

8th Annual
**Humboldt Harvest
Ultimate Tournament**



Oct. 31 Nov. 1 1987

*Sponsored by
the Humboldt Disc Club
and
the Humboldt Brewery*



Sarah helps the Hags qualify for Women's Collegiate Nationals.

Photo by Dave Moore.



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Hello — and welcome to our County. Whether this is your first Ultimate experience behind the Redwood Curtain, or you are coming back for a return trip, we of the Humboldt Disc Club hope this weekend provides experiences both on and off the field that will stay with you for a long time to come.

It seems (at least to some of us) that the Harvest just keeps getting better every year. Last year was certainly a peak on the field, as not only did both the men's and women's teams make the finals, but the Buds won the tournament for the first time! And the weather! The last two years have seen classic Indian Summer daze of warm sun and light breezes — but don't get out your sunscreen just yet. If there is one thing in Humboldt County more difficult than finding adequate playing fields, it is predicting the weather. And if it is raining down upon this program even as you read it, I am not surprised. We even had some naysayers on the team that were predicting rain for this weekend months ago. If by the hand of the great Humboldt Spirit we are blessed/cursed by rain, do expect some changes in the Tournament. Fieldspace at Humboldt is both limited and delicate, and it may happen that in the event of rain we will have to move games to Eureka or even, yes, the beach (which might be a blessing in disguise; the beach is the one place in town where the Powers that Be can't reach us)!

But enough about gloomy forebodings. The Harvest is the Buds' and Hags' single chance a year to play in a tournament to which we don't have to travel 300 miles. Rain or no, we do our best to make this one of the best we can. This year we have rented a large dance hall and have hired a band which, with an eight piece horn section is going to make you shake, hop and otherwise boogie no matter what hell you put your body through on Saturday.

The Humboldt disc squads have been adopted by perhaps the most appropriate sponsor in Arcata, the Humboldt Brewery, and we extend them our heartfelt thanks both for their help in procuring for us Club Expo and for supplying us with plenty of their fine, locally brewed suds. Once again it should be hard to tell which is the more memorable event at the Harvest... the play, or the party. See you at both!

Since some of you players have never been to a Harvest before, a word about the Spirit of the Game might not be amiss. More than Ultimate brings us together for this Tournament. At this time of year, as the crops come in, days shorten, and Nature closes up her shop for the year, we take the opportunity to have one last shindig before winter really sets in. As a time for thanksgiving, we here at Humboldt consider the Harvest Tournament as an opportunity to thank all the teams which have hosted us at their tournaments by giving one in an atmosphere which fosters the Ultimate mix of competition, friendliness and positivity. As Ultimate becomes more popular and competitive, players often lose sense of the Spirit of the Game which makes Ultimate so special. Tournaments like this one give us an opportunity to reappraise the game, reaffirm its roots, and hopefully to bring the spirit home with us when the weekend is over.

Play well, and Happy Halloween!

A Hags' Journey

Humboldt Women Make National Debut

The Humboldt County Womens Ultimate came together last year like never before. With enough women to have consistant 6 on 6 practices and a "Little General" to keep them all in line, we graduated from a less than minimal core, a mere substratum of dedicated players, to a highly competitive team to be reckoned with.

There were several aspects which contributed to the growth of the team, helping to form a stronger, broader core. New players, of course, were the crux of the biscuit. They added invaluable inspiration and enabled more than 3 on 3 practices. Having strong, cooperative leaders was a first. Pam was often the channel for the Hags, helping us to focus on the game, while Laurie acted as our tournament captain, attending the meetings and keeping us updated on future disc happenings. Choosing our name, surprisingly, was a bitch. No matter how hard we tried, we just couldn't find a name that would stick. The problem existed in our lack of identity as a team. As we grew into our name, we also grew into the team. The women sagely chose the name, "Hags." (One must dig deep to find the true meaning of this name, just as we all must dig deep to find the intrinsic meaning of Ultimate.)

What contributed more than any of the aforementioned, however, was our incredible psyche. Everyone had the desire to play well, individually and as a unit. We were all climbing a mountain that was our potential and, finally, met on a common, high ground (also referred to as E.T.P.)

Things were coming together so well that when the suggestion to fly east for a tournament was expressed, we actually considered it for a mo-

ment. After a brief financial assessment, however, the idea was dismissed. But when rumours started that we could get monies from the school, club, and wildly fundraising between now and the tournament, the Hags turned their heads to take a good look at Collegiate Nationals, to be held on the 26th & 27th of May at Pennsylvania State University.

