



Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 8 and 9
Humboldt State University
FREE ADDMISSION

Games at 10:00 on Soccer Fields
and Sunset Elementary School Fields

Hosted by Humboldt Ultimate Disc Club





Autumn 1983

Greetings. On behalf of the Humboldt Disc Wailers, we would like to welcome all to the 5th Annual Humboldt Harvest Ultimate Frisbee Tournament. Our humble county again proves to be an ideal location for ultimate teams from the entire West coast to meet in intense competition on the field, and as friends at our Harvest Party. The tourney itself represents the Humboldt Disc Club's efforts to familiarize the local community with Disc Sports and gain respect and recognition for our fine alternative to traditional athletics. Try as we may to convince the local authorities that our sport is not a subversive, counter-cultural plot to overthrow the government, they still seem to doubt us.

Your cooperation in making this a truly splendiferous event will be greatly appreciated. Especially on campus we ask that all behave yourselves (i.e. no drinking in the locker room, pick up your garbage, etc.). Remember it is all you. So get high, fly low and praise Jah!

THE BUDS



COUPON

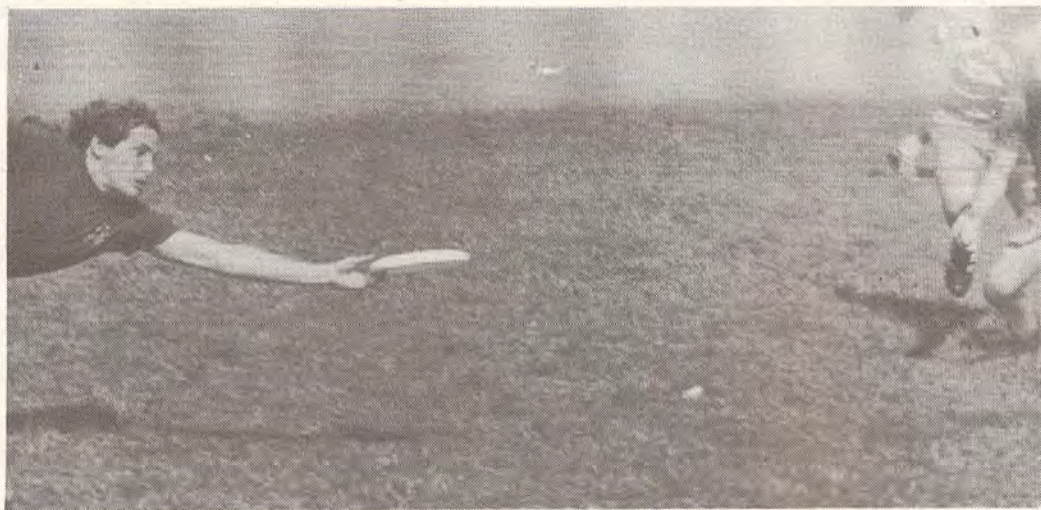
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Closed Mondays

T-Th 11 a.m. — 10 p.m.

Fri.-Sat. 11 a.m. — 12 p.m.

Sun. 11 a.m. — 10 p.m.

Dinners served 5 to 9 p.m. Friday, Saturday & Sunday only.

Welcome Ultimate Players!



Tournament Schedule **Saturday, October 8, 1983**

9:00a.m.

Captain's Meeting

10:00a.m.—6:00p.m.

Preliminaries

9:00p.m.

*Humboldt Harvest Tournament
Party*

Sunday, October 9, 1983

10:00a.m.

Quarter Finals

12 noon

Semi Finals

2:00p.m.

Women's Finals

3:00p.m.

Men's Finals

BERGIE'S
B O N A · F I D E
C A F E

JACOBY STOREHOUSE ON THE PLAZA, ARCATA 822-7001

The Sport of Ultimate Frisbee

Ultimate Frisbee is a fast moving team game that combines the best elements of soccer, basketball, and football. The game is played by two seven-man teams on a 70' x 40' playing field. The object is for each team to score by completing a pass in the opponent's end zone while preventing the opponents from scoring.

The game begins with both teams lined up facing each other on their respective goal lines. The throw-off starts play. On offence the disc can be moved only by passing from teammate to teammate. A player may not run with the disc. If a pass is dropped, intercepted or thrown out of bounds, it is an immediate "turnover"—the disc belongs to the other team without stopping play. Defense is played much like it is in basketball with both zone and "man-on-man" D's being employed. Defensive players attempt to inhibit the offence by knocking down or intercepting passes to cause turnovers. The disc cannot be knocked from the hands of an offensive player. While there is a certain amount of physical contact, screens, blocks and other purposeful contacts are not allowed.

