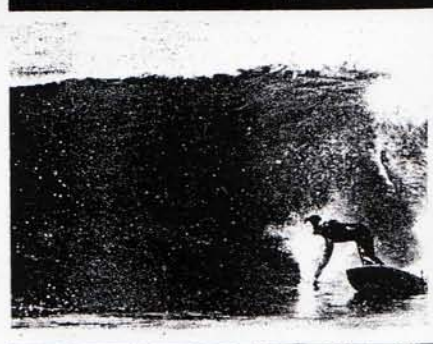
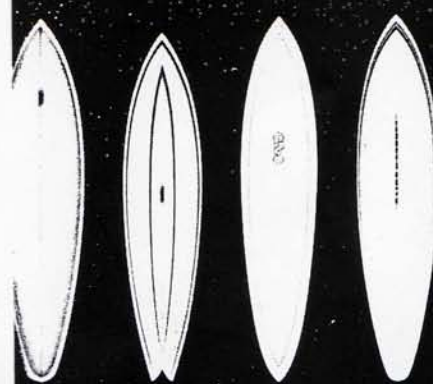


realize your full potential.



Keith Kunch/Mexico. Photo: Allen

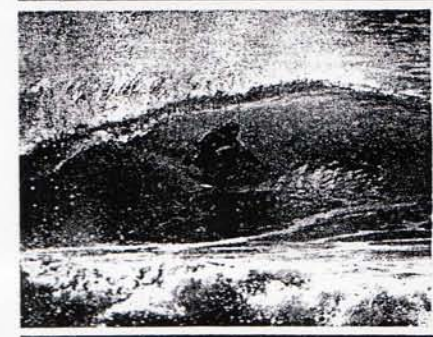


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Beaser Turner/Pensacola. Photo: Skelton



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*IN 1974 I wrote to Surfer Mag. seeking other Black surfers. This was the start. Letters began to come in. I have kept most of these CORRESPONDENCES. We are now mostly computerized.*

## ATTENTION: BLACK SURFING Mag. seeking BROTHERS

In ten years of wave riding, I've met only two black brothers who've sought the sensuous pleasures found in the tubes of Mother Ocean. One of the two B.S.B.'s was a Syracuse graduate and football star. He, Major James "Star" Norman, came to California with the military, fell in love with the sea, and we all know the rest. He rode with the power and determination of Greg Noll, like a bull moose. But, alas, like so many surfing compadres, marriage, family rearing, and career took him away. Since that time, in the mid-60's, no B.S.B.'s have I found. Many of my other wave-riding brothers from all over the U.S. coastal areas have told of B.S.B.'s in their areas, but never have our paths crossed. So now I turn to SURFER in hopes that you might help bring together the B.S.B.'s locally, nationally, and world wide. Who knows, maybe a Black Surfing Association (BSA) may evolve from this attempt to communicate and congregate. Fear not, other surfing brothers, Mother Ocean knows no prejudices in her ovals. This is just a plea for an ethnic unity for companionship and the sharing of an energy flow analogous to that of the most sensuous, erotic lovemaking. Stand up and make yourselves known, B.S.B.'s, it could be the beginning of a hot wave of color. Those interested in forming a club or organization, please contact Tony Corley, 158 East A Street, Port Hueneme, CA 93041.

## WONDER ROLLERS, ROLLING ON

In response to Michael Brady's letter in the last issue on the Mellow Catnip Story: Mellow Catnip done got smoked and blew it by rollin' in the haze. He missed the sun-sparked walks of Minas Tirith, Tower of the Sun.  
Tim Crays, Ontario, California

Hey, sidewalk surfers, October 8 at 8:00 Tuesday morning, my buddy and I started our skatefari. It was from Newport Beach on Jamboree Road and Coast Hwy., to El Prez. Drive, San Clemente, a total of approximately 30 miles, not including our sidetrip detours. On the way, we rode some fun little hills and some hauling-ass, stoke-o-rama drops. On the mellow flats we passed the time with radical winding and cranking cutbacks. When we finally made it through the asphalt jungle, it was after four hours, one pair of shoes, one set of wheels, and a twenty dollar pair of stereo headphones that broke when my buddy ate it. We invite any competition for distance and downhill speed records.

