick and his party shennanigans like push up poker, thigh off, and closepin ear torture.

Lastly, my love and thanks to Greg Pinz for being on the mens UCSD Ultimate Team, Entropy, who traveled with the women's Safari Team. We can always reminisce about the good old "80 moldy" oldies. The older we get the better we were. Love and thank you sons Kent and Troy for putting up with all our tales of bygone plastic prowess.

Looking back on my years of playing what I cherish the most is my lifelong frisbee friends from all around the country who are just a phone call away. Knowing there is always a warm welcome and a disc within reach.

Ooooooh, ungowa  
Safari's got the Power.  
Cheers, Wendell

## 2012

### **Nancy Glass**

With much love and gratitude to my teammates, friends, and the Ultimate Community for showing me the true meaning of Spirit of the Game.

### **Keay Nakae**

Although my time as an elite Ultimate player occupied only a relatively small window in my life, its impact has been profound. I know that I am not unique in stating this. And that is what is so great! So many of our fellow participants can make this same claim. The friendships, the shared experiences, and the important things I learned about myself in striving to be great at this, have been the enduring gifts I have continued to receive for the past several decades since I stepped off of the competitive field. This Hall of Fame recognition is simply the cherry, on top of the ice cream, on top of the cake, of my involvement in the sport.

## 2013

### Chris O'Cleary

Chris was Atlanta-based Ozone's founder, leader and star player beginning in 1983 and continuing through the 90's. Chris helped set the tone for the team: heart, grit, determination, spirit, love of the game, intelligence and fair play. During her time as captain, Ozone finished pre-quarters or better 15 times at the Club Championships, including two finals and multiple semifinals appearances. In addition to fostering women's ultimate through her leadership, Chris was highly involved with the local Atlanta Flying Disc Club, holding President, Field Commissioner and Tournament Director positions. She is a co-founder of Terminus, Atlanta's most prestigious tournament. Chris helped to create a women's league, which combined experienced and novice players to help foster ultimate in Atlanta. In addition to playing ultimate competitively, she also won the Professional Disc Golf World Championships twice and set two long-standing world records in both distance and accuracy. Chris played in and won her first "Frisbee" tournament at the age of eight in 1971, and she continues to play, most recently at the 2013 Masters Championship in Denver, earning the Spirit of the Game award from her peers.

I fell in love with the flying disc as a little girl in Florida. The grace as it soared across the sky keeps me entertained to this day. Living across from a city park, I was able to compete in a variety of games, which is how I qualified for the World Junior Frisbee Championships back in 71. My first experience playing ultimate came while I was on a trip to Sweden with my mother. Her best friend, who had a son my age, played ultimate. I spent that summer playing on the fields of southern Sweden, and it was there my addiction was born.

It was in college where I was re-introduced to ultimate by Greg Perry, who also encouraged me to play summer league in Atlanta. That Fall a group of us started Ozone because we wanted to take the sport more seriously. We chose the name Ozone because we never recognized when a team was playing zone, so we were always going, "ohhhh, zone"! Additionally, We liked the fact that ozone was found in the atmosphere and was important in the earth's protection.

Ozone had a bit of a slow start as we lost nearly every game for the first 2 years. But we used that as motivation and before we knew it were we competing with those teams we had always heard about. We won April Fools back to back in the late 80's and knew we had arrived! At our first Nationals, in 1987, we shocked ourselves and the Condors by handing them their first loss at nationals in 4 years and qualifying for semis! Ozone kept that competitive drive, love of the game and our teammates throughout my career and I'm proud to say, still do to this day!

We are all acutely aware that we are only in the HoF because of our teammates. Ozone was founded by many star players including Dawn, Shelby, Steph, Juliette, Anne, and Mary Ann. More talent came along like Lizzy, Paddi, Jackie, Bliss, Alice, Meg, Tina, Angela, Lisa, Eileen, Chabot, Emily, Lori and many more... But if I have to credit any single player for making my throws look good, it's Jami Epstein(Cashin). I could literally throw the disc anywhere and she would come down with it! I am humbled to be in the Hall of Fame and eternally grateful for what ultimate has given me both on and off the field. Gooooo OOZZone!!

### Jim Daddy Ingebritsen

My personal love affair with the game of Ultimate began at UCSD in 1981. While recovering from a soccer injury I was sitting on my apartment balcony looking over the adjacent fields and couldn't help but notice a disc being thrown across the field with startling precision, men and women racing from one end of the pitch to the other with joy and excitement evident on their faces. Within a month I had gathered a few friends and we joined the collegiate squad - quickly renaming it Blacks Beach Ultimate Entropy. The next two years we traveled to most of the west coast tournaments refining our playmaking skills and gaining exposure to higher caliber competition. At the age of 20 (1983) I had been pulled up to the Open division and was playing with the newly minted SD Spinoffs - a merger of SD Flo and former Glassboro players. In our first year of formation we went all the way to the National Finals in New Orleans - beating the defending champion Boston Rude Boys along the way - ultimately succumbing to Windy City in a driving rainstorm in the Finals. By that point I was absolutely hooked on the game - having embarked upon a playing career that would span close to 15 years and include 4 distinctly different teams that all went as far as the National semi-Finals with 3 of them being National Finalists. By 1985 I was in graduate school up in the Bay Area - playing with the mystical Flying Circus. While down south I was fortunate to learn the Glassboro Zone D from a handful of my initial mentors and I brought that knowledge to the Circus. Combining that Glassboro Zone D with the Stanford "O" provided the Circus with enough firepower to win virtually every tournament we entered that glorious year - Worlds @ Santa Cruz, Easterns @ SUNY Purchase and Nationals in D.C. I was a National Champion and felt like there was a lot left in the chamber. The next Fall season was almost as successful but we fell one game short in the National Finals in Houston. At the ripe old age of 23, after my first 5 seasons of Open play I had participated in 3 National Finals, collected a ton of big game experience and was headed to Honolulu for a post grad job opportunity. The next 2 years I was effectively off the Ultimate circuit until returning to San Diego in 1989 where 8 of my former SD teammates combined with the LA Polo Club to form the SoCal Iguanas - the 3rd team I would help lead to the National Finals. After 4 long seasons with Iguana where we made 3 National semi-Final and 1 Finals appearance I was tired of commuting and my wife and I were starting a family. It was time for a new "phase" of my career. The next 3 seasons were some of the best input to result outcomes achieved in my Ultimate life. I gathered 15 of the strongest warriors west of the Rockies who were then unaffiliated with committed teams and we put together a traveling squad we called The Nice Guys. This would be the 4th team I would help lead to the National semi-finals (1996) a feat we accomplished with zero practices.

The Nice Guys won the Boulder tournament that season as well which generally attracted the deepest team talent pool of the year. I loved every minute I played the game - my teammates are friends for life, the guys we went to war with and against are indelibly etched into my memory. I still frequently dream the game and relish the throwing sessions I now share with my wife as we travel around the world. I almost forgot .... there was that other game we started playing around that time - it's called Goalimate - maybe some if you have heard of that one. That story will have to wait for another chapter.

## **2014**

### **Jim Parinella**

What a great trip it's been. I started playing when I was in high school because my friend Lance Williams played on the Steel City Slag with his brother Todd, and Lance brought a Frisbee with him to track practice, and we would play ultimate when we were done working out. Pittsburgh Summer League formed that year and the "old guys" on my team were all of 25 years old. I was amazed that they were still able to run at that advanced age. I went to college in Cleveland and played for the teams (Ubiquidisc, then North Coast) there, twice nearly making Nationals, before moving to Boston in 1989. I latched on with Earth Atomizer, the little engine that could, and had some of the best times of my life as we overachieved and made it to Nationals (as high as 5th place) and Worlds (semis). Then we joined forces with Mooney et al until DoG emerged and began its historic run. I stuck it out in the Open Division for a long time, maybe too long, until I got the band back together for Masters in 2007. I have continued to play old man ultimate ever since and now have at least half a dozen pairs of "final cleats ever". When I reminisce on my career, it's an odd collection that comes to mind. Obviously, the championships are a big part of it, but it's more the feelings that come with the championships than the particular details. The nervousness before the big game. The confidence before the big game. The intensity of that first cut. The relief of the first goal. The comfort of that first lead. The nervousness again after that first mistake. The complete immersion into the moment. The anticipation with that big late lead. The pure adrenaline when that final goal is scored. The pride in the postgame handshake line. The sorrow for friends and worthy opponents in the postgame handshake line. The overwhelming joy in that first team huddle afterwards. The prolonged celebration with teammates for the rest of the day. And all winter long, the random fist pump and "Yes!" while sitting at my desk, thinking back about all of those feelings I just mentioned. (That is much better than the random desk slam and "\$&#!" after losing that big game.)

But I also remember the plays, from all sorts of competitive environments. There was the huck in the semis in 1995 that sailed out of bounds and hugged the line for 40 yards before curling back just enough for me to catch it. There was the lefty scoober I threw in GM league last year (it was money). There was a point in practice in 1994 where Jeremy Seeger and I were going full-tilt until we both collapsed in exhaustion. Bim catching a deflection for a key goal in the 1999 semis. Throwing the turn on double game point in the 1998 summer league championship, then getting the block and catching the game-winner. That two-handed overhead upside-down push pass (money). Toeing the line. Getting point blocked five yards away from my 80 year old aunt watching her first game ever. Laying out underneath my defender at Mars in 1984. Hearing someone jokingly say, "That's goal number 2000 lifetime from Alex to Jim" and then calculating that it could possibly be true. And every single one of those 2000 goals.

But maybe most importantly, it's all the people, starting with my high school buddies and the "old guys" in 1983 Pittsburgh Summer League. After moving to Boston, I became inseparable from my new teammates Alex de Frondeville, who worked one floor above me, and Dennis McCarthy, who lived one block away from me. Those were innocent but exciting times, as we helped our team grow as we thought we were discovering the secrets of the game (they are still proprietary so I can't go into them). Then of course there were all the great players and characters on DoG, like Lenny and John Bar. The last dozen years of ultimate in the Masters divisions have been rewarding more for the opportunities to play and hang out with former opponents (including some memorable times on the beach in Italy and Dubai) than for the on-the-field accomplishments. And, of course, I met my wife Jackie Bourgeois through ultimate, fittingly enough being introduced by email. "Dear Mr. Parinella," she wrote, "I have some questions about the clam." "Please," I responded, "Call me Jim."

## **Johnny Appleseeds – Special Merit**

### **Walter H Belding**

I want to congratulate my fellow Appleseeds. I am honored to be a member of this great group. But mostly I want to thank those of you who started this sport and promoted it, before I had ever heard of it.

The biggest thanks go to my co-captain Steve Frieman, for getting the ball rolling, oops, make that "getting the disc flying" for Ultimate at Clark in 1972. It took us a while to recruit enough people to have a pickup game. But every time we got somebody to give it a try, they ended up loving it. Some, myself included, were "jocks" and appreciated the low intensity, the lack of regimentation, and the endorphins. Others were the opposite of jocks, thrilled that they could enjoy a sport without the drama and subservient commitment. Ultimately, I would leave behind my baseball/basketball/soccer past to play Ultimate all year 'round. I never regretted it.

We played for the love of the sport. We played for the rebelliousness of co-ed teams. We played because we needed no referees. We played for the unlimited end-zones. And the unlimited possibilities.

At Clark, we loved hosting 4-team doubleheaders. We just wanted to play. We eagerly awaited the annual visit from Rutgers, on their New England road trip. We knew the final score wouldn't be pretty, but we also knew we would learn something. You see, it was a brand new sport. We were making up strategies on the fly.

I never felt like we were pioneers, we just loved playing. Everywhere I went, I would be explaining the rules, encouraging people to give it a try. I'd get odd responses like "This game should be played on ice skates" and the omnipresent "Why can't I run with it?"

One high school friend of mine returned to his college after I described Ultimate to him at Christmas '73. Barely remembering the rules, he started a team. He only had 7 players, but they came to Clark, got a refresher course on the rules just before the game, and almost beat us in their first game ever. That friend was our fellow Appleseed Rick Labasky. He started the team at Webb Institute of Naval Architecture. Stories like that are part of what made it so much fun.

Another advantage of Ultimate over traditional sports was that I got to play for the college team for 6 years. In those last 2 years after graduation, I missed a lot of practices, but nobody cared. My old teammates had scattered but I got to be a bit of a mentor to the new regime. They were very good. I could see the sport improving. Oh, I wished I could be 18 again.

And I shouldn't have to tell you how much the sport has improved in the last 40-something years. The first shout-out goes to the women. I've enjoyed the chance to play with a younger crowd in the last 3 decades. The men have established new standards for talent and athleticism. But many of the women are just as good. Living in Boston/Cambridge, I get to see a lot of Ultimate being played just for the fun of it. I don't play anymore, but I watch when I can. And I remember. And I smile.

Ultimate is in good hands and has a bright future.

By now you are probably wishing I would sit down and shut up, but I have one more thing to say. Ultimate didn't need me to spread it around the world. Ultimate would have made it on its own. But I'm sure glad I was there in '72. Moreover, I'm glad Ultimate was there for me.

### **Geoff West**

I'd like to recognize my wife, and my sons in absentia, for tolerating this little nonstop, Ultimate apostle. I really do seldom shut up about the game!

Looking back on the largely Boy Scout-driven connections and synergies from the mid-sixties, it was almost destined that we Maplewood-South Orange kids would build something together. And I'll always be indebted to my old tossing buddy, Ed, for wisely suggesting this Frisbee thing on a parking lot as a way to get over my sadness at resigning from football that summer.

A bewildering mix of Math nerds, former Scouts, Bandies, and refugees from more conventional HS sports...I was all those things!

Interestingly, that "core group" of pot-smokin' Ultimate players of myth and legend was actually a minority of, well; my teammates know who it was.

Building a HS league, caravanning across the country to proselytize at Guts tournaments, and planning for the next step, we were on a mission, because we knew we had something worth building...and we were having a BLAST! That first day at Rutgers, my roommate, Gary, and his best friend, Frankie, both sophomores, roared with laughter at my solemn declaration that I was there to start a Frisbee team.

Gary became a passionate teammate and ultimately the most devoted, comprehensive curator of Rutgers Machine memorabilia I never even realized existed until a 2009 Alumni gathering!

And Frankie?

After witnessing Rutgers' inaugural win over arch-rival Princeton, the not insubstantial coverage by Jim Bouton's WABC Eyewitness News crew, the NY Times and other media, the organic enthusiasm of the ever-growing number of spectators, initiating Dan as "Stork" and cheering us on?

Frankie was no longer laughing.

When he went before Student Government a few weeks later to seek funding for the Tae Kwan Do Club, of which he was President, he suggested this new Frisbee Club should be eligible for every dollar his was...and we soon learned the fledgling Rutgers Frisbee Team had \$900 to spend!

We weren't even in the room!

