

**PLEASURE  
POINT  
NIGHT  
FIGHTERS  
MAGAZINE**

**PPNF  
VOICE**



**OUR PRICE  
4.99\$  
CHEAP!**

SUMMER 2023  
VOL III NO. 0.5

**PACK YOUR TRASH  
OBVIOUS, ISN'T IT?**

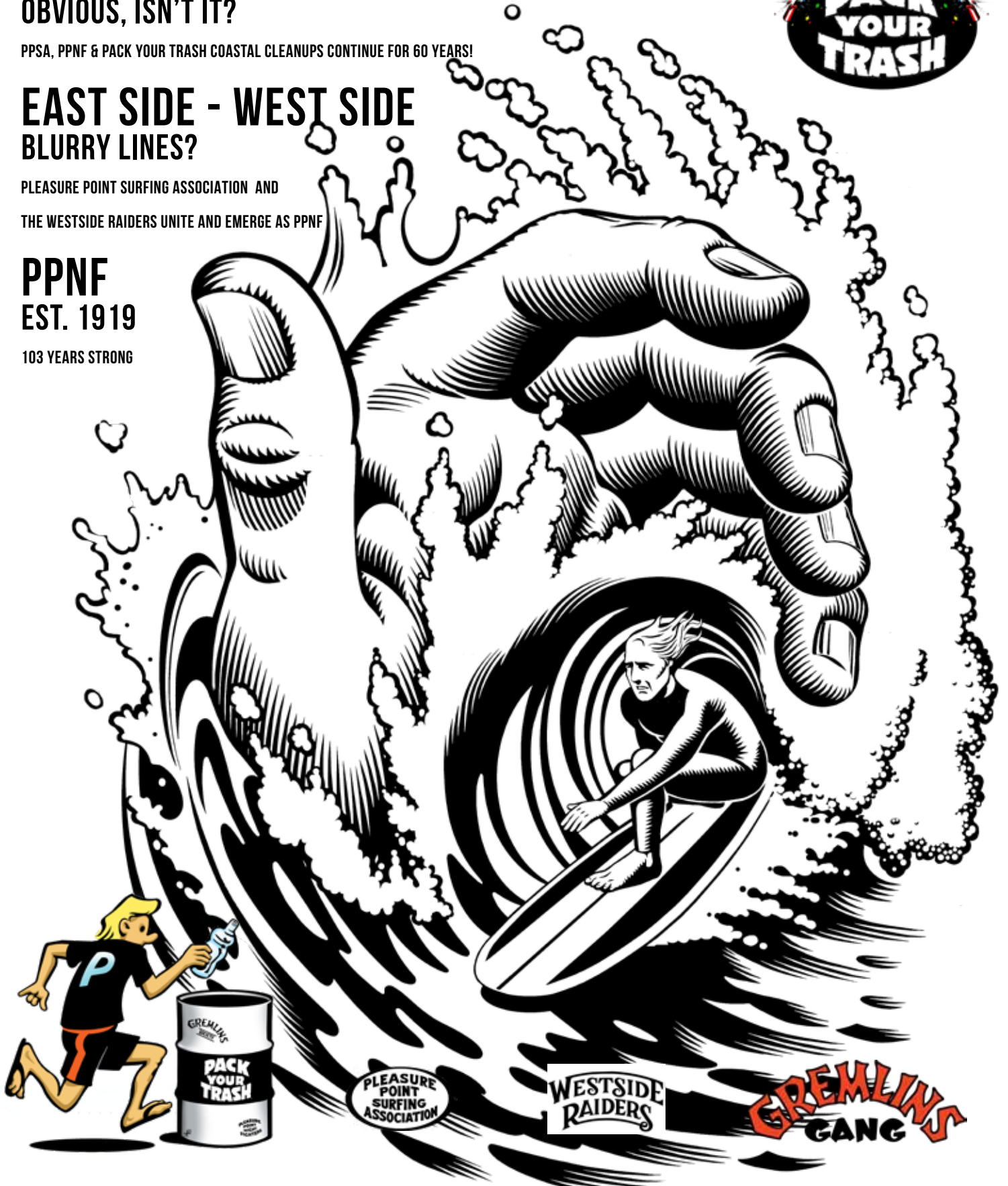
PPSA, PPNF & PACK YOUR TRASH COASTAL CLEANUPS CONTINUE FOR 60 YEARS!

**EAST SIDE - WEST SIDE  
BLURRY LINES?**

PLEASURE POINT SURFING ASSOCIATION AND  
THE WESTSIDE RAIDERS UNITE AND EMERGE AS PPNF

**PPNF  
EST. 1919**

103 YEARS STRONG

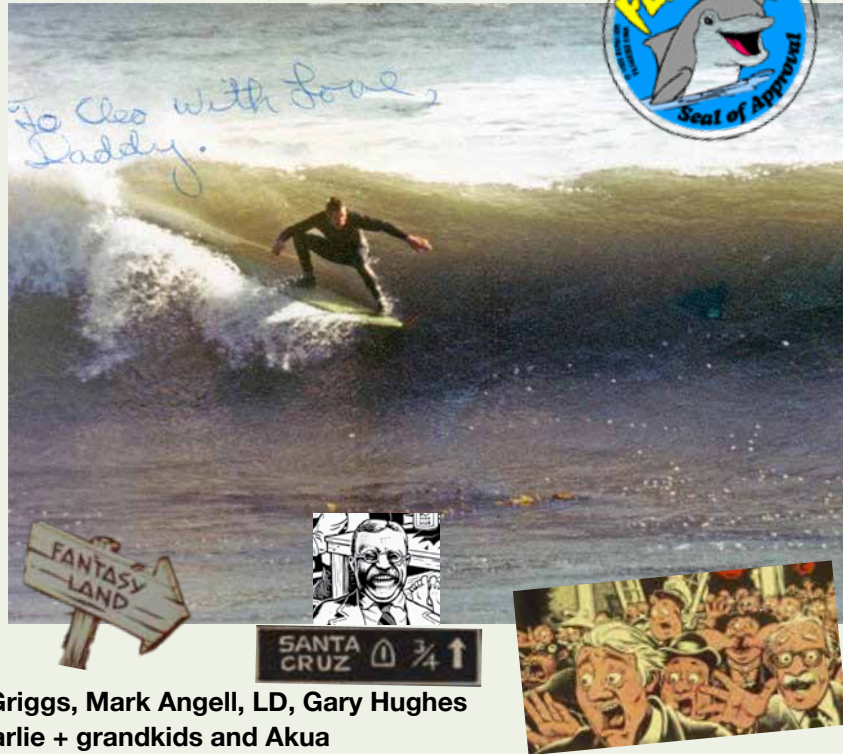


Aloha.

Robert Shaw in 2008 noted: "Jimmy and Harry's brilliant idea to put together a magazine that gives a "VOICE", as it were, to various people in the area. You can submit an essay, or statements, or a poem, or even a local picture and it might get put in the Voice; and that really gives the community a sense of participation in the whole thing and a lot of people who would never really have the energy or the time to put out their own words into something else possibly...really get a chance to VOICE themselves. I think that is such an input to the neighborhood that everyone really gets a big thrill out of this - and can't wait for the next issue."

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah... we know the world is crumbling and the economy is in the crapper....just hoping "you" are going to appreciate this and want something to fawn over in your grubby little hands.

**Coming Soon:** The Shaping Room + Enticing Zoo: Creatures and Animals of the World, and Interviews (with "you know who",) also 1st Amendment to the Second Power: a talk on rights, regulations and the Law of the Pack...



# Staff

- Big Chief + Editor:** Harry Conti
- Art Critic:** Jimmy Phillips
- Clerk + Spyboy:** Paul Clark
- Associate Editor + Flag Boy:** Bob Shaw
- Coach:** Leland Lane
- Commodore:** Ravi Dog (Ravioli Shankar)
- Contributors:** CK, Gene Hall, Dr. Bill Coyle, Dr. Gary Griggs, Mark Angell, LD, Gary Hughes
- Our family:** Dolly, Jimbo, Orion, Maya, Isis, Erica, Charlie + grandkids and Akua
- Steering Committee:** Tom McClaren, Jim Wales, Ray Conti, Moose, Melvin, Glennie, Marty, Kent Fishburn, Bruno Flake.



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This magazine contains material that may be offensive or feather ruffling to nearly everyone in one way or another: Not PC. The content should not be considered as medical, legal, psychological, or professional advice. Expect hints of: conflicting philosophies and philosophizers, gutter people, cultural appropriation and appreciation, and Q-E. Literary licenses may apply: oxford commas, simple punctuation, dangling okina's, hana bada, and colloquial banter. May inspire: pearl-clutching, panhandling, bookmaking, or high-stakes gaming (including dominoes), and birth control or baby-makin'. May cause: euphoria, dyskinesia (or datkinesia), myopia (or youropia), leaky bottoms and tops, fainting, regular or irregular heart rhythms, and unresponsiveness. If symptoms persist please see your doctor or acupuncturist. Other concerns: our printer Johannes mentioned some "morally reprehensible" slime molds, spores, and bacteria growing on his paper stock (we only got a mild rash).



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**PLEASURE POINT NIGHT FIGHTERS**

THERE IS A BATTLE TO BE FOUGHT

Be Forewarned and Armed in your spiritual conflict.

Be strong in the Lord and in his mighty power. Put on the full armor of God, and take your stand against the devil's schemes.

For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the powers of this dark world, and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms.

Therefore, put on the complete armor of God so that when the day of evil comes, when you have fought to a standstill, you stand your ground. After you have done everything, take your stand.

Stand firm, with truth as your belt, with the breastplate of righteousness in place, and with your feet fitted with the readiness that comes from the gospel of peace.

Take up the shield of faith, with which you can extinguish the flaming arrows of the evil one. Salvation is your helmet, and in your hand is the sword of the Spirit: the Word of God.

Pray at all times with every kind of spiritual prayer, keep alert and persistent.

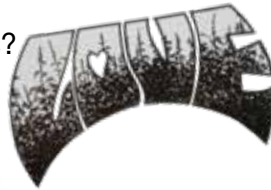
# The CHUMLINE



Aloha PPNF VOICE from Maui, Hawaii, Great pictures. This brings back the old school days. Remember - loose lips sink ships. I grew up around these guys - same with **LD (Larry Daniels)**, **Harry** and of course **Ray**. Once I know the year, then I know where I was... Either on the Pleasure Point, or 26th avenue, or most likely in Capitola. I love these old shots. Never forget **The General**. We were all so tight, and I was so young. Always liked the great surfer girls **Tammy Patton** and **Lauren Shipley**. Ahhhh, to drive around in the convertible with surfboards in the back. Yeah, great surfing girls; some were all staying around 37th, right between the hook, the Roadhouse and the big two story next to that. Those were the best days of our lives, just wild, and all the open fields and orchards. We did a lot of packing trash on 26th avenue. Took it real seriously. You know, some of us 26th avenue boys..., we have our own point of view on these things. But **Simon**, at **Kong's Market**, always did had the best egg rolls ever. Always traded fish and **Sherry's** wife would always make us homemade Vietnamese food (I think it was). At the back door we'd always have credit. Those days don't exist anymore, only greedy people do! Mahalo to you, just too amazing! I always respected my elders, especially... Just wanted to thank you for your honesty. It was always a pleasure,... but those were the tough times for all of us. But you take care of **Harry**, you are an icon and a legend. I miss every bit of that. But life changes and so did I. Aloha, **Paul F. Pelkey**

Dear Paul,

I have a Strong Memory of the Good Times?  
Time is not my Strong Point  
Mahalo, **BIG CHIEF CONTI**



Ode to Schreiber: PPNF Sergeant at Arms. By Jimmy Phillips

Marty showed up at a grange hall meeting the place was packed with limited seating.

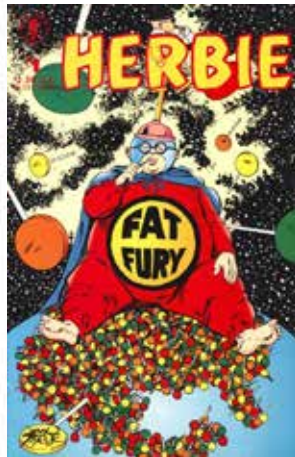
He spotted a piano and beside it a stool. So Marty pounded out some tunes really cool.

Boogie Woogie was his forte, and it made the crowd all want to stay.

After the show my car wouldn't start, and here again Marty showed his heart!



Have you guys seen a chumline go by here?





# What IS PPNF?

*New Wave, Old Wave...It's Your Wave.*

The Pleasure Point Night Fighters are a community service organization founded in 1919 that operated as a volunteer fire department, parks department, and police (aka vigilantes). The PPNF charter was the "The Code of the West", due to the fact that THEY WERE THE LAW. Two rapists had violently attacked two girls at Pleasure Point Park. The perpetrators were caught by PPNF members, stripped naked, and hanged in San Jose Park. The PPNF also landscaped and maintained a 5-acre park that stretched from Moran Lake to 41st Avenue with federal and private funding.

