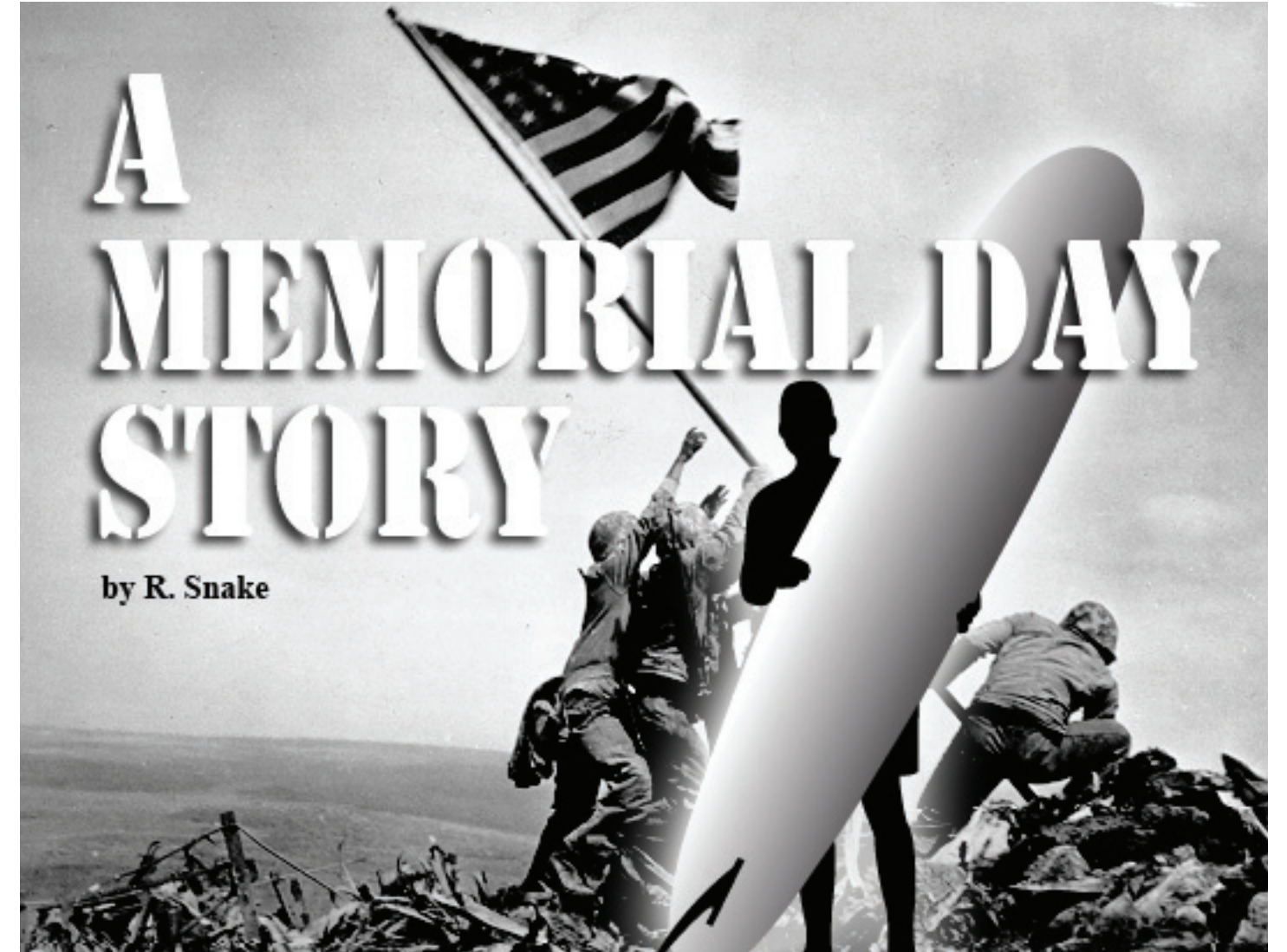


tip*time*

Official Newsletter of the Huntington Beach Longboard Crew



Bill Hopkins Jr.