That money rented a tour bus that became Rutgers' first-ever away game, in fact three, Rensselaer, Tufts, and Hampshire. All started by Irv's and my former CHS teammates, and our three victories that weekend planted the seed for "The Streak". Decades later, Dave, another old bestie from Jr High who founded Hampshire told me, "When we watched you guys rolling down off a bus...that was intimidating!"

And so was born the Machine mystique.

Alas my academic ennui cut short my time with the team, and my last game as a sophomore had me catching a floater in the end zone only to land badly, snapping my fibula, ending my college career.

I spent some time coaching and mentoring the upcoming Columbia kids, and after marrying Karen and relocating to AZ, was delighted to discover the Thunderbird Graduate School in Glendale had a team who I played with from the mid-eighties into much of the nineties. I was intrigued at the reports of disparate, non-academic, levels-deep club teams that returning alums described, and thrilled to have a regular place to play close to home.

I taught the game to my sons' fifth grade classes, and organized games with my own Jr High Math students.

I started reconnecting with Rutgers Machine and its Alumni in 2009, actually joining the team in Cincinnati in 2014 for their first return to Nationals since 1976!

When one of my youngest son's good friends organized a weekly pickup game that also included our eldest, it was wonderful having that shared experience with my sons and their friends and still being capable of making an impact. They call me "Pops"!

The night Andrew asked during warm-ups, "How far \*can\* you throw an overhand wrist-flip, dad?" changed things what with the torn rotator cuff that resulted. But it's much better now.

Tonight? This week? This year? Simply - AMAZING!

Who could have imagined?

On the cusp of Olympic inclusion, spreading like wildfire across the globe, and being used - effectively - as a foundation for peace in one the most fractious regions on earth.

It fills my heart with joy. We always knew we had a tiger by the tail.

With the Spirit of the Game, the virtual absence of the selfishness that plagues other sports, and the love that grows between teammates and opponents alike... Ultimate appeals to our better nature. I've always known that.

The game has given me so much more than I it. I'm humbled and grateful to be here. Thank you.

### **Dan Buckley**

Thank you for the honor to be included in this group of early pioneers of Ultimate Frisbee.

I've had the pleasure to meet and be with so many wonderful people, players and dear friends as a result.

It was easy to share my excitement, joy and love for the game.

I still can't believe anyone/everyone listened

### **David Dinerman**

I want to say thank you for electing me to the Hall of Fame.

I have been profoundly humbled by this election. When I have talked about it, both publicly and privately, there have been times when I cannot help but choke up, and have difficulty speaking, something that those who know me find amusing. This selection is a major personal milestone. From a broader viewpoint, when I look at what has happened since the humble beginnings of this sport, I am continually amazed at just how big Ultimate has become, all while staying true to the roots we all helped set and nurture.

The interplay between the game of Ultimate and I has been magical as well. My relationship with this sport is one that involved both luck and serendipity.

It was serendipitous that after Columbia High School, I went to a college that had no intercollegiate sports, so when I showed up, and started promoting the game, I was able to capture the interest and attention of a lot of jocks (of both sexes) who, like me, grew to love this game. As a result, Hampshire, with a student base of about 1,000 was able to compete at the highest levels of the sport.

At Hampshire, we (with Amherst College and UMass) were able to host the first broad based intercollegiate championship, a sixteen team tournament in 1976. We also got national exposure when we played Tufts in our third annual Mothers Day game in 1975 in front of a reporter and photographer from Time magazine.

I had great teammates; Andy MacGruer, Rob Rowse, Walter White, Dave Allon, Gary Hirshberg, Dick Hurd, Maggie Hirsch and Steve Hannock to name a few. Without them, there would have been no there there. With them, we not only had a blast playing, but competed at the highest level, all while balancing that fine line between game and sport, true to the spirit that continues to permeate the game.

I was lucky in that I got to play a sport at a high level, that in many ways, is truly a great sport. It, in my view, incorporates all the best of teamwork, strategy, physical skills, hand-eye coordination, and is just plain fun to play. I learned a lot playing Ultimate. Endurance, mental toughness, teamwork, pushing myself past what I thought I could do, all at a level I never dreamed possible when I was in high school. These skills helped shape me as a man, a father, a businessman, and a coach.

I am reminded too, that much as I like to say that 60 (63 actually) is the new 40, fifty years is a long time. I started playing this game when I was 14, starting in that bizarrely dangerous parking lot next to the railroad tracks in Maplewood, with the group that you now call the Johnny Appleseeds, most of whom were nerdy kids, with varying degrees of athletic ability. It is truly amazing how far this sport has come in what is really a very short time. I humbly thank you again for this honor.

### **Jonny Hines**

I was born and raised in South Orange, NJ. I was a sports writer for "The Columbian" student newspaper at Columbia High (CHS) when classmates / close friends Joel Silver, together with Buzzy Hellring (Buzzy was Editor-in-Chief), infected me with first exposure to rudiments of the game that was to become Ultimate.

Being somewhat more athletic than Joel or Buzzy (even CHS JV baseball!), I immediately fell in love with the grace, athleticism, and endurance needed to play well (co-existing so nicely with the Spirit of the Game) -- and also had a good sense of how the rules could be developed, borrowing pick-and-choose style from established favorite sports (basketball, hockey, football, etc.). Thus, when Joel first suggested to Buzzy to "write the rules", and Buzzy accepted the challenge of getting up the first draft (on light-purple-ink mimeograph paper, as I recall) based on our collective brainstorming, I then gladly took to reviewing and offering further comments to Buzzy's draft -- which were adopted, and which handwritten marginal comments of mine have become immortalized in the photo in the "Ultimate -- The First Four Decades" history book 15 years ago. (And, incidentally my current secretary at work marvels at how relatively neat my handwriting was then, and curses / wonders at how it it could have evolved to the miserable scrawl I use now.)

And so we played at CHS, fine-tuning the rules as we went along. I was such an avid regular player each weekend night year-round in the teachers' parking lot that my mom once (or likely more than once) commented that it seemed I'd "marry a frisbee". (Fast forwarding, I married twice -- first to a Danish woman, with whom I have two wonderful adult sons who live in NYC ... and now a 3-year-old granddaughter, and then to my wonderful Russian wife Olga.) I was happy to see more and more quite athletic players joining -- like Irv Kalb, Chas and Dave Leiwant, Ed Summers, and more (guys and girls).

We didn't have a set name for the sport at first. One preliminary name (I can't recall which of us coined it -- surely not I) was "Speed Frisbee". Eventually Joel came up with the name "Ultimate" -- which stuck.

In Fall '70 I went off to U. Penn, and Buzzy to Princeton. I used to visit Buzzy there fairly regularly on weekends, and saw that he was starting to introduce some of his roommates / friends to the game. I actually transferred to Princeton (to do international affairs / Russian Studies) after freshman year -- and, tragically, Buzzy had died in a car accident a few months before that. His roommates invited me to take Buzzy's intended room (in their 11-guy suite for sophomore year), which I did, and I happily continued what Buzzy had started in advancing Ultimate among the suitemates (including a few college team football and baseball players) and beyond.

One thing led to another, and by Fall '72 Irv Kalb (at Rutgers) and I organized the first intercollegiate Ultimate game in November 1972, which was played at the same exact spot, a parking lot that had formerly been a grassy field at the Rutgers - New Brunswick campus where the first intercollegiate football game had been played 103 years earlier, in 1869. Rutgers eeked out a victory (despite Irv's gripes about our team's beefy football stars and their style of play). The game was covered by Jim Bouton, the ex-Yankee pitching star, for national network news (and his reportage clip was shown around the country) ... which gave Ultimate a special national spotlight boost. It was also covered by The New York Times, and various regional newspapers and wire services. We then beat Rutgers in a fine rematch the following year at Princeton's Jadwin Gym (the first intercollegiate indoor game). Alas, my Ultimate career petered out after that.

I went on to law school (at U.Va.) after college, trained as a big-firm New York lawyer for nearly 20 years, and then moved to Moscow, Russia 18 years ago, where I continue to practice law for a US global law firm -- concentrating on large-scale oil & gas investment deals. My wife, Olga, teaches law at Moscow State University (and, fortunately, feeds us some of her best-and-brightest students each year).

I once got a certificate of being entered into an early Ultimate Hall of Fame -- for climbing Mt. Fuji in Japan in 1974 and tossing a Wham-O master tournament disc into the volcano in a gesture of international frisbee friendship. I'm honored now to be reinducted into a newer Hall of Fame. Incidentally, I've also once thrown out the first frisbee at an Ultimate tournament game over here in Russia.

My career as an international lawyer hasn't allowed me any real time to devote to the game and its promotion over the decades since Princeton. I much admire those (including Larry Schindel, and others from around the country) who have been doing just that. My great wish is to live to see Ultimate accepted as an Olympic sport -- and to attend that opening ceremony and maiden Olympic match. I know that's being worked on / in progress; Godspeed to those driving it.

In the meantime, I was thrilled just a week ago to learn that the son of one of my law partners, from Kazakhstan, has signed up for Ultimate as his Fall sport at a boarding school in Michigan. I've also been happy to autograph the occasional frisbees, t-shirts, etc. for daughters and sons of friends, and others, who play the game and learned of my co-founder role.

It was interesting / rewarding for me to read a recent Wall Street Journal reporter's piece focusing on his daughter's college Ultimate championship tournament, and giving his understanding of our sport's history, spirit, etc. He commented on its "hippie origin". I wrote him back, showing Joel's, Buzzy's and my graduation high school yearbook photos from fall 1970 to push back on the hippiness point (and in that regard recounting that I personally had chosen to attend the first-ever Giants-Jets football game over an offer to go to Woodstock the year before).

That's what comes to mind.

### **Rick Labasky**

I became acquainted with Ultimate in 1973 by the good graces of a high school buddy and neighbor, Walter Belding. After his patient coaching on how to handle a disc and the basic rules of the game (such beautiful simplicity) that summer, I took it back to college with me. I went to Webb Institute of Naval Architecture in Glen Cove, Long Island, NY, a small school with about 80 students. It was the perfect game for us engineering nerds, one that even allowed a small school to field a team and be competitive at the time. It also made for the most fantastic excuse for weekend road trips. With the growing interest in the sport in many colleges in the Northeast, and Walter's help, we had no problems setting up both Fall and Spring road trips that first year. We may not have been too talented that first season, but that is certainly not what it was about at that point. The fellowship (and parties) were great.

The next year, we went farther afield, and hosted schools at our place too. We played teams from schools from New Jersey to New York and up to Massachusetts. In the next year or two we also got to play in a tournament or two-- sort of the playoffs at the time. I can't remember how we did, but we had an enthusiastic team of a dozen or more (whoever could get away on any given weekend) and always had a great time. The joy of playing was intoxicating (and some of the after-partying probably was too!!)

Ultimate to me was always a marvelous blend of the best of soccer, football, basketball, and lacrosse, a game of skill, finesse, speed, endurance, tactics and teamwork. I missed it, and the fellowship of the game, in the years after leaving college, but the memories are uplifting and fond. I am delighted to know that others have been able to make the sport thrive and grow, undoubtedly with the same joy and enthusiasm that I and my teammates felt. Best wishes and thanks to all, especially Walter Belding, who made Ultimate a highlight of my college years.

### **Jim Lovell**

My mind floods with memories of Ultimate, ranging from my introduction to the sport at a New Jersey high school (not Columbia), to my one game as a visiting on the fabled Columbia Parking lot (although I later played at Columbia on a grass field), to the many home games, road trips and tournaments in college, and through to the sporadic attempts since then to return to a sport I love.

I enjoyed the camaraderie of so many wonderful and colorful people, too numerous to name or describe. However, two in particular stand out. Dave Leiwant is one. A Columbia alum, he founded the Yale team with my participation and help. Without his acknowledgement of my role at Yale, I would not be a Johnny Appleseed. And, of course, he was a helluva player with great hands, instincts, speed and leaping ability. (Not to mention his on-again-off-again luxuriant beard, which is on full display in my 1972 high school year book from the day that Columbia came to our place. And beat us.)

The other is Jimmy Pistrang, a high school classmate, one of the Tufts founders and an early legend in the sport. Jimmy continues to coach Ultimate and embodies everything I love about the sport, including devotion to his teammates, friendship to all who take hold of a disc, and a gentle but unmistakable competitive nature. Like Dave, he was a fantastic player with great handling skills, vision, and astonishing reach. He was an early inventor/propagator of the forehand. He visited me a few years ago and showed his undiminished throwing skills by throwing a disc from a partially enclosed deck about 50 yards between clumps of trees, down a hill, to the narrow opening at the end of a dock.

I would like to think that my playing years are not done, but time and infirmities have taken their toll. I have not played for three years, and returning to the field seems improbable. I do occasionally pick up a disc at a park and surprise people with some distance on my throws as well as methods of delivery that have rarely been seen since the 70's. And I take pleasure in the fact that five of the seven kids I have helped raise have played Ultimate in one way or another - they are part of the legions that keep it going and growing.

Thanks for allowing me to become part of the hall of fame, and thanks to all the players and supporters who make this the best sport there is.

### **Kevin Igor Harper**

Glassboro Ultimate also known as "The Boro" was started in the Spring of 1975 by Kevin Igor Harper and Bill BJ Johnson, students at Glassboro NJ State College. Within a few short years they became one of the best teams on the East Coast by perfecting the 2-3-2 zone that in state rival Rutgers University used. In the Spring of '78 they lost the Eastern Finals to Cornell University. In 1979 they won the first ever UPA National Tournament, held at Penn State, by defeating the Santa Barbara Condors. They defended their crown in 1980 by beating Boston Aerodisc at the UPA Nationals in Atlanta. The Boro was the last college team to win the Open National Championships. Glassboro last appeared in the UPA Open Nationals in 1982. In 1984 they made it to the Finals of the first UPA College Nationals where they lost to Stanford. Besides their team success, The Boro were universally recognized for their "Psyche warmups" and the Spirit in which they played. Baylok!

The dreams of a teenage boy going off to Glassboro and starting an Ultimate team, and then watching that team's rise to National domination could not have been possible without the following people who believed in the dream. They held key roles in either playing or guiding the Boro.

Tom Mattek, Don Cain, Bill Johnson, Irv Kalb and Dan Roddick, Russell Jones, Mike Sabo, Jens Velasquez, Harold Monson, Jess Swoyer, Sue Smith, Connie Bottie, Johnny Hod, Bob Kahuna Hall, Todd Feinstein, Bob Funk Morris, Louie Weege Marano, Kevvo Walsh, Timba D'Urso, Hack DeMaio, Jimbo Morgans, Andy Grossman, Fred Davis, Kevin Brennan, JR Smith, Peter Quasi Cocuzza

Many of the above people are still some of the closest friends that I have some 40 years later. The opponents that we have battled also became dear friends. This was on full display on a September Saturday in 2018, as many of them traveled to NJ for the Celebration of Don "Sauce" Cain. Don passed away suddenly on July 22, 2018. Although he played for Rutgers, Sauce was an integral part in the development of the Boro. He will be missed at this HOF event and in the many gatherings of such amazing people that I have the honor of calling friends.