**Jim Phillips** was instrumental in forming local surfing clubs with a focus on competition: The Santa Cruz Gremlins Society in 1961 and The Pleasure Point Surfing Association in 1963. The club placed their first community trash cans, repurposed from 55-gallon resin drums, along the cliffs of East Cliff Drive with members regularly emptying them and paying the dump fees.

The PPSA created a float for the 1965 Miss California parade fashioning a huge black & white crepe-paper trash can placed over a VW Beetle with "Keep Your Beaches Clean" across the can. They placed first in the club division. The PPSA clubhouse was the infamous Harbor House and scene of its notorious summer-long parties and paddy-wagon loads.



Above: Fishburn's Woody at Paradise Frontier Days Parade. Notice Dutro in the back totting a shotgun. PPNF Parades continued at the Begonia Fest in 1983.

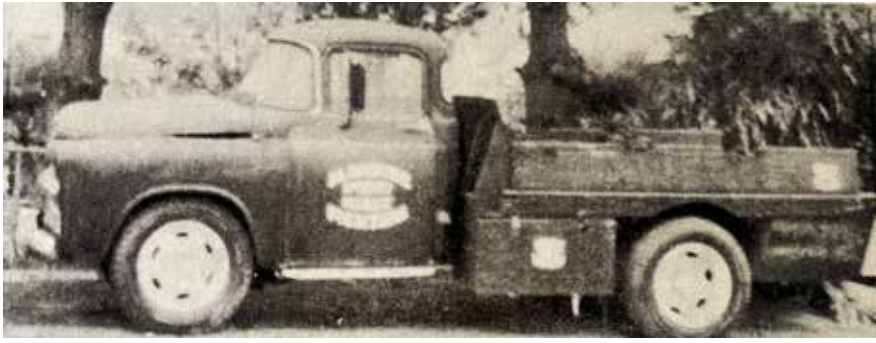


In 1980 **Harry Conti**, a member of the Westside Raiders surf club with Ohlone Indian roots, proposed resurrecting the club to **Jim Phillips** as the Pleasure Point Night Fighters. At **Conti's** behest, **Phillips** created the PPNF logo akin to the style of the PPSA logo. A renaissance in surf culture emerged laying the foundation for the tight-knit organizational and dominant structure that exists today.

With **Phillips** and **Conti** at the helm, PPNF stayed the course adopting the trash program established by PPSA. Phillips created a graphic for "Pack Your Trash" featuring the "Geek", a clueless trasher. **Conti**, with encouragement from surf legend **Jack O'Neill**, made the first batch of 11-inch bumper-stickers, and "Pack Your Trash" began.



# PPNF and Pack Your Trash



Conti and Westside Raider president **Tommy Ralston** took over the trash can maintenance and set up a free garbage service, the cans emblazoned with the distinctive black and white "Pack Your Trash". The first females joining PPNF choose their own moniker the "Pleasurettes".

PPNF entered a float in the Capitola Begonia Festival in 1983, "The reaction from the crowd was worth more than first place". In 1985 PPNF helped the Sheriff's Department locate the Pleasure Point rapist's escape routes through underground drainage pipes. PPNF members chased the rapist into the culverts where the police were eagerly awaiting. During the 1990's PPNF leadership with **Ray Conti** presented a series of Pack Your Trash environmental education programs for middle schools speaking to thousands of students.

In 2004 **Harry Conti** joined the board of Save Our Seas Hawaii to expand the Pack Your Trash message to Kaua'i with festivals, conferences, K-12 school programs, and coastal cleanups with Surfrider that continue today. In 2014 PPNF gathered at the Coconut Grove for the PPNF Retirement Crew Party which included art, history, classic surfboards, local non-profits, and live music.

PPNF tradition includes holding numerous activities including costume balls, beach cleanups, gang culling, Surf Fairs, plus harbor house and beach parties. The lore, events, and public services of the Pleasure Point Night Fighters are legendary. Currently, PPNF is taking off on a wave of global unification. New events and programs continue to unite the past, present, and future. Join us for upcoming celebrations and promotions!



PPNF have chapters located throughout the USA, Hawaii, Mexico, Europe, South Africa, the Caribbean, Australia, New Zealand, Central and South America, and much of the South Pacific. These chapters provide a global communications network for members and their peers in this close-knit group. PPNF maintains a union with Santa Cruz's Westside Raiders to promote East-West unity. We are all one. There are an estimated 1 million members...all behind in their dues. Funding for PPNF is a private and personal obligation for those who care enough to want to change the course of history. The PPNF aquatic brotherhood stabilizes unity with law enforcement and promotes vestiges of chivalry, surfing without leashes, and a tradition of self-dependence and individualism.

PPNF Charter: We the people of Camp Earth, to enhance a more perfect coastal environment, enforce justice, keep peace, provide for defense, ensure supplies, and protect freedom for future generations, do ordain and establish this the Pleasure Point Night Fighters.

PPNF shall uphold truth and justice for a better tomorrow. Furthermore, Night Fighters are (generally) trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent. PPNF members maintain patriotism, valor, fidelity, positive vibrations, an optimistic viewpoint, and obey the LAW OF THE PACK.



Party 2014  
Coconut Grove



# Just Have Fun By CK



My family were first-generation surfers, so we were always at the beach. What was my first wave,... my first tube ride? I can't remember because I was taught to walk on a surfboard, as were my brothers and sisters. My name is **Karl** and I was born into the **Van Dyke/Gustafson** family adopted later by **Chuck Gallagher**. Our mother, **Gretchen**, was never supposed to have children and she had five, me being the oldest. Her brothers, **Gene, Fred, and Peter** were surfers of the early fifties. My loving sister **Karen** got the cover of Surf Guide magazine in 1964 with the now-famous surfboard made by **Dale Velzy** in his garage in Capistrano Beach.

By age four my folks bought me a 9' 2" green **Hobie** board with a yellow racing stripe. My friends and I would wait for low tide and it would take two or three of us to carry our 40-pounders down to explore the tide pools in our growing independence learning the amazing new world of the ocean. I was a little HoDaddy with so many other children blessed to have grown up in this little nirvana of the surf world.

Finally, at age five, I got a 7' 2" built by **Jack Haley**. By age six I was ready for my first surf contest. My friends scrounged up a dollar and entered me. I was astounded at how big those waves were. HUGE! I was slipping on the paraffin wax, and took a twenty-footer into the shore break with the fin crunching the last rocks on the shallow bottom: clunka, clunka, clunk! I came in sorta crying and remember the words..."If you're gonna be a baby and it doesn't make you feel good, then don't enter." My heart

kinda broke because I lost, but I was so happy I got a surf medal that I wore religiously around my neck with a **Saint Christopher**.

Surfing was fun, always fun. I had a poster of my **Uncle Fred** on my wall where he inscribed, "Dear **Karl**, Save your money, study hard, and one day you can come

over and surf with me. Love, **Fred**." At age seventeen in 1975, I did surf with him at Waimea with all the greats,. I fit more with the Pipe Underground than the surf star parties. I was more interested in surfing strange third reef waves, away from crowds and the Kodak spots to challenge myself against the menacing ocean. Don't get me wrong. I did finally win a few contests - but my sister **Karen**, and my brothers **Kirk** and **Chris** all did better in contests. "Just have fun," was the echo from my past, the sound of joy, the laughter, and smiles far outweighed the echo of the horn blast for the beginning and end of a heat. The time with only **God** and myself, thanking He who gave me the ability to ride waves, was always greater than having my name in the winners circle.

I loved those beach days of yore, loved the friendships that have spanned decades and two centuries now. Always happy to see what the PPSA and PPNF started all those years ago. Pack Your Trash kids, and leave the beaches cleaner than when you arrived.

**(TO BE CONTINUED)**



The Wireless Coconut is the PPNF VOICE magazine's "gossip column" since the FALL/WINTER Issue in 1987. We offer any 'small-timers' the opportunity to become 'BIG-timers'. No need to keep the truth or a good story a secret; let everyone\* know the unknown!! We invite you the public: the people...to fulfill your destiny.

EMAIL: [voice@packyourtrash.org](mailto:voice@packyourtrash.org)  
Postcards and alms acceptable

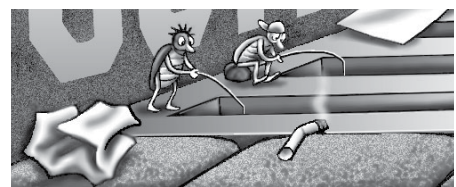
**Gossip:** Word is, at the Pleasure Point Night Fighters first official meeting, talking out of turn, **Tony Mikus** says "I move that any member of PPNF that says the name **JuJu** (real name redacted for monetary reasons) will be fined and must pay a \$5 fine. Does anyone, second the motion?" Every single member at the meeting raised their hand and yelled out "yay" in 20-part harmony. The President, **Joe Kienholz**, announced "PPNF's rule number one of the charter, voted unanimously, has passed: the name **JuJu** is officially a \$5 fine!" **JuJu** is rumored to have moved to Hawaii and changed his name.

**(TO BE CONTINUED)**



Be Forewarned and Armed  
in your spiritual conflict.

Nothing is covered up, that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known. Therefore whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear: in secret places, in closets, shall be proclaimed upon the housetops.





**Harry Conti** was paying for gas on his spiritual birthday at the Mini Mart in Kilauea town (Kaua'i) and ran into world-famous **Mark Angell**. **Angell** confirmed, to the brutally handsome **Conti**, that "Santa Cruz is the original Surf City." (Both **Harry**, native Ohlone, and **Mark**, from a first settler family, originate from Santa Cruz.) **Angell** has fond memories of his Soquel Drive board shop with Pleasure Point Surfing Association member **Tom Kienholz**. **Angell** also shared a shaping room with **Dick Brewer** and his idol **Mike Diffenderfer**. **Mark** has shaped over 40K boards, has worked for so many surf companies, and continues to shape. **Brewer** and **Angell** are spectacularly nice Kaua'i PPNF members and iconic surfboard shapers.



**Stay Tuned for Interviews!**



**Harry** admires **Dick Brewer's** master craftsmanship while foam particles dance in the shaping room air as we shuffled through inches of debris that got stuck in our slippers (flip-flops). This photo was shot by **Cas Schwabe** while on a Save Our Seas Hawaii video interview with **Conti** and **Brewer** back in 2008 on Kaua'i.

Here's **Dick** shaping a **Buzzy Trent** (big wave surfing pioneer) design "This ones for **Buzzy's** daughter **Anna**, she wants one really bad, just like her dad rode." **Conti** replied "Well, it looks like you got an extra blank!" **Dick** says, "Not really, I knew you would want one, so I ordered that blank for you **Harry!**" (**Anna Trent Moore** is the curator of the **Bud Browne** Film Archives and now oversees a treasure trove of images preserving surf culture and history.)



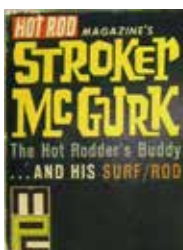
**Brewer** extolled to us in his Kaua'i orchard "If you are worried about the environment, plant a tree...Live your life to the fullest...Get as good as you can get at what you are doing, thats what's life's all about...That brings out the best in all of us. Each of us has our perfect little **Jesus** or little **Buddah** that's in us. We are born perfect." Stay tuned for upcoming interview footage of **Conti** and **Brewer** on the PPNF Video Show!



