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SURF'IN *east*

OCT/NOV VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE, 1975

ON THE COVER:
Doug Vokoun within a Sansabar Tube.
Camera-NIKONAS
Film-KODACROME 25
F 5.6 at 1/500 of a second
September 3, 1975

N • FIRST EDITION • FIRST EDITION • F

BELOW: Robert Buxton inside 'Florida Perfection.'



PUBLISHER/EDITOR
CHUCK SCARBORO
PHOTOGRAPHER/EDITOR
ALLAN MARGOLIS
ART DIRECTOR
DICK MAC MILLAN
DARKROOM
BILL KILBORN
CIRCULATION/ADVERTISING
GEORGE SCARBORO GARY PAUL
PHIL SCARBORO GEORGE PANTON
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
MIKE MANN

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SURF'IN *east*

From The Editors

Welcome to the 'NOW' world of "SURF'IN EAST" . . . a bi-monthly magazine compiled BY SURFERS . . . FOR SURFERS!

In subsequent issues we will bring you the best in photography, features and articles covering the east coast from Maine to Miami, and beyond. We are in fact interested in all fast moving pieces of water that break on the land. In time our coverage will run the spectrum of wave riding on this our planet Earth.

You can help us to make this the best magazine on the market by sending us contributions in the form of articles, short stories, or photographs. We will pay the going rate for anything we publish.

This our FIRST EDITION . . . contains a look at four Florida Surf'in towns, Cocoa Beach . . . Satellite Beach . . . Indialantic-By-The-Sea . . . and Melbourne Beach . . . all located on the east central coast. Plus . . . Monster Hole and Sebastian Inlet . . . a look at Cape Hatteras . . . and the New York area.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

We want and need your participation. Only a few advertisers appear in this, our first edition and these advertisers came forth to us for which we are greatly apprecitive. We felt from the beginning that before heavy solicitation for ads that it was our responsibility to show the quality of magazine we would produce.

Well, here it is, we hope you like it and that you will participate as an advertiser in our next big issue coming out one month before CHRISTMAS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: United States and possessions, \$1.25 per copy. One year \$6.00, three years \$16.00. Florida residents add 4% sales tax. Canada and Foreign, one year \$7.00, three years \$20.00. Second class postage paid at Melbourne, Florida.

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Spaced Pier.

COCOA BEACH "CRUISING!"

by Roger Bask

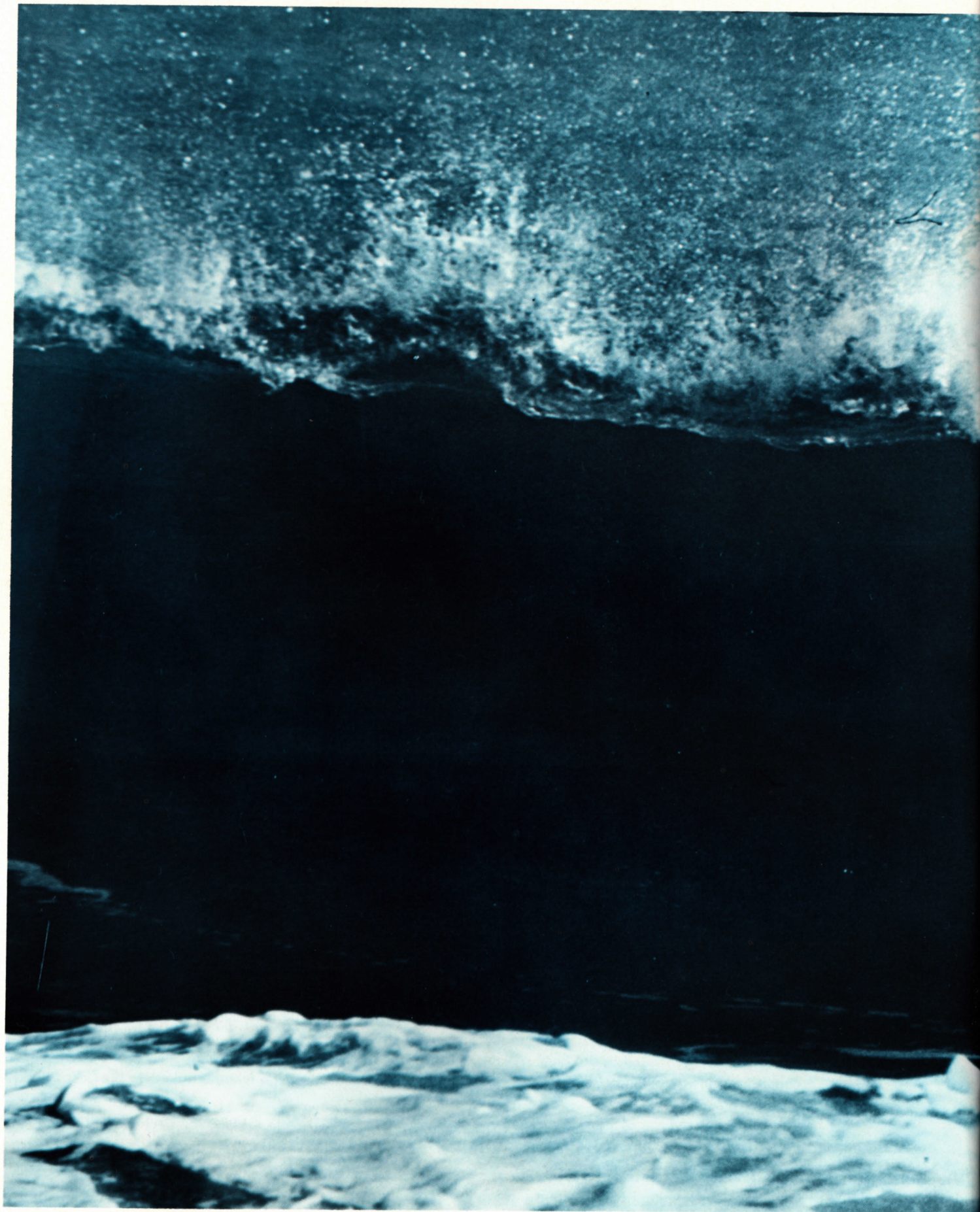
Hugging the eastern shoreline of mid-Florida just south of Cape Canaveral lies Cocoa Beach. That name means surfing to many East Coast beach people. Why? Fifteen years ago Cocoa Beach became flooded with people as the space program moved into Brevard County. Young men and women established residence, married, bore children, and worked long hours to put men on the moon. They met the need to relax with the joys of water sports. Skin diving, water skiing and surfing became a large part of the local recreational diet.