### **David O. Leiwant**

Initially, thank you very much for the great honor of being admitted to the Hall of Fame.

When I first played Ultimate, in late April 1969, the sport was not called Ultimate. Roughly 30 people had ever played it. After we played that day, Joel Silver speculated that someday the sport would be shown on Wide World of Sports (a popular sports anthology show televised from 1961 through 1998). We laughed at him. Was it a joke? A prophecy? Either way, now millions of people all over the world play Ultimate and Frisbee is part of the Olympic movement. Who, besides Joel, would have believed it?

To me, the most important part of Ultimate is the Spirit of the Game. Every player is responsible for playing fairly and honestly. It is more important to enjoy playing than it is to win.

I refereed two Rutgers-Princeton Ultimate games in 1972 and 1973. I'm sure I missed most of the fouls, as officials do in every sport. Fortunately, the players called their own fouls, and made me look good, or at least adequate. There is no place for referees in Ultimate.

Lastly, I have met the best people by being involved in Ultimate. I cherish every moment I have spent playing Ultimate. Oddly, the most fun I ever had playing Ultimate was playing pick-up on the parking lot in Maplewood from 1969 through 1983. To me, that was the purest form of the game.

Thank you again for the honor and I congratulate all the other inductees. What a long, strange trip it's been.

### **Joseph Barbanel #24 CHS '72**

The spread of Ultimate world-wide was something that the CHS players of the second wave - the Richmond Avenue Gang and others who played with (and against) the mythic archetypes (Joel Silver, Buzzy Helring, Jonny Hines, and their friends) took as destined. This despite the reality that Ultimate had a strong "goof" element at the very start. For the most part, the school newspaper staff was the squad. Athleticism was not a requirement. It was in that spirit that the Columbia High School janitor, Mr. Osinski, was in the first team picture. Of course, the enduring Spirit of the Game was there, too. It was the '60's, man - Peace, Love and Understanding!

We also worked to make the spread of the game happen, asking other high schools to form teams (thanks, Larry!) and founding teams at our respective colleges. What has followed is celebrated by players everywhere every time a disc is pulled.

Being part of that is still a thrill. I am always intrigued by how the game has spread and ask people from teams that I meet the first time, or people where Ultimate comes up in conversation, where they learned to play. A player from a pick-up team in Brooklyn told me he learned the game in Viet Nam. From the natives. My favorite. There are many pictures and videos of me playing Ultimate. In most I'm smiling. The game started out as great fun. It's supposed to be great fun. No matter how competitive play has developed, it should always be great fun. It's not just the spreading of the word. When you think of point blocks, seeing-eye passes and the arouse the ire definition of a foul, please see my smile there as well.

Ultimate has been a love for me since the first time I played, enough so that I continue to play today. It is my goal to do a greatest at age 80, and hopefully not to hang up my cleats then.

Go out and play!

### **Michael Miller**

My first introduction to frisbees was in the mid-1960s when my childhood friend Jim Pistrang came back from a trip to Michigan with this funny, flying disc, a Wham-O. We had great fun learning how to toss the disc, bank and boomerang tosses, and chuck it as far as we could. We often played frisbee football. In 1970, Jim started an ultimate team at Northern Valley Regional High School. In 1972, Jim and a friend of his from Columbia High School, Ed Summers joined me at Tufts. It is amazing to think that 45 years have passed since we started that team. Ultimate became a major focus of my activities in college. We played on the quad on the hill button-holing whoever we could to play with us. It really wasn't hard; I think everyone has a little jock inside him/her. We self-funded our activities. We happily played intrasquad games and then took road trips to the few schools that fielded teams - e.g., Clark, Cornell, Hampshire, Princeton, RIT, and Rutgers. How many people can you jam into a 1970 Mustang? We slept in dormitory community rooms, slumped in teammates homes, whatever. We made it work. The spirit of camaraderie carried on not only among our teammates, it extended to players at other colleges. The spirit was warm and infectious. It is rewarding to see that the team at Tufts continues to thrive (and with institutional support).

### **David "Buddha" Meyer (d)**

Close your eyes and try to image an all-star Ultimate player. Have the image in your mind. Six-foot-six, 200 pounds, super quick and dominate in the air. Well, David Meyer was none of these things. At 6' 1", 240 he was slow to accelerate. Yet David was a true Ultimate all-star and, better still, a great person. (And, from time-to-time, he could out-position Irv Kalb.)

A student at Columbia High School, in 1971 David was invited to play Ultimate by Jon Cohn and David Leiwant. Broad in stature, Meyer was an unlikely figure for an athlete. Leiwant quickly gave him the nickname "Buddha," as the master of the passive principle. For a period of time, Buddha predated Michael Jackson by sporting a glove on his right hand for catching. He would then remove it prior to throwing. Despite the time it took to free his throwing hand, he was a great midfield contributor, although he eventually gave up the glove in his later years at CHS. The fourth edition of the Ultimate rules has a picture of David and Robert Evans.

As Buddha's skills improved, his delightful personality emerged. The quiet, young novice became a witty, sometimes acerbic announcer as he played. His very broad shoulders and wide build, gave him a huge pivot, and his throwing arm would be FAR away from where it was when you first tried to block him. David turned into a great receiver, with the superb ability to read the path of flight and a great sense of timing.

After graduating from CHS, in 1973 David founded the team at Columbia University (NY). (Dean's List seven of eight semesters). Over time, his athlete ability improved, his weight dropped dramatically and he began to further emerge as a person. He spent his junior year abroad and in 1975 he introduced Ultimate at the London School of Economics. Upon graduation, David pursued a degree at Georgetown Law School. He also was an instructor at the Smithsonian Frisbee Festival. His last games of Ultimate were played with the Washington Area Frisbee Club.

While in law school, on September 29, 1978, he slipped into a coma from which he never emerged--having suffered hemorrhage caused by an arterio-venous malformation. It was a great loss for his family, the Frisbee world, and his friends when he passed away on August 13, 1983.

Comments from Ultimate players and friends:

When I was a rookie, an old-timer shoved me hard in the chest (and called a foul on me). I became insecure, and wondered whether or not this was the game in which I should be involved. In an unsolicited fashion David stood up for me (gave the guy some crap for me), encouraged me, and put a comforting arm around my shoulder and told me not to worry about it-- Sholom Simon.

He had one of the best overhand wrist-flips in the game; and did a devastating parody of me at the 1975 Rose Bowl party-- John Kirkland.

David honed the "no-look pass" to perfection. He was the most fun person I ever played with-- Robert Evans

David taught me how to play Frisbee and introduced me to a whole new group of his Frisbee-playing friends on the Washington Mall. At Georgetown Law he was part of the "Three Musketeers"- David, Virginia Covington, and myself. David gave us silly nicknames. He loved to write funny notes to us that he would pass back and forth between the three of us during class-cracking us up when we were supposed to be paying attention. I still have one of the notes that he wrote to me, tucked inside my old Property law textbook--JoAnne Zawitoski.

(from [www.ultimatehistory.com](http://www.ultimatehistory.com), Written by Joe Barbanel, edited by Larry Schindel, and approved by David's brothers Bobby Meyer and Joey Meyer)

### **Ed Summers**

I am thrilled to be recognized as one of Ultimate Frisbee's "Johnny Appleseeds" and inducted into the USA Ultimate Hall of Fame for Special Merit with my fellow early players.

As a group we are collectively responsible for Ultimate Frisbee's presence on the earth today, played by millions of children and adults in the USA and around the world.

How can I make this claim?

When Ultimate's original Founders graduated in 1970 only Jon Hines formed a college team. There were no other teams, and only a few players remaining from the original CHS Varsity Frisbee Squad. The 'Richmond Avenue Gang' which played outside Larry Schindel's house, took over leadership of the sport as the CHS Varsity Frisbee Team. Captained by Irv Kalb with myself as Co-Captain, Larry and a core nucleus of players we grew our own Columbia team. As we played, we revised the rules, contacted other schools, and mailed them rulebooks. This led to the formation of a high school league comprised of over a dozen teams in NJ. The players on these teams contributed to the game's spread. Jim Pistrang and Mike Miller my Tufts co-Founders, and for UNH's Jim Diehl and Jim Powers (later at Penn State) all 'Johnny Appleseeds', were products of this High School League.

By contrast, Princeton college had no peers to play against until other college teams were founded in the Fall of '72 by the new alums from CHS and the nascent HS Ultimate teams. By election day 1972 when Princeton and Rutgers played in the first Inter-collegiate Ultimate game, there were also new teams at RPI and Hampshire college, and my Tufts team was prevailed upon by Geoff West and Irv to postpone our planned October game against Clark University so we wouldn't undercut the elaborate media coverage planned for the Rutgers - Princeton game. Allowing them to go first was a good call, in keeping with the Spirit of the Game that we were nourishing.

Aside from playing the sport, what made Ultimate Frisbee so exciting and fun for me was the challenge of realizing our vision of a world where everyone played Ultimate. This was a personal mission, one I embraced with fervor and a religious zeal. We had no limits on where we could take Ultimate, no parental supervision, and no oversight to stop us. Through our mid-teens and into our twenties we drove the sports growth and its development. We organized games, contacted other schools to make more teams, set up schedules, met, played, and coped with logistics. It was all the more fun because our games were co-ed, and my social life was a circle that revolved around the disc: playing it, spreading the game, and playing with my best friends on and off the field.

Our CHS VFT gladly offered our 16 and 17 year old selves to Wham-O as free labor to run 'Frisbee Fly-ins' promoting Frisbees and WCBS radio at the NYC borough parks. In exchange we got free Pro model Frisbees in neon colors, and a platform to show-case Ultimate Frisbee to an unsuspecting park crowd who had Frisbees in hand.

Throughout 1970 - 72 Larry Schindel, Irv Kalb, Mitch Lapman, Robert Evans, Steve Frieman, myself and others took trips into NYC to meet with Tony Furman at Wham-O's advertising firm on Madison Avenue. We were lured by the hope that the IFA would one day officially sanction Ultimate Frisbee and include copies of the rules with every Master Frisbee sale. The prospect of free hot stamp reject discs was also enticing. We got the discs, but we couldn't get them to shake the notion they had that they had to control the rules and the sport, something we knew we could not allow. During one of these trips to the city we trooped over, unannounced, to offices of the CBS Wide World of Sports. Our intention was to meet with Howard Cosell then convert him to Ultimate knowing he could reach millions of potential players in a single broadcast. After cooling our heels for a very long time we did meet with Howard in the reception area. He was kind to us. We were invited to ride down in the elevator with him and give Ultimate Frisbee's first elevator pitch. We didn't get the instant conversion we wanted, but something about Ultimate stuck with him. Over a dozen years later he did report on Ultimate and gave us coverage in a meaningful way that is still quoted.

The next few years led to the breakout of Ultimate. My CHS team and college teammates traveled to Upper Peninsula Michigan in '73 and '74 to compete at the IFT Guts Frisbee championships and a chance to reach and teach Ultimate to other Frisbee players. We even challenged the middle-aged Wham-O executives to play Ultimate with us in 98 degree heat. They played, but wilted in about 10 minutes, richer if wetter for having played the game. On the road

again we traveled to Toronto in '73 and '75 to compete in the Canadian Frisbee Tournament and demonstrate Ultimate. In 1974 Wham-O flew me and members of our team to the first Rose Bowl Frisbee Championship. We were enthusiastic about the trip but disappointed that Wham-O squandered our Ultimate talents on their trademarked game 'Netbee'. Yeah, it had nets. In 1975 I was invited back to the Pasadena tournament, earned my World Class Frisbee Master stripes and was part of the half-time Ultimate Demonstration. Learning had occurred at Wham-O.

By the '75 Yale and '76 Hampshire College Ultimate 'nationals' the Tufts team had more opponents than we could play. Great road trips, and exciting times all propelled by the vision of a world where everyone played Ultimate, without referees and with the Spirit of the Game. In 1975 I co-founded Harvard's team with Sara Schechner, which she Captained, and in 1977 helped to form the spirit and skills of the highly talented Steve Gustafson on my Tufts team, who had agreed to go to Europe with me that summer and earn our keep by giving Frisbee demos and freestyling. Alas, he bowed out of the trip, but I went anyway. Preceded in the UK by my friend Buddha (David Meyer, who bestowed me with my nick name), I had an introduction to Jeremy Way the Director of the UK Frisbee Association. This was bolstered by a letter from Stork declaring me the US Fastback Frisbee distance champion based on my 1976 American Flying Disc Open title. I worked with the UKFA, and provided him with a source of cheap labor, for the privilege of being allowed to teach Ultimate Frisbee at their events. In Helsingborg, Sweden I met up with the director of the Swedish Frisbee Association. My Swedish Frisbee Meisterskopen efforts and teaching Ultimate there, though not as successful, were every bit as fun.

My heart has never strayed from Ultimate, even if my priorities have undergone shifts over the years to focus on my wife, keeping my job, and raising two children. Every Thanksgiving night since 1970 with two exceptions I have played in the worlds oldest Ultimate event. In 2012 I was honored to attend the 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Reunion of Tufts Ultimate players. And, twice a week I play pick-up Ultimate in its home town, Maplewood. On Sunday mornings after pick-up the Middle School Ultimate recreation league program gets set up as I leave the field. It's a reminder of the contribution that all of the Johnny Appleseeds have made and without that work there would be no Sunday rec program, no USA U Hall of Fame, and no Spirit of the Game.

### **William D Johnson "BJ"**

I had no idea what I was getting into when my best friends at East Brunswick High School started talking about Ultimate Frisbee. Kevin Harper (Igor) and Don Cain (Sauce) needed someone that had a drivers license. I'm not sure if I ever told my mother why we needed her station wagon. The game was very different then with stall counts and end zones that went on forever. The "frisbee" would turn over in the lightest wind and crash to the ground. Our team had so much to learn. Fast forward to a game against Columbia High School on our home field as the clock ran down we became the first team to win against the school that invented the game!

Don Cain went on to play at Rutgers and became part of a team that was unbeatable. Kevin Harper went to Glassboro State College and after some time I arrived there. We had been watching Rutgers success and started rounding up players from our dorm. Fast forward again we started traveling to other colleges on weekends to play and felt our future explode as we met so many amazing people.

The three of us continued to play Ultimate for decades. Glassboro went on to win the first recognized National Championship in 1979 at Penn State. We all played in the longest running summer league at the Mercer County Ultimate Disc League.

Again I had no idea what I was getting into. I met Diane in the Mercer League. She and our daughters and their husbands have all played Ultimate at the national level or college level. To finish my history as an Ultimate player and my Ultimate family, we have two grandsons from parents that are some of the best players I have ever seen!