Due to the luck of the draw, or perhaps some obscure tournament rule interpretation, we had to play two games on Saturday, and four on Sunday in the round robin preliminaries. Saturday was exciting, with an easy victory over Betty from Lawrence Kansas, and a close battle with the Wild Roses of Cornell University (from which we emerged victorious!)

Sunday was gruelling. The hot, muggy weather took its toll, but one by one we met University of Vermont, Earlham, Cats of Davis (in a great grudge match) and last but not least Zulu from U Mass.

We were exhilarated!! We had played every team at the tournament, and beat them all! We were advancing to the semi-finals undefeated and seeded number one. It seemed that the first Women's Collegiate Championship could be ours. All we had to do was beat Betty again in the semi-finals and then win the finals Monday, the third day of this long, hot weekend.

But we were exhausted as well. Jet lag and culture shock were taking their toll, but more important was the disadvantage we had of having played four games while Betty had only played three on Sunday. Worse news was that several of Betty's core players had missed our preliminary game due to the early starting time, but were there for the semi-final.

An East Coast View

By Jon "Jonny Fey" Ferris

Despite its low image, Ultimate is a sport that is prevalent throughout the world. It is a fraternity of sorts, a brotherhood/sisterhood united by a common love of the horizontal. Travel to a new region, find the disc club, and you have an instant circle of people with whom to dig in some roots.

Despite the diversity of the world's cultures, the game itself doesn't vary across the globe. However, as I have learned from playing with The Buds, the Ultimate experience is quite different from region to region.

I started playing Ultimate in a summer league in the New York metropolitan area and then played for Zoo Disc, the University of Massachusetts's team. Before coming to Humboldt State for my yearlong exchange, I had many preconceptions as to what it would be like playing "west coast Ultimate." Since my arrival here I have learned a few things.

Most importantly I have learned that Humboldt County (and I refer to the whole county since the only two teams in it are the Buds and the Hags), has a unique experience for Ultimate. The first thing one notices when traveling here is that pine covered mountains abound. For the Ultimate player this has serious implications. With flatland being at a minimum, fieldspace becomes a hardpressed, bureaucratic issue. Most fields are on the HSU campus and have to be shared with numerous other sports groups. In the eyes of the university, the Ultimate team is just another club that has no priority over football and soccer, and so they pay the price of relatively little field time. This situation has its most serious ramifications when it comes time for the Harvest tournament, and ample field space is achieved only by limiting the number of teams invited.



The few numbers of tournaments that are attended by the Buds, Hags, and other teams of the western section, make for a sparse team season. In the fall, the Buds and Hags play at three tournaments before the rainy season sets in. These are Sectionals, Regionals, and the Harvest. In the spring season, however, they see a bit more tournament play. The first one, which is in March, is the Mudbowl. Others include April Fools, Collegiates and the California State Championships. In comparison, the northeast region has a tournament just about every weekend.

When one is comparing the northeast regional Ultimate to Humboldt County Ultimate, he/she is not comparing the east to the west, but a metropolitan area to an isolated rural area. As I have tried to illustrate with the examples of the quality and frequency of play, a difference in the Ultimate experience does exist between the two types of regions. This variance manifests itself all over the globe. It's simply nice to know that one can travel to many places in the world and still have the opportunity to play a game of Ultimate.

Although we had lost two players to injuries, we played our hearts out on that muggy, overcast Memorial Monday. We first went ahead by a couple of points, but got rattled and allowed Betty to tie it up. We went point for point until Betty won it at the point cap, 15-13.

After losing, we knew nothing but bitter despair and tears. We had come so far, had tried so hard for so long, and had come so close to achieving our dream... Only those who have experienced a similar disappointment can truly understand our sadness. So much energy had been spent, and we were oh so close!!

But the moment passed, as moments do, etched into our memories with many other moments. We have much to be proud of, and nothing to regret. Any of the semi-finalists could have won that tournament on any day. The most important thing is that we went; we helped make the first women's collegiate nationals a success, and had a blast doing it.

When all was said and done, we were pretty damn proud of ourselves — and we sure expanded Humboldt's reputation in the Ultimate world. And who knows, maybe next year...



