

VOL. 001

SAN DIEGO

# FORTIES — AND — FOAMIES



VOL. ONE





*HELLO.*

If you're holding this pocket-sized mag, congrats—you've stumbled onto a slice of Pacific Beach magic. Inside these pages: local legends, inside jokes, and the kind of stories that make this place feel like home. Kick back, crack a smile, and enjoy the ride. You're one of us now.

*Forties and Formies*





Pacific Beach

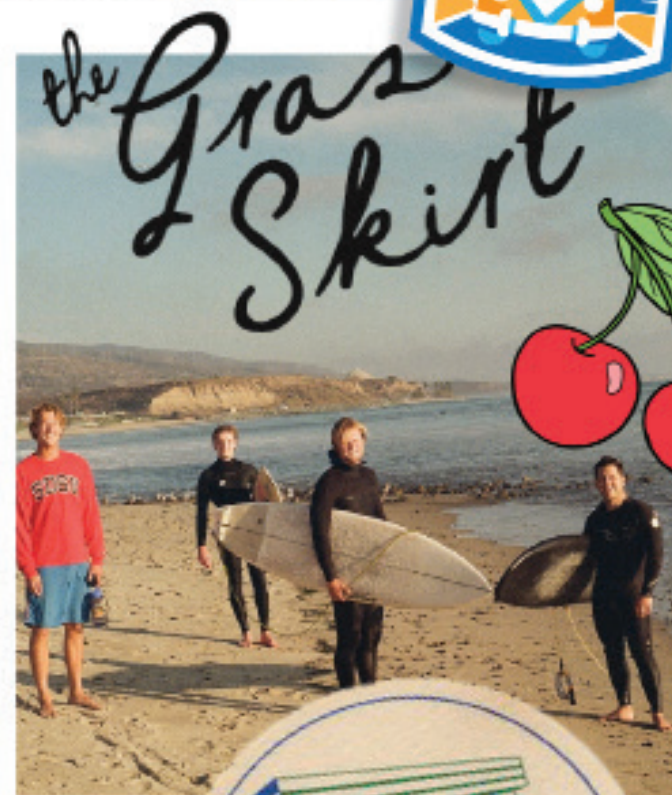


### FORTIES & FOAMIES

Packed with inside jokes, local lore, and the kind of stories that only make sense if you've lived them, this zine is a love letter to the best place on earth.



Freshies







# *40's And Foamies* **The Sunset Should Be Longer, Inflation And How I Am Coping With It.**

A Letter From The Editors By  
*Andres Gomez*

**N**ot giving up, but giving in. We love the way a girl smokes cigarettes in our bed, love the way a girl smokes. I complain from my seat in North PB, and maybe I could move inland. Maybe I could save some money and hang up the jersey. But I am not giving up, I am giving in. I love the way a girl smokes, love the way a girl smokes.

Well it happened – inflation hit the one bunker where a single bartender working at a time insulated and protected us. TVs on, sports playing – never sound. And that's how I want to remember it. Maybe it's all rose colored lenses or the amber that shines through when they pull down the shades at "Latitude 32, no Ocean view."

I thought it would stay cheap - in every other bar in PB there was lawlessness, a requirement for a security guard to be present at the front door so that you could verify your age. Or dare I say, take a photo of you as a form of insurance against an ever potential, maybe inevitable future act of lawlessness (fuck you Shore Club, fuck you Firehouse (catch me there next week)). Not Latitude, this was a community. You held yourself responsible for your own actions, you got in a single file line to order a drink with Willy or that nice lady with the curly hair because you respected your neighbor as if we were all on the same island together.

And in exchange for the conformity of waiting in a single file line I could get a cheesesteak, a bowl of chili, and the side salad for \$20. And I did do that, I did it once a week for at least two years. I walked maybe 200 yards for the same meal. It was comfortable, it was good, and it was mine. I'd tell anybody about it, and if you visited me from out of town, it's where I took you to eat when I didn't want to do the dishes. The menus were dated back to 2019. Covered in greasy finger marks, memories, and

laid to rest probably all at once in the dumpster out back. Though I am lucky to have seen the high-water mark that comfort is something that I miss. Sometimes I complain about how prices have changed to the cooks in the back, and I am surprised they respond and even more surprised when they agree with me.