PPNF associates: **Gene Hall, Jimmy Lee, Larry Holter (RIP), Gary Venturini, Lunch Meat** at **Gene Hall's** house circa 2021 - BBQ and wala'au. Photo **Iris Hall**

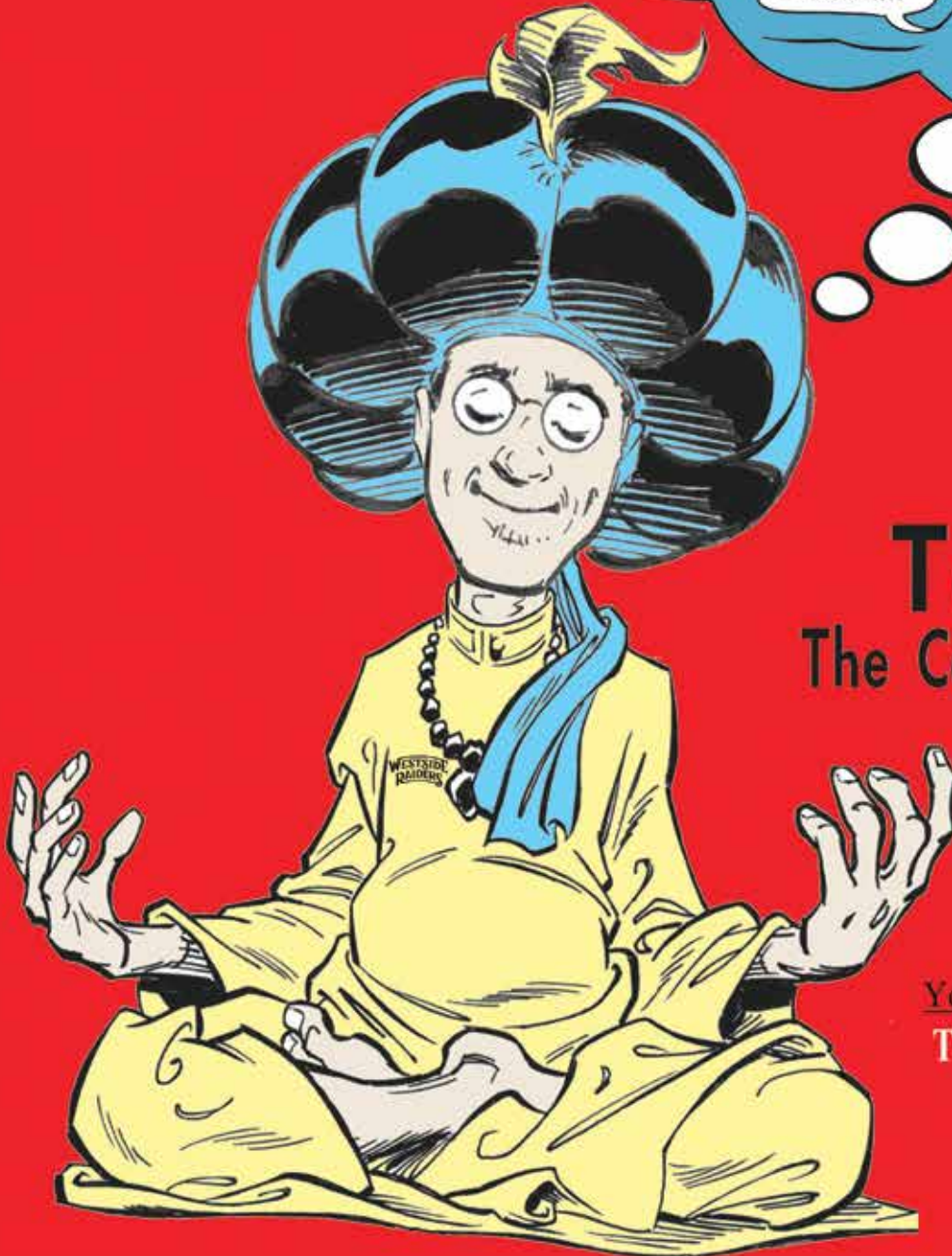
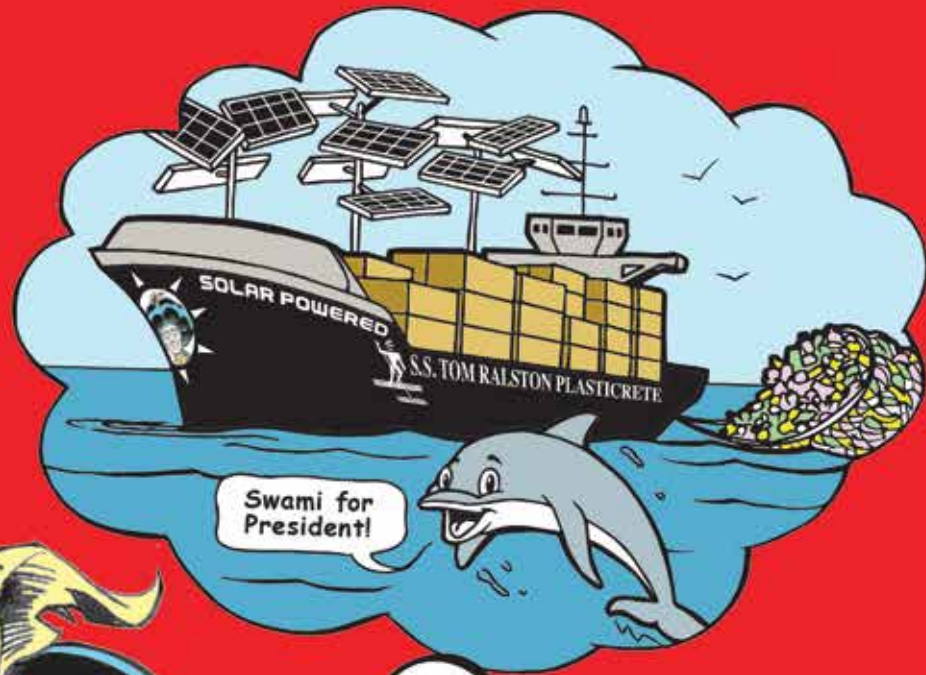


**Gary Venturini** on the nose at Pleasure Point. Photo **LD**



And the Swami's aide asked,  
"Swami, the Plasticrete bidets were big, what's next?"

And the Swami replied:  
"We are going to build  
solar powered Plasticrete  
Cargo Ships. We'll sail the  
Seven Seas, rid the oceans  
of plastic, and make  
Plasticrete on board  
the ships."



## Tommy The Concrete Swami

You can find him meditating here-

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**WESTSIDE  
RAIDERS**



TO BE... OR NOT TO BE

# THE WORLD POET-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

10 ROUND TITLE BOUT

No Town Cryer  
No Parchment  
Live ONLY



The New Globe THEATRE

Friday, JUNE 24th  
at noon

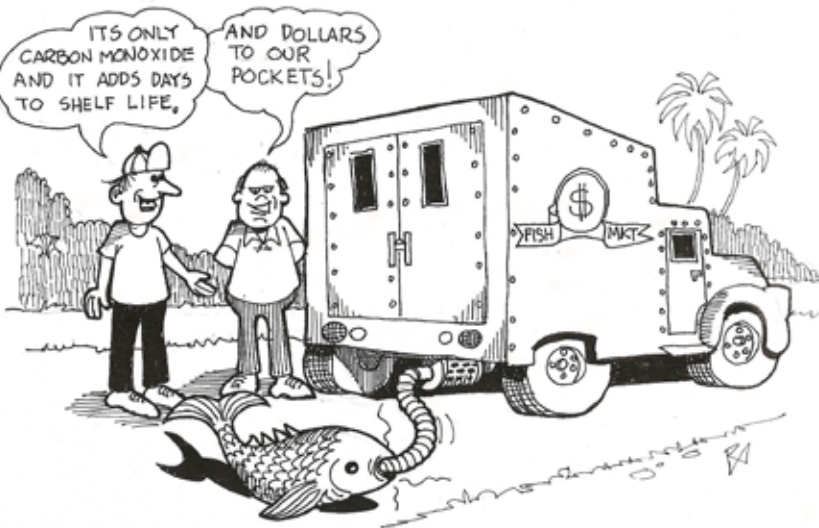
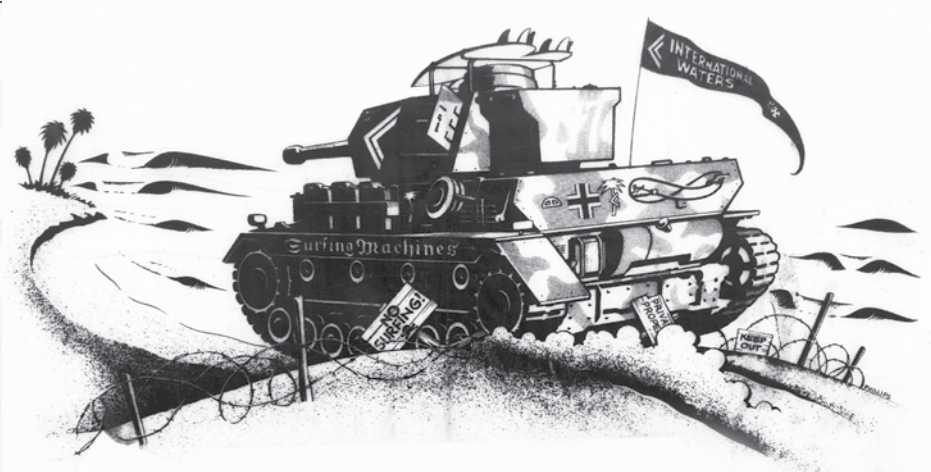
**WILL SHAKSPEARE**  
Current Title-holder - Stratford

**VS**  
**EDWARD de VERE**  
Challenger - Hackney

ALSO FEATURING & SEMI-FINAL POET-WEIGHTS

(honest) **BEN JONSON** vs (dead) **KIT MARLOWE**

FIRST BOUT 4 p.m.	TICKETS AVAILABLE AT	NEW GLOBE THEATRE	BOXES REPORT POLITY PACKETS	TYPE RESTAURANT	AND IF ALL OTHER SERVICES AND ALL STAYS	£50.00	£30.00	£23.00
						£15.00	£10.00	£7.00



TRUE BOOK BONUS **THE HELL SURFERS**  
"A weirdo gang of thrill-seekers on a sin and crime rampage..." —The Record

JULY **FOR MEN ONLY** 40¢

From the \$5.95 Shocker  
**"I Am A 'For Millionaires Only' Call Girl"**

PROFITS: \$4 BILLION . . . TAXES: \$0  
**Sickening Scandal Of Our Fat, "Free Ride" Oil Companies**

COMMANDER "BULLETS" HAYS **LONE WOLF ACE THE NORTH VIET CAN'T SHOOT DOWN**

Yank Who Raided The Island Of **"PASSION HOSTAGES"**



**MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED**

15¢

APRIL

Bill Proppert's Surfboard  
See Page 74

McCAHILL TESTS WORLD'S HOW TO FIND 60 BILLION



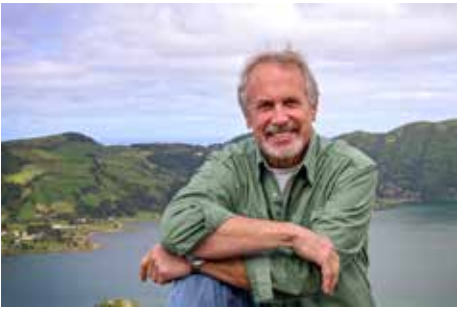
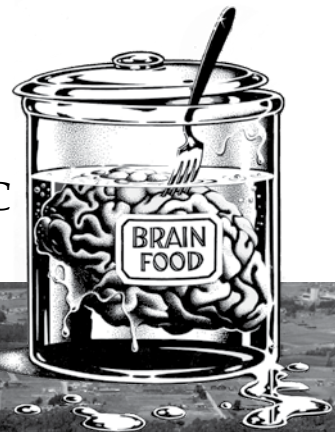
"Everything we call real is made of things that cannot be regarded as real!"

~ Niels Bohr

# SCIENCE FOR ANY OCCASION

Article No. 358 - Excerpt: *Plastic on the Shoreline and in the Sea*

By Gary Griggs PhD. Director Institute of Marine Sciences UCSC



An Earth-changing development took place in New York City in 1907 when plastic was first synthesized. It had all the right properties for a huge range of uses, including lightweight, flexible, strong, moisture resistant, relatively inexpensive, and a quality that has plagued us ever since, durability. This

stuff just doesn't break down, decompose or go away very quickly. Throughout the 20th century, the development and use of new kinds of plastics and new products and uses proliferated rapidly.

The widespread use and then disposal of plastic as well as other debris now contaminates the oceans far from land, and also every coastline on the planet, from Alaska to Antarctica, Madagascar to Mexico, and Taiwan to Tahiti. Sad but true. With the durability of plastic beverage bottles, plastic bags, detergent and food containers, we believe that about 60-80 percent of all marine debris in the ocean is plastic. Despite a gradually expanding effort to reduce plastic use and consumption, single-use plastic bags and water bottles in particular, globally we produce about 360 million tons of plastic annually, without about one-third of that going into disposable, single use items. Estimates are that about one percent is recycled globally, with most of the rest ending up in landfills, or often transported or blown into coastal waters or into rivers that empty into the ocean.



An estimated 9 million tons of plastic waste gets into the ocean every year, which is the equivalent of a garbage truck full of plastic every minute! Every minute, 24 hours a day, and 365 days a year! If present practices continue, the quantity of plastic getting into the ocean could reach 58 million tons per year by 2030, about half of the total weight of the fish caught annually from the ocean.



Gary: "this was my first car, a hand me down from my parents, a 1949 Chevy, and then my second, a 1951 Ford, not nearly as cool as the 1948 of my brother...although mine didn't look this clean"

While cleaning up beaches is helpful and beneficial, the ultimate solution to the problem of plastic proliferation along our shorelines and in the oceans isn't clean up and removal, but in prevention - cutting off or eliminating the plastic, Styrofoam and other marine debris at the sources. It means taking every action necessary to keep the trash from getting into our rivers, waterways, and oceans to begin with.



Additional investigation of the plastic and other particles revealed that as this material breaks down and degrades, it releases an entire cocktail of constituent chemicals that may prove to be harmful to marine organisms. Some of the debris is also absorbing or concentrating other contaminants in seawater, chemicals like DDT and PCBs. This makes these small particles more dangerous when consumed by animals throughout the food chain, fish, turtles, marine birds, seals, sea

lions, dolphins and whales.

Despite the best intentions, cleaning up plastic from the middle of the ocean is extremely unlikely to ever be successful. We need to focus on other approaches: cutting plastic off at the source, reducing our use of plastic of all types and recycling all that we use. And this will take a global commitment, but we can set an example for the world...