(Excerpt from Jack's Abridged Ultimate Dictionary)

Snack — see also "stuff" and "biff". Snacks are a form of defensive nourishment. Defensive snacks are the type of instant gratification which pleases an entire team, but to have the unfortunate effect of swelling the snacker's head and warping his/her sense of proportion. Heavy snack addicts can be recognized by the wild look in their eyes, dilated nostrils, large, long hands and hairless chests covered by a thickened pad of skin.

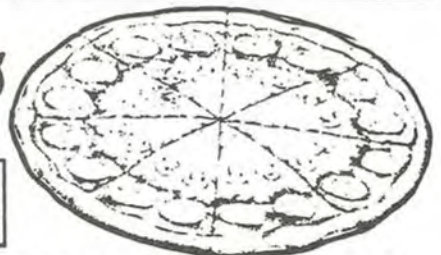


- ★ **PARTY PARTY PARTY**
- ★ **WHAT CAN WE SAY?** This is the Party to end all Disc parties! It starts around 8:30 at CLUB EXPO at 10th & I Sts. right next to the Humboldt Brewery (which happens to serve great dinners). We will have at least two bands to boogie all night — so be there in **COSTUME!**
- ★ Prizes for **COSTUMES!** If your not playing in the tournament it will cost \$3 to get in the door — no exceptions! It doesn't matter if you sleep with a disc player — unless you play-you pay.
- ★ Have fun — Be Safe and **BRING AN I.D.**



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Ellwood



Monster



Eunice Pharton



Pambo

Can You Match These
Ultimate Quotes
To These Ultimate Stars?

"Don't hate me because I'm beautiful."

"I can't let the engineering department know that in reality, I'm Superhag!"

"But I always complete my 60 yard tomatos in practice!"

"You all have an open invitation to play some defense — but you can't have any of my birthday cake."

"That's a wangus immo that's totally beached."

"Hey, I don't care if it's February; I'll play three-on-three naked in the mud!"

"The purpose of life is to reproduce and have fun doing it."

"Aaarrggggghhhaaaaaah!!"

"Get out there and run you snivelling ninnies"



Buffy Spiffton



TK Toggles



Arcman



Karen



Brewster

Where Have All the Budlies Gone?

David Papabud Claycomb:

The quintessential group leader, Papa Bud took the Buds from a hallucinating group of plastic users to the intense fanatics that they are today. Last seen chasing roller skaters at Mission Beach.

Michael Ombudsman

Grossman: The one budlie usually too busy doing deals to play at tournaments, MG packed up his beloved bong, Otis and headed to the Big City with stars in his eyes. Posing as a good-natured postman in suburban San Diego, rumor has it he is the Kingpin of a large-scale trans-state ganga distribution network. Always rings twice.

Kent Gumby Mayell: The only person to drive a taxi from Santa Barbara to the Solstice. Last seen outside the Grateful Dead show during Collegiate Regionals at Stanford, distributing cookies for his most High Hare Krishna fellowship. Really.

Steve Thrill Hill: Also known as the "Claw." Proud father of three "all killer, no filler" kids. Last seen skying in the endzone of a rainy Portland game, he disappeared into the clouds and hasn't come down. Rumored to be in Hog Heaven.

Cathy Bac 'O Bits Bacon:

An original member of the legendary Northwest Synergy team. Bits went on to get three B.A.s, five M.S.' and is currently enrolled at Chabot Junior College, so she can play in Collegiates at age 30.

Dan Ghani Goldberg:

Overlord of the legendary Budhouse for years, Ghani's good hits, good vibes, and redwood-stump hot tub epitomized the Humboldt Spirit. Now, truly a Papa Bud in his own right, he is teaching his year-old baby to cross country ski in Bend, Oregon.



*"I got my tournament shirt,
my tournament disc, and my 1/4 oz.,
but boy, am I hungry!"*

Goggles

Steve Smiley Harvey: After rigging monster Sound Systems at numerous tourneys, Smiles found Rastafari and became a self-appointed Rasta missionary. He is currently spreading the Word of Jah where no dread has walked before — Montana.

Jim Letmehearyourbodyflop Doohan:

Known for excessive enthusiasm and overcommitted leadership. Last seen tracking sasquatch in the foothills of the Sierra. More than once rumored dead, also said to be in company of undesireables.

