

Volume I

August 10, 1989

7th shameless edition

Also, in their right mind would make a 550 physical conditioning challenge when they know full well that they will probably lose? Probably some fool who thinks that whoever wins the challenge will treat everyone to 55 cent mergers with the \$9 books. Hey, maybe he's not that big of a fool after all.

## PHOENIX TEAMS FOCUS ON NATIONAL PLAYOFFS

TEMPE - The Phoenix area's men's and women's ultimate teams are gearing up for this year's national playoffs. The playoffs begin with sectional play August 26 and 27 in Ft. Collins, CO. Regionals take place October 14 and 15 in Palo Alto, CA (Stanford). Nationals will be held in Washington D.C. October 27-30.

The push to field the best possible teams for these events translates into the implementation of formal practices, including drills, and a more serious attitude about physical conditioning. The practice schedule is as follows:

Tuesdays at MCC, 6 pm - Drills and skill work followed by a short scrimmage, team players only.

Thursdays at MCC, 6 pm - Coed recreational play, all players welcome. Team players get priority for playing time.

Saturdays at MCC, 9 am - Drills and skill work followed by a rigorous scrimmage, team players only.

Sundays at MCC, 5 pm - Coed recreational play, all players welcome. Team players get priority for playing time.

Men's captains are Byron, Dee, and Brian.  
Women's captain is Krista.

## S'WILMA SHINES AT BOULDER

BOULDER - S'wilma took a strong team to the 4th of July tournament at Boulder and came away with a very respectable 5th place showing among the 15 women's teams there. S'wilma went head to head with some of the best teams in the country and showed everyone that there's a force to be reckoned with in the desert southwest. Congratulations ladies. Well done. Good luck at sectionals.

## NAME THAT TEAM

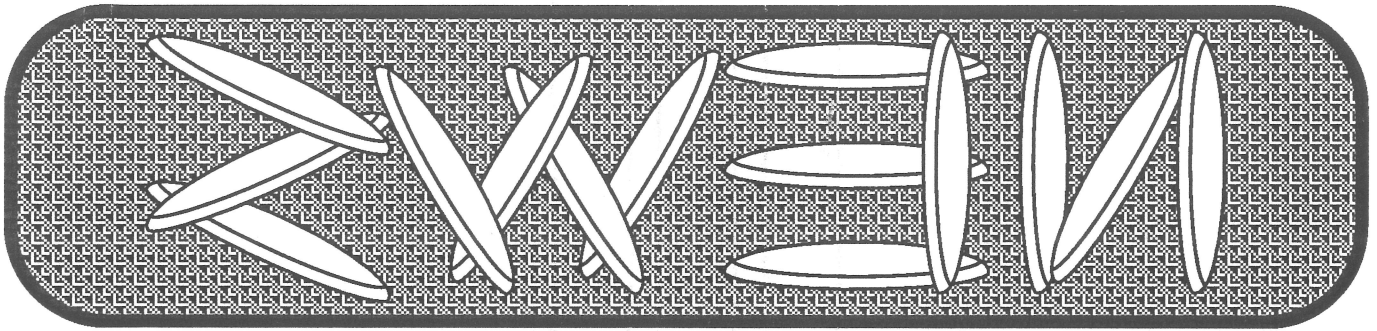
TEMPE - The question is, "Who the Hell are we?" Over the last year, the Phoenix area ultimate team has played with a fairly consistent roster, but under several different identities: Discgust, Just Say Co, The Discastaways, The Grins Who Stole Cruces, Burn Unit, and more. Other teams still call us "Surgeons". Well this is all fine and dandy, but does anyone sense an identity crises here? There seems to be a building group of players in Phoenix, and granted there are a couple of ex-Surgeons involved, but who the Hell are we really, do you care, and are you willing to do something about it? Well say no more. At Tuesday's practice, 8-15-89, something is going to be done. Bring along all your name and shirt art ideas (good, bad, and weird), and throw yourself to the wolves. Don't forget the ladies. They've toiled under the "S'wilma" banner for a while, they may be ready for a change too.

## PHX TAKES 1ST DESERT NOCTURNAL

TEMPE - 1989 marks the beginning of a new tournament in the Phoenix area. The Desert Nocturnal was held July 22 in Tempe under the lights at Diablo fields. The tourney was a rather savage affair as teams were limited to 8 players and play was completed all in one night, and the party was a definite savage affair as it was held at Saguaro Lake immediately after the finals. Spirited play was turned in by all entrants. The finals featured the Phx Burn Unit vs. Tucson. This matched two teams which had played earlier, with Burn Unit showing a lot of guts in pulling off a thrilling come from behind victory, scoring three points in a row with Tucson at game point to win by one. The final saw Tucson inexplicably fall apart and Burn Unit coasted to victory. Party details are sketchy, but the victory was claimed by Joe Antone and Brian Mosher as they played Glass of Beer in Keg Tub Rock Toss until they puked.

## ULTIMATE PLAYERS TRAVEL GUIDE

1. Push butt
2. Rub hands under arm
3. Wipe hands on pants



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## THE GUNNER

...weapon in hand, he flicks it back and forth through the air with a light "whoosh, whoosh..." Now facing his defender, he focuses on his chosen target, who is now carefully picking his way through the three lines of defense that lay between them. Wind... there is that to consider... and angle... and velocity. He's never had a shortage of velocity. No time now. The enemy is very nearly face to face.

Drawing from that familiar calm place that always defies the acid boiling in his belly, he pauses ever so slightly, almost relaxing... The defense, now reacting as one, rocks back on their heels momentarily. The time is now. Arm down and close to his hip, he cocks and fires the final volley quickly and surely. It has worked. The faces of the nearest defenders whip around in total surprise as the shot rockets past their ears.

There are but two now. They see it at the same time; flat, low, almost imperceptible as it screams out of the afternoon sun. The shorter of the two men breaks toward it, straight into the crowd of bodies upfield. Not quite sure, the taller defender stays glued on the little man's heels as they cover five yards in three strides. As he looks up to find the disc in the sun, the taller man loses. Before he realizes what's happening, the smaller, quicker player has stopped dead and has blasted past him downfield in the opposite direction. Knowing he is dead, the big man reaches out futilely for a shirt, a bump, a trip, anything... nothing. One chance... must go up now... straight up into the air with all his strength he leaps, fingers outstretched for the disc. At the top of his jump he grasps... air. The shot has cleared him, and he can only crumple to the earth and pray.

By now the little man is at full stride. He glances back over his right shoulder, and his heart surges as he sees the disc clear the defender unimpeded. But now... it is parallel with him and going by... gotta really go. Reaching for every ounce of air his lungs will hold, he slams his quadriceps into fifth gear, and drops his chin to his sweat-soaked chest. Gaining now, but running out of room... no time left... one more stride... he reaches back to his waist with both arms, throws them both forward again, and explodes off the ground out toward the falling disc. As his shape flattens out in the air, he turns his palms skyward. No... won't make it... he rotates his shoulders and pushes his right arm forward for one more inch. Two fingers under it now... SQUEEZE.

WHAM! He impacts earth, scooping up grass and dirt with his nose and chin... all sensation pounded from his body with the air from his flattened lungs. As he slides to a stop, he is aware of the deep, sweet smell of the turf. It is the smell of the end zone... it is the smell of victory... and it is over...