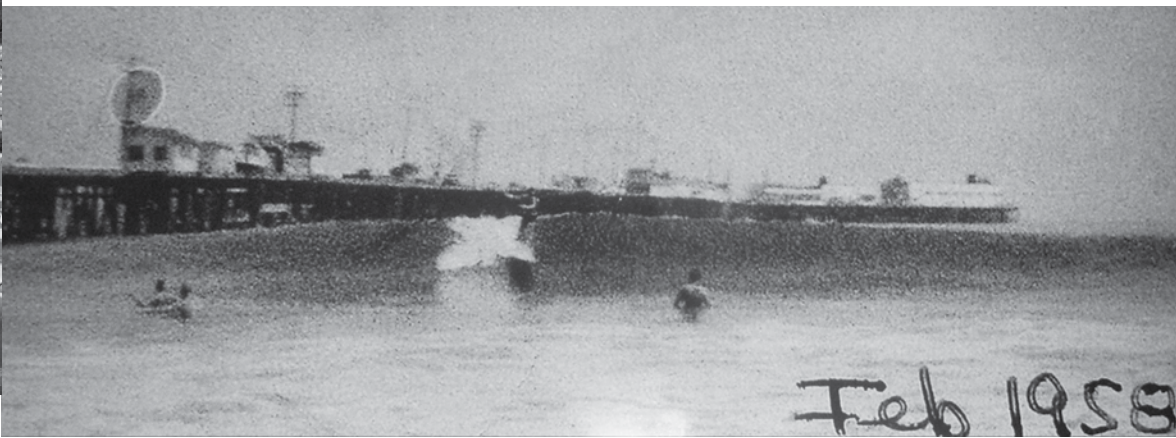




Johnny Rice, George Kovalenko, and Mike Winterbourn were the first to bring hot-dogging to Santa Cruz.

# SANTA CRUZ-NORTHERN OUTPOST

Kovalenko '58



## The Fabled George Kovalenko By Harry Conti

George was born in Russia: at that time & place ~ Russia was a poor & warring country with ever-changing violent & bloody revolutions ~ all were fighting each to DEATH! No one was safe! The streets of Russia were littered with Dead & Rotting Corpses! George's parents came from a wealthy family that lived in constant fear of being killed by the revolutionary soldiers. At a

very young age, he was enrolled in a Zen Buddhist monastery; they believed George would be cared for and well-educated there. To make sure Little Georgie was safe, they donated a LARGE sum of money to the Zen Buddhist monks! His

parents, not so lucky, were killed in the middle of the Russian turmoil! George was very young & very lucky to leave Russia and live in a peace-loving country. Living the life of a monk was not always easy, but in the long run,... it looked like his destiny. When he was a teenager, war was coming to Tibet. China was on a mission to conquer Tibet. Tibet's first step was to move the Dali Lama to safety! Then the elder monks decided

to arm all the young monks. Each young monk was given: 2 robes ~ 1 beggar's bowl ~ 1 samurai sword ~ 1 pistol ~ 1 rifle ~ 1 bandolier full of pistol bullets ~ and 1 bandolier full of rifle bullets. They bandoliers were worn criss-cross over their shoulders atop their robes. The young monks wanted to stay and fight. Yes, they did.

The elder monks said: NOW GO! That they must stay and die with the monastery... it was their destiny. They ordered the young monks to follow the sun, on foot, to safety. The Chinese proceeded to destroy the monasteries to flat Earth. In other words, they turned it into the rest of China, which is nothing... barren land. The young monks set off westward, towards the sea.

{TO BE CONTINUED}



Kovalenko holding drinks and Dave Pussinger waxing pseudo poetic.



Mike Winterbourn of Santa Cruz surfs at Pigeon Point, one of the popular Santa Cruz spots. The photo shot was taken at Pigeon Point on Mike's surfboard in front of a rock. Using the rock Mike employs a hand-to-foot technique in order to quickly grab and save the board in case the wave breaks some more.

### TOES IN THE NOSE



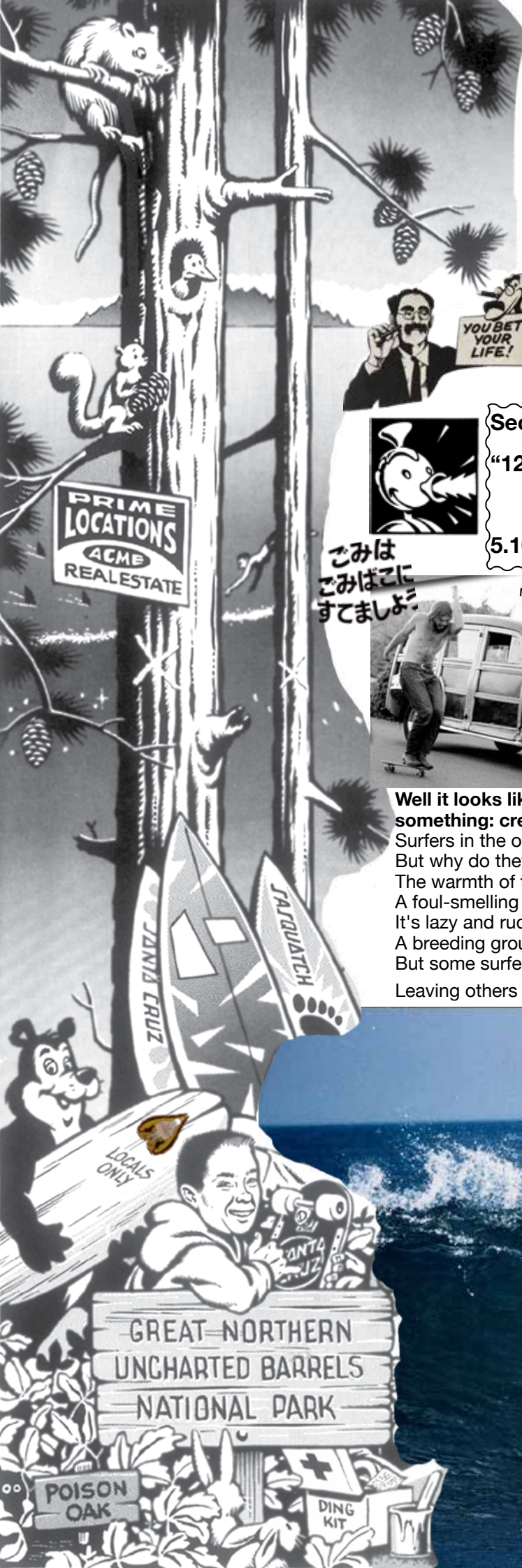
Johnny Rice, Laniakea 1962



"A Mature Man Will Never Remain a Hot-dogger."

BY SAM REID

SURFER Vol.7 no.4



CRYPTO-CODE

A	B	C	D	E
5	11	19	6	13
F	G	H	I	J
22	15	7	20	17
L	M	N	O	P
12	25	8	24	14
Q	R	S	T	U
26	10	23	2	4
V	W	X	Y	Z
3	16	21	9	18

Secret messages will be transmitted



KUPONKA CAPTION.



Secret Message:

"12.20.3.13---12.20.1.13---9.24.4---

5.10.13---6.9.20.8.15"



こみは  
こみはこに  
すてましょ。

Michael Riley



RECYCLE



Well it looks like Ai Chatbots are good for something: creating poems...

Surfers in the ocean, so carefree and wild,  
 But why do they pee in their wetsuits with such guile?  
 The warmth of their urine, a sickly sweet sensation,  
 A foul-smelling soup, a gross abomination.  
 It's lazy and rude, a disgusting display,  
 A breeding ground for bacteria, no way to play.  
 But some surfers don't care, they'll do as they please,  
 Leaving others to suffer, their urine-filled seas.



Doc Stockton

# Global Warming

Have you been losing sleep lately due to the threat of global warming? Have you been wondering if you've picked up enough of other people's litter to somehow stem the tide of human detritus before it buries us alive in our own waste deposits? Have you worried that maybe the rest of the world isn't paying attention? Or doesn't care enough to get involved?

Well, you can stop worrying. You shouldn't, you didn't, you haven't and they aren't! I just came back from a surfing trip to the second and a half (not quite third) world of Costa Rica, (spell that America's 51st State) and Boy Howdy! There ain't no one picking up a bit of litter there, and the prevailing wind spells diesel, not Mary. Far from the vestiges of civilization, on the Punta Banco, down near the Panamanian border, the beaches were littered with plastic bottles, plastic wrappers and plastic bags, along with every other kind of trash in the book.

I toyed with just trying to clean up one small stretch of beach, but realized that I was nearing the end of this lifetime and would need several others (if you buy into that stuff) just to get things groomed on that little spot, and then only if nothing else new washed ashore, ever. Let's face it, the bazillion folks behind you aren't paying the least bit of attention to anything

besides The **Kardashians**, or the newest kidnapping, so let's just try to get it over with as soon as we can. The only cure to mankind's woes is the eradication of mankind. Stop with the panaceas. Stop with the fear. WE, yes we, are the cancer, not industrialization, not commercialism, not even the last long

list of "environmental presidents." I bet you all have TVs, computers, radios, and non-hybrid automobiles.



Maybe even polyester or epoxy surfboards. Enjoy them, there may be a day in the future when they'll be unavailable and you'll be very sad they aren't. Keep your neighborhood straight. Do your personal best. But the world is too big to change. (or is it?)

## Hele on Bobba



<The **AMAZING ALI BOBBA, HEALING WIZARD**>  
 Rule #1: Only Super Heros Need Apply!  
 Rule #2: We Specialize in Super Evil Heros!  
 10% Discount - this is a Limited Time Offer.

**Otto & Jeanne's Surf Shop** Front Street. **Otto** played professional baseball for 11 years and later acted as a scout for the Washington Senators. Many, many Santa Cruz surfers got their starts riding boards rented from **Otto** at his Front Street shop.



# SANTACRUZ GREMLINS SOCIETY



By Jim Phillips

“One Easter week a beer can war erupted from our side and the sandy cove next to it. One of the Gremlins had snuck over and snagged some baby oil,…”

My folks house was on Marilyn Street. I used to carry my board through the back field, cut through El Rancho Shopping Center and walk down 38th. It seemed like the shortest route and my balsa wood surfboard was heavy. Also, **Larry Holter** lived down near the end on Floral Court, and he was one of my main surfing buddies. I spent a lot of time there near the stairs which was the main access to the Hook and Sharks without going down the steep muddy cliff, and we commonly went out to Inside Pleasure there. The old wooden stairs also accessed the cove beach between the Hook and 38th, which was the main beach of Pleasure Point, so it was like a hub for many surfers. **Johnny McCombs's** grandfather owned an apartment complex near there at the first East Cliff address, so Johnny was frequently around also. Across the street, and past the lot now known as the Dirt Farm, was **Skip Theberg's** parent's house which hangs over the cliff, currently the home of **Jack O'Neill**. We gave **Skip** plenty of grief when we were surfing 38th and his **mom** would come out on the deck and yell, “**Skippy**, lunch is ready!”, We would razz him as he paddled for a wave in. **Dennis Lowell's** parents lived in the first house down on 38th after the empty lot on the corner. He had a little shack out back which faced the lot and the ocean and **Dennis** had it fixed up like a **Moondoggie**-style surf shack. He kindly let me and a few others treat it as a home away from home before and after



Theberge, S.



Skip surfing

surfing. He had some yellowed and ragged surf pictures from a Southern California newspaper called the Surf News, which was the only surfing publication we saw at that time before **Severson's** book *The Surfer*. Around that time some of our high school friends drifted from Cowell's to 38th because of the more frequent summer waves, so our small group grew with the likes of Little **Joe Harris**, **Denny Cox**, **Ronnie and Dickie Lindsay**, **Tony Mikus**, and **Tommy Hickenbottom**.

There was a disparity between the older crew of Pleasure Point surfers and us kids they referred to derogatorily as Gremlins, and we often suffered under the pecking order so it was natural that we grouped together as there was safety in numbers. We decided to form a club called the Gremlin Society and I was enthused enough to make hand-drawn t-shirts. I gathered shirts from whoever I could get them from, and took them home. My **mom** had a box of fabric pens which she let me use. They were tubes of colored ink with a ballpoint nozzle, which was the only choice as felt tip pens were yet a few years away. I made “Gremlins” in big red spikey letters rounded across the top and “society” in black below that. Underneath I drew some gremlin surfers running around picking their noses, and I made all the shirts similar. The shirts gave us some cool identity, and **Tommy Hickenbottom's** history book *Santa Cruz Surfing* refers to our

club as the first surfing club in Santa Cruz since the 1940s era Santa Cruz Surfing Club, which was centered at Cowell's.

