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THE

SURFER'S

JOURNAL



PERSPECTIVE The Simmons Project: Tunnel Testing a Neo-Widetail

SOUNDINGS Walker, Parmenter, Lochr, Biolos, St. Pierre, French

PHOTOGRAPHY Callahan's Year ■ Two x Fours

U n d e r c

The Queen of the Coast:
Not for sale, but the view is.



WRESTLETS

◀ **PRIME LISTING** Rancho Sueños Somos: Reigning over Rincon Mountain sits the pristine sanctuary of Rancho Sueños Somos, legacy of the late surf publisher Bill Cleary. The family's ranch commands a 360° view from Pt. Mugu to Pt. Conception, the northern Los Padres Mountains back to the Ojai Mountains and Lake Casitas. Best of all, it is a ten-minute drive to Rincon Point or nearby Carpinteria. Sueños Somos enjoys complete privacy, excellent building sites, locations for helipad, pasture, corral, private orchard and/or small vineyard options, and is pre-approved for rezoning and subdividing into two legal parcels. Although now offered by realtors Jeff and Marco Farrell internationally, the family wishes to honor Bill's spirit by summoning those who also cherish what Bill cherished: the unobstructed and incomparable views, open land, quiet, and total privacy overlooking the Queen of the Coast. (Features: 44-plus acres, two water meters, electricity, telephone, gated road, private roads throughout the property, out buildings, private fruit orchards, expansive building sites, and perfect geos.) Please contact: Barbara Cleary at (805) 967-9035 or visit <www.rinconmountain.com>. (Please note, these notices are unpaid and run at the whim of the editor.)

Surf Tale

Recall

A '52 four-door Merc and the long road to Mazatlan

I don't remember the exact year—I think it was around '58. It was before cell phones, nobody had gone to the moon, and if you didn't live at the beach you didn't know when the surf was up. The surfing world as I knew it was divided into four major groups, each with their own alliances and agendas, but with surfing as a commonality. The major tribes were Hawaii, Los Angeles, Huntington Beach, and San Diego, with sub-tribes like Malibu, Rincon, WindanSea, Makaha, and Steamer Lane. The Trestle was neutral turf and didn't belong to anyone, although the United States Marine Corps would take issue with that. Most everybody knew everybody, mainly because there weren't a lot of us. Some guys were better than others, but that wasn't the point. If you surfed, you belonged. The first incursions had been made to Hawaii and equipment was improving but still in the Stone Age. Grubby had just started producing foam blanks and to the South Orange County surfing world the sun rose and set around the Hobie shop in Dana Point and Velzy and Jacobs in San Clemente. Guys hanging out and people who needed a home gravitated to one of those two camps. Rennie, Spanky, Phil, Bruce, Bobby, Kemp, Byron, Kimo, Del, Pat, "Pal Al," and Jack Haley were just some of the regulars. There was an implied freedom in the lifestyle: a little work, lots of play, and a sense that we were giving the finger to the rest of society. It was a special time to be a surfer. The genesis of the trip is now lost; somehow we talked ourselves into driving Del Cannon's '52, four-door Merc to Mazatlan, chasing rumors of warm-water waves, loose morals, and plenty of fun. John Thurston, Mickey Muñoz, Del, and I made up the quartet. Thurston, a renowned glasser, planned to stay in

Mexico indefinitely to immerse himself in the culture, while the rest of us were focused on finding new surf to ride. With maybe \$200 between us, off we went, south to danger. My own life up to that point had been a mixture of college, surfing, sailing, skiing, military service, and, like most young adults, trying to figure out where I belonged. This adventure represented a brief interlude but proved valuable in later years as I toiled in the garden of managed expectations.

The trip down was uneventful, unless you consider hitting a horse or meeting a train head-on while driving the tracks in an effort to avoid fording a deep river of consequence. By alternating driver and co-pilot, we made the 1,200 miles in a couple of days and deposited John Thurston into a low-end dirt-bag hotel in the middle of downtown Mazatlan. No air conditioning, smelling of sweat and urine, it offered no significant amenities I could discern, but John was content and we left him with a mustached clerk to pursue our vision of clean, transparent waves.

The success of any surf excursion, regardless of side trips or the cast of characters, is the quality of the waves. True, the whole experience is made up of parts and certainly time softens the sharp edges, but if the surf doesn't meet expectations, it tends to taint the entire package. It's not that we didn't surf, after all, the water was warm, there were lots of palm trees, and not a lot of other surfers, but quality and quantity were lacking and it started to take on the familiar odor of blown-out, choppy, three-foot wind swells. (Muñoz likes to remind me, there are no bad days surfing, some are just better than others.) After ten days of living out of the back of Del's car and sleeping on the beach, John Thurston's hotel started to look pretty good, which meant it was time to head home. We each purchased the requisite pair of Mazatlan huaraches, pooled the last of our money, and thundered up Highway 15 for the border.

Somewhere between Ciudad Obregon and Hermosillo, we blew by a young Mexican lad hitchhiking out in the middle of nowhere. He