The more money I make the more expensive the world around me gets. If my finances versus the cost of living are my personal identity, then I'll be 23 forever, betrayed only by my driver's license. I am decidedly not 23, so I am doomed to know that wishing for the prices and pieces of the menu to return will only make me miss them more. I miss when Pizza Pal had \$5 pizzas, and you could show up to a covid era house party to a hero's welcome by pretending you bought \$20 pizzas from Hoboken. I miss when you could valiantly tell your friends to put it on your tab at The Dog and know good and well that you wouldn't have anxiety going through your Mastercard statement the next day. Those Kingdoms are gone and there is less territory left to rule.

So yeah, now we drink more on the front lawn. Now it takes us a little bit longer to make it out to the bars. Maybe now I refuse to ever miss a meal when friends are cooking. And yeah, maybe that means we drink a little bit more. Maybe we are getting further or closer from the meetings inevitably down on Cass Street (at least with proximity that's convenient, full circle right). But it's not our fault, it's inflation. I remember when things used to be more accessible, and those memories make us miss it more now that we can't afford it. Perhaps it was never ours, the vase was always broken, and the time was always fleeting. That's what I tell myself as I sit on the stool in Latitude 32 that looks - but never is - sticky.

So that's what this 40s and Foamies is going to be about: the times we had, some that are permanent and that you can't raise the price on. Some words you can reflect on when it's all over. Hopefully you read this, hopefully you read it later. Because this is what we were up to then, and I am curious what it will look like in the rear view-mirror.

40s and Foamies is for people who were there. And this will be where we come to meet and figure out if it tasted better, or if it was ever even ours.

This is our illustration of why we miss things that have changed, whether overtly or covertly. If you want to contribute or write something, reach out. Come over and have a cold, or at least kind of cool, one on the front lawn. Or just come for the ride – we don't care.









**M**s. Peggie's reminds you that in a world so big, being small can make you the most desirable.

In a town so havoc wreaking, nestled just east of the blameworthy West End and north of the domesticated Latitude lies a tranquil retreat hosting the only dollhouse retailer in all of San Diego. Ms. Peggie's Place, where even the smallest person feels big. Too quick of a longboard cruise down Cass Street and you risk sailing by this tiny gem, nestled in all its 100-square-foot glory between Tourmaline and Opal. Walking through the front door is like stepping through the closet in the Chronicles of Narnia, down to the perfect, albeit tiny, lions, witches, and wardrobes. It makes you wonder, can my tiny, overpriced surfshack really fit an L-shaped couch? Now it can. Or that you could finally own a pony? (Stay away from horse girls). Well, you're in luck, because Ms. Peggie's Place has built an entire empire out of miniatures.

Walking through Ms. Peggie's, you begin to watch your back, carefully placing each step to not knock over one of the many glass shelves. Since 1980, before most of you dollhouse kooks were born, Ms. Peggie has been wheeling and dealing dollhouses from around the world, supplying Pacific Beach with world renowned hand crafted dollhouses, miniatures, and top-quality furniture pieces. Any plans of building your own dollhouse? Look no further, as Ms. Peggie carries dollhouse building material, lumber, dollhouse lighting, and dollhouse glue. Yes, she can even make a dollhouse surfboard for your dream PB dollhouse.

Store hours are tough for eager PB residents, besides those camping out at Java Earth outdoor seating "working." Ms. Peggie is open 11am to 4pm, Wednesday through Saturday. I would plan to visit on a sick day, or make a day of it in North PB and visit Latitude for a Cheesesteak, Tangles for cut, and Coin Laundry for a rinse.