**Gene Echiverria** was a much older tanned beefy tattooed ex-Marine but he was sort of an outcast and found comfort in the company of us Gremlins. Sometimes our loud mouths would get us in trouble with older valley surfers and **Gene** would intercede, getting in between or worse, causing the valleys to back off. Naturally, we made him president of the

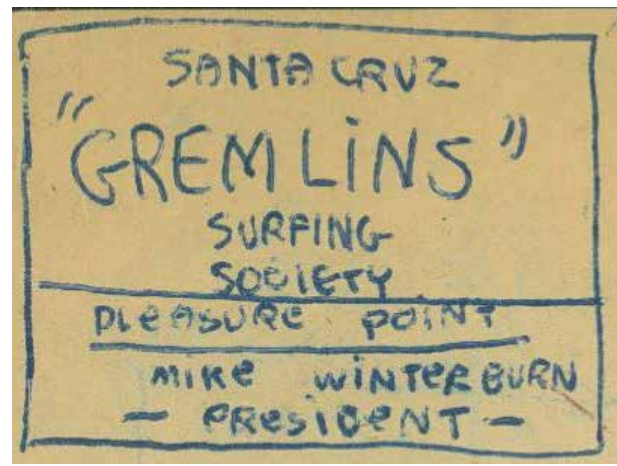


Gremlin Society, and that gave us great courage to be worse loud mouth mischief-makers than we already were. Especially **Denny Cox**.

We surfed the first peak at 38th Avenue known also as Inside Pleasure. Directly in front of the surf spot was a rock ledge below the cliff. We sunned there and watched our friends surf, and we referred to it as Gremlin Corner. Towards the back of the ledge was a huge pile of rusted beer cans, about five feet tall and fifteen feet wide. At the time I thought they had all been drunk there, but I guess that someone had just dumped a truckload of them over the cliff. One Easter week a beer can war erupted from our side and the sandy cove next to it. One of the Gremlins had snuck over and snagged some baby oil, which beach-goers commonly used as sun tan lotion, and wiped it all

over their surfboards while they were away. It was hilarious to watch as the surfboards became as difficult to carry as wet bars of soap, and impossible to surf on. They retaliated by lobbing one of their beer cans at us. Of course, we had the master pile of cans and ours were rusty to boot. So we lobbed a few back, which were returned in suit until a full-bore bombardment ensued lasting a good half hour.

One day we came to Gremlin Corner and discovered that someone had thrown a toilet over the cliff onto the pile of rusty cans. We tipped it upright on top of the pile like some sort of iconic shrine. **Gene** used it right away and left a turd in it, which we thought was a fitting tribute. Toward the end of Easter week, we were hanging out at the Gremlin Corner, and a mid-county newspaper reporter came along apparently having heard about the beer can war. We confirmed to her that there was indeed an evil attack by valley kooks and that we rightly defended ourselves. We told her all about the waves there and all of our surf stories. We assumed that she was writing all about our surf club and our glorious surfing pastime. While the reporter lady was scribbling notes, **Gene** happened to walk up and we introduced him to her as our president. He was with some woman we never saw before who suddenly pulled a calling card from her cleavage and presented it to her. I saw the card which announced some sort of prostitution services, which we were quite surprised about and also why she was with **Gene** because there were plenty of loose surfy girls around at Easter week. The reporter took a last look down at the pile of beer cans, obviously saw the turd inside the toilet, and scribbled some more notes. About a week later the newspaper came out and I obtained a copy. We were shocked when we saw the large photo at top center of the front page with the pile of rusty beer cans and the toilet on top. The story had nothing to say about our surfing, rather it was an expose' or hit piece on the loud mouth radical beach bums who evidently drank all that beer and bombarded the innocent tourists with the empty cans, and used the toilet on top to relieve themselves as prostitutes plied their trade among the degenerate surfers. Our hopes of glory were shattered.



Across from the 38th stairs on the corner of East Cliff Drive, there was a house with a raised lawn inside a 3 ft retaining wall. I found that it was a nice place to sit and watch the surf at 38th, and wait for our friends' surf cars to pass on the grass, which was good to lay our boards on. We were never chased away, in fact, the curtains were always drawn and we never even saw anyone come out of the house. One day we Gremlins were hanging on the grass watching waves and passing cars. A motorcyclist came by, and **Ronnie Lindsay** yells out, "Can you do a wheel stand?" The motorcycle rider stopped and said, "How many Gears?" We yelled, all of them!" So he turns around and rides a couple blocks West, and turns around. He guns it, pops the front wheel off the ground, goes for second gear, and then third. As he was passing us doing a wheelie and the bike rolled out from under him as he was holding the handlebars, which effectively turns the handlebar grip throttle up that he is desperately hanging onto it, so it goes faster and faster. He was running behind trying to regain control of the bike, still elevated in a wheel stand, but then it started heading for the cliff, so he managed to turn the bike and ram it into a parked car to prevent plunging over. The bike rider wasn't hurt except his feeling when the gremmies laughed and howled... But his motorcycle looked mangled as he tried to retrieve some of his parts that were lodged in holes in the side of the car. Just then the car's owner walked up. That was excitement enough and our cue to grab our boards and hit the surf.



**JOIN THE NEW GREMLINS GANG AT PACKYOURTRASH.ORG**



Secret Message: "19.5.25.14---13.5.10.2.7---,

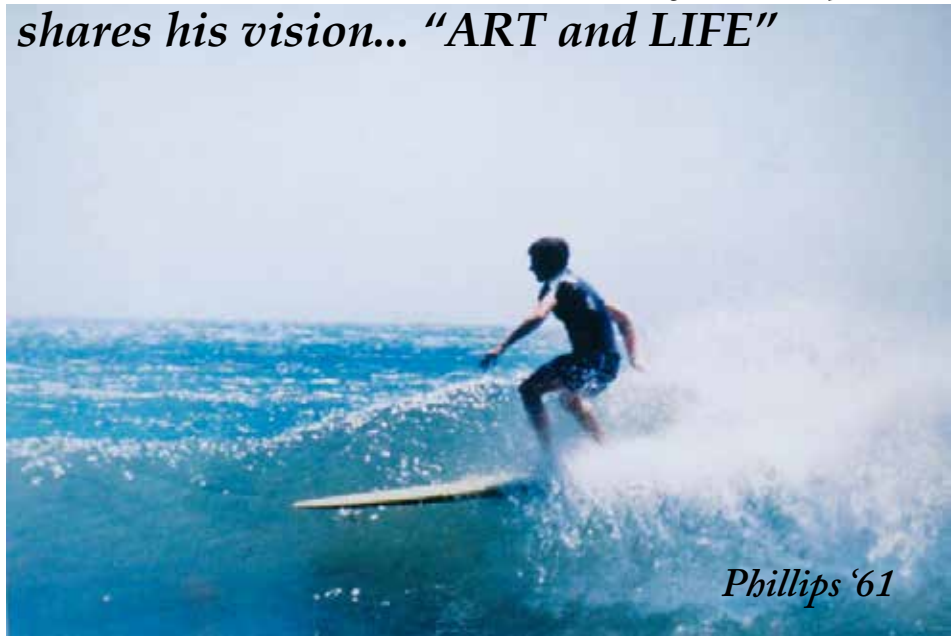
13.3.13.10.9.24.8.13---15.13.2.'23---

2.24---15.24"





**PPNF VOICE Art Critic, Jimmy Phillips shares his vision... "ART and LIFE"**

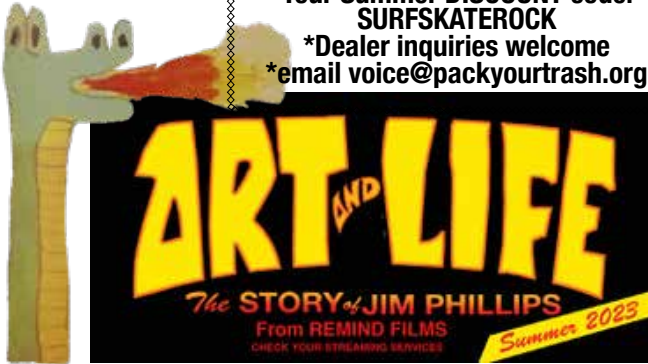


**The Skateboard Art of Jim Phillips**

This retrospective of Jim's skateboard art bombards the reader with colorful decks, logos, ad art, ad layouts, photos, and stickers to illustrate the history of skateboarding, from the urethane revolution to the present. Take a ride with an inside view of Phillips Studios. The story traces the roots of skateboarding with more than half a century of Phillips' involvement. Size: 9.0in x 12.0in | Pages: 208 | Binding: Paperback / softback

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**"At the end of his ride' he'd take his 40 pound surfboard and kick it in such a way that it flew 20 feet up in the air and landed behind the wave, that way he didn't have to chase it into the rocks and he could swim back out as fast as he could and get right back on his board. The Jimmy Phillips Flyaway Kickup was a thing of beauty to watch."**  
**Robert Shaw Esquire**

**Surf, Skate & Rock Art of Jim Phillips**

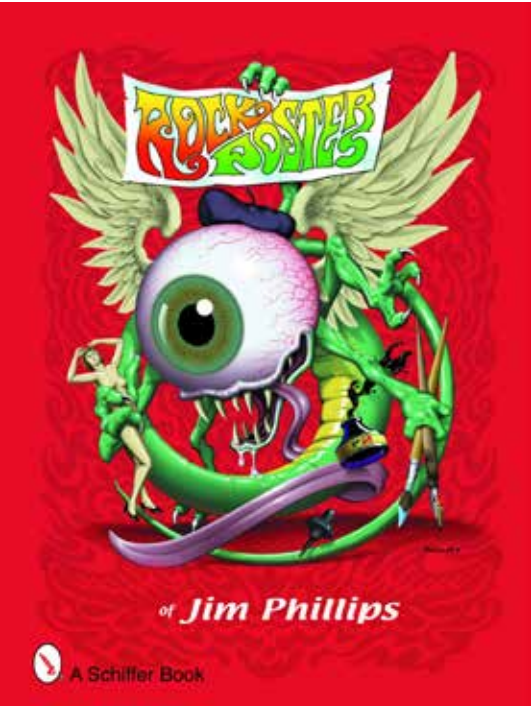
Thousands of artistic graphic illustrations, from motorcycles to health food and including rock posters, surf, and skateboard art, jump off these pages. Bold and dynamic in bright and startling colors with incredible detail. The works assembled for this book, from collections world-wide, represent over fifty years of creativity and document the powerful youth movement in America. Size: 9.0in x 12.0in | Pages: 208 | 937 color illustrations, Binding: Paperback / softback



**"I'll tell you about Jimmy Phillips... That man's brain is fizzing with rabies... That guy can fill up a drawing faster than Harry can fill up the urinal at the Catalyst.."**  
**Ali Bobba**

**Rock Posters of Jim Phillips**

This retrospective brings insight into hundreds of stunning rock posters by Jim Phillips made over 40 years, from 1965 to 2005, and counting. Phillips tells his life story and how the posters record an evolution of Rock Age music. Containing iconic images that advertise concerts featuring both emerging and established musicians, this collection will delight and astound you. Size: 9.0in x 12.0in | Pages: 208 | Binding: Paperback / softback





PPNF  
**NOT APPROVED**



**skate  
THROUGH  
Life**

The spry Lee "Magnum" Strom barefoot at the park



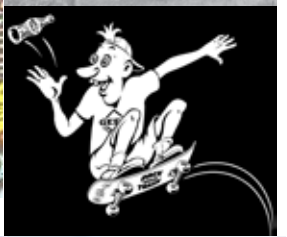
Nemo ollie over SK8 Betty. Photo By Bissell



Local LAUNCH BREAK at Sergeant Derby Park



Pro Keith Meek and Moose at the PPNF Retirement Crew Party - Coconut Grove 2014



Jesse and a rad KSO skater on the AHCP half pipe and a young, Zero shirted, Dylan Jaeb with serious air off the jump ramp in 2016.



# Pack Your Trash

Daddy was a garbageman.



ごみは  
ごみばこに  
すてましよう



和菓子-菓  
251-0032 藤沢市片瀬3丁目5-26  
**IKKA**  
Japanese sweets  
Wagashi  
片瀬江ノ島  
一菓  
PACK YOUR TRASH  
3-5-26 Katase Fujisawa  
251-0032 Japan  
@wagashi\_ikka

Daddies.

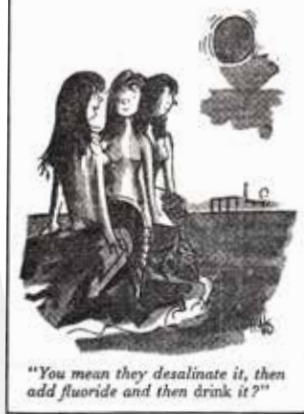


Daddy's Daddy.



(SCLU event)  
**SANTA CRUZ SURF CONTEST**  
PLACE: STEAMER LANE  
DATE: SATURDAY and SUNDAY - APRIL 22, 23, 1966  
TIME: 6:00 A.M. to 2:00 P.M.  
TOPSPONSORS:  
SANCTIONED: U.S.A. SPONSORED: U.S. DEPT. PARKS AND RECREATION  
**DANCE**  
PLACE: SANTA CRUZ CIVIC AUDITORIUM  
DATE: APRIL 23, 1966 TIME: 9 TO 12 P.M.  
TWO GREAT BANDS  
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JACK O'NEILL SURF MOVIE FROM 7 TO 8 P.M. - SEPARATE ADMISSION

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Bob Pearson salutes Conti packing trash at a cliffside BBQ at Pleasure Point circa 1985.