A MEMORIAL DAY STORY

by R. Snake

Today is Memorial Day, 2006. By the time you're reading this it'll be at least July 4th, but I'm writing this on Memorial Day. If you have been a member of the Longboard Crew for more than a decade, Memorial Day weekends were always spent at Steamer Lane representing Huntington Beach in the Santa Cruz Longboard Union's Club Invitational Contest. This is a significant logistical undertaking for Crew members that requires teamwork, coordination, money, and a considerable advanced planning just to enter a team in the contest and get them there on time. In the hay days of the late 80's and early 90's "longboard revolution" surf clubs from up and down the coast flocked to Santa Cruz on Memorial Day weekend (and still do) for the SCLU Club Invitational. Like "lemmings

jumping off a cliff" (which is a apt metaphor because jumping off the cliff is a great way to get out at the 'Lane.') we would go there to surf with - and against - such longboard luminaries as Dale Dobson, David Nuuhiwa, Mike Downey, Larry Bertleman, Joey Hawkins, Joel Tudor, Steamer Lane Jane, and Danger Woman, just to mention a few of the more colorful names.

The Longboard Crew has had mixed results in the event ranging from our best-ever showing in 1992 (more on that later) to a rather embarrassing outcome last year which is not worth mentioning. And since it's Memorial Day today - when you're supposed to remember stuff - I remembered that I have a good friend, Ray, who as a teenager actually took down a bunch of big-name



surfers in winning the Steamer Lane Contest a long time ago.

In fact it was so long ago that short-boards hadn't been invented yet and anything you surfed on was just called a surfboard. And while Ray received a lot of notoriety and respect because of his victory at the 'Lane' (ie. his picture in Surfer Bi-Monthly etc.) he didn't get much else since professionalism

... When Ray got caught robbing a gas station, the authorities gave him two choices: go to jail, or take an all-expenses-paid vacation to a little known tropical paradise called Vietnam.

hadn't been invented yet either and sponsorship was next to non-existent. What teenaged Ray did get was a coveted membership in the Pedro Point Surf Club, get invited to wild surfer-stomp parties, all the beer he could drink and have as many turns with Connie

and/or Burneeta - who were 'pulling-trains' in the back of a WWII-era ambulance / surf wagon - as he wanted. He basically dropped out of school and spent all of his time at the beach reveling in his status and hanging ten.

Seeing things from my viewpoint, that of a 14 year old gremlin to whom such a lifestyle was mysterious and alluring, and contrasting it with Ray, three years my senior and well established in the pecking order of NorCal beach culture . . . there was a vast chasm between us. He was obliged to victimize me and the other clueless, young grems at the beach with verbal and physical abuse, not to mention robbery and vandalism. Today they might call Ray a gang member, back then he was just a 'juvenile delinquent.' Ray and me didn't get around to being friends until many years later.

So when Ray got caught robbing a gas station, the authorities gave him two choices: go to jail, or take an all-expenses-paid vacation to a little known tropical paradise called Vietnam. Ray chose the latter,

and as evidence that he wasn't a complete nincompoop he requested service in the airborne, reasoning that the strenuous, specialized paratrooper training would serve him well and increase his chances of survival. Turns out he was right.



Without hesitation, he charged headlong at the machine gun nest directly in front of him. Bullets shattered his left arm.

Ray survived for four years in the military and 3 tours of duty in Vietnam. He did low-level jumps out of aircraft at 1000 feet. He would go out on LRPs with near-suicidal frequency. He explained the idea behind LRPs (Lone Reconnaissance Patrol) to me. A lone trooper goes scouting for the enemy beyond the perimeter of the base camp by his lonesome. If or when he encounters enemy forces, they are able to get an idea where the enemy is by which direction the sound of gunfire trying to kill him is coming from. On one memorable occasion Ray's base camp was over run by North Vietnamese. Everybody in Ray's unit was killed. Ray survived by jumping into the latrine and breathing

through a reed. He literally was in the shit.

He was wounded, but had a great time recuperating in Saigon, indulging in the best liquor, drugs and women available. Upon returning to combat duty he found himself, a 19 year old sergeant and grizzled combat veteran. Leading a platoon largely comprised of raw recruits, they were patrolling along a jungle trail. In the course of the patrol they came upon, tied in the trees, the mutilated corpses of American soldiers. They had been tortured to death. The ghastly sight unnerved the more inexperienced soldiers. To Ray's consternation many of them dropped their weapons and collapsed, vomiting on the side of the trail. Then all hell broke loose.