Ultimate frisbee has proven to be an appealing spectator sport. The disc itself is aesthetically pleasing in flight and its unpredictability adds something to the game that a ball would not. Also, the action is almost non-stop and it involves all players on the field all the time, rather than focusing on only a few individuals. There are as many styles of team play as there are teams. At its best, Ultimate combines a controlled, patterned, precise shortpassing game with the more dramatic long passes to receivers "going parallel" (making an all out dive) to make a catch for a score.

Join us in spreading enthusiasm for the Ultimate in sports activities.



RESTAURANT

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822-3333

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lunch, & dinner

*- Varietal Wines by
the glass - beer -
expresso*

WELCOME ULTIMATE PLAYERS!



LET YOUR
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HEARD!

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Ultimate Players
Association
\$7.00/year

Write:

P.O. Box 4844
Santa Barbara
CA 93104



Cafe and Gallery
942 G Street, Arcata

Breakfast, Lunch and Dinner
7 a.m.-10 p.m.
365 Days a Year

The greatest time at Ultimate tournaments for me have always been the Energy Circles. Not the ones where people pull your arms off—those are too rowdy. I like the mellow ones where everyone joins hands very easily and feels good.

There are so many nice people at Frisbee tournaments. It seems tournaments bring out the best in us. Oranges are always fun at tournaments because you can split them up and give each person a piece; that's what ultimate energy is all about!

Someone told me he was tired of reading, every year, in our program about how the Buds got started, or the righteous energy of the Dark Star—and I agree! Everybody's got righteous energy out there, they just have to tune into it!

I just read something enlightening the other day and would like to suggest it to the people who play in this tournament (especially all you Buds). If you feel yourself getting tense over a bad call or foul, try to concentrate on your heart, that's where LOVE is. Since we've chosen not to have referees, the solution must come from within, and what better place to find the solution than in your heart.



Happy Energy Circles!
Tanya Boone

Happy Hour

4-6 Fri. & Sat. 3-6 Sunday

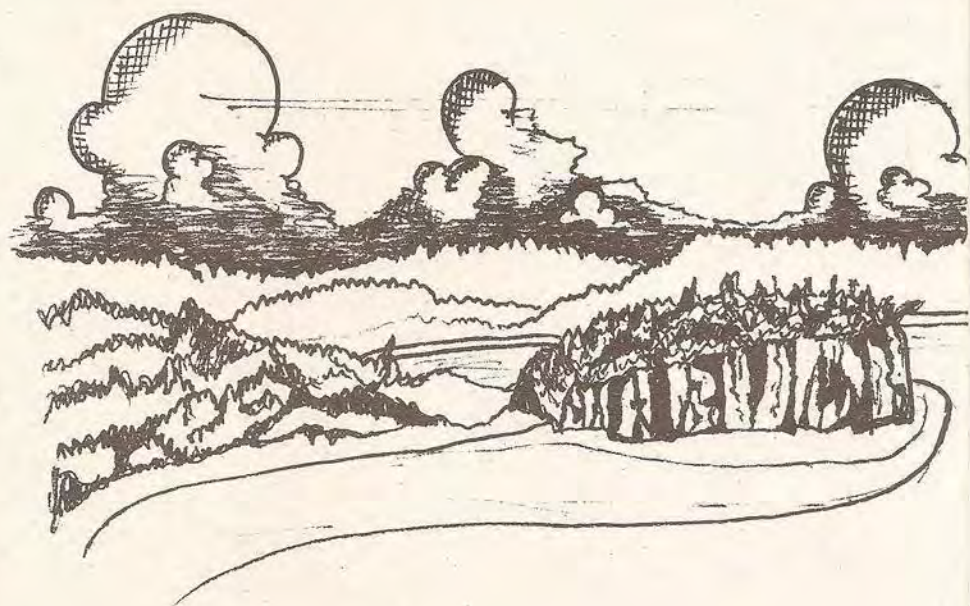
Welcome Ultimate Players

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Changes Endure

By

Jeff Jones

An autumn past, many years ago, I walked the streets alone. I saw an old man who, day after day, swept the grass and the leaves from the sidewalk in front of his home. Nothing else seemed to matter. He swept every crack, corner and crevice, never looking up or turning his head. Every day I would pass his house, and every day, there he would be, still sweeping the leaves and the grass. The leaves from the trees fell to the ground, and all autumn long he would rake them, never making a sound.

Time passed and the trees were soon bare. Cold winds blew. Winter came to pass. But still the old man was there enduring the weather; he seemed to know that even the winter would not last. Day after day the snow continued to fall, and day after day, there, he remained, shoveling snow all day long. At night he rested and slept, waiting for the dawn.

The months faded together and the winter was gone. The snow melted. The world was now green and alive. Life abounded. The birds built their nest, trees were blooming—everything was moving, including the old man. He never rested. Instead of relaxing and enjoying the sun, he kept right on....kept right on working and kneading the land. He planted his seeds and watched his crops grow. It was a glorious plan.