Ms. Peggie may specialize in all things miniature, but stepping into her store sure makes you feel a little more magnified. It's a bit surreal justifying a \$12 purchase for a tiny, nonfunctional microwave with the sole intention of throwing it in the camper van so you can casually tell people, "Oh, just toss it in the microwave." But hey, sometimes it's the quirky little things you look forward to, those delightful details that bring a smile to your face. It's the small joys (pun intended), like Ms. Peggie's shop, that really enrich your day, so take a moment to explore this hidden gem of PB. Ms. Peggie will greet you with a warm smile and make you feel right at home. Who knows, you might leave feeling just a little bit bigger. :)







# *Pacific Beach* **THE ANTIDOTE**

A Short Story By  
*Ken Franklin*

Surfing is a masochist's sport. People who don't surf have a very warped perception of what surfing is. They picture tanned bodies on surfboards with Hawaiian Lei's hanging from their necks. They see them smiling and laughing. They imagine gentle waves dancing them across the ocean. Unfortunately, after even a short conversation with any surfer about the topic, you'll find that this image couldn't be further from the truth.

Adult learners, many of whom will never reach the intermediate level, often quit. Those who stick around are eventually shown the sport's true colors. The lineup is usually packed with people bearing angry faces. Eye contact is frowned upon. Minor mistakes or confusion will likely lead to confrontation, where a mean face contorted with rage may tell you to "Paddle In", or maybe the less polite, "Get the FUCK out of the water". The waves are much larger than they look on land, and much more powerful. Being in the wrong place at the wrong time can put you in a dangerous position. Your board nowhere to be seen, waves slamming on top of your head, caught underwater not knowing which way is up, lungs screaming for air, sinuses filling with seawater, a feeling of fear.

Pacific Beach proves that surfing doesn't have to be this way. The waves here suck, and while people often complain about this fact, I think it's one of the reasons why this place is so great. No one takes it too seriously. Most of the people in the water are actually smiling, laughing, and talking to their friends. You could be convinced that the entire lineup is one big friend group. The waves aren't high-octane, they're mellow and digestible. People flock here on sunny days and love it.

This place defines what surfing should be. It's not about having an ego in the water, or pushing your limits to a point of danger. It's about enjoying the experience. Feeling the sun on your face and the saltwater on your tongue. It's about spending time with your friends. And yes, maybe, occasionally, sometimes, catching a nice wave.







NO FUN

## *The Legend Of The*

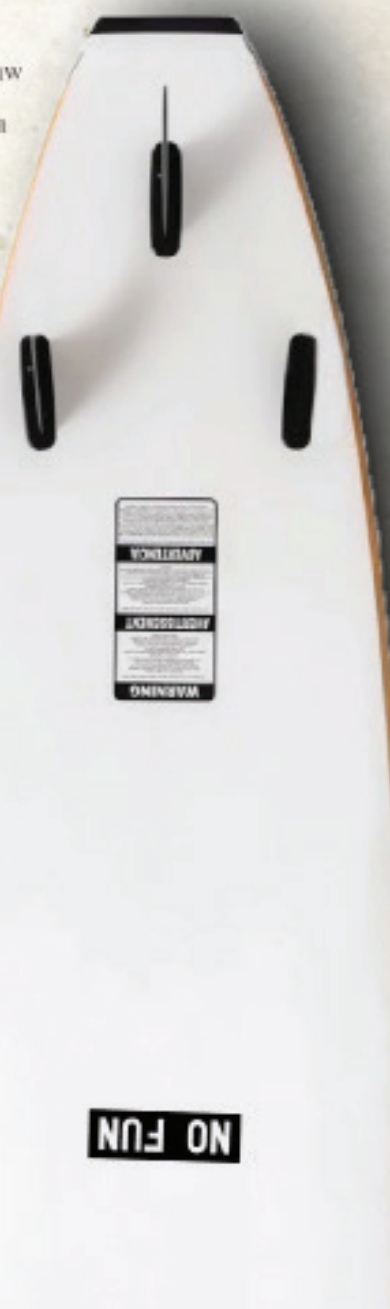
## *The Legend Of The* **2 FIN SURFER**



They say he isn't real. A whispered rumor in the law street lineup. A ghost on a Gerry Lopez Wavestorm.