They had walked into an ambush, blundering into the midst of an enemy battalion. Caught in the cross fire of three machine-gun nests, only a few in the platoon had possessed enough know-how to respond effectively to begin with, and most of them were killed outright. The rest of the squad was cowering in mindless fear on the ground just waiting to be killed themselves. Ray had to take decisive action immediately. Without hesitation, he charged headlong at the machine gun nest directly in front of him. Bullets shattered his left arm.

That's when he says things went into slow-motion. Charging insanely, he single-handedly wiped out the enemy gunners with his M-16. Hustling the remains of his platoon into the relative safety of the captured machine-gun nest, he called for an air strike to come down right on top of them. The bombardment lasted all night. When the survivors staggered out next morning there wasn't a living thing or even a tree standing for miles around what was a lush jungle the day before.

North Shore Kauai in the 70's



The damage to Ray's arm was permanent. He would never return to military duty, although that did not prevent him from eventually returning to surfing. This time on short boards. Now married with two little sons, Ray moved his family to Kauai where I had already been living for several years. He remembered 'working' me and my friends back in the day, and naturally we wound up becoming good friends. It turns out that Ray is a talented artist and he turned into a great surfboard shaper as well. We've shared some awesome days surfing together (we're both goofy foot) and he made some magic Hawaiian boards for me. Of course I designed the logo on his boards.

But things still weren't easy for Ray. The war was hugely unpopular and justifiably so. Ray himself was bitterly against it. But many of those in the surfing community regarded Ray as though he somehow was responsible. He was called "baby-killer" to his face and ostracized by

many, except me and his other close friends from Pedro Point. We rallied around him. He carried deep emotional scars as a result of his wartime experiences and eventually was granted a lifetime disability as much for the psychological trauma as the physical injuries he suffered. The government set him up in the surfboard business on the North Shore of Oahu where he still lives.

So now in the 21st Century we're embroiled in another controversial war. Tip Time is not the proper forum from which one should express their opinion about whether today's war is justified or not, but I have seen a couple of clever bumper stickers which maybe put things in perspective. One of them says, "Somewhere in Texas . . . A Village is Missing its Idiot." That one could be open to interpretation. Then I saw this one which requires no explanation whatsoever: "Honor the Warrior, Not the War."



In the tradition of David Letterman, Tip Time is proud to present the Top Ten Highlights of the Huntington Beach Longboard Crew.

Highlight Number 10 - The Museum Pro-Am Surf Contests from 1989 through 1995.

Established with the cooperation of the City of Huntington Beach to raise funds for the fledgling International Surfing Museum, it was the brain-child of Crew President Frank Cochran who wanted to call it the "One And Only." Like in the movie, "Field of Dreams," we built it, and almost every hot longboarder from both mainland coasts and Hawaii appeared in it at one time or another. Huntington's own Joey Hawkins made a high-performance statement in the inaugural event, shocking the world and establishing himself in the professional ranks. And sixteen year old Joel Tudor collected his first-ever winner's check for \$1000.00 two years later. Eventually both would go on to hold World Titles.

Highlight Number 9 - Robin Hauser Surf 'n Bowl.

One day while eating a peanut butter sandwich, Bruce Walczyk collided with Bret Zschomler who was eating a chocolate bar. "You got chocolate on my peanut butter!" exclaimed Bruce. "Well you got peanut butter on my chocolate!" replied Bret. In that instant the idea of combining the sports of surfing with

bowling in a single contest was born, and has become one of the club's favorite fun activities - right up there with drinking beer and farting. The annual event now memorializes standout surfer, pretty darn good bowler and greatly missed friend Robin Hauser.

Highlight Number 8 - The 1986 OP Pro Riot.

Much as we hate to admit it, the Longboard Crew cannot take credit for starting the riot which took place at the 1986 OP Pro (these days we call it the U.S. Open of Surfing.) Back



Mike Minchinton wards off rioters during the '86 OP Pro.

then the Crew hung out in Mike Minchinton's front yard which was behind where Java Jungle is now. There's no use looking for it - new homes have since been built on that site. While the final day of the event was taking place on the south side of the Pier, Crew members would be surfing on the north side and then kicking it at Minchi's pad between sessions. When a column of smoke appeared in the sky from the direction of the Pier, Gary Sahagen, his (six year old) son Jake and Ralph Yeramian decided to go investigate.