### **Alan Jolley**

One day in 1970 I received a phone call from my sister, a student at Columbia HS. She knew I enjoyed throwing a frisbee around. She wanted me to know that some students at my alma mater had created a new team sport called "Ultimate Frisbee". I asked her to send me a copy of the 1970 rules for this new game. I was so intrigued by what I read that I drove to New Jersey to see it being played at CHS. As I watched, I knew that I needed to return to Connecticut and organize a team at Staples High School. In the Spring of 1971 I gathered together some of my students and we formed "Staples Frisbee". As it turned out, we were the third Ultimate team formed after CHS and Princeton. In April 1973 CHS and SHS played the first interstate game of Ultimate, spreading the game beyond the confines of N.J. Local newspapers reported on the game, then the Conn. Post ran an article and eventually the Assoc. Press covered the story. In May 1973 a reporter from the National Observer in Washington came to SHS to watch an Ultimate game. I've been told that his full page article entitled "Gentlepersons Have a Fling at Ultimate Frisbee" created over 600 inquiries for information about how to play this new game. I commented: "Ultimate Frisbee is becoming a national phenomena!" As it turned out, this game between CHS and SHS and the resulting newspaper coverage planted "seeds of Ultimate" all over America. And today, we celebrate the growth of 50 years of the "ultimate sport", Ultimate Frisbee!

## **Ron Kaufman**

I am not a tall person, so most team sports were out of my reach as a kid. That changed when Al Jolley, a math teacher at Staples High School introduced Ultimate in 1971 with a co-ed team anyone could join. But I was still short, and not skilled with a flying disc, so I was often the last person picked.

Dan Buckley was a more gifted experienced player with a heart as big as his sidearm throw. He not only chose the smaller kids so we could play on his side; he actually threw to us and encouraged us whether we caught or dropped, made a decent or another lousy throw. Dan had no external motivation for being so generous. His reason came from within.

The Spirit of the Game holds players accountable for our behavior on the field. Dan did not follow this rule; he lived it, and I learned a valuable lesson from his example: Everyone wants to play in life. Give people enough encouragement and opportunity and they will rise to the occasion, often surprising you with their commitment and contributions.

I went to Brown University and was co-captain of the first Ultimate team in 1974. On the field we learned to work and win together on a small scale. As a history student I was shocked by how often humans fail at living well together on a large scale.

Humanity has a long-standing addiction to misunderstanding, mistrust, and armed conflict. Hardly The Spirit of the Game I thought we could be playing.

In my studies I explored how societies came back together peacefully after war and was intrigued by the enduring connections made through sports, pen pals, student exchanges, and sister cities. I wondered if I could make this kind of contribution, make a bit of difference, and maybe even make the world a better place.

So I took my curiosity and flying discs to Europe for two years where I studied during the fall and winter and travelled widely in the spring and summer months. I slept on trains, ate in fruit and vegetable markets, and met new people in every town and city. I taught Ultimate in local parks and was invited into strangers' homes for dinner. I taught Ultimate on beaches and partied with new friends. I sold flying discs in the streets and was overlooked by police who smiled and looked the other way.

During those carefree days, I learned that uplifting someone else's spirit can be as simple as putting a smile on your face, a compliment in your voice, or a flying disc on your finger. Riding the wind by day and rumbling on trains at night, my life became a real-world expression of Wham-O's advertising slogan, "You just can't do it alone."

Dan "Stork" Roddick heard about my adventures and sent me business cards that read, "Ron Kaufman, International Representative, International Frisbee Association." This was the equivalent of deputizing an evangelist to take on the world. So, I did.

I created the company, Discovering the World, and spent years crossing borders, organizing tournaments, festivals, and family play days everywhere I went. I rallied students to an Ultimate game in London's Hyde Park and created an Official Frisbee Sanctuary in Belgium. I organized Flying Disc Friendship Tours to China and the Soviet Union with our antics memorialized in LIFE Magazine and on TV. I served as Master of Ceremonies at the Smithsonian Frisbee Festival in Washington, D.C., the Milton Keynes Bowl Air Day in the UK, and the World Flying Disc Championships at the Rose Bowl.

Throughout these adventures, Stork was an encouraging patron, collaborator, advisor, and friend. He saw the world through the lens of a sociologist and believed we could help shape global culture with our festivals and sports. We shared the dedication of those who uplift and inspire themselves by deliberately serving others. But we didn't call it service. We called it play.

I later became a global expert in the world of customer service, encouraging individuals, teams, companies, and countries to improve themselves with a generous Spirit of the Game. In community, in culture, in countries, and in commerce, we create our most fulfilling lives by contributing to the lives of others.

I learned this lesson on the Ultimate field and it guides my life today. Thank you, Ultimate community and friends, for expanding and growing throughout the world, and for being my heartfelt home.

## **James Powers**

Air flows and twists in the sky above pushing and lifting the frisbee disc as it spins, capturing the imagination of all who observe its flight.

The flight of the frisbee is what attracted and introduced me to the sport of Ultimate.

As a freshman biochemistry student at the University of New Hampshire (UNH) in Durham New Hampshire I was looking for distractions in the fall of 1972. I was drafted to go to war in Vietnam and had signed up with the Navy with a report date in January 1973. Frisbees were a novel item on college campus at that time and the flight of the original master frisbee (disc of choice for Ultimate) caught my attention. Jim Diehl (fellow student at UNH) introduced me to Ultimate and the two of us poured out our hearts into the fun game of Ultimate.

Transitions bring fresh insights and new paths to life journeys. President Nixon ended the draft on January 27, 1973....4 days prior to my report date. I accepted the Lord Jesus as my savior. The University of New Hampshire raise the out of state tuition 100% in 1974 triggering a transfer to Penn State University (my home state) to save tuition costs.

A passion for things in the air (frisbees, kites, sailing) followed me to Penn State University. One month after arriving at Penn State in the fall of 1974 I formed the Penn State ultimate Frisbee team. One of our first games was against Rutgers University. I remember warming up for the game on the Penn State football teams Astro turf practice field. The Rutgers University Ultimate Frisbee team was late arriving I was growing concerned that the team may be a no-show. After about 30 minutes a large tour bus pulled up to the field and a tall gangly person (Dan the "Stork" Roddick) strode off the bus followed by Irv Kalb, Don 'Sauce' Cain, Stu Case and the rest of the team all dressed in red and white uniforms.

This was one of Penn States first competitive games.....we were .... a bit inexperienced.... After a sound beating by the Rutgers team Stork introduced me to the team rule Rutgers played by.... 2N+1. The team had a goal of beating every team by twice the score of the opposing team plus 1.

The rules for Ultimate in the early days....were....a bit fluid...and frustrating.... Ultimate was played to 24 minutes stopped time halves....so time was a critical factor....except for one minor / major point....there was no stall rule. The issue of stalling came to a head in the Penn State U. vs. Columbia U. ultimate match. The game was close with Penn State running off a series of scores to close the game to within one point. On the subsequent possession Columbia's captain and chief handler Dave 'Buddha' Meyer upon gaining possession held the disc and ran out the two minutes left on the clock. Columbia U. won....

As the organizer for the East Coast Captains meetings held each winter for several years at Villanova University, I lead the effort along with several others to introduce the stall rule to the game of Ultimate.

Looking back after many years of enjoying playing and organizing Ultimate the following are a few contributions to the Ultimate frisbee timeline that stand out:

- Helping to forming teams and make new friends (University of New Hampshire, Penn State U., Philadelphia Frisbee Club, Mid Atlantic Frisbee Club and many local pickup team to name a few.
- Editing and publishing the Philadelphia and Mid Atlantic Frisbee club newsletters spanning 1977-1991 where many of the early Ultimate events were documented and distributed via mail.
- Hosting and organizing the East Coast Ultimate Captains meetings at Villanova University which served as an early incubator for Ultimate including updating vigorous discussions on Ultimate play, authoring and voting on rules for Ultimate, setting team schedules / tournament formats and serving as model for the formation of the Ultimate Players Association (UPA).
- Hosting the first UPA championship between Glassboro and Santa Barbara Condors at Penn State in 1979.
- Introducing my four kids to Ultimate.

Thanks to my fellow Ultimate players for this life journey. Looking forward to what is next for Ultimate. May your frisbee pulls be long, your catches sure, your passes accurate, your blocks clean, your fouls friendly and your friendships strong and lasting. Don't let the winds blow your dreams away or steal your faith in God. Vin Scully

**Jim Pistrang** NVRHS '72, Tufts '76, ARMS Coach

Thank you to the Hall of Fame for recognizing the group that evangelized Ultimate back in the 70s. Ultimate was an exhilarating and unforgettable part of my life and those of my fellow players in high school and college. We knew that we were at the forefront of something special, and we were obsessed with strategizing, planning, recruiting, scheduling, and playing as much as possible. I'm proud to be a founding member of the Tufts team along with Ed Summers and Mike Miller. Our team epitomized the commitment to both competitive play and an attitude of fun and inclusion, setting the stage for what would later be known as Spirit of the Game. My competitive career was cut short by injuries, and I completely dropped out of the Ultimate scene in 1978. I moved to Amherst in 1988, saw a pick-up game on the Common, and joined in. I had a real Rip Van Winkle moment, discovering stall counts, games played to point totals, strange new rules, and throws that we hadn't even imagined! I soon met Tiina Booth, who had recently started the amazing Ultimate program at Amherst High School, and she encouraged me to start a program at the Amherst Regional Middle School (ARMS), beginning my 'second' Ultimate career. I am now going in to my 26th year coaching and running the ARMS program, and it is one of the most fun and rewarding things I have done in my life. The hundreds of kids that I have coached have gone on to be successful Ultimate players in high school, college and beyond. Over 35 have been members of USA Junior national teams, a few have won Callahan awards, and most satisfying of all, many have gone on to coach Ultimate themselves. I would again like to thank the Hall of Fame, as well as every Ultimate player, parent, and coach that I have encountered over the years. I would encourage anyone reading this to stay involved, teach what you know to the next generation, and keep this wonderful sport and community growing.

## **Ed Davis**

It is an honor to be inducted into the Ultimate Hall of Fame as a Johnny Appleseeder. As a group, and "without parental supervision", we were fortunate to be involved in the early days of Ultimate. I think we are all amazed at how far Ultimate has come since those days of holding Captain meetings in a Junior High cafeteria in New Jersey, or even in someone's living room. And it has been a privilege to share the field with my fellow Johnny Appleseeder from Staples High School (Al Jolley, Dan Buckley, and Ron Kaufman), and my fellow teammates from Staples, UConn, The Dukes, WUFT and The Gators. It's been fun!

## **Ed Summers (Zoop)**

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As a group we are collectively responsible for Ultimate Frisbee's presence on the earth today, played by millions of children and adults in the USA and around the world.

How can I make this claim?

When Ultimate's original Founders graduated in 1970 only Jon Hines formed a college team. There were no other high school teams, and only a few players from the original CHS Varsity Frisbee Squad hadn't graduated. The 'Richmond Avenue Gang' took over leadership of the sport as the CHS Varsity Frisbee Team, Captained by Irv Kalb, myself as Co-Captain, and a core nucleus grew our own Columbia team. As we played, and revised the rules, we contacted other schools, mailing them rules. This led to the formation of a NJ league with a score of teams and a couple in NY. These teams contributed to the game's spread, with Jim Pistrang and Mike Miller my Tufts co-Founders, and for UNH's Jim Diehl and Jim Powers (later at Penn State) all products of this High School League.

The NJ High School league provided a base for the growth of Ultimate teams and increasing players. By contrast the Princeton college had no peers until the Fall of '72 when new alums from CHS and the surrounding HS teams founded other University teams. By election day 1972 when Princeton played Rutgers for the first Inter-collegiate Ultimate game RPI and Hampshire college had teams, and my Tufts team had to postpone our game against Clark U. at Geoff West and Irv's insistence because of the elaborate media coverage they had planned for their game against Princeton. Allowing them to go first was a good call, in keeping with the Spirit of the Game and we knew it was better for spreading Ultimate than our game in Worcester would have been.

Aside from playing the sport, what made Ultimate Frisbee so exciting and fun for me was the challenge of realizing our vision of a world where everyone played Ultimate. This was a personal mission, one I embraced with fervor and a religious zeal. We had no limits on where we could take Ultimate, no parental supervision, and no oversight to stop us. Through our mid to late teens and into our twenties we drove the sport and its development. We organized games, contacted other schools to make more teams, set up schedules, met, played, and coped with the logistics. It was all the more fun because our games were co-ed, and my social life and social circle revolved around the disc, playing it, spreading the game, and playing on and off the field with my best friends.

My CHS team mates and I gladly offered our 16 and 17 year old selves to Wham-O as free labor to run 'Frisbee Fly-ins' promoting Frisbees and WCBS radio at the NYC borough parks. In exchange we got free Pro model Frisbees in neon colors, and a platform show-case Ultimate Frisbee to an unsuspecting park crowd who had Frisbees in their hands.

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The Tufts team I co-founded in '72 had more opponents than we could play at the '75 Yale and '76 Hampshire College nationals. Great road trips, and exciting times all propelled by the vision of a world where everyone played Ultimate, without referees and with the Spirit of the Game.

I had the pleasure of helping to co-found Harvard's team with Sara Schechner in '75 which she Captained and helping to form the spirit and skills of the highly talented Steve Gustafson on my Tufts team, and very nearly going to Europe with him in '77 planning to earn our way by giving Frisbee demos and freestyling. Alas, he bowed out of the trip. But in the UK and Sweden I met up with the local Frisbee Associations tied to Wham-O. I was preceded by Buddha (David Meyer), and bolstered by a letter from Stork declaring me the Fastback Frisbee distance champion from my 1976 American Flying Disc Open title. I worked with Jeremy Way the UK Frisbee Association director, providing him with a source of cheap labor, and allowed to teaching Ultimate at their events. My UK contacts from Buddha, my CHS friend who gave me my nickname who had studied in the UK. My Swedish Frisbee Meisterskopen efforts in Helsingborg though not as successful, were every bit as fun.

My heart has never strayed from Ultimate, even if my priorities have undergone shifts over the years to keep a wife, a job, and to raise two children. I still play in the worlds longest running Ultimate event every Thanksgiving night. I was honored to attend the 40th Anniversary Reunion of Tufts Ultimate in 2012. Twice a week I get to play pick-up Ultimate in my home town of Maplewood. On Sunday mornings I see the Middle School Ultimate rec league sessions setting up as I leave the field, and I am proud of the contribution I've made, knowing that there would be no Sunday rec program, no USA U Hall of Fame, and no Spirit of the Game, without the work that came before by myself and my fellow Johnny Appleseeds.

## 2015

### **Skip Kuhn**

As a member of the Ultimate Hall of Fame Class of 2015, I need to thank all my teammates on NYNY, CRUD, Life B4 Plastic, The Rage, Atomic Dogs and WSL Allstars for giving me opportunities to excel.

I want to thank my family for understanding when I missed Thanksgiving. I want to thank Mrs. Dobyns for her kindness and generosity.

I am so proud to be recognized for the effort and skills I've shown to all of you.

My HS team CRUD (Cross River Ultimate Disc) played its first game in Pelham, NY in 1978. Soon we played Scarsdale. CRUD was good because future NYNY teammate Curtis Wagner (RIP) was an amazing athlete. Like so many others, he challenged me physically and mentally. The Greenwich Dukes saw my ability (HoF's Brian Murphy and Gary McG) and invited me for a weekend tournament where we played Boston's Aerodisc, in a tournament in Meriden CT with future HoF-er Jim Herrick.