Those who claim to have seen him describe an abomination of hydrodynamics — just two fins, one in the middle and one on the side. The other? Forever missing. And yet, impossibly, he absolutely shreds.

No one knows where he came from — some say he emerged from a bender, others believe he's never paddled in. His florescent navy earplugs drown out the noise - not of the ocean, but of the haters. He does not hear. He does not acknowledge priority. He only surfs. Those who have tried to stop him, to study him, to understand the unnatural power, have failed. If you feel his presence in the lineup, it's already too late. The drop-in is inevitable.









A photograph of a beach scene. In the foreground, the sand is wet and dark, with some seaweed scattered about. In the middle ground, a sandy beach leads up to a steep, light-colored cliff. Several palm trees are planted along the top of the cliff, and a few buildings are visible behind them. The sky is a clear, pale blue.

# *Secret* **WAVE**

A Short Story By  
*Gavin Grommes*

Hidden in a relatively unknown beach town on the edge of one of the world's most infamous borders, we arrive at the spot. It's still dark out. The winds are offshore blowing the marine layer out to sea. The swell built throughout the night so much so that we could hear the waves crashing in our dreams. We've had this day marked on our calendars for weeks, constantly checking for updates in the forecast. Most of us even took work off to spend all day in the water. Still unable to see the waves in the dark, we start putting on our wetsuits. There's nothing worse than putting on a damp wetsuit in the dark while the cold air sends all the hairs on your body straight up. To fight the cold, some of us begin to piss in our wetsuits before getting in the water, a process known locally as dry docking (try it before you judge). However for the waves we're expecting today, being cold and wet is worth it. As last of us finish waxing up our boards, adding an extra layer to accommodate for the overhead waves we're hoping to score, we head down an unmarked dirt path that descends the steep cliffs towards the beach. Everyone is silent in anticipation of scoring the best waves of our lives. Pictures of fat slabs with fast sections and spitting barrels race through our minds. In what felt like an eternity but was really just a few seconds, we reach the end of the trail and step onto the cold sand. Just then the first light of day creeps up behind us and reveals what we've all been waiting for. Knee to waist high waves with occasional head high sets and mostly close-outs. Not a bad day of surf in PB.





SPONSORED BY:  
 **RUN TRAIN**

*The inaugural Soledad 79 pushed boundaries. Legs gave way, stomachs emptied their contents and the very concept of what defines a "race" was altered forever. Participants clutched batons, wore absurd costumes, and yet ran farther and drank more than they ever had before.*