SURF IN MIND

# GREMLINS GANG MEMBERSHIP



**Gremlins Gang Charter Member 2023:**

\$50 - That's FIFTY BUCKS to be a Lifetime Member!

Membership certificate, "Member" shirt, Stickers, 1-year mail subscription to PPNF VOICE.

All members receive discounts on Pack Your Trash events and gear. JOIN US at [www.packyourtrash.org](http://www.packyourtrash.org)

The Gremlins Gang is the environmental club of Pack Your Trash. Gremlins (Gremlins Gang members) of all ages are enlisted to conduct environmental activities that promote stewardship of the land and the sea.

Historically Gremlins are mischievous creatures known to cause trouble for Royal Airforce Pilots as written by Roald Dahl. Gremlins, gremmies, grommets, or groms in "surf lingo" are kids that want to surf like their idols: the pro surfers or the big kids. The Gremlins Society was founded by Jim Phillips when he was learning to surf as a kid with his friends which laid the roots for the Pleasure Point Surfing Association and then the Pleasure Point Night Fighters. The Gremlins Gang of 2023 protects land and waterways that all lead to the sea (and might even cause trouble for litterbugs): Pack Your Trash is their motto.

Gremlins Gang events include: beach cleanups, science education outreach, surf movie nights, dances and more that are part of ongoing fundraising activities for the Museum. \*All Outreach activities include the Ohlone Native American concept of Traditional Ecological Knowledge (TEK) to tie surf communities to native tribes and restoration of the environment along with STEM (science, technology, engineering, and math) projects, and healthy lifestyle activities.



**OPERATORS ARE STANDING BY**



### Secret Message:

"23.2.24.14---9.24.4.10---

23.2.20.8.1.20.8.'---2.7.20.8.1.20.8.'---!"



**Jim Phillips and Jack O'Neill approve.**

Dominoes with PPNF Members **Bob Shaw** and **George Kovalenko** was a ritual to be witnessed. They would spend hours playing while **Bobba** told stories and **George** grunted approvingly. Get the good ivory tiles out and celebrate (yeah, we got it, Not PC). Pictured are the actual dominoes used (an unholy relic) in ritual game playing.



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# PACK YOUR TRASH GEAR 2023



Aloha:

Pack Your Trash © was created by Pleasure Point Night Fighters founders Jim Phillips (legendary skateboard artist) and Harry Conti in 1982. Pack Your Trash has been recognized internationally and continues to be sold worldwide with a specific focus on California, Hawaii, and Japan and is in coordination with Save Our Seas Hawaii.

Pack Your Trash is expanding our market and looking for exclusive partners in unique geographic locations that fit with our vision: style and environmentalism.

Custom branding is available!

Mahalo,

Harry Conti, PPNF CEO [harry@packyourtrash.org](mailto:harry@packyourtrash.org), 808-639-3456

Paul Clark, PPNF CLERK [clerk@packyourtrash.org](mailto:clerk@packyourtrash.org), 808-651-3452

Matt "Moose" Manross, PPNF SALES: [voice@packyourtrash.org](mailto:voice@packyourtrash.org), 303-919-2943

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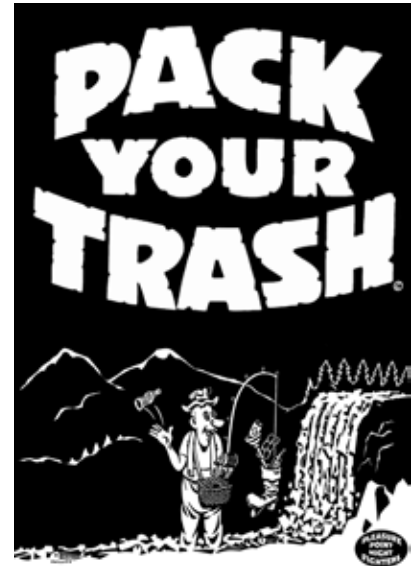


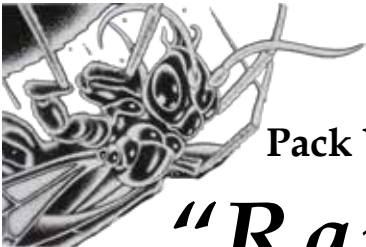


Pack Your Trash Shirts, Clothing, Flags, Stickers and Books.  
Classic designs and Custom Logos  
Surf, Skate, Snow, Fish, Canoe, + Standup Paddle Board.



New graphics, Team logos, and member gear!





# Pack Your Trash School Outreach "Ray and Jay"

Interview with Ray Conti by The Clerk

Back in the day before I became a family man, I was living on 36th Avenue, and right across the street from me was **Jay Moriarity** living with his **mom** and **Stan**. Jay was this little kid and I would always see him walking down the street with a longboard and he joined the longboard club. The next thing you know, he's being sponsored by **Pearson Arrow**. I was like **Jay's** getting really good now! At 16 years old he was training for Maverick's. Then all of a sudden he gets a piece in Surfer Magazine that blew up all over the world - it shows him taking the drop at Mav's, getting pitched and going over the falls - and lived to tell the tale about it! Next thing you know, my little neighbor, who I watched grow up, is a surf star overnight.

**Jay** was elegant. Super clean, really good style. He could walk the nose and hang five, hang ten, hang heels. drop knee,... he knew the fundamentals of old school longboarding, he had it dialed... and as for short boarding, he was really good because he had a good study of the ocean. He knew how to ride a wave, he had that infinite wisdom that really good surfers have with the water...that inner touch with the ocean, like a personal friend of theirs so to speak...

When I was doing school speaking engagements, to over 2500 students in Santa Cruz, Watsonville, and even San Jose, I asked him if he would come talk to the kids about growing up on the Point and seeing Pack Your Trash growing up. I said I know you care about your community and the beaches where you grew up. You are an inspiration to a lot of people...kids especially. He said "Sure!" So we ended up going to Mar Vista Elementary School one morning and Jay and I told the kids what Pack Your Trash was all about.

Most of these kids are really hardcore. They don't tolerate people or their own friends throwing trash, they just don't do it. It also brings tourism into light (negative impacts) and we all say "There are trash cans everywhere, use'em!" At Q & A time - all the kids wanted to know what it was like to surf Mavericks. He was really cool about it,... really friendly with the kids. He always had that sparkle in his eye - "**the Jay look**" - ... really polite, really kind. He's the kinda guy, when you're out surfing, he would let you go - if you wanted the wave that bad.



Pack Your Trash Day at New Brighton Middle School 2002. Neighbor Howie (RIP), Ray, Jay, and Ms. Perrod: an excellent teacher.



**Jay** supported Pack Your Trash. He was just a very giving person and when he passed, it just hit us all... like it was our own son, our own brother... it sucked... for all of us.

**Jay** was a member of PPNF. He and his wife **Kim** are Night Fighters... so good,... I couldn't ask for better club members. All the right elements: a positive attitude, that brought a positive light to PPNF. People had a lot of fear about the Night Fighters over the years, and for good reason,... but at this time we're mostly a surf club - where we still have fun and be "outlaw abiding citizens" as my brother Harry always says. We've always had all kinds of people in PPNF. Law enforcement like **Joe Clark** of the deputy sheriff's department, I've known him since grammar school; **Tony Jack** (RIP), he was a sergeant, and I surfed with him; firefighters, paramedics, doctors, nurses... all the right good people that bring the Night Fighters into a good positive outlook within the community.

Check out the Movie Chasing Mavericks!



Figure 1

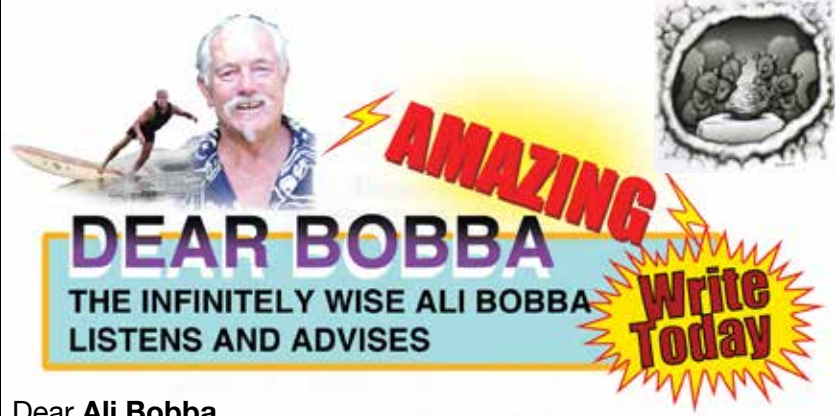


*“The First Wave Of Foam and Fibergalss, SANTA CRUZ, These Were The Days.”*

Excerpts from Gene Hall’s bestselling book:

**Chapter 39: Pleasure Point Nigh Fighters (circa late '70s)** ... When I got to the front of the place, there was a cop car parked sideways in the street at the block. Then a bottle hit it, and I ducked and looked for a safer zone over somebody’s fence. I circled around the street to see what was going on, where the cop was chasing one of the bottle throwers. Seeing that there were no sheriffs where my car was, toward the **O’Neill** house, I bolted to it and drove away, parking on the next street, around the corner. Walking back to the headquarters looking for more fun, nothing was going on; the cops were driving away. **Harry Conti**, looking in complete control, told me, **Tom** and **Nancy** got taken downtown. **Tom** was busted, **Nancy** was underage. I think that this all started at the Hook with a second car pushed over the cliff. The sheriffs had enough of the wild parties and complaints. This was one of the wildest nights, even getting attention in the New York Times – “Riot in Pleasure Point” read the title. I missed most of it up in **Hucks’s** rear apartment. This was when the draft was seriously cranking up, and some of the crew were drafted. Guys would disappear, and two years later come walking up the street. Some wouldn’t...

**Chapter 91: Last Time Around (2016)** The Legends Luau. I called the **Pope**. NO, not that one – the one that surfs: **Peter Pope Kahapea**. I knew he had a lot of contacts from his days as a **Dewey Weber** team writer. A short talk with **Peter** and my invite was guaranteed. 2016, still dripping, wet from a surf at Anini beach, on shore, choppy, wet, fun. Drying off, there’s a call on my new cell phone loudly. I hear, “Where are you?” **Peter** was calling me because the Legends Luau was in progress, and I was invited along with a lot of the famous seniors. I met a lot of surfing pioneers and famous personalities... An impressive list with **Joey Cabell, Kimo Hollinger, Dick, Brewer, Mark Richards, Kenny Tilton, Mike Doyle, Fred Hemmings,**



Dear **Ali Bobba**,

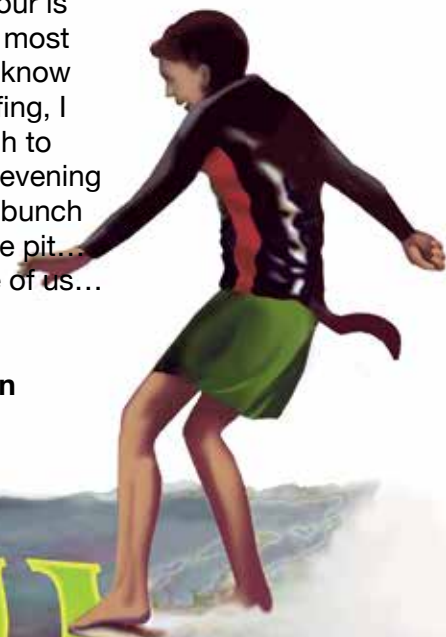
I moved here from the Valley. My boyfriend gave me a little puppy dog that he named **God**. When I go to the 26th Avenue beaches in the afternoon with **God** & my girlfriends, **God** always takes a nap in the erosion boulders that protect the beachfront homes! To find **God**, me & my girlfriends have to run up and down the beaches yelling “Here **God** ~ Where Are You **God**?”. Of course, the tourists think we are crazy! I have asked some of the other dog owners what the dog laws are in Pleasure Point. I get a lot of mixed messages. So, I not only pick up my own dog’s poop, but I pick up anyone & everyone else’s too. **Ali Bobba**, My question is simple: Do I get extra credit dog karma or am I wasting my time?  
Sincerely, **Susie**

Wake up Little **Susie**. You are not alone. It sounds like you, your gal pals, and **God** ~ have a real problem!  
**TO DOO~DOO or NOT TO DOO~DOO!**  
**BOBBA**



and **Jeff Clark** (a more recent celebrity of Mavericks fame). It’s like knowing these people, all my life from the stories and pictures and Surfer Magazine. Then getting to meet them before our final hour is up was fantastic. Knowing that most of the young surfers now don’t know or care about the history of surfing, I hope some of them care enough to read what is written here...The evening ended with a band playing in a bunch of us dancing around a huge fire pit... That was the last luau for some of us...  
**(TO BE CONTINUED)**

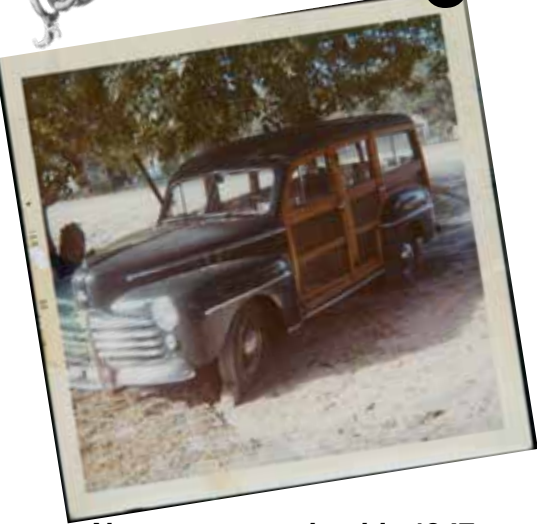
Purchase Gene’s book now on Amazon!