I was also so fortunate to have accidentally discovered an indoor game at SUNY Purchase vs Yale when I was a commuting student. I was so glad the Purchase Pits were open to having me join their team. Kudos to my SUNY coaches, Bob Bittner, Mike Farnham, Matt Jefferson and Sanjev Kahanna

So, by the time I joined NYNY in '87, I had experienced a ton of quality play. I was in the right place at the right time.

It was the early eighties, what I call the golden-age of Ultimate because every weekend between Fool's Fest in DC and Nationals at Thanksgiving there was a tournament.

SUNY was the epicenter of play in the Northeast. There I watched the games and players who are in Gessner's ultimate memoir. I was hooked so much that I bought Le Coq Sportif cleats from Stick of the Rude Boys.

An experience that had a lasting impact on me was when teammate Karim gave his immediate encouragement at my low-release-backhand that broke the mark for a goal vs Windy in Miami in '87, as well as Walter turning around just in time to catch a goal, also in that game. If Walt had not, my development on NYNY may have been different. I would like to acknowledge Ed O'Malley of Windy City for showing me early on how great Ultimate can be. He simply bought me a beer at that evening's party and said "Congrats I had earned it, you are a National Champ". That gesture has stuck with me all this time.

I want thank Ben U. for having the confidence for me to play deep in the zone in '89. When he did that, I had an opportunity to step into the spotlight. Thanks Ben!

Playing with NYNY taught me how to focus.

Practice with NYNY was brutal, but it was those moments that paid off in the finals. We demanded so much from one another during practice that when we played tournaments it was easy. Except when it was not easy. Like the time I dropped a potential goal in the semi-finals vs Sweden in Leuven Belgium in very close game. I remember feeling so sick in my stomach that I had let my teammates down. I did not want to be the reason the USA was not world champion. Thankfully, and what would foreshadow future games vs Sweden, we came from behind to win.

I remember end zones ringed with sitting players who called out encouragements as I took the line to start the next point. Thank you! I wanted to smile and acknowledge all of you. Although it may have looked like I was oblivious, I wasn't.

The intellectual intensity of NYNY created the plays like Double Eraser, ('93 Madison) that NYNY was so good at. It may be because of the ability to score in 4 of 5 passes that begat a different approach to defenses and therefore offense. NYNY changed the way Ultimate is played.

What does it take to be in the HoF?

I will admit that luck has played a big role with me. Failure also has played a huge role as well. Basta may have been the one to say the loss to Double Happiness in '88 was the catalyst that started the dominance of NYNY. I can happily say that Frisbee has had a huge impact on my identity, but it does not define who I am. I mean who cares about Ultimate? It's not our life, it's just a game!

### **Richard Gallagher**

I'm very honored to be a member of the Hall of Fame. I owe my success to the foundation taught to me on how to play high level Ultimate under the leadership of Bart Merrill and Tom Kennedy. Playing for the Condors in the early '80s was a remarkable experience as we won almost every game we played. We won many finals not that we had the most talent, but we had the best team. We worked hard together and when someone threw a turnover, our motto was to get the block back for your teammate.

Playing for the Iguanas was also very special. Kurt Kuelz (Big), Jim Daddy, and Mark Orders (Muddy) were great to play with. We selected the best players from LA to San Diego and we were limited to practice together only in Long Beach on weekends. We would practice for 5 hours on Saturday afternoon, have dinner together, sleep on Chip's floor, and then practice again Sunday at 9am.

Something I always mentioned when explaining Ultimate is the "Spirit of the Game" rule. I felt this stood Ultimate apart from other sports and I was proud to be an advocate. I think the best part in playing was the great times traveling throughout the US. Playing against the best teams each year in Boulder was awesome. The Potlach coed tournament with the bands playing while you were playing, camping on the fields, and the gifts each team gave each other after every game was incredible.

In closing, I want to thank my peers for voting me into the HOF. This is an honor I never expected. I enjoyed playing with and against all of you. I hope Ultimate continues to grow and thrive as a sport that truly enhances ones toughness, character, and integrity.

### **Lori Van Holmes**

A Piece of Plastic Changed My Life

I didn't set out to be the only woman on the St. Cloud State Minnesota men's college Ultimate Frisbee Team. Or to continue to play with men on the Minneapolis Flying Terrapins. And I certainly didn't think I would co-found the all-female Repo-Women's team, meet and fall in love with my husband, and raise two powerful daughters on the sidelines of a 120x40 field.

This sport and the people in it shaped my life and helped create who I am as a person today.

Act 1: Why Are You Playing on a Men's Team?

I was confronted by four badass women with the word Nemesis emblazoned on their chests. I had no idea there was such a thing as Women's Ultimate. Their challenge and subsequent invitation to play with the Chicago Women's team, along with numerous road-trips for practices and tournaments, brought my first nationals experience and passion for playing the sport I loved. This time with women.

It was then that I met this awesome man, who after twelve dates in nine long-distance months, asked me to marry him.

Act 2: The Dream Team: Barbie in a Bucket

"How would you like to play on a team that I'm putting together for the Boulder 4th of July Tournament?" Asked Gloria Lust, architect of team Barbie in a Bucket. The team was comprised of players from all over the U.S. The team felt like USA basketball in the Olympics, Ryder Cup for golf, or the Laver Cup for tennis, great players and camaraderie. It created lasting friendships with women across the country- many of whom were inducted into the Hall of Fame before me.

Because of Gloria's trailblazing, I was connected with some of the best ultimate players in an unforgettable way. This deeper connection made my game better and created close connections across the sport.

### Act 3: You Can't Play Pregnant

This wasn't my doctor's advice. It came from concerned teammates and competitors. Despite concern and criticism, I continued to play.

When you have a baby in May, it's a lot easier to get back in shape for the fall series. My one-month-old daughter accompanied me to my first tournament back, at Solstice in Eugene Oregon. Because there were no hotels, we camped.

Nine months later, I attended 1993 Worlds with her. Without my husband. During one of the more critical games, I was called in – leaving her in tears on the sidelines. I stayed focused, only breaking when I heard a chorus of mostly men's voices singing, 'Old MacDonald Had A Farm' to calm her. What an experience!

Baby number two was born in August. She attended her first tournament 10 days later in sunny Santa Cruz. I was a woman possessed to play.

When I watch other female athletes, like Serena Williams, do whatever it takes to have a family, work, and play the sport they love – I'm brought back to memories of running hills with my baby in a jogger, or track workouts with her sleeping in a stroller next to a soccer goal post. Always bordering on the verge of crazy, so as not to miss a beat.

The Ultimate community helped shape my daughters into the strong, powerful women they are today. Countless friends left an indelible mark in their lives, and mine.

One-hundred seventy-five grams sucked me in. Friendship, camaraderie, challenge, discipline, perseverance, pain, and pure joy kept me in it.

## 2016

### Amy Wilbur

Thanks to my father, who taught me how to throw a frisbee, and, in 1980, to ending up in the 'WUFO Central' dorm at Williams College, I found Ultimate.

Almost 40 years later, I am grateful to have the chance to formally thank the many bright minds and industrious souls that have had the vision and energy to take the game from its gritty origins to the exciting sport it is today. Along the way it has swept up both my sons, and I am thankful for that too.

I came of age at a moment when women's team sports were in their infancy. When I began playing Ultimate very few of my teammates had ever even been on a team prior to stepping on the Ultimate field. But we were all in — seduced by an amazingly fun sport and attracted to the community of young women and men that evolved around it. We lived and breathed Ultimate, practicing on glass-studded fields in New York's Central Park and throwing a disc anywhere and everywhere. We learned how to be fiercely competitive when our upbringings told us to 'be nice.' We danced on the sidelines with our opponents, spilled our guts to one another on interminable car rides, did mountains of muddy laundry and left it all on the field.

At that time, we were a small community of women players, with enormous spirit and great respect for one another. Over the years that community has grown tremendously but so has the spirit. The magic of Ultimate continues to bewitch. I was blessed to fall under its spell, and I would do it all again in a heartbeat.

### Catrin Pittack

Ultimate was my life for about 22 years and even now, what feel like eons after retirement from competitive play - and all play due playing too much and too hard - I still look back and smile at the best 22 years of my life. The amazing years of nothing but tournaments, practice, training, traveling, and laundry, were....well, amazing and life changing. I feel privileged to be a part of this community and to have earned a place among the greats in the HOF. Ultimate is a team sport, we don't play alone, we stand with our teammates on the line, and put it all out there for each other. Its an incredible game that more people in the world should play. It would make the world a better place :) My Ultimate career took me from UMass and Zulu, to Boston and the Smithereens, and then to Seattle, where I tried to escape from Ultimate being EVERYTHING in my life in order to focus on graduate school. That was an epic fail as I fell in love with the Women on the Verge. Ten years of my life with the most incredible women EVER! We won lots and lost a few but I wouldn't change our journey for all the trophies in the world. My ten years with Verge were followed by four with Seattle Riot where I finally got to win nationals - an Ultimate players dream. So many of the women that I had the honor and privilege of playing with have made the journey to San Diego to celebrate the induction of several of our teammates into the HOF. I love you guys (or as Maria would say "youz guys"). Thanks for the best years, and your friendships. Friendships that have lasted beyond our days together on the field. Thanks family - ChrisP & Annie, Torin & Kira - for being the best family EVER. And last but not at all least, thanks to my ultimate love Troy, for dragging me into the world of Ultimate, being my steadfast supporter and coach, and buying me my first pair of screw ins so I'd stop slipping mid cut at the wettest April Fools tourney EVER (yah, I remember). My journey to the HOF was with all of you. "W-O-T-V!"

### **Pat "Bagger" Lee**

I would like to start by saying that it is a great honor to be inducted into the Ultimate Frisbee HOF and to be included with a group of players that can be considered the best of all time. Back when a buddy in high school taught me the rules of the game and setup the first game I ever played in, I never thought the sport would carry me so far. It wasn't long before I was going to tournaments with the Knights of nee and was hooked for life. The sport became a lifestyle and passion where the competition and camaraderie taught me perseverance, respect for others, the power of determination and above all gave me friends for life that I cherish to this day. At the time I never imagined there would be an HOF, let alone that I would someday become a member.

I want to thank the greatest wife anybody could ever hope for, Leah, and the best friend anybody could ever have, Greg Clark, for their efforts and support in helping to get me into the hall. They were working the system before I even knew there was an Ultimate Hall of Fame. And finally, big thanks to everybody who wrote mostly kind words to the selection committee. I haven't seen or read many of them but I assume they were mostly positive comments, otherwise I wouldn't be here.

Perhaps the best and most succinct comment I read on social media after getting elected to the hall was: "throw swill to Bagger, Bagger catches swill, Bagger gets into the hall of fame". So with that thought in mind I would like to thank all those who ever threw swill to me:

- Here's to Dave "Reno" Martin for his classic air bounce. If it didn't hit the back of his defender's head it would get lifted into the air well over your head.
- Mike O'Dowd, Steve Olson and Mike Blackard who's philosophies were: 'once it leaves my hand it's your responsibility'.
- Dean Smith and Paul Keating who would throw the biggest and highest hammer anywhere, anytime.
- Byron Hicks for any forehand he ever threw.
- Daddy-O, who to this day doesn't think the 'sonny' was swill in any way.
- Jim Deline, who would shout my name as he was putting it up whenever the count got high.
- No kudos to Mike Glass or Jim Ingebritsen who never threw a bad pass.
- And finally, here's to all of the offensive opponents that I ever played against who threw enough swill in my direction that people actually thought I could play D.

Finally, I would like to spend some time to recognize friends of the community that we've lost over the years:

- My brother Mike. He was 8 years older than me and went to UT in the late 70s. Although he never played ultimate, he came home for Christmas one winter and told me about this TA in Chemistry named Stu Farquharson. Stu was into freestyle and was instrumental in starting Ultimate in Austin. Mike gave me a WorldClass 165 for Christmas and taught me what a forehand was. Although most of the Snakes you meet will say they were the ones who taught me how to throw a forehand, and some might even say I never learned...looking at you Famous, I have to give credit to Mike.
  - Heidi Westmorland. Captain of the KU Bettys college national champions. As strong off the field as she was on. - - Dean Smith. Dino was a great player. Short and stocky, he could give Kenny Dobbins a run for his money on defense. He comes to mind quite often because he has the throw that I still replay in my mind after all these years, wishing I had another shot at catching it.
  - Jason Calvi. Pony. Pony reminded me of Dino the first time I saw him. Same traits. Fast, explosive, could dive to get most anything, and played taller than he was.
- Finally, Spencer Monroe who left us far too soon. Spencer played ultimate at McCallum high school. He was part of my family. We knew him from the day he was born and I will forever miss him. He could light up a room with his smile and had the most genuine laugh.

In summary, I would like to reiterate that being voted into the HOF is a great honor and I appreciate all of the support needed to get here.

### **Paul T Greff**

First, I would like to thank all of my classmates at Kalamazoo College who introduced me to Ultimate back in 1979 by inviting me to join a game on the campus quad. Mike Daniels, in particular, took me under his wing and taught me the value of the Spirit of the Game. He introduced me to first generation players and drove me from me the value of the Spirit of the Game. He introduced me to first generation players and drove me from tournament to tournament in his VW Beetle playing the music of Frank Zappa who, in addition to Ultimate, became one of the two pillars of joy for me in my life (only to be superseded by the birth of my children). At age seventeen I never imagined there would be an Ultimate Hall of Fame nor that I would have the rare privilege of becoming a member. This is one of the proudest days of my life and I thank my peers for bestowing this honor upon me.

From 1979 to 2003 I competed in the Open Division and was fortunate to play with and against some incredible athletes ranging from future hall of famers to individuals whose names I can't remember but whose play will remain vivid in my memory forever. I am also grateful for the special connection I had on the field with my brother Matt for many years. We made it look so easy together.

Most importantly, I am thankful to all of my teammates on Death or Glory. I am proudest of being a member of this great team and having played a role in its success. They taught me the importance of conditioning, fundamentals, strategy, mental toughness and most of all, teamwork. For me it wasn't so much about the championships or the 52-0 run at nationals but rather the camaraderie and the life lessons I took away from those years together. I learned what it meant to be a team player and I've tried to pass those lessons to younger players as well as colleagues at my workplace. But best of all, in my opinion, DoG restored the game of Ultimate as it was intended. DoG proved that it is possible to play at a high level of competition and still respect the Spirit of the Game. It was an honor to be a part of that dynasty and witness firsthand the rejuvenation of the sport that we enjoy to this day.

Finally, I'd like to thank the game of Ultimate and everyone who has ever played. From the moment I chased my first huck down on the quad at Kalamazoo and watched it sponk off my hand and fall harmlessly to the ground I knew I was meant to play this game. It seemed tailored to my temperament, personality and athleticism and through it I met some of the most amazing people in my life. I am forever grateful.

Thank you.