## RULES OF SOLEDAD 79

1 MILE =  
1.25 POINTS



1 BEER  
= 1 POINT



TEAMS OF  
4 PEOPLE

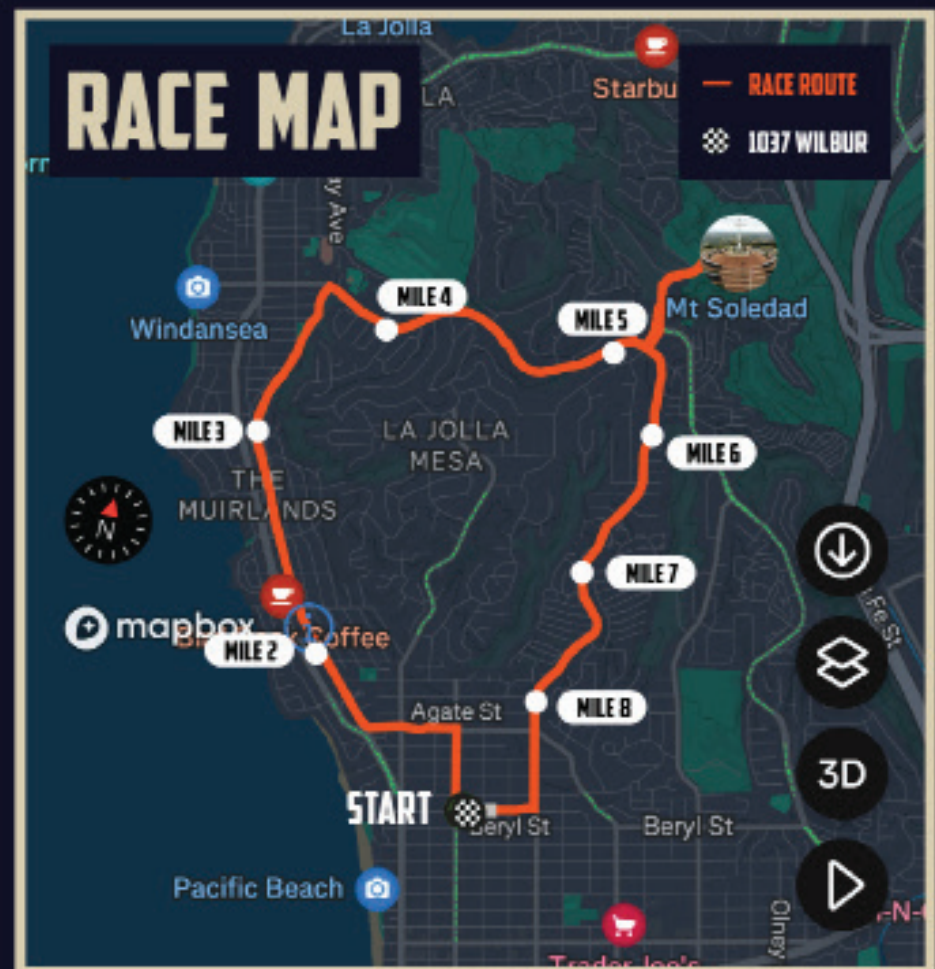


FIRST TEAM TO  
79 POINTS WIN



\* No points granted for miles that don't reach the summit  
 \* 1 Person running per team at one time  
 \* 1 Baton per team

**MUST BE 21+ TO PARTICIPATE**





# KINGS OF SOLEDAD 79

Team Leprachaunkskis

4HR 15 MIN  
4 LAPS  
39 BEERS

Connor

Travis

Cole

Caroline

"Winning the Soledad 79 was one of my proudest accomplishments in 2024"

-Connor

PLACE	TEAM NAME	COSTUME	BATON
1ST	Leprachaunkskis	Green Clothes	Banana
2ND	Run Fast Drink Beer	None*	Rolled Up Newspaper
3RD	Blue Chew	Christmas Inflatables	Salt Shaker
4TH	Hammered	Jorts & Crop Tops	Hammer
5TH	Surfboard	Board Shorts, Topless	5'3 Surfboard



THIS YEAR'S T-SHIRT

"The most mentally challenging physical event of my life"

- Cami

"I was sick for a month after the race, it was worth it"

- Jacob



BEER TALLY

"He's coherent now, we'll come over and pick up his stuff at 8 tomorrow"

- Anna



"Fuck this surfboard"

- Andres

"I'm way too hungover to be drinking again today"

- Owen





## BYSTANDER REVIEW

After parking somewhere between Dawes and Wilbur, I double-checked my phone to make sure I wasn't walking into someone's weird backyard barbecue. I turn the corner and boom—there it was. A glorious sea of PB bros scattered across the lawn, a kiddie pool overflowing with beers, lawn chairs from every era of Craigslist, and in the center of it all: my crew, dressed in full-blown reindeer fits, anchored by a jolly Santa Claus.

Now, if you're wondering why Team Blue Chew—yes, like the off-brand Viagra—decided to go full Christmas cosplay, the answer is simple: they knew they weren't gonna win on speed, so they came in hot with pure vibes and costume game. And honestly? They crushed that category. Last place in the race? Absolutely. First in my heart? Also yes.

At base camp, Camy, Jack, and Shreyas were holding it down—beers in hand, Sharpies out for the tally marks, and beer can tops littered like they were modern art. Meanwhile, Bender was still somewhere halfway up Soledad, probably listening to defying gravity or hallucinating hydration.