From the relative safety of the Pier they observed battle lines drawn behind the grandstands on the beach between outnumbered

police and an angry mob hurling rocks, sand-filled bottles and even molotov cocktails. The smoke was coming from an overturned, burning police car. Just then police reinforcements arrived and the cops started moving on the mob. Almost simultaneously, debris and bottles started raining down on the thousands of observers on the Pier. Panic ensued. Gary and Ralph hustled Jake off the Pier in the midst of a mob and somehow made it back to the Minchinton compound in one piece.

Police loudspeakers announced an immediate curfew and began clearing the streets. Anyone they encountered was arrested. Thousands of people attending the contest or just walking down the street bolted in every direction to escape. Longboard Crew members braced themselves as a frenzied mass of humanity surged towards them. Police could be seen taking people down with their billy-clubs. Just when it looked like the Crew would be over run, the mob miraculously parted right at the boundary of Minchi's yard and went around as though there was an invisible force field protecting the Longboard Crew. Even the police left them unmolested. From the relative safety of the 'compound' Crew members observed the insanity with bemused disbelief. After several hours calm was restored and everyone eventually made it safely, if incredulously, home.

Highlight Number 7 - Pier Paddle Race

Swimming and paddling competitions around H.B. Pier are nothing new, but the Longboard Crew's version was originally held on New Year's Day. This was intended as an appropriate way for surfers to greet the new year after staying up late, drinking and otherwise celebrating the night before. At some point the paddle race was changed to Super Bowl Sunday - probably because only 3 or 4 people were showing up on New Year's Day after partying all night. Wouldn't you know it, they

scheduled the Pacific Shoreline Marathon the same day. Initially this caused conflicts between marathoners and paddlers vying for beach parking. But event planners arrived at an enlightened solution. They enlisted the Longboard Crew to help start the foot race and provided the volunteers with parking passes so that they're free to paddle once the runners are under way. Supposedly, if you ride a bike to the beach, enter the foot race and participate in the Pier Paddle that would make it a H.B. triathlon.



Dave Heddy expresses himself at the San-O-Smash.

Highlight Number 6 - The First San-O-Smash

In 1986 while holding a club contest at Echo Arch in San Onofre, Crew members were so impressed with the quality of the surf and the relative solitude of the venue, that it followed this would be a great place for a beach party. To celebrate the first day of Summer the Longboard Crew established the San-O-Smash held at Echo Arch on the closest weekend, either before or after, the summer solstice. The event instantly became a 3 day affair which turned Echo Arch into Longboard Crew City for that weekend. When Echo Arch was damaged dur-



ing El Nino and closed for a couple of years, the Crew moved the event down a Trail or two without skipping a beat. The main activities for San-O-Smash campers are surfing, eating, and drinking, not necessarily in that order. However, many participants do spend the bulk of their time in the water, surf willing, holding an impromptu all day expression session. For keikis of all ages, Uncle Bruce Walczyk always makes sure there are beach party friendly games like tug-of-war, and water balloon toss. And for those day-trippers who forgot to pack their picnic basket he provides cheeseburgers, hot dogs and soda pop. The highlight of this highlight occurs on day one and features San-O-Smashers with their longboards jockeying and jostling amongst themselves for prime position in the group photo.

Highlight Number 5 - Best Ever Result in the Santa Cruz Memorial Day Club Invitational

One of the prime benefits of belonging to a surf club now-a-days, is that you can compete as a team in Coalition of Surfing Club competitions. Back when there was no Coalition there were two big contests that surf clubs lived for every year, Oceanside and Santa Cruz. Of the two, the Santa Cruz contest was, and still is, the most daunting. Not just because of Rick's Rules or the venue at Steamer Lane, but because to be successful a club has to be strong in all the competitive categories. That means fielding competent teams in mens, womens, juniors, tandem, and novice surfing - as well as a decent relay-paddling team since the paddle race is weighted as high or higher than surfing in the final tabulation. In 1992 the stars seemed to align perfectly for



Longboard Crew at the Awards Ceremony in Santa Cruz 1992
 the Longboard Crew. While he may get credit for assembling the best ever surf team ever to take on Santa Cruz, then-president Ralph Yeramian recalls the team practically assembled itself with surfers such as David Nuuhewa, 1991/'92 World Champion, Joey Hawkins, pro longboarder Chris Olivas, and Longboard Crew stalwart, Eddie Enriquez leading the charge. When the dust had settled after two days of competition, the Longboard Crew had placed at least one finalist in every division, and four in the men's division alone. As the trophies were handed out at the awards ceremony, Crew members fretted about where the team would rank in the standings. It seemed like an eternity while 6th through 3rd place trophies were handed out. Finally it came down to the Longboard Crew or heavily favored Santa Cruz Longboard Union. Alas, due to a tactical error on Ralph's part by not putting himself in the relay race, the Crew took seventh in paddling and despite completely dominating the surfing portion of the contest, was barely edged out by the Longboard Union, having to settle for second place overall.