### **Randy Ricks**

June 5, 1968, is my first frisbee memory. It's the same day Sirhan Sirhan assassinates Robert Kennedy and I get my first stitches, six on the left palm, from retrieving a frisbee in the ditch. I wake up to learn Bobby's dead. Meanwhile, in New Jersey, Ultimate is being invented. Around 1971, we invent our own 2-man disc game. The sewer lid and the gas pipeline are 40 feet away. One player's foot must stay on the lid and the other player's foot on the pipe cap as we play catch. The record, 527 without an incomplection.

Next, it's late-night throwing and catching under the street lamps with neighbor/best friend Randy Drake. Then, Tom Heimann tells us about this new game called Ultimate. We start playing 2 on 2, 3 on 3, 4 on 4. The four original Tunas: Tom Heimann, Bob Hammann, and the two Randy's, Ricks and Drake. All classmates at the same high school, McCluer North. Other key Tunas in 1984 were co-captain Dee Rambeau, Lou Garesche, Joe Manser and George Spentzos. In '85 we added the studs that took SMS University in Springfield, MO to College National Semis: most notably Mark Houska, Larry Kitts, and John Helmering.

It's not the Hall of Fame, it's the HOAR: Hall of Admiration and Respect. No one started playing Ultimate to get famous. We started because it was such a fun and unique sport. After that, to be respected by your peers is the highest compliment. For me, a few moments stand out where I knew I'd earned respect:

1) The Windy City sideline is heckling Mike O'Dowd as he covers me. He shouts back at them: "You try to cover him!"  
2) The Tunas beat Kaboom: Ken Dobyns tells me: "We had no answer for you."  
3) Boulder 4th of July, Stains vs. New York. Universe point and I sky Dennis "Cribber" Warsen to end the game, Boulder over NY.  
4) One year at Nationals in the 80's, Steve Mooney asked me about moving to Boston.

When I moved to Colorado in 1990, I was already 32 and Masters eligible. But I had 7 more good years of Open division ultimate. Playing with the Stains legends was a blast: Ian, Buzz, Bob, Zeke, Louie, and Will Longtain, to name a few. Then came Old & in the Way, an early leader in Masters Ultimate. "Old" was fun, spirited and won many medals together in the Masters, Grandmasters and GGM divisions. Big thanks to Gary Foreman for founding and steering the team for two decades and Bob Pease for being the on-field captain. Winning Gold for the USA in Germany was a lifetime thrill. Being named the captain of the first USA Ultimate sanctioned GM Beach team was an honor in 2011. Bringing home the Gold Medal from Italy and being one of the top goal throwers was full circle for me, at age 53, after coming into the game known primarily as a skying receiver.

I really could not ask for more. But, I got it.

For a decade after 9/11, I was honored to play the harmonica for the Opening Ceremonies of USA Nationals. All the players stopped their warm-ups for game 1 of Natties and stood silently and respectfully to hear the anthem. Some years there were close to 1,000 players. Sometimes I had to gather myself to not become so emotional that I couldn't play. It wasn't until years later that random players would approach me to say how memorable it was for them to hear me play patriotic tunes drifting out over the early morning dew in Sarasota. "Weren't you that guy playing the anthem at Nationals?" Or, "I teared up when you played." Or, "thank you so much, I will never forget those morning anthems, you sounded great."

Who could have dreamed we'd be pioneers, and frisbee would change our lives?

### **Nicole "Sprout" Beck**

Offense wins games but D wins championships! How I love The Trophs and the journeys I took to get it.

## Stuart Downs

Question: What do zero appearances in either the semis or finals along with a 16-game losing streak at Nationals get you? Answer: Induction into the Hall of Fame. How, you say?

Equally curious, I thought I'd ask some knowledgeable and worthy ultimate HoFers. First I consulted Dave Barkan who must have spoken overwhelmingly on my behalf. He disguised his admiration by cleverly saying: "Really, we let you in? I'd better check on that and get back to you." Recognizing he was trying to be discreet, I chose to contact some old Boston pals. First came Steve Mooney, who suggested that I should stop going deep so much and handle a lot. Like all the time, even when playing NYNY. I didn't really understand why he was saying that, so I reached out to Paul Greff, who kindly offered that perhaps it's because of my nickname TWPITG. I still don't know what it stands for but that was nice of him to say. Then Billy said "Wow, you lost 16 straight games? I can completely relate - I have a similar streak, but uh... it's a little different."

Jimmy P said he would expound upon the many reasons for my inclusion in a blog, provided I defeat him at Scrabble. 6 hours later and no closer to the truth, I asked fellow Dartmouth alumnus Pat King his opinion. He stated that I should have no illusions; I stood on the shoulders of people of average height. I agreed but still wasn't satisfied, so I found David Ellsworth who is on facebook like, all the time, and messaged him my question. He buzzed me back writing "Dude, totally, it's like you're friggin' whatever, man." I asked if he could elaborate and include some more nouns to which he replied "Ya, I get it bro, for sure. Rock on!" Still confused by his compliment, I phoned my good friend Mike O'Dowd and asked what he thought of my acceptance, to which he replied "glug, glug...burp...Stu who?". Haha, he's such a kidder. He totally knows who I am.

I now concluded that some of the Hall's women would likely be more helpful, since all those men were clearly embarrassed by how many times I had torched them on the field. I asked Teens, Molly, Cat, Suz and Glo, the same question and ironically they all replied with the same answer: "Would you please stop hitting on me?" Suzanne's came in an email of course. I took their advice and asked TK the same question. Got the same answer. Well now what?!

Back home, I dragged out the photo book for some sick action pictures of me lighting it up with Chain. So many candids, where to start? Ooh, there's one of me reaching up for this disc some clown named Joey caught. My hand is completely by his elbow - so close! Aah, there's one of a heroic leaping try on Biscuit. Can't see Brian too well, cuz he's in the end zone with the frisbee...probably traveled. Oh, nice - here's one of Bagger clearly pushing off my shoulder, how else did he get so high? I've got similar pics showing airborne cheaters named Blau, Lugsdin, Ricks, Fontenette...the list is endless. Somehow the photographer gakked and didn't capture the moment where I handstuffed them after their illegal catches. Oh well.

Near the end of any meaningful explanations, ideas I sought out my Atlanta friend Angela. After confirming that I was not hitting on her, she thanked me for watching her team play in the semis & finals all those times. "Why were you always available to cheer us on Stu, didn't you have any games then?" Uh...so I sought my other Ozone pal Chris O'Cleary. Few realize that I taught her (and Rich Gallagher and Nancy & Mike Glass and...) how to throw. I began carefully with "I am not hitting on you, I just want to know why you think I am being inducted into the hall of fame?" She said that it probably had to do with all the success I had at Paideia and the book I wrote. I said "No, that's Baccarini." She said "Oh, is this Tina Booth?" I said "What? No! C'mon Chris, are you really gonna do me like that?" At this point she told me to quit hitting on her.

I once lost 16 consecutive games at Nattys and I never played on Sunday. Pretty sure nobody in the in the hall can share my boast. So I have concluded this: 'Tis best not to wonder if or why. You do what you think is right as a competitor, a teammate, and a citizen of our sport. You complete a career and hopefully look back with gratitude, laughter, and a sense that you wouldn't have done it differently no matter what the payoff, no matter who was listening, no matter whether a circle of prestige ever noticed.

That said, it is truly nice to be appreciated. Even nicer to pass my appreciation along to the many 'mates, opponents and sideline goofballs with whom I shared the pitch. I thank them for elevating my game, elevating my life, and creating a small world of behavior that the larger world can look to for guidance, hope and ultimately peace.

And if you've read this far, check out some sweet clips of me shredding Kenny, JimDaddy and other lame ducks in the film Flatball. Cribber called me incessantly during production, most recently saying something about winding up on the cutting room floor. Anyone know what that is? Probably because I was an amazing cutter. ☺

Humbly,  
StuBear Downs  
aka TWPITHoF

## 2017

### Buzz Ellsworth

Hello friends and people in my life. The world of Ultimate has been and continues to be an incredible journey for me as time goes on. The teams I've played on, and the people I've met have been grounding forces for me, and have provided life long friendships, and places I can call home.

I have a list of short stories, sentiments and thank you's. Thanks to Reggie Mimms for telling me I should come down to the fields at UMass to play Ultimate. I never looked back after that day. You were supportive, encouraging and a great friend to hang out and travel with. Zebe and Mr. Pete, thanks for your encouragement and leadership from the beginning at The Zoo.

To all my team leaders and captains, it's a long list and you know who you are. I hope I don't miss anyone. Mr. Pete, Larry Denaro, Tim Riv, Nevo. Bobby Carvalo, Bart Merrill, TK, Moons, Bob Pease, Gary Foreman, Gary Jarvis, Jeff Hersch, Allison Boyd, Mike O'Dowd, Dan the Bum, Sack, Masher, Andy Sheeman, Juano Flores, Steve Dugan, Hollywood, Jim Nolte, Heath Mackay. Thank you all for my defensive assignments, Suggestions, and encouraging me to let loose and go all out. It meant everything.

#### Open Teams:

Zoo Disc " 1! 2! 3! Da Zoo!!!" Traveling to tournaments and being part of a team and family that I hold the closest. Titanic- setting high standards, and grueling it out in practices I wondered if I'd physically be able to walk away from. The Condor family- Can't thank you enough for taking me under your wings and opening your doors after the long hitch hike cross country, and giving me a shot on the team in 81.

Stains- Run run run! Run some more! Always playing hard! , Zekreation parties, 4th of July, Teams I loved to play- Williams College WUFO, The entire Middlebury Pranksters team, Cornell, Vermont, Hampshire, Stanford, Glassboro, Kaboom, The Heiffers, Windy City, Rude Boys, Hostages, Mr. Bubble, Earth Ultimate, Bag Ladies, Mud Sharks. Dark Star, Iguana, Circus, East Bay, Tunas. Barbarians, Freaks.

More Influential Ultimate people and players: Brian Dobyns, Jim Herrick, Tina Booth, Pat King, Irv Kalb, Doug Saulter, Keay Nakae, Rich Gallhager, Mike Glass, Jeremy Seeger, Masa, Hiro, Phillipenes Beach team.

I'd like to thank all of the drivers that picked me up hitch hiking and safely got me ever closer to tournaments and ultimate destinations.

To Dave Gessner- thanks for connecting our Ultimate years back to the days of our youth and back yard football, Here's to one hit wonders. Namely "Brandy" by Looking Glass, Cheers

Thanks to Carrie Roundtree (NMH) for suggesting I get hired, and the Athletic Department at Northfield Mount Hermon ( Pat Mooney, and Al Brown) high School for Hiring me to coach and teach Ultimate. And thanks to Ted Munter and Jim Shoemaker, for inviting Tim Riviere and me up to NMH to run a practice. We Hitch Hiked up from UMass in the rain. Thanks to All of the NMH Ultimate Players I taught and coached for a great time, having fun, and giving it everything on the field. Thanks to the PE department and the players from Cal Poly SLO.

Thanks to My Physical Education professors and the PEP department at UMass for encouraging me to get out there with the courage to teach anything.

To all of the Youth Players in Colorado, from league to YCC, your a prime example of why Ultimate is so great. Thanks to USAU and the Ultimate Foundation, making strides to make and keep our sport great.

To my Late Dad-Thanks for making the trips up to UMass and tournaments to watch me play, I love you and miss you.

Mom, thanks for my Wham-o flying saucer you gave me when I was about 8, and encouraging me in all my sports, and doing all the great things you do.

Cindy My Sister, thanks for being you and I can't imagine life without you.

To My 2 sons and daughter, Patrick, Tucker, and Harper, You constantly remind me of what Spirit of the Game should look like on and off the field. You compete, play hard and show appreciation and respect to those around you, You are models for me I love you.

To My wife Lisa, thanks for knowing how important Ultimate has been, and being the rock behind me in all my travels and tournaments, you are truly amazing and I couldn't do it all with out you, I love you.

To the players, In the end, what I'll miss the most is competing with and against you all in the trenches, the layouts, the bumps, the talk, the physicality, the long points, grass stained and mud stained jerseys, blood scraped elbows and knees, never giving up, running each other in to the ground, and wishing it wouldn't end, thanks for pushing me to the next level, and leaving me wanting more, thank you all for being a part of my Ultimate life, nothing can compare, and nothing can replace it. You are all why I am here today, and I am happy, and humbled, thank you, Buzz

### **Jeff Cruickshank**

When I started playing ultimate I certainly wasn't thinking about the Hall of Fame. I discovered the sport in my first year of university and got hooked. Little did I know what an incredible journey it would take me on. Without a doubt my greatest sense of pride and satisfaction comes from being part of the core group that brought Furious George to the top of the ultimate world. We took our share of beatings at Sectionals and Regionals for several years before finally becoming a contender. And even after becoming a contender it still took a few more years before we made it to the top. A largely Furious-based Team Canada won Worlds in 1998 and we rolled into Sarasota that year thinking we had a chance. And immediately got humbled in windy conditions by a Kenny Dobyns-led Red Tide team. We finished 5th and realized we still had lots to learn. And learn we did.

The feeling of elation that occurs as your team crashes onto the field just seconds after the winning goal is scored in the USAU title game is worth every drop of sweat it took to get there. And it's even better when you do it again. It was an amazing ride and I'd like to thank every member of Furious George that built the original team and contributed to our run of success. I'm proud that Furious continues to battle at the highest levels to this day and I hope our new Furious brothers see fit to keep the Angry Monkey alive forever. I look forward to the day when Furious George adds another title to those already won.

To my peers in the ultimate community who saw fit to include me in the Hall of Fame – Thank You. It's humbling to know that the best in the sport feel you belong in their company. The best part of the process is that it triggered my mind to wander back in time and relive so many great moments. Thank you all for challenging me to be better when I wasn't yet good enough.

To my special teammates: We are forever brothers, I will always remember you, and I look forward to the next time we get together and relive those days on the field.

To my daughters Alex and Claire: Set your goals and then chase them down with every ounce of your being. The journey is worth it.

To my biggest fan, supporter and partner in life – Cathy: I couldn't have done it without you. Because of you I was able to put everything I had into a 20+ year journey in the world of ultimate. Thank you for your love and support. I was always inspired by a quote from Chuck Noll who said: "Champions are champions not because they do anything extraordinary, but because they do the ordinary things better than anyone else".

Let's all work harder at the ordinary things and be champions at life.

Respectfully,

Shank

#19 – Furious George

### **Pam Kraus**

The other day I was recounting to my 17-year-old son, who is an avid ultimate player, about the time I was on the losing end of the greatest, greatest ever executed in ultimate. I was covering Molly Goodwin in a pool game at Nationals when she caught the disc 6 feet out of bounds of the end zone on a full extension layout and was able to throw the disc back in bounds for the goal before landing face first in a huge mud puddle on the sideline. Just as I was getting to the good part of the story, my son walked away from me to chat with his brother, leading me to the realization that folks do not want to hear long-winded stories from my ultimate glory days. Thus, I would simply like to offer a heartfelt thank you to all the ultimate players who made me who I am today. I am deeply grateful for the genuine, lifelong friendships with my teammates, the matches against fierce opponents who pushed me to be a better player and better person, and the generous community who continue to give back and uplift the next generation of ultimate players.