Pam Pambo Nance:

The "little general" is currently organizing youth Ultimate squads in Guatemala as a recreational Peace Corp volunteer. Also head of the insurgent group, ORF. (Ollie resistance front)

Aron Ronar Oliner:

"Mr. Beansprout" himself, the Arcata kid, moved to the Big City and got used to winning with uptight teams. His hunger for success and desire to be in stressful situations has led him further south, where he is posing as a law student at a prestigious university in order to remain on his father's payroll. He is saving up for a BMW while he waits to be discovered by a Hollywood producer.

Charles The Reverend

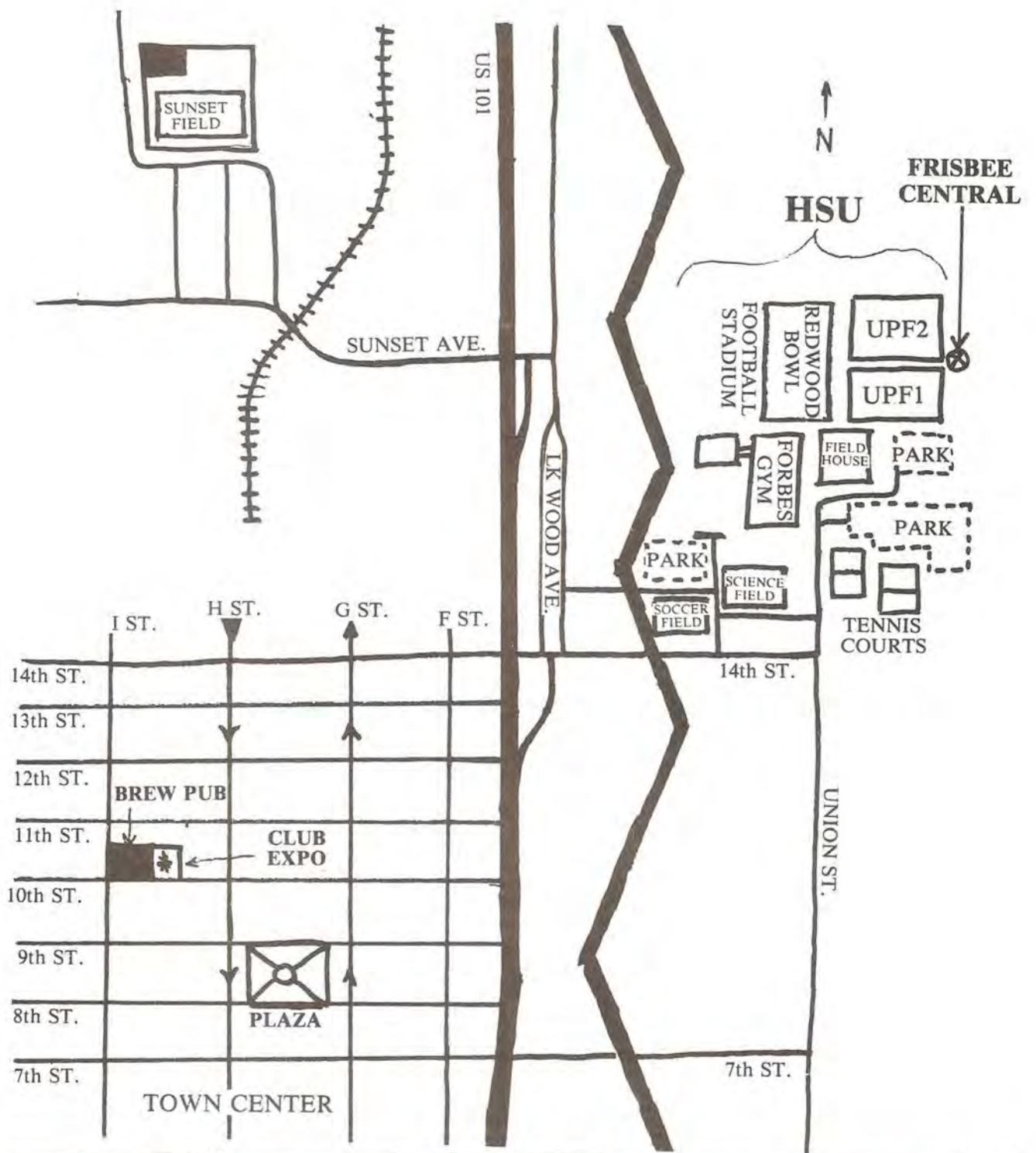
Dressel: Currently in contention with Crash Archer and Brian "Spike" Wilson for the 'nicest guy in the world' award, Chuck left Humboldt County with his eyes glued to his binoculars. Rumoured to be on safari in pursuit of the rare double breasted yellow spotted bush finch.