Highlight Number 4 - The Valentines Day Dinner - Dance

By just looking at them it's hard to believe that (most of) the original Crew members ever dressed in anything besides t-shirts and board shorts. And even more unlikely that any

women in their right minds would have anything to do with this motley representation. But defying the odds is what belonging to the Longboard Crew is all about. As evidence, witness the popularity of the wildly successful Valentines Day Dinner-Dance which has been assisting Crew members of both sexes in getting lucky since its inception in 1987. (Pharmaceutical giant, Pfizer reportedly seriously considered the name 'Valentines Day Dinner-Dance' before settling on 'Viagra.') Held at glamorous locales in and around Huntington Beach, the annual event features dining dancing, schmoozing with gorgeous women, and the occasional neo-conservative congressman. Not to mention a killer raffle with one or more new longboards as door-prizes. The highlight of the H.B. social scene proves once again that Longboard Crew members can, and do clean up nicely, at least once a year.

Highlight Number 3 - The Yard 1987 - 1997



Ding repair beneath the palapa in the Yard circa 1991.

You have to feel a tad bit bad for members who joined the Longboard Crew after 1997. For the preceding decade the Crew had the privileged use of what has come to be known as 'The Yard,' a fenced off area adjacent to the old WindanSea Surf Shop at 6th & PCH. Thanks to the unprecedented generosity of WindanSea owners, Jack and Jim Flynn, the Crew had exclusive access to a place where

they could gather, stage surf sessions, meetings, and parties directly across from Huntington Beach Pier. It featured privacy, a great view of the surf, hot showers, and free parking - not to mention a full-service surf shop with a giant rack of longboards right next door! Property fronting PCH was precious even in 1987, but WindanSea was once a gas station and the old, underground gasoline storage tanks had been leeching toxic chemicals into the ground for years making the property unsuitable for development. Being the opportunistic people that they are, the Longboard Crew gratefully took advantage, and for many years Crew members scheduled their lives around going to the Yard and surfing the Pier daily. I know I did! Crew members built and maintained the fence, deck, palapa and landscaping, providing all the creative input and construction materials.

Unfortunately, nothing lasts forever, and WindanSea eventually shut down their Huntington operations, moving to Mission Beach, San Diego. The surf shop and the Yard were demolished and the property was fenced off. The ground has been lying idle for close to ten years now to allow the toxic materials to escape. A development called the Strand is scheduled to be constructed on the site in the near future. But fond memories of the Yard, and all of our friends and the fun we had there will always have a permanent place in the hearts of old Longboard Crew members.

Highlight Number 2 - The Huntington Beach Longboard Crew Founded in 1985

Prior to 1985 it was considered socially, morally, and ethically unacceptable to surf on a longboard. The surfing establishment declared that those who did were disgusting, incompetent, mentally challenged, and declared them outcasts. (I really resented being considered an outcast!) People who secretly craved the

“Glide” had to stifle their primal urges for cross-stepping and digit-dangling lest friends and family find out and subject them to intervention and re-programming. The secret police had spies everywhere. Longboarders were close to extinction. But then a courageous group of resourceful and resilient rebels arose and openly started getting in the face of the



The Longboard Crew is established in November of 1985. surfing establishment with the intent of protecting their rights (and lefts) to perform drop-knee cutbacks or helicopter 360s wherever, whenever, and on whatever they wanted. Nobody remembers exactly who fired the first ‘shot heard ‘round the world’ that started the Longboard Revolution. Maybe it was Mike Minchinton hanging ten in full view of everybody on the North Side, or Ace Aseltine catching a set wave way outside where nobody else could get it. But before long there was no doubt that a revolution at hand. One night in November of 1985 Dave Carlos rode his trusty beach cruiser through the streets of Huntington sounding the alarm, “*One if by single-fin - three if by tri-fin.*” It was a signal to all revolutionaries within ear-shot to attend a fateful meeting in Mike Minchinton’s living room. That night, a small group of brave individuals brought forth upon this continent a new surf club, conceived with 12-packs, and dedicated to the proposition that any nine ball could ride a 9’6”. The stakes were high. If they failed

they would probably end up with crappy jobs and live in Garden Grove. But if they succeeded they could say, "*Chicks dig me 'cause I'm in the Longboard Crew!*"