### **Leslie Calder**

I was introduced to Ultimate as an intramural sport at McGill University in '89. We played maybe 5 timed-games each fall. Thanks to Marc and Rob for showing me the basics and to Katie for coming out with me. When I returned to Vancouver in 1994, I was very fortunate to start playing in the Vancouver Ultimate League when I did. There were maybe 25 teams, only 3 divisions, and everyone played only on Wednesday. So each week, I played with or against the top players in the city, who went on to be the top players in the country, then the world. This was the perfect learning ground for a developing, keen player.

I need to thank the GOO women who took a chance on me in 1994. Special thanks to Teresa Fong & Jen Catalano for their patience and leadership, Anja Haman for her decades of mentorship, Liz Case for throwing it way far out in front of me to chase down, and Trine Whist for taking me under her wing.

I must also thank the many Vertigogh/Furious boys who gave their time to GOO/Prime to grow our game through strategy chats, guest-coaching, and scrimmages. Special thanks to Al Nichols, Justin Joyce, Span, Drew, Jeff Cruickshank, & Khai Foo I benefited greatly from studying Furious as I always saw something new and was constantly inspired. Special thanks to Mike Grant. Also thanks to Kirk Savage who, in 2001, invited me to Goalti and UBC scrimmages when his crew was short numbers. I did not play Womens that year and needed game time to prep for World Games and he provided the opportunity.

Thanks also to the extremely talented pool of NW Women who helped GOO/Prime go from a team that scored 5 points again WOTV in 1994 into one that traded wins with Fury, Schwa, Home Brood, Rare Air, and Riot in 2000. Thanks to all my match-ups who challenged me to train harder and to better my mental game in order to eventually exemplify healthy competition. Special thanks to Kathy Scott for mirroring mutual respect and making it easy to say 'great catch' when she beat me many a time to a disc.

I cherish my years with Prime that lead to winning Worlds in 2000 and qualifying for our first trip to UPAs by winning Regionals and going in ranked 1st. Thank you to all my teammates who worked damn hard and gave their everything to make that happen. It was incredible to achieve that goal in time to share it with my Dad while he was alive. Special thanks to Ashley Howard, Christine Day, Tanya Salas, and Mardi Douglass for your friendship.

I loved playing co-ed because I felt most free as a receiver and loved the opportunity to push my body to discover what it could do. Special thanks to the Legion of Doom, the first Canadian team to win Potlatch (1998), and to my 2001 World Games teammates. That team was the most talented I ever played on (there were only 10 of us plus 4 alternates). Special thanks to the many Vancouver players, the Generals, who scrimmaged against us 6 on 6 weekly to help us send the strongest team possible.

After taking a few years off ultimate, I had difficulty coming back in 2004 and getting 'into the zone' that once was so natural. This frustration prevented me from fully enjoying playing and I struggled. I will be forever grateful to the two teams that helped me regain my ability to play freely in 2005: the Vagabonds (Potlatch) and Spynergy, (Monday night, A division, VUL). Both teams loved playing with/for each other. Thank you to the Vagabonds for welcoming me, making me feel included, and playing your hearts out. With Synergy, it was perfect for my frisbee playing career to come full circle and end in the VUL. I returned back to a mindset where I couldn't wait until my next league game. Although we were not in the Elite division, each match was often a battle to the last point and we finished each satiated, win or lose. Of course, as usual, it helped that we won the division.

### **Steven Dugan**

Thank you Hall of Fame committee, the peer group, and the Ultimate community. Congrats to the class of 2017, I'm honored to share this with Leslie, Pam, Caryn, Mary, Blau, Shank, and Mark Licata (R.I.P) Of course, it's extra special to be in the same class with teammate, opponent, fellow Condor, and friend, Buzzy Ellsworth.

A shout out to Tom Kennedy and Tom Shepherd. We have all benefited from you starting the UPA and every Condor gets the extra benefit that you started the team.

In the fall of 1988, my uncle would change my life. I had just begun college at UCSB and he told me that I was going to play Ultimate. My plan was lacrosse. For the many who know him, Doug the Bum has a way of making a strong and lasting impression. He put me on his intramural team and told me that whenever he got the disc, to run to the end zone as fast as I could. I did. He threw it. Every time. Spot on. I was hooked for life. (Except I quit the team that spring and didn't play the next year, both championship seasons for the Black Tide). My third year I stuck with it and haven't been able to put the disc down since. I'm in debt to Doug for sharing the game he loved and for allowing me to copy how he threw. Even more importantly, it resulted in a wonderful friendship with him.

To all of my Black Tide teammates, thank you. You helped me emerge from my "Silent Partner" shell, tolerated my demanding nature, and tracked down many a huck (JD, Garthe, Jason) To the '93 squad (Andy, Garthe, Scrappy, Namkung, Jethro, Mike Keran, JD, Geary, Scooby, Croft, Brad, Farmer, Seidler, Shelly, Todd, Dale, Rob, Drew, Martin, Bob, Charlie, A'Dog,); you are all champions in my heart. Nice pull Garthe.

J.K., thanks for finding a spot for me on the '91 Condors. When I saw so many of you guys at BODs wake, it felt like I was seeing my older brothers. You guys took me under your wings and taught me the game. Doug the Bum, JK, Jim Mallon, Bob, Cones, Keough, Ricky, Mark Licata, Stencil, Ted, Wechsler, Doug Howie, Jared – thank you. Your guidance resulted in 13 more seasons with the Condors. Jim Mallon, you taught me the importance of the history of the team and the game, passed on the Santa Barbara Classic, and taught Mike Croft and I the proper form on a "Bender". Condor teammates of the late '90s and early '00s, without your commitment to excellence, your hard work, your friendship, we would not be celebrating this honor.

This honor is a reflection of our collective success. Greg, you taught me how to be a better teammate and a better person. You demanded the highest level of integrity. At double game point in the finals of nationals you jogged out on the field, arm in a sling from a broken collarbone, and told me I have all the time in the world to walk back to the line. That's a moment that is seared in my memory. Your leadership kept me present and calm in the most important point in my career, and a defining moment in Condor history. Andy, lining up against you at every practice, because you were always picked first and I was picked second, forced me to figure out how to cover and get open on the most explosive guy on the team. Simply put, you made me a better. Your leadership kept us ascending, and when combined with Greg, carried us to the top. Namkung, Win, Brandon, James, Gav, Tommy, Glimme, Ryan, Jason, Dewey, JD, Nation, Jimmy, Brent, Taro, Corey, Ted, Blake, and the rest of my teammates, thank you. I'm fortunate to call each of you my teammate and my friend.

To the wonderful lady that supported me through all the practices, tournaments and travel, thank you Jill Van Wie. Thank you for your patience, love and excellent travel planning. You were integral in my success and will always be in my heart.

To my Gendor teammates, those were two of the most enjoyable seasons of my career. My heart goes out to Will and Doug and their families. Thank you Jill, Mike and Andrea, Jen and Charlie, Sam and Ginny, Dre and Ian, Chad and Dee, AJ, Vic, Hornet, Asa, Jeff S, Margaret, Jeff M., Mihm, Leila, Neda, Chris, Deg, Alison, Charlie Cohn, and Fruithorn.

To my teammates on Reckon, thank you for introducing me to that Southern joy. You made me see that it was possible to play hard and have fun.

To my teammates on No Country, they say an old dog can't learn new tricks, but I learned quite a bit from some old DoGs. Even though we only played a few tournaments a year, you guys made this feel like a real team. I'm fortunate to have had the opportunity to play with each of you. Thank you. In closing, I dedicate this honor to my hero, my mom Ellen. Reaching this level of success was unlikely considering a childhood of instability. My mother, armed with a 7<sup>th</sup> grade education and unmatched resilience, raised three children on her own. Sure, we had to move more than once a year until I was 18 and she often had 3 jobs, but she always found a way to secure what we needed. My success is a direct result of her example of hard work, her ability to see bright side in seemingly the darkest situations, and her resilience.

I love Ultimate. It's brought me joy, stability, and lasting friendships. I love the people I've played with and against and the young players I've worked with along the way. Thank you for this honor.

### **David Blau**

In High School, my athletic life centered around Basketball. I went to Basketball camps, I played fall hoop in preparation for the winter season, and I was on the Track & Field team in the springtime, where I competed in jumping events.

Every track practice started with a two-mile warmup run that took us around the perimeter of the school, and it was on one such run that I spotted a bunch of kids playing a sport with a frisbee. They were on a field that wasn't visible to the coaches, so I stopped my warmup and asked to play. Within a few days, playing Ultimate had replaced my warmup run, and within a few weeks I knew I'd found the sport for me. My High School team was called The Flying Eyes, and we had a very rudimentary concept of the game. To learn and improve we drove to the city and played the powerhouses from Stuyvesant and Bronx Science. Initially we got crushed, then we got close, then we started to win some games.

In college I was lucky to play for The Cornell Buds, which was one of the more tenured programs in our nascent sport. Jon Gewirtz took the same path with me from our High School to Cornell, and we were like minded in our pursuit of Ultimate excellence. Our teacher was Mike Yonda, a crusty Bud veteran with a fundamentally solid game that we could model. My college experience was dominated by 5+ hour car rides from Ithaca to whatever tournament was being played at the time. We were a very good team that could be counted on to beat some of the top club teams from time to time.

Being a Bud continues to be a point of pride for me. The Ultimate program has continued its tradition of passing along skills to the underclassmen, and their consistent success on the field demonstrates that value. My induction to the HoF in 2017 brings the Cornell alumni count in the Hall to seven, which is likely unmatched.

In 1987, Pat King called me and suggested we meet at a bar on the Upper West Side of NYC, where he shared his dream of combining the two best teams in the city to form a squad with the potential to compete for a National Championship. New York Ultimate was born. We were both the most talented, and hardest working team in the country for seven years, and that one two punch delivered six National Championships.

New York was the best team I ever played on in any sport. My teammates were inspiring in many ways, on and off the field. We had plenty of stars, but we could win without any of them. When our competition didn't force us to raise our game, we took it upon ourselves to do so. Winning year after year requires an inner drive for improvement that is hard to maintain, and I'm most proud of my team's ability to stay focused and make sacrifices during our run.

24 years later I was inducted into the HoF, and that was a cause for reflection and appreciation of the sport, the community, my family, and the organizing forces of Ultimate. I wanted to get close to it again, I wanted to contribute more. I've recently had the good fortune of working with PONY, the current team from New York. A great group of hard working athletes with a smart and committed coaching staff. It's a joy to be involved again. I love Ultimate, and I love New York!

## 2018

### Joanie Merrill (Schumacher)

Thank you to my parents who supported my crazy obsession with a plastic flying disc and tried to understand why I missed Thanksgiving dinner AGAIN because of Nationals. Thank you to my husband Bart Merrill, an amazing Ultimate player who shares my fiercely competitive nature. Ultimate brought us together 36 years ago and we are the proud parents of sons Nick and Andrew. I also would like to acknowledge my lifelong Frisbee family; we hope to all be living together in the Santa Barbara Condor Retirement home, nursing our knee/hip replacements with umbrella drinks delivered by cabana boys. Very thankful that Liz Marino, Kelly Green and Ann Cohan decided to move to Santa Barbara and help make the "Dream Team". Thank you to all the tournament directors and organizers of the sport that few understand or come to watch. Thank you to Paul Lee, UCSB Intramural Director. Without intramurals, I never would have discovered Ultimate. I would especially like to thank Michele Pezzoli for starting the Women Condors with Sandy Ross. Can you imagine playing Ultimate Frisbee year round in beautiful Santa Barbara? What a life.

### Greg Husak

The Hall of Fame is an interesting honor for me, in that I never spent a single moment thinking about that during my playing career. When you play, you strive to win tournaments or championships, to improve your skills and your fitness, to practice hard and help your teammates; but you never think about career achievement recognition. So to be awarded this distinction, this recognition of success as an ultimate player, brings with it new context and metrics to reflect on both my career but also everything that ultimate has given me.

Maybe to start at the beginning I'll thank my dorm mates at UCSB who introduced me to ultimate, and whom I spent lots of time throwing with early on. We had a lot of fun playing intramurals together, and while none of them ever played a competitive tournament, I count them as some of my good friends to this day.

I should also acknowledge the group that was playing pickup at Long Beach State in the early-to-mid-90s. This diverse group of players gave me an opportunity to take guidance from decorated veterans, including a Condor legend and Hall of Famer like Keay Nakae, while competing with other beginners. It teased me with a glimpse of the ultimate community before I was really even a part of it, displaying the welcomeness and camaraderie that we can take for granted.

College ultimate is where I realized that I enjoyed working and striving with another group of men. The game was fun, but identifying my physical and mental limits, and working to expand those was a greater challenge. This was accompanied by exposure to great leaders, men that both encouraged and humbled me, and showed me with actions and words how to be successful. This period also included my first exposure to Tom Kennedy. To meet a legend and have regular feedback and support from him throughout my career was a blessing that I couldn't appreciate as a 20 year-old, but reflect on now as a tremendous blessing. My time with the Black Tide also gave me my first taste of real winning, and it was addictive. I couldn't wait to continue that on larger stages.

With the Condors I was fortunate to continue with so many guys that shared success at the college level. Maybe it was youthful ignorance, but there seemed to be no reason we couldn't immediately compete for national titles at this level. And we did. I was fortunate to still see some of the legends from classic NYNY teams, and unfortunate to be on the losing end of DoG's final few years. Those players displayed what champions do, how to will your team to victory, and how hard you have to work. Finally it was our time, and it was sweet to win with players that were there when I first started, and others that came on later. I can say that we squeezed everything we had out of ourselves, and built a culture that appreciated and bonded over collective hard work. Winning builds relationships that let you always reflect on shared success, and I'm fortunate to have so many Condors that I get to enjoy that bond with.

A late career move to Jam exposed me to a different culture of ultimate, a team that needed as much fun as hard work. On this team I more fully developed as a leader. To bleed with a group of guys who were a mix of ex-Condors and others who had been my sworn enemies just a few years earlier gave me a new appreciation for success, and also the life-long connections I was lucky to form with so many incredible people.

I've also been fortunate to build relationships with many legends, and pick up some new championships, after my most competitive days have finished. Getting to travel and play with these teams has allowed me to rekindle that spark that we all seek from the game, and I'm very grateful for those opportunities.

I see my induction very much as a team accomplishment, and I'm extraordinarily grateful to all those I have lined up with; who have challenged me and gotten the better of me; driven me to find more in myself, and given all of themselves for our collective success. These moments and relationships are beyond compare. I congratulate all the inductees on their achievement, and recognize their journey, and I'm pleased to call you a peer.