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Frisbee central is on the upper field.

Captain's meeting is at 9:30 at Frisbee Central.

Showers are available Saturday and Sunday, noon 'till dark, in the Forbes Complex locker rooms (Forbes Complex is the main PE building next to the football stadium).



The Humboldt Disc Club wishes to commend all the artists on the team that have contributed so much time and talent to the cause of disc:

Mr. Tom Barter — the award winning Frisbee Design and great posters.

Mr. Charles Johnson — for numerous shirt designs

Ms. Kathy Monster Davidson for much help and guidance on most designs.

Mr. Chris Archer for this Tournament Shirt design.

Ms. Tanya Boone for all her expertise and talent throughout the years.

Everyone who submitted a design for the disc contest.

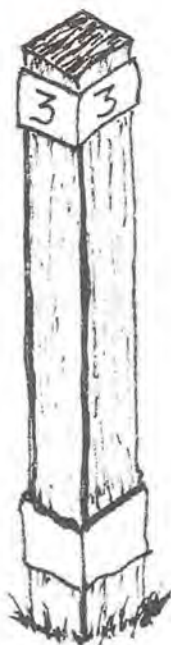


DISC GOLF

Par infinity is attempting to put Humboldt on the Disc Golfing map. In conjunction with the Ultimate Harvest Tournament '87, the club is sponsoring continuous rounds of golf this weekend for those hankering to drive for show—and putt for dough.

The All Hallows Heave will consist of one round each day beginning at 10 a.m. with a team's round at 2 p.m. Saturday and cooler round Sunday. A putting contest will be held before play each day. Entry is \$4.00 per round for open or novice. A buck goes to Par Infinity and the rest is returned in prizes.

Come heave the redwood curtain for All Hallows. Play begins behind the fieldhouse, HSU. T-shirts available. Special prizes. One stroke handicap for costumes worn during play. More information 822-4490.



Program Conception, Design, Photography
Artwork, Layout, Blood, Sweat & Tears
by David Moore & Jack Murphy
Special thanks to Peter Holmes
and especially Laura, at Kelly Thomson

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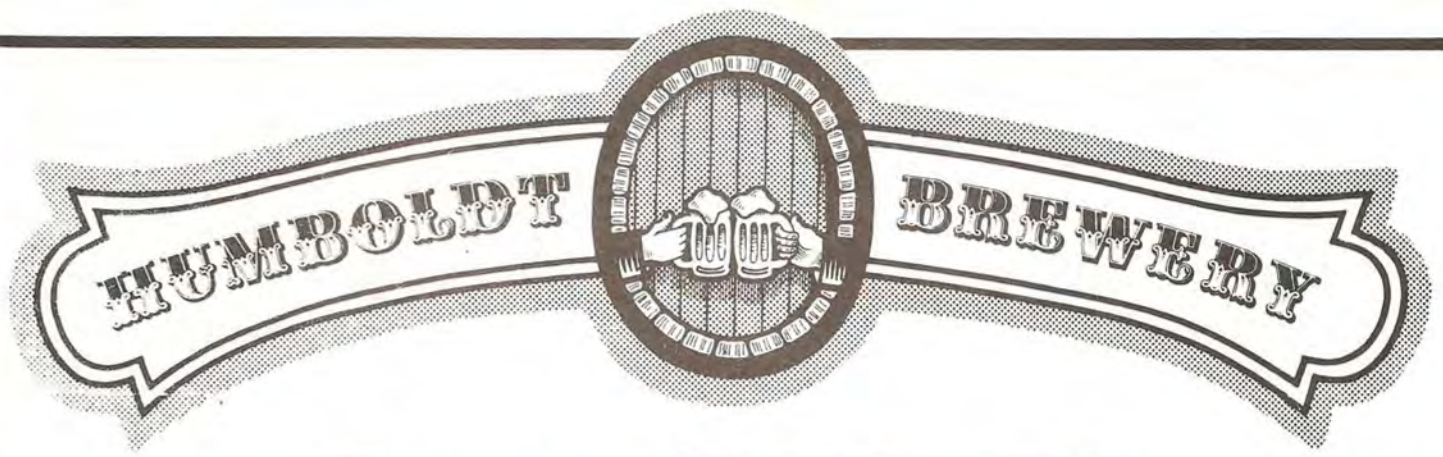
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