When Bender did finally stumble back and slam five beers like a man with nothing to lose, we gave him a quick field sobriety test—alphabet backwards. He confidently yelled "VUT" and then just... skipped U. At that moment, we knew this neuroscientist's brain was running on bud light fumes and ambition alone.

Camy and Shreyas were both deep into the double-digit beer count and doing everything in their power to avoid running the mountain. Honestly, can't blame them—if I had 11 beers in me and someone asked me to do cardio, I'd fake an injury and disappear into the bushes.

In the end, after a whole lot of sweat, slurred motivational speeches, and questionable medical decisions, Team Blue Chew didn't quite finish the race—but they did win best costume. And if the amount of Viagra their name implies is even slightly accurate, I'm sure they went home proud... and probably dangerously dehydrated.



**COSTUME CONTEST WINNER:  
TEAM BLUE CHEW**

*"I've got to get that banana"*  
- Travis

*"I'm not gonna run"* - Jack



**MVP RUNNER:  
JACOB IVY (53MIN LAP)**



**MVP DRINKER:  
ANDREW BENDER (15 BEERS)**

## PHOTO FINISH!

The over four hour event ended by a margin of two minutes. Tottering runners still far away on the course, the winners of Soledad were crowned. The race ultimately coming down to not only guzzling and jogging abilities, but also to the second place team making costly wrong turns on the course. Just finishing the 79 is in fact a major accomplishment that only the first and second place teams are able to claim.



# SOLEDAD BEER 7.5 RUN











# Wavestorm WARRIORS

A Short Story By  
*Henry Welsh*

Long tendrils of salty air whisper past, beachgoers sent scurrying, beach chairs and children collected haphazardly. Birds abort their song and flee north. The omniscient ocean stares and waits on bated breath. Emerging from the mist they transform an idyllic beach scene into a desolate wasteland, a ritual that chills watchers to their core. It is said, when man departs from the womb into a postmodern world something integral is lost, something primal. In this moment, nothing could be further from the truth. Bearing 96 inches of unbridled foam power, the unmistakable Wavestorm, my subjects for the evening cut a path littered with swooning admirers and envious adversaries. Undeterred, our subjects march, as they do daily, toward the fertile sea.

When I was first approached with the task of documenting an athlete at peak performance my mind turned over quickly; an ironman participant, an olympian, an ex-pro, but I had a different type of hero in mind, I would follow a wavestorm warrior. Among the annals of surfing lore, there are many legends, big wave chargers, core lords, high performance hype gods, but these all pale in comparison to our subject. You see, a lot of admiration is retained for athletic expertise, for

dedication to a craft, unreachable for a plebian such as myself but here I have found an every-man legend. The plumber of the surfing world, the person who keeps the wall around the Mona Lisa spotless, Joey Chestnut's personal pig farmer, this was someone I could learn from, relate to, maybe even idolize.

I digress. It was a Tuesday afternoon in mid February and as I sat in the parking lot waiting for my subjects to approach, my anxiety peaked. What if I was not adequately stoked? Who would save me from the shame of looking like a total kook? What did it even mean to get pitted? Thankfully the honk of my subjects pulling up cut those thoughts short. I was suddenly thrust forward with a verve I hadn't experienced since Abby, my ninth grade homecoming date, had very briefly locked eyes with me.

Exiting my vehicle I tried to appear busy, desperate to quietly integrate into the group. But, it was hopeless, the jargon flying and my general bumbling quickly branded me an outsider. Jay, my primary contact, introduced himself genially "It's so nice to meet you! Aren't you so stoked? Surfline said it was fair to good today!" I wholeheartedly agreed (wouldn't you?) and desperately tried to quench my welling feelings of inferiority. Who was Surfline? How did one get the inside track and learn if it was good? Luckily I had several platitudes on tap and quickly ingratiated myself with the group agreeing wholeheartedly that it was indeed firing. With more fortune, my shortcomings were not long on display as stepping into our wetsuits I joined the rush into the "pumping" surf.