### **Paul Brenner**

It's an honor to be inducted into the ultimate HOF. I gave up on such consideration long ago so getting the look-back nod is so sweet! Yes, I played high level ultimate in the competitive northeast region for 2 decades and enjoyed all the competition. However, rather than wax on about the great moments on the field, I'd like to focus on what happened OFF the field that made ultimate so special for me. To bring this to life I'll simply focus on 1978 Cornell vs Santa Barbara national finals trip.

Yes, Santa Barbara beat us, but that was just the final chapter. When Cornell made nationals, Wham-o paid our flights to California, but we had no other funding. Cornell's President Frank Rhodes was shown in Time Magazine saying, "We may not have a good football team but we have a great ultimate Frisbee team." So I and teammate Howie Jaffe went to see him. He would not see us BUT funneled us to a finance SVP. We met and got approval for a few thousand dollars BUT it was all tied to my personal bursar's bill. I needed valid receipts for every expense. The team decided we'd go out 2 weeks prior to the finals and practice out there and get accustomed to the conditions. Not all the team could go out at the same time so we agreed that democracy would rule and we'd spend the money each day based on what those present decided. A group no larger than a starting lineup flew out together. The large jet was not very crowded. We befriended the young, cute all-female stewardesses (different era!) and by the time we were halfway across the country we were having long catches with minis in the plane and some of us were in the service area taking beverage orders from the stewardesses to give them the drinks they needed for passengers. Epic flight! Try imagining that today.

At LAX, we rented a big van and drove to meet a friend of mine who said he had a cool landlady who could put up the team to start out at her boarding house. My friend had graduated Cornell and was in USC graduate film school and working nights making Peter Max posters. His landlady promptly gave me a receipt showing room and board for the entire 2 weeks for all the team for the full amount Cornell had allocated. Now we could spend as we pleased! Our 2nd night we ate at a very upscale Mexican restaurant on Wilshire Boulevard and drank Corona's all night and the bill was many hundreds of dollars for our small group. One of our players, Derek Lent, knew Carol Orbach/Orbach's department store at Cornell and she kindly housed us in the pool house of her palatial estate in Westwood for a few days. We slept in the "private movie theater" next to the pool and tennis courts. We were near UCLA so we went to campus to practice. We noticed a gold Rolls Royce with the license plate "Wilt" parked there. We next saw a HUGE strong, black man towering over a 6' fence with a gym bag in hand. We ran up to him and it was Wilt Chamberlain. There were no eligibility rules then so we spent 10 minutes trying to convince him to play with us in the finals and said we'd just launch it to him in the end zone. He was a charming guy and ended by opening his bag and pulling out a discus, saying "This is the disc I play with."

Another day at a traffic light heading to practice, next to the van was a new corvette convertible with a gorgeous blonde woman driving and giving us a nice smile. Howie gets out of the van, goes over and sits in her car! We howled! Next thing he comes back in the van with scantily clad professional modeling photos from her and says, "We're going to the beach boys!" so we followed her to her preferred ocean beach. Next we went to my fraternity chapter at UCLA and talked them into free lodging. The guys there were big into volleyball and we blew our welcome the following day when we beat them at volleyball in front of their girlfriends. There's lots more to the story but my word count is up. I'll end by saying we went from fine dining to McDonalds by the end of the trip. Fun times!

### **Dominique Fontenette**

Thank you to my family (Angelique, Mom, Dad, Marty, and Tammy) for giving me the opportunity to pursue my passion. Love you, Dominique

### **Bob Deman**

East Carolina University The headline after every tournament was: Irates Win ... the Party. I moved off campus into what turned out to be the Frisbee Houses. Two homes side by side connected by a shared phone line which spanned the driveway. John Welch, Randy Allen, Lewis Hoffman, Bob Sanders, Mike Cotter, David Barnhardt, Chris Hahn, Bob Sandman, Tony Pagan, John Brady. These guys taught me that four beers fit in a frisbee and no moth or loogie landing in that frisbee should interrupt emptying that disc. More importantly, these guys literally taught me to throw a frisbee. It didn't take long before ECU would start winning parties and tournaments. ECU attended three College Nationals including 1987 at Penn State where it turns out my future wife took a few pictures of me playing against the Horizontals. I'd meet Deb for the first time ~3 years later. NYC The first three weeks in NYC the NYNY guys introduced me to the lush fields of Van Cortlandt Park, got me a Wall Street job and unceremoniously CUT ME for Easterns in June. The verdict was thumbs down in the Terminal Bar. Welcome to NY. The personalities are strong and expectations were high after losing in the semis in 1988. ESPN is filming practices. We are playing ultimate at halftime of the Giants vs. Jets NFL game. Kostabi's Art Gallery is hosting fundraisers. So much winning (Easterns, Nationals, Worlds). The most difficult ultimate I ever played was at a NYNY practice. O vs D. NY vs NY. No one ever backed down. NY has an edge and we are NY. Queue Alisha Keys! I'm fortunate to join many of my teammates already in the HOF.

I fully recognize I stood on the shoulders of giants to get here. I won't name drop because my teammates know how important they are to me. A particularly special moment was winning World's in Madison 1993 with my brother Rick. Only a handful can claim that one. I met my wife on a NYC subway going to ultimate practice. Deb Martin played for the NY Women's team, wore a rat tail and bopped when she danced. I knew she was the one the day I met her. The pictures of me in her photo album taken 3 years earlier were a sign. Deb is a Betty and a member of the first Women's College National Champions in 1987. Houston The Houndz was a mix of Rice college players and Houston/Austin open players. They were perennial 3rd place finishers in the Southern Region which always sent two teams to Nationals. Some combination of Atlanta, Gainesville and Miami always went to Nationals. The goal was obvious; make Nationals. We won the region twice. I'll never forget the faces of the Houndz as we watched the game to go. That was me heckling you Stu! Deb and I have two daughters; Brianna is 1st year at University of Virginia and Sophia is a HS sophomore. Hey Doodle

### **Angela Lin**

It's still a bit hard to comprehend the magnitude of being in the HoF and that this is real, but I'm super thankful and extremely excited to be here to celebrate with everyone. I feel so incredibly honored and amazed to have been nominated by an ultimate legend, Chris O'Cleary, and to have been voted in by the rest of the Hall of Famers from such a rich field of respected peers. I have so many teammates, new and old, Ozone and otherwise, to thank and appreciate that it would be impossible to give each the sufficient props within the constraints given.

I got word of my acceptance during Worlds this past summer (June 2018), out in a corn field surrounded by Ozone teammates. Immediately after getting the notification from Suz, I called my wife, Kate Wilson (who wasn't there playing with the team because she'd torn her ACL about a month prior). Tears of excitement and shock came out when she exclaimed, "You did it!" I called Chris later that evening to give her a big heartfelt thanks. I waited until the next day to tell the team - mostly because I was in shock and didn't really know how. I had actually retired from Ozone after the 2015 season, but Kate and I were invited to play in 2018 through Worlds because they felt we had been big parts of the building process of getting Ozone to semis in 2017 (and qualifying for Worlds after many years of not making the cut - since 2006).

So, this 'acceptance speech' definitely has parts of my emotional huddle talk with Ozone in June. It's been an honor and privilege to be able to take the field with each of my Ozone teammates past and present, and I am particularly thankful to have gotten the chance, as a 40 year old, to do battle on the international stage with the current talented 2018 squad. I told them that I'd just heard about the induction, and the whole huddle screeched and erupted and jumped up and down. This HoF induction is for me a team award, where I get this amazing chance to stand up and represent, in a hall full of famous ultimate players, Atlanta and Ozone - a program that I've dedicated a lot of my energy toward, that has provided me so much in terms of development as a player and human, and that has been my people and my family for so many years. I've played with and been influenced by many players and coaches from around the US and world in my career - thanks to every one of you. And through all of the amazing ultimate experiences I've gotten to be a part of, I also gained a greater understanding that Atlanta is a special place, and Ozone is a special team and family. From 'no hein no gain no wood no good' to the barter system to #yeahcmon #coolcoolcoolcoolcool #carrots.

My place in the HoF also means to me that people see and appreciate my body of work as an ultimate player. That encompasses some natural aspects of my personality and being, but also so many years of work and sweat and energy, so many years of prioritizing ultimate over other things, some really hard and some really awesome personal times, and a lot of continued growth. It's hard for me to put into words what that 'being seen' feeling means to me, so - thank y'all. Big thanks also to my mom, sister, and sister's fiancée for being supportive, and I think in the last few years coming to an even higher plane of understanding about ultimate in my life, as our games have gained visibility and streaming exposure. Finally, love and thanks to Kate Wilson, my wifey for life, my fun and hilarious and superduper partner in everything including ultimate (and perhaps soon pickleball).

### **Tina McDowell**

I like frisbee, frisbees fun...throw and catch and run run run. Yay, Ultimate! Spirit of the game!

It's a huge honor to be inducted into the hall of fame. I'm grateful for the experience; it's amazing to get to celebrate with old friends, play at nationals with shame, and share the whole shebang with family!

Ultimate has given me community, lifelong friendships, joy...and lots of opportunity for growth. I fell in love with the way the disc flies the first time I played at UGA. There wasn't a women's team at the time, but Coach Tony Ubanks gave me the chance to be on the dude's team. I wore the cotton Georgia tank with pride, sang Amazing Grace on Sundays, and learned to throw on North Campus- hucking through the vortex in the trees for hours with teammates.

The college team was my world...I wasn't sure about club. My first women's tourney was Worlds in Toronto after Jackie Bourgeois and Chris O'Cleary convinced me to go. Playing with Ozone, watching the Godiva/Maniac's final, dancing with Yanomami at the party... that tourney blew my mind! I didn't need to be convinced again. The women were awesome role models and Ozone was a great fit. Practices were intense (Chris never lost until that one time we finally beat her) but the ATL community loves games and goofiness. Southern is a different kind of funny

I was a mountain neophyte when I moved to Colorado but was soon indoctrinated into the western lifestyle. Locals taught me how to snowboard, climb, and drink microbrew; and within a week of moving out Allie Boyd introduced me to body shots. Allie is a diva, always brings good coffee, and was the heart and soul of Rare Air. I played with Rare for 13 years and there isn't enough space to tell the stories and talk about the amazing experience it was to get to play with that group of exceptional women. I still admire them, and they remain partners in adventure, confidants and friends. The first time I set eyes on Steven Rouisse I picked him in a game of "fantasy Ultimate". I liked his throws and how he moved with a kind of quiet swagger. I walked up to him on the field and told him he better play well since he was my pick! Play well he did. I won fantasy, and the rest is history.

Coaching CU Kali was one of the coolest things ever, though the first year the team got a crazy pregnant coach that needed Whole Food breaks, and the second they got coach nursing or pumping milk during strat talks. Kali is quirky and awesome, and I think they taught me more than I did them. There is so much after 25 years, so many characters worthy of mention, plenty of challenges, and lots of fun. Not enough space to acknowledge everyone that has been a part of the journey or to talk Masters, Labor Day, playing Molly B after kids, getting gold in London with USA, watching Bravo, Poultry/Potlatch/GRUB, Worlds, Sarasota, shame.... Many inspired and guided me, put up with me, and shared along the way. I have to give thanks to Tony Ubanks, for opening the door. UGA boys, for being ridiculous and great teammates. Crystal Chris O'Cleary, for being the example of mental toughness and willpower and fun. No Hain no gain..... Ozone, for showing me how cool it is to play womens. Scott Gurst, for teaching me to be a better teammate, and believe in myself. Allie Boyd, for being a mentor and friend, and always being willing to hash it out. I want you by my side on universe point. Weaver D Will Deaver, for being cool, and for all you have done to keep the sport of Ultimate cool. Rare Air, for letting me grow up with y'all and be a part of the tribe. Kali, for the awesome experience of getting to coach you. TeamUSAmasters, for letting me bandwagon. Catt Wilson, for believing in me and teaching an old dog. My Molly Brown gals, for pyramids, support, and continued friendships beyond frisbee. Chicken Pax and PAE, for being family and the most fun.

Steven for being my best friend. Mom for supporting everything always.

Yaella and Taegan, who amaze me every day. I dream that y'all will find your meaning, your tribe, and your joy too!

### **Brian Morris**

My Ultimate adventure should probably have been cut short a few times. I went to my first Ultimate practice as a senior at the University of Vermont, barefoot. Everyone else had cleats on but they didn't make fun of me or send me packing for my stunning underestimation of their sport. Instead, there were welcoming, competitive, not too organized, creative, funny, talented, and downright fun. They told me to get some cleats (Sharks) and come back to play some more. I did, and had a great time playing with Team Chill that year. I thought that was the end of that and I certainly didn't think I would end up here. I probably wouldn't have played again if I hadn't randomly seen a guy in Grant Park (Chicago) the next summer throwing a hammer to his buddy. He said he practiced with a team called Windy City and that I should come to check it out. I had no idea who they were, but I took him up on it. The practice was on a bumpy dirt patch complete with broken pieces of glass next to a major roadway. Compared to Team Chill, at first blush the Windy City guys seemed a lot like the field. But, underneath their rough exterior, like the Team Chill fellas, they also were funny, talented, downright fun, and cared a lot for each other (truth be told they also liked to fight each other sometimes). Soon enough, they helped get me a job, taught me a bunch about frisbee, and consistently sent me chasing their bombs.

At Boulder 4th of July that year, Windy City legend Dean Smith made sure to tell the Bay Area teams that my name was "Love Biscuit." I was young and dumb enough to tell them, "no, my name is Brian!" Dean walked away cackling with the satisfaction of knowing this nickname was set in stone.

I arrived in the Bay Area as Biscuit and did my best to not make the East Bay and South Bay teams. I accidentally broke the nose of a South Bay player at tryouts (sorry Pickle) and was lucky enough to be picked up by East Bay. On Sunday at Regionals that fall, the East Bay Hills fire torched the east bay including leaving my apartment building in ashes. The Ultimate community and my new team (now aptly named East Bay Firestorm) jumped in and took care of me immediately by giving me a place to stay and clothes. After beating us at Nationals that fall, Mike O'Dowd came over and gave me a huge bag of clothes that the Windy City community had gathered for me. Even though all my stuff burned in that fire, I still remember that as an uplifting time because of the community support. Thank you!

Right, I should also a little about actually playing the game. OK, I found great joy in chasing down bombs. So, thank you to all of you who hurled me bombs - even when I wasn't necessarily cutting for them and even when I didn't think it was a good choice. You kept me on my toes and always kept the game exciting. OK. Back to the people. I'm glad I went and bought Sharks after my barefoot practice in Vermont. And I'm glad I found that dude throwing hammers in Chicago. And that I survived breaking someone's nose at tryouts and a huge fire. Because, wherever frisbee brought me I found fun loving, caring, and adventurous folks. I could go on and on, and maybe I already have. But, thank you again for this honor and all the good experiences.

To learn more about the each of the Ultimate Hall of Fame members, go to [www.usultimate.org/hall\\_of\\_fame/](http://www.usultimate.org/hall_of_fame/) for information on their playing career, competitive results, contributions and service, their personal life, as well as, photos and an interview on their time in the sport.