**GENE HALL**



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**Now you can take this 1947 Woody home. Great Shape only \$2999.99.99**

**These car lots opened across the street from each other last month and boy are there some price wars! Get'em while they're hot!**

*Located next to and Sponsored by: Binky's Windmill Candy Store. Pure Delight with a - melt in your mouth - that will satisfy every desire you never knew you had! 13th & Portola Drive (close to Winterburn Surf Shop). The Highway Patrol Man parks his Car there waiting for a drunk Night Fighter to drive by and make his day.*



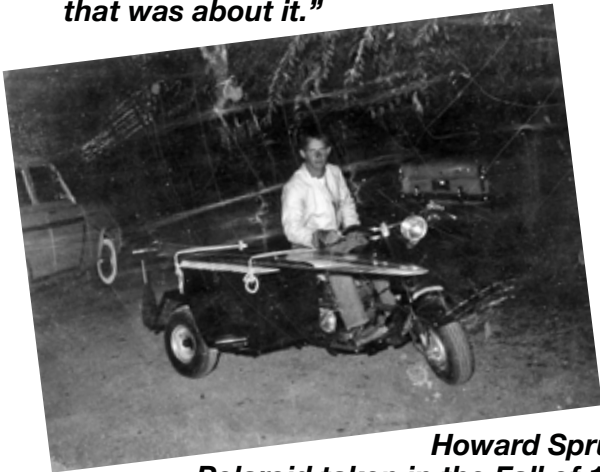
**Johnny Rice with a finely honed engine - no rust. 30% off CASH or GOLD today.**



**This Baby is ready to cruise! Large Rock Not Included. Jeff Thomsen and Jim Phillips at Yosemite. SALE - \$1777.99**

**Rice was born and raised in Santa Cruz. "...Dale's (Velzy) shop after school...I was getting a buck a board sanding balsa. We used the money for gas and beer and that was about it."**

**Hot Rods and MORE at Jimmy's Auto Sales. Here's Tracy flashing chrome in the driveway. \$4242.42**



**Howard Spruit notes: "A**

**Polaroid taken in the Fall of 1957 on the Cushman Eagle and my 9'2" Velzy tied to the top of the side car in Los Gatos.**

**I camped where the "Dream Inn" is now, and or Steamer. This one taken during the summer of 1958 of my 52 English Ford, The 9'2" Velzy and myself". Board not included \$33,333.99 for both.**



**Bill Lewis's Yellow pick-up. Gold Bullion Only for this sweet ride. \$\$\$.** The red building is the backside of Mike & Marys Cafe on East Cliff (50¢ for coffee & 3 pancakes). In later years George Olson sold boards out of there & Suslyn Ebert (married Dick Hack) designed swim wear.



# HARV'E BROS ANTIQUUE AUTO SALES \*EXTRA CHEAP\*

**First Come First Served!\$!**  
**Just look at some of these beauties. All's you gotta do is dump a few measly bucks into one of these treasures and discover the joy,...for real—!**  
**You will be driving a dream come true!\$!**  
**Extra cheap, yet ~ so, so real!**  
**~Yes, of course you have the extended warranty - with ALL the Extras. I promise you will never regret this opportunity. Don't think about it, don't pass this up. This is your one and only opportunity of a lifetime! Yes, Yes, Yes, this is it!\$!**  
**And parts are also available.**  
**Keep the rubber side down Friends!**



**Drive it off "the lot" now! All you gotta do is roll it over and get it out of the water...**



**If any authorities approach you just let'em know you dealt with Jimmy. Jimmy sent 'cha. Oh and here's my 49 Ford V8 Flathead - the fastest one ever made in the 1/4 mile'. I might part with it! No offers refused! Be the envy of all your friends and enemies!**



**The possibilities are endless with wheels like these! Installment plan available. Mike Harrow - Dave and Kathy Sweet collection. Circa 1970**



**I'll sell anything with a motor - this one has some salty valves - but she still smokes and purrrrrrrrrs..."**  
**Bloomington Model JB 100 Jetboard 1965-1968**



**Captain America II is on consignment from these two nice young men that promise this is a dreamy bug free ride. Mike Harrow and Apple cider sipper/ Circa '64. \$6999.99**



**Knock Loudly. I might be "out back": I'm Harv'e Bro, the beau of Clara Bow!**

**H A R V E B R O !**



# PLEASURE POINT NIGHT FIGHTERS

PLEASURE POINT  
CALIFORNIA

MAIN OFFICE  
BLUE FOX  
TIJUANA

JOINT OFFICE  
BITAHOCHÉ  
ARIZONA

## Contribute a story, high-resolution photos, or artwork to the PPNF VOICE Magazine!



- **PPNF VOICE:** A full-color printed magazine to be distributed at advertiser locations and other high-traffic areas throughout Santa Cruz and Monterey counties + Hawaii and Japan.
- Published Quarterly; 30,000+ Diverse Readers.
- Target audience: local community members, active ocean cultures, related lifestyles, and visitors.



**Topics:** Inspirational LOCAL Creative Photography and Stories showcasing anytime in history.

Extreme Sports & Coastal Activities: surf, skateboard, foil, kitesurf, windsurf, diving, boating, adventure, etc.

News. History, Environment, Ecology, Science, Non-Profits Art, Design, Music & Style. Comedy & Satire, Gossip, Poetry, Interviews. Letters to the Editor + Dear Bobba & More.

**You solicit us, we'll solicit you.**

**SUBMIT TO PPNF!**



**EMAIL:** [voice@packyourtrash.org](mailto:voice@packyourtrash.org)



### SPECIFICATIONS

Digital Artwork And Photos = High Resolution - At least 300 dpi.

Digital file types accepted: Adobe (embed files) – PDF, InDesign, Illustrator EPS, PSD, JPG, PNG, TIFF, Word, Pages. All screen and printer fonts must be provided or substitutions may occur. Images from the web are not suitable for printing.

Work should be in CMYK mode. Line Art (Black and White Logos, Type) Scanned at 600 dpi for the best quality.

If you have questions or issues, get tissues... - then - please email PPNF: [VOICE@PACKYOURTRASH.ORG](mailto:VOICE@PACKYOURTRASH.ORG)

Advertiser and Submissions indemnify PPNF and Associated Parties against losses or liabilities arising from this, or any advertising or submission. Payment is due upon receipt of invoice. Revisions are subject to additional charges. Ad(s)/ Submission may appear in an on-line version or promotions. Acceptance of content is subject to the approval of PPNF.

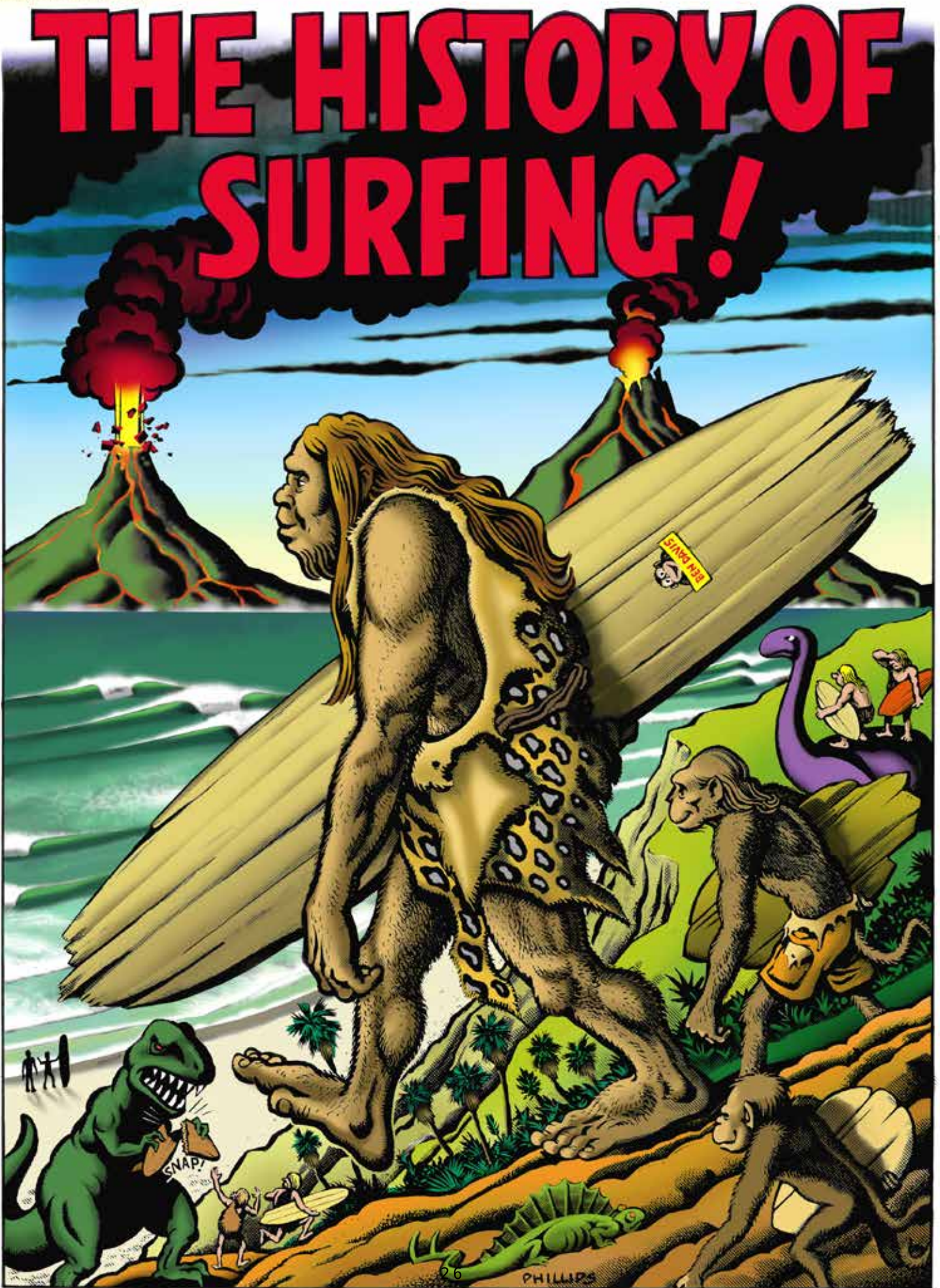
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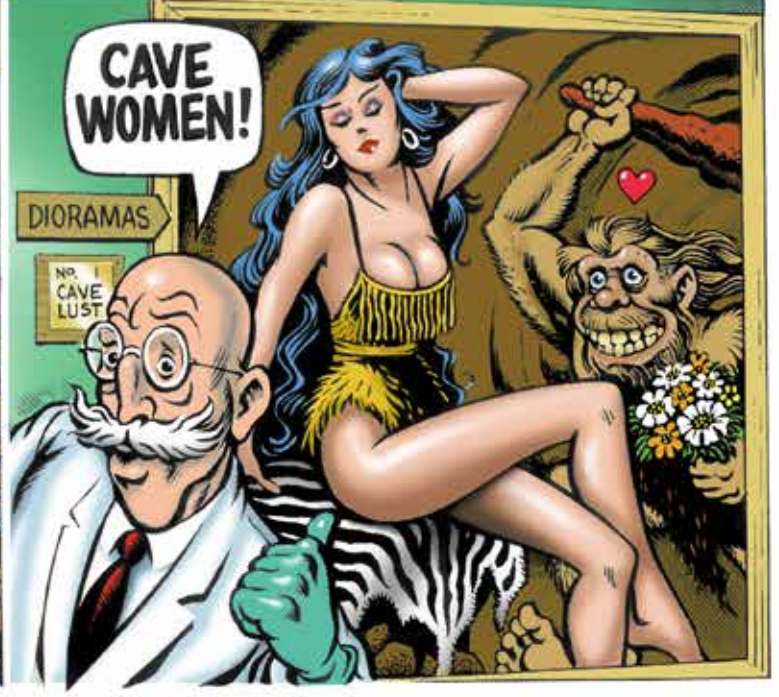
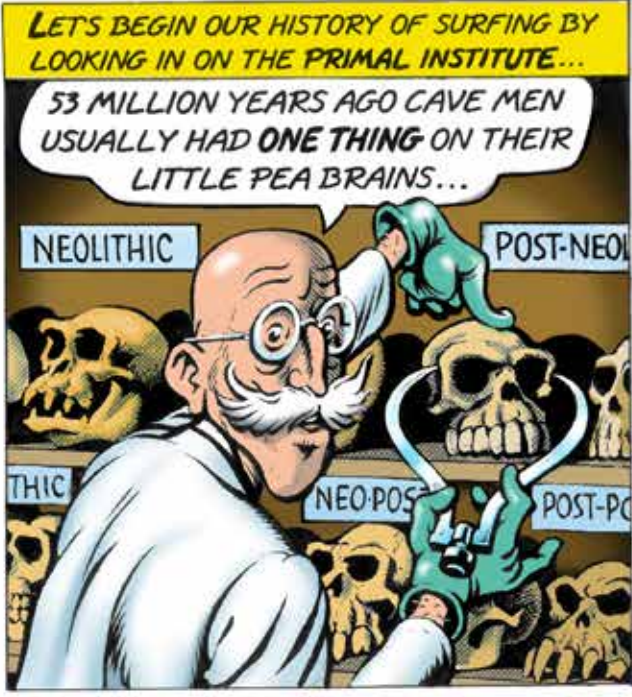