For the surfer, the small summer waves were plentiful, warm, and easy to ride on the nine and ten foot boards of the early sixties. The sun always shone and the beaches were clean and sandy. During the winter months storms generated in the north Atlantic pushed our to eight foot swells toward the Florida coast. These conditions plus the abundance of young, competitive surfers produced several features unique to the Cocoa Beach area.

One was the rise of Florida surf fame as locals (Claude Codgen, Gary Propper, and Mike Tabeling to name just a few) who were pictured in surf magazines led readers to a knowledge of the area.

Another offshoot of the above was the number of surfers drawn to Cocoa Beach from colder climes. They came for a taste of southern hospitality, warm water, and fun waves. Many came to visit and stayed on.

Still another feature was the emergence of numerous year round surf shops to cater to the desires of the growing surfer populace. Cocoa Beach was the focal point of all this Florida activity in the sixties and it still is.



Doug Wright... 'Cocoa Cruis' in!



COCOA BEACH.....

But changes are much evident today. Several surf shops now operate outside of Cocoa Beach limits (although still within Brevard County). Of course, there are others in the state but not to the same degree in size or proximity to each other.

Surfboards have evolved to shorter, lighter, more maneuverable designs. Surfers have pushed beyond the older accepted standards of style.

In 1975 radical wave moves are commonplace on the Space Coast. The surfers' skills equal the best small wave riders anywhere in the world.

Also, the locals travel more. Northeast, Caribbean, Gulf Coast, West Coast, Hawaii, and unnamed spots around the planet are visited every year by Cocoa Beach representatives. But most return to the cruising surf of home.



Spaced Pier



Mark Crowl 'High Flier' on Cocoa Beach.

COCOA BEACH...

It is difficult to sum up what is so fascinating, so captivating about the Cocoa Beach surf scene, certainly the ocean. Definitely the weather. Nonetheless, here is a brief, seasonal rundown.

Summer: the heat of the long days; hot sand; the pleasant feeling as the humidity wraps around you when you emerge from some air conditioned confine; the soft caress as a small wave cascades over your back; warm, aquamarine sea; exceedingly beautiful sunsets; the awesome thunder and lightning storms moving in from the west; quiet bike rides on low tide beaches.

Fall: warm to cool air; lower humidity; north and west winds provide offshore days; Patrick Air Force Base surf checks yield results; surf trips south to exotic, fish filled Sebastian Inlet; schools are open; crowds drop; the return of the college student for surf and study.

Winter: cool to cold air moves in from the north; water cooling; cold fronts accompany big north swells and every street breaks; wet suits sell well; surfboards get longer; crowds are forgotten; more offshore winds; gray-blue seas; waves can get top to bottom; hot showers feel good.

Spring: spring is spring is spring; a young man's fancy turns to waves; no more wetsuits; tans again; fun waves; warm, green waves - sometimes five foot, hot and glassy and sometimes two foot mush; pleasant days and just right nights; always the delight of sunrise over the ocean.

Cocoa Beach: one small part of the Lord's creation. For His creation to enjoy. Enjoy. Maranatha!



Florida sunrise wave morning.



Satellite Beach...solitude.



George (L) and Phil Scarboro (R) co-owners and publishers of this magazine introducing their nephew, Jim Roman (2 years old) to the Atlantic Ocean in Satellite Beach. Watch for Jim on the fast board around 1985.

SATELLITE BEACH, FLORIDA

OUR HOME FOR 15 YEARS

by George and Phil Scarboro

1960 was the year, Mom and Dad decided to depart Atlanta, Ga. and light on Florida's east coast somewhere close to where the action was gonna be with America's Space Program. Dad, loving to publish things, thought there was a future for him around the Space Program. So at 3 years and 4 years old along with our brother and sister (Buzz and Sherrie) we landed in Satellite Beach.

Most of the guys and gals that we grew up with knew more about the Space Program than other folks around the world, because their parents were a working part of the program.

Everybody we knew got their pants scared off (some folks even moved away) when President John F. Kennedy called the bluff of Cuba and Russia. You remember, Russia was setting Cuba up with missile bases capable of wiping us off the map. We saw a defense base set up (practically overnight)