Paddling out feels like reclaiming a long lost childhood joy. Whooping, cavorting, the chaos of cartwheeling surfboards, and finally, the ecstasy of a shared accomplishment as the ocean spits you out into the calm of the "outside". Chattering happily my subjects quickly assert themselves on the wave, a large right whose name I've been told must be obfuscated to assure my own safety, their enthusiasm only outstripped by fearlessness. My frustrations and embarrassment rose in sync as I flailed, desperately paddled and failed to catch a wave. My spirits, buoyed by outsized reassurances of my companions, never flag and as I limp defeatedly into shore I know that I will be back soon. I will claim my title as a true wavestorm warrior, because in the end it's not a title of competency, but an infectious vibe that only the most earnest spirit can catch.



# DATE THIS JEWISH MAN



**AGE: 29 HEIGHT: 5'6 LOCATION: SAN DIEGO LYFT RATING: 4.9**

**ATTENTION SINGLE LADIES:** Are you ready to fall for a Jewish guy who can ride a wave better than your ex ever treated you? Meet this 29-year-old San Diego-based mensch—equal parts creative, athletic, and emotionally available (seriously). With enough drinks, you might mistake him for the long-lost Jonas Brother—just squirt and go with it. He's on the lookout for his beshert—someone to laugh with, grow with, and maybe argue over where to get bagels on Sunday. Bonus points if you like the beach, good banter, and being creative. Apply within—this is a limited-time offer, he won't be single long.

**APPLY WITH PHOTO TO: FORTIESANDFOMIES@GMAIL.COM**

DATE THIS JEWISH MAN

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THIS JEWISH MAN

*"Please date him or he's gonna run another marathon"*

*-Andres*

*"Drives the loudest 'Prius' I've ever seen"*

*-Travis*

*"He won't read a book but he will read you like one"*

*-Owen*





# Song Corner

**Song:**  
**Live Sheck Wes**

**Artist:**  
**Sheck Wes**

*The "Mo Bamba" artist blesses San Diego  
with the parody-able beat, "live at West End,  
bitch I'm dying at West End"*





## Pacific Beach HOROSCOPES

### ♈ Aries: March 21 - April 19

April is your month to shine, Aries! With the sun brightening up your fiery spirit, you'll be filled with unstoppable energy — and Law St will be your playground. Expect to feel an irresistible pull to the water, whether you're charging into the waves or simply soaking in the sun with your friends.

### ♊ Gemini: May 21 - June 20

Greetings, Gemini! This month, your dual nature might lead you to ponder the age-old question: "To drink or not to drink Java Earth Coffee?" The answer is simple — drink it! As you sip your brew, you might feel as though you've unlocked the secrets of the universe—or at least the secret to surviving Monday mornings. Enjoy the caffeine-fueled journey!

### ♌ Leo: July 23 - August 22

Your quest for excitement will take a delicious turn as you stumble upon the best California burrito you've ever had. Be prepared for a flavor journey that will make you question your allegiance to tacos. Just remember, no matter how far you wander, this burrito will always have your heart (and your taste buds). Enjoy the ride and don't forget the extra napkins!

### ♉ Taurus: April 20 - May 20

Hey there, Taurus! This month, you're stepping out in style with your Busch Lite Crocs, making a bold statement that screams both comfort and creativity. As you traverse the streets of Wilbur Canyon, expect to turn heads and maybe even start a new fashion trend. Your adventurous spirit is ready to tackle anything, whether it's a spontaneous road trip or just a trip to the fridge. Remember, life's too short to wear boring shoes, so keep strutting your stuff and enjoy the ride!

### ♋ Cancer: June 21 - July 22

This spring, your emotional tides are as unpredictable as the waves at Windansea. One moment you're basking in the sun, the next you're contemplating the mysteries of life over a melting ice cream cone. Just remember, it's okay to ride the waves of emotion — but don't let them pull you too far from the shore. Embrace the ebb and flow, and take moments to find calm amidst the chaos.