Spring came to summer, a golden brown. The birds left their nest and the trees were laden with fruit. It was a time for giving. It was a time for thanks. It was a time for relaxation and enjoyment of the fruits of labor. But the old man kept doing what needed to be done. It was getting late and the winds would soon come.

Then one day, the summer now past, I saw him again sweeping the leaves and the grass. But now he was older; his strokes were weaker, feeble and dim. I knew his time had come; he had come to his end. And on that day, that cold September morning, for the first time since I'd seen him, he glanced up at me and smiled.

"Young man," he said, "come listen to my song. All year long I've toiled, I've planned and I've never rested. Now the time has come for me to journey to a distant land where work and play are inseperable; they are both the same! Tom-

morrow you'll walk by here and all will be the same, except for one change! The leaves will fall to the ground and cover the land. But only you, the sidewalk and the leaves will remain. Remember then, all that you've done and all that you've lived for must come to an end and pass. Nothing must rest and nothing will last. Only change remains!"

Since that day we've never met again. But some days I would walk by, stop and listen. The leaves from the trees have covered the sidewalk. Below my feet and all around, the leaves cover the ground. It seems like yesterday. Then a warm wind would blow. It swirled and spun about me. Through the rushing,

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through the pushing, through the howling—I could hear the faint sweeping and brushing of a broom hard at work. A warm feeling swelled within me. The wind had died. I looked around once again. Glancing down where I stood, the sidewalk was bare—but only there!

Hey Juan! BURRITOS

1642 1/2 G St., Arcata
822-8433



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Happy Hour 3-5 Friday-Sat.
Twice as happy all day Sunday
\$1.75 lg pitcher Bud
BUDWEISER DRAFT - 45¢ HAPPY HOUR 30¢!

It's
a
gas!





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10:00a.m.—6:00p.m.	<i>Preliminaries</i>
9:00p.m.	<i>Humboldt Harvest Tournament Party</i>

Sunday, October 9, 1983

10:00a.m.	<i>Quarter Finals</i>
12 noon	<i>Semi Finals</i>
2:00p.m.	<i>Women's Finals</i>
3:00p.m.	<i>Men's Finals</i>

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WELCOME ULTIMATE PLAYERS!

Old Growth Memories

For those of us who remember the day when Harvey skyed as time ran out in the first Harvest final, and for those who don't, I'd like to set the record straight. There's a few old growth Buds who were there when this seedling of a team sprouted and spread its roots; this memorandum is dedicated to them.

Now I'm talking quality people, the likes of Papa Bud Claycomb, Ghani, Jim Do Doohan, Jed and Eff, Steve Cox, and the Ombudsman himself, Mike Grossman. These and many other frisbee enthusiasts have fostered a gaggle of drug athletes and worked to cultivate a potent force to be reckoned with. Without these primordial burl hurlers, who paved the way by being there, Humboldt's finest derelicts would probably be out looking for bigfoot instead of getting parallel.

....Remember how it rained and rained, and there was this big puddle on the corner of the field at Stewart, and after losing such a close game to the Circus. One by one, then in twos and fours the boys from Eugene, followed by those clowns from the city, who were followed by most everybody else in doing parallel drills. It was glorious. And then there was that other year it rained and rained and we trashed those fields at College of the Redwoods. I tell you, they'll never let us play there again.

You know the Buds have probably been the most exciting team on the circuit. I mean it's like watching the 49ers; they're always exciting. One game during the second Harvest at Coopers Gulch under the lights, the Buds were getting swarmed on by the Medflies. Losing 11-2, we came back to tie 11-11 only to go down in defeat in overtime 15-13. We've given the Circus a run more than once and hope this year we can repay them for their lack of mercy.

Last year at the Harvest we divided our stash into an Afghani cross and an Indika blend with both teams reaching the quarter finals. This year popular opinion has led us to believe that by con-

solidating our choicest Buds onto one team we will be more ably equipped to shred on our opponents. We shall see.



**Forever in the air
Arcman**



A BUD RENDITION OF A SPOLEAF SONG BY Tanwoman, Arcwelder, and the Ombudsman

Every breath you take
Every pass you fake
Every cut you make
Every time you break
I'll be watching you

Every game you play
Every single day
Each and every way
All I wanna say
Is we'll be stuffing you

Oh can't you see
I'm gonna steal your bee
Make your hamstrings ache
With every step I take

Every man I shake
Every "D" I snake
Every time I break
Every move I make
I'll be burning you

Every game you play
Each and every way
We'll be learning you

Every cut you make
Every "D" I snake
I'll be burning you

Oooooo Oooooo
I'll be watching you





Thank You



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