And finally, Highlight Number 1 - The Longboard Crew Achieves Non-Profit Status

It took a while, but eventually Longboard Crew members realized that belonging to a club means more than just going to meetings once a month, practicing the secret hand shake, wearing a funny hat and talking about the next surf contest or beach party. It occurred to them that maybe they could actually do some good in their community! Groups like that are considered non-profit and get 501(c)3 status with the state and federal governments. The Longboard Crew has Gary Sahagen to thank for cutting through all the bureaucratic red-tape and having the club organized along these lines. But all members deserve recognition for their participation in the worthwhile programs that are actually making a difference in people's lives. Since 2004 Longboard Crew members have established and supported the Adopt-A-Family program during the holidays, canned food drives, Bikes for Baja, the Youth Motivation Task Force, contributed to Costa Rican orphanages and environmental causes. And they have performed ad hoc fundraising for good causes which have helped deserving individuals such as Chuck Hearn, Sean Thomas, and Timmy Turner through some pretty tough times. So Crew members should be gratified that they belong to an organization with a storied past, great traditions, a honorable legacy . . . *and* a secret hand shake.



Longboard Lines

Congratulations go out to **Josh Mohr** for his first place finish at Steamer Lane in the 2006 Memorial Day Classic. Tip Time has it on good authority that Josh will not be ripping off any gas stations, joining the armed forces, or shipping out to anywhere that doesn't have perfect waves anytime in the future.

In keeping with the 'TomKats' and their new baby Surry, and the 'Brangelinas' with Shilo, **Dave and Leslie Carlos** have welcomed baby, **Slater Carlos**, a recent addition to their family as well. At this time Tip Time has no information as to why they named him after a Huntington Beach thoroughfare, but we will keep you posted.

Even though not conveniently located just down the street, it's almost worth the drive to Camarillo just to grind a delicious burrito from **Olas Mexican Grill** which is owned and operated by original Longboard Crew member **Carlos 'Sugarbear' Reyes**. Not only is the cuisine magnificent, but Las Olas is decorated in 21st Century 'Soul Arch' motif with beautiful longboards hanging from the ceiling and 60" plasma screens playing surf videos everywhere the eye can see. Exit at Carmen Ave. off the Northbound 101 and make two left turns. Go there at lunchtime and you'll see why it's become the most popular place in Camarillo.

On a somber note, we're distressed to report that former Crew president, **Frank Cochran** is lying paralyzed in a hospital bed at Anahiem General (Beach & Franklin St. in Anahiem) after being struck by a car while riding his bicycle. He is in room 212 and enjoys the company of his old friends. Visitors are encouraged.



Bill Hopkins Jr. looking very stylish and Senior-like on the south side of H.B. Pier.



The International
Surf Museum

HSS Longboards
Baja Fresh
Fred's Mexican Cafe
BJ's Pizza
Love at First Bite Catering
TK's Frog House
Momo's
Ariba Baja Cantina
Starbucks
Huntington Beach Beer Co.
15th Street Surf Shop



Two ex-presidents - one wave. Ralph recently dropped in on Eddie for a visit somewhere south of the border.



Surfrider Foundation

2006 Schedule

April - Robin Hauser Surf'n Bowl

Think Bowling is easy?

May - Intra-club Surf Contest

Prepare for Memorial Day in Santa Cruz.

June - San-O-Smash

Bring supplies to party all weekend.

July - Malibu Surf Contest

Malibu Boardriders' 'Call to the Wall.'

August - Intra-club Surf Contest

Commemorating the Duke's birthday.

September - Oceanside Contest

More intense Coalition Competition.

October - Swami's Contest

Self Realization Surf Contest.

November - Intra-club Surf Contest

Turkey permitted Surf Competition.

December - Christmas Fundraising

We put the 'Fun' back in Fundraising.



Paddle Stronger-Surf Longer !



Monthly Meetings

Where: Mario's Restaurant
Five Points Shopping Center
18603 Main St. Huntington Beach,
CA 92648. Phone: 714-842-5811

When: The second Wednesday of the
month - from 7:15pm to 8:15pm.