### ♍ Virgo: August 23 - September 22

Your calendar is as full as your espresso martini glass. Expect to be the life of the party at Flamingo Deck, where your witty banter and impeccable taste in cocktails make you the center of attention. As you navigate through the month, remember: there's no problem too big that an espresso martini can't solve—or at least make it more interesting. Cheers to a month of laughter, libations, and lively nights!

### ♎ Libra: September 23 - October 22

April is all about finding balance for you, Libra! However, your desire for harmony might be tested when you find yourself torn between hitting the waves or staying at Lahaina's to enjoy the sunset. Don't worry — there's no need to choose! Embrace the flexibility that comes with being a Libra and enjoy the best of both worlds. Whether you're chatting with the local beach bums or catching a few waves, this month is all about enjoying the moments, not stressing over the small stuff.

### ♐ Sagittarius: November 22 - December 21

April sparks your adventurous spirit, Sagittarius, and Wayfarer Bakery is the perfect stop for a little indulgence. Whether you're grabbing a coffee or trying a fresh pastry, you'll find it easy to strike up conversations and enjoy the relaxed vibe. Between your adventures, take some time to recharge and appreciate the simple things this month.

### ♓ Pisces: February 19 - March 20

Pisces, this month could be filled with unexpected emotional highs. Watch out for a local cat that believes it is the reincarnated spirit of a legendary surfer. You may find yourself debating trending wave techniques with a feline!

### ♏ Scorpio: October 23 - November 21

Scorpio, this month your love life will resemble a surfboard: thrillingly wild yet occasionally wiping out! Expect unexpected romance blooming during NamaSteve's yoga class, but try to avoid flirting with the seagulls—while their looks can be charming, they don't appreciate your sense of humor!

### ♑ Capricorn: December 22 - January 19

This month, dear Capricorn, you'll find yourself at West End after a long week of work, and as fate would have it, the bartender may just be the love interest you've been searching for. Expect some delightful banter over an Icy Pacifico, but be prepared: they will challenge you to a round of Connect4 that you definitely won't win!

### ♒ Aquarius: January 20 - February 18

April is a month for new ideas and unexpected moments, Aquarius. You'll find inspiration everywhere — even on Owen's front lawn. Whether you're meeting friends for a casual hangout or just people-watching, the laid-back atmosphere will spark your creativity. Embrace the spontaneity this month, and let your curiosity lead the way. Just be sure to enjoy the simple moments and give yourself space to relax.



# PACIFIC BEACH RESIDENT

*OF THE QUARTER*



*Clayton*  
**VAN HOVEL**

He has an insane chipping game, a laugh that can be heard for a block, and knows every single person in-between his house and Java Earth.

He's rarely down to surf and that's ok, because when he does the session is blessed and PB somehow turns into a head-high point break.

He's open and genuine with everyone, and if you're lucky enough to catch him on his daily practice swings or his bi-daily commute to Java, you're guaranteed some smiles, sage wisdom, and a good joke.

FORTIES & FOAMIES  
CITY OF SAN DIEGO

# MISSING



*West End Burger*

**LAST SEEN 2024**

Dripping wet. Cheesy. 6 inches tall. 1/2 lb. Delicious.  
Burger, we miss you. If you see this, please come home.

PERSONS HAVING ANY INFORMATION ARE  
REQUESTED TO CONTACT:

**FORTIESANDFOAMIES@GMAIL.COM**





## Crew:



Cole



Trav



Owen



Hannah



Andres



Henry



Ken



Chiaki



Gavin

*If you'd like to contact:  
[fortiesandfoamies@gmail.com](mailto:fortiesandfoamies@gmail.com)*



## *'Till Next Time*

*-Forties and Foamies*





A pocket-sized peek into the everyday absurdities of life in Pacific Beach, San Diego.

What you call vacation, we call Wednesday. Packed with inside jokes, local lore, and the kind of stories that only make sense if you've lived them, this zine is a love letter to the best place on earth.