25



*THE DAWN PATROL OF HOMOSAPIEN! HIS EXTINCTION PREVENTED BY LOGIC, REASONING AND INGENUITY! THE THRUST FOR SURVIVAL DREW PRIMORDIAL MAN TO ENACT VERY BASIC URGES, SUCH BASIC URGES AS FISHING AND HUNTING! SUCH BASIC URGES AS CREATING SHELTER AND MAKING FIRE! BUT MAINLY SUCH BASIC URGES AS SURFING! BASED ON INTENSIVE AUTHENTIC, SCIENTIFIC, ARCHEOLOGICAL CONJECTURE, THIS STORY ILLUSTRATES ....*



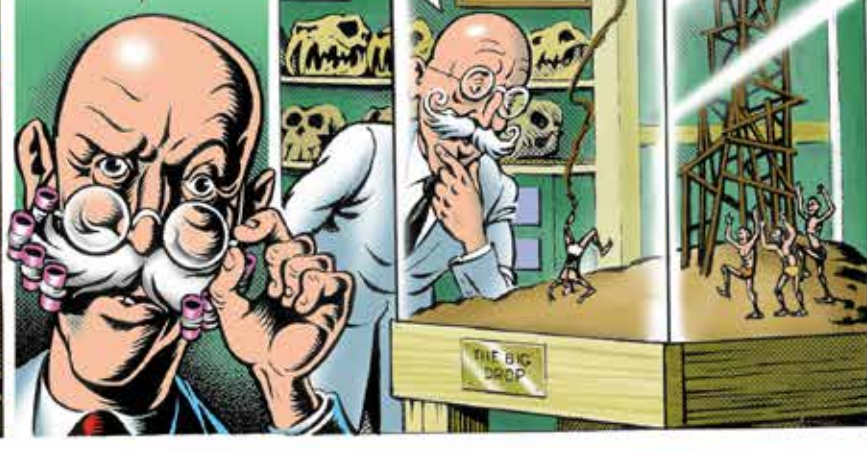


EVENTUALLY, MAN GREW WEARY OF REARRANGING CAVE FURNITURE, LATRINE DUTY, AND OTHER ASPECTS OF DOMESTIC CAVE LIFE!



AS A REFUGE, THESE NEANDERTHALS OFTEN RESORTED TO DIVERSIONS!

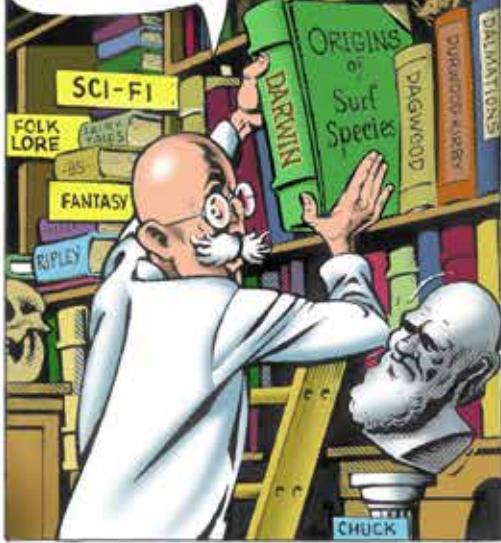
HAVING ONLY PEA-SIZED BRAINS AS THEY DID, THEY OFTEN CHOSE MEANINGLESS NONPRODUCTIVE AND SOMETIMES DANGEROUS ACTIVITIES!



EVEN WITH THEIR LITTLE PEA-SIZED BRAINS, THEY COULD NOT HAVE FOUND A MORE MEANINGLESS, UNPRODUCTIVE AND DANGEROUS ACTIVITY THAN SURF RIDING!



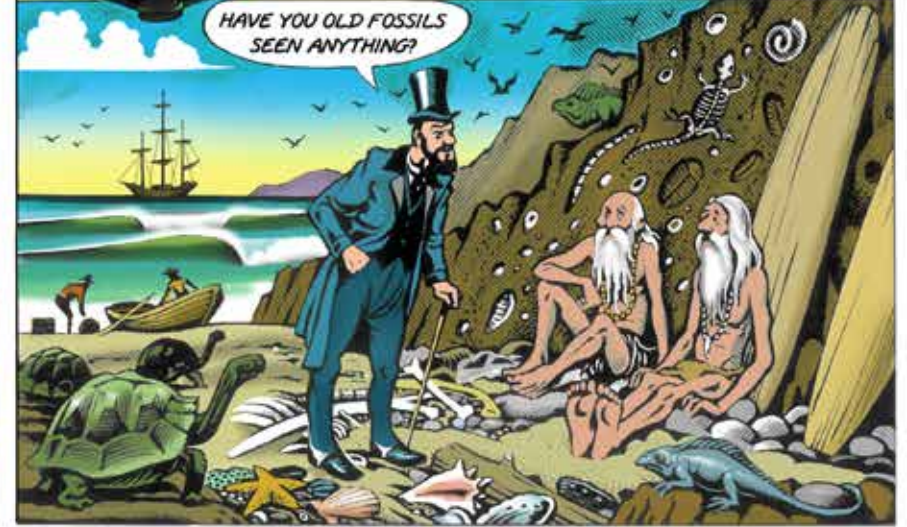
BUT THAT WAS THE HEYDAY! TO EXAMINE THE ABSOLUTE ORIGINAL SURF RIDER WE HAVE TO READ UP ON DARWIN!



IT WAS WHILE ON THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS THAT HE DEVELOPED HIS 'THEORY OF EVOLUTION' BY EXAMINING PECULIAR FOSSILS IN THE TIDAL ZONE!



HAVE YOU OLD FOSSILS SEEN ANYTHING?



"DARWIN CONCLUDED THAT THE FIRST ORGANISM TO RIDE WAVES WAS THE LOWLY AXOLOTL, MILLIONS OF YEARS BEFORE MAN EXISTED!"



"IN HIS DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO EVOLVE FROM THE PRIMORDIAL SOUP, GREAT GRANDPA AXOLOTL CLIMBED ONTO SOME FLOATING WOOD!"



"IT FLOATED HIM TOWARD SOME VOLCANIC ISLANDS AND OVER CORAL REEFS."



"FINALLY, A WAVE PICKED UP THE WOOD AND IT SLID DOWN THE FACE!"

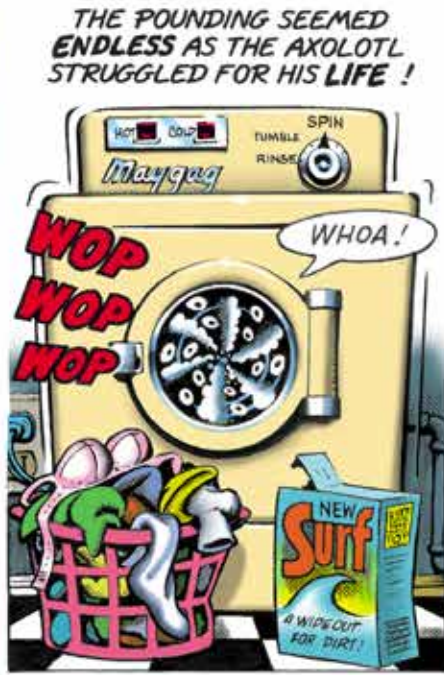


"HE FADED LEFT BUT THEN CRANKED A HECTIC TURN OFF THE BOTTOM!"



"THEN HE PULLED UP INTO THE TUBE AS TONS OF WATER PITCHED OVER HIS HEAD!"







# AD RATES



**DOUBLE PAGE SPREAD WITH BLEED: \$2500**  
 17" x 11.125": LIVE AREA (per page): 7" x 9.5"

**FULL PAGE BACK COVER WITH BLEED: \$2000**  
 8.625" x 11.125": LIVE AREA: 7" x 9.5"

**FULL PAGE INSIDE COVER (FRONT OR BACK) WITH BLEED: \$1800**  
 8.625" x 11.125": LIVE AREA: 7" x 9.5"



*Purchase ads at*  
**[www.PackYourTrash.org](http://www.PackYourTrash.org)**

**FULL PAGE WITH BLEED INCLUDED: \$1500**  
 8.625" x 11.125": LIVE AREA: 7" x 9.5"

**2/3 PAGE HORIZONTAL: 7" x 6.333"**  
**2/3 PAGE VERTICAL: 4.583" x 9.5"**  
**\$1000**

**1/2 PAGE HORIZONTAL: 7" x 4.583"**  
**1/2 PAGE LONG VERTICAL: 3.333" x 9.5"**  
**1/2 PAGE VERTICAL/ ISLAND: 4.583" x 7"**  
**\$800**

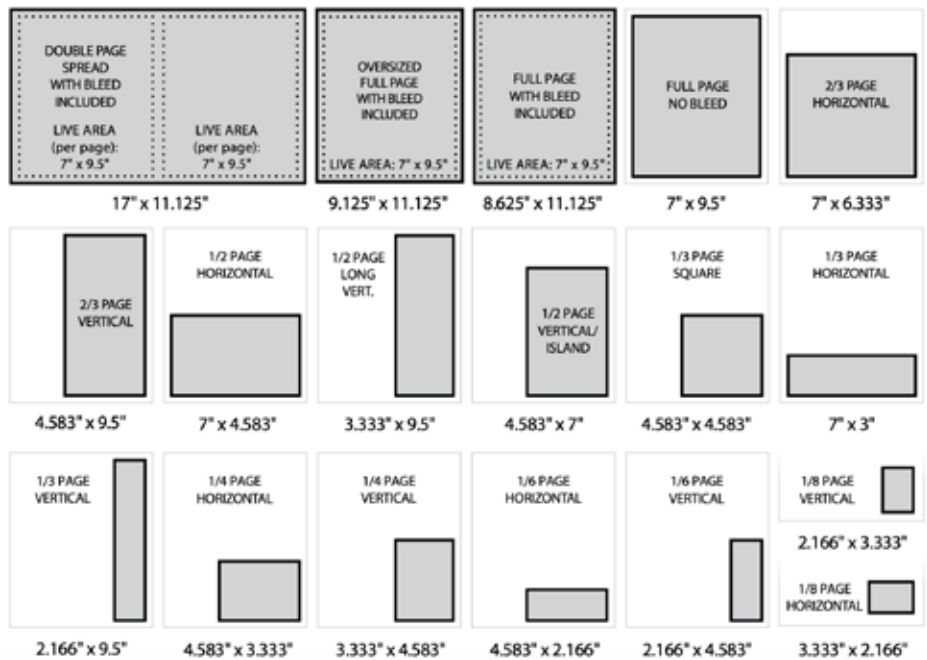


**1/3 PAGE SQUARE: 4.583" x 4.583"**  
**1/3 PAGE HORIZONTAL: 7" x 3"**  
**1/3 PAGE VERTICAL: 2.166" x 9.5"**  
**\$500**

**1/4 PAGE HORIZONTAL: 4.583" x 3.333"**  
**1/4 PAGE VERTICAL: 3.333" x 4.583"**  
**\$400**

**1/6 PAGE HORIZONTAL: 4.583" x 2.166"**  
**1/6 PAGE VERTICAL: 2.166" x 4.583"**  
**\$300**

**BIZ CARD**  
**1/8 PAGE VERTICAL: 2.166" x 3.333"**  
**1/8 PAGE HORIZONTAL: 3.333" x 2.166"**  
**\$200**



**DISCOUNT FOR RETURN ADVERTISERS: 5%**

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# MAHALO PPNF PARTNERS

PLEASURE  
POINT  
NIGHT  
FIGHTERS

APPROVED

Chief: Here's some shots Griffin bought from a great photographer up here named Bob Richardson. That neat curl is at a place called Stockton Avenue and boy, is it hollow! That's Joel Woods really locked in a curl at Shark Cove. The other two shots are of a hot surfer named Gene Hall at Stockton Avenue.



HARVE  
BRO!



From:  
**Pleasure Point Night Fighters**  
**PO BOX 1047**  
**Kilauea, HI 96754**



To:



# SURF IN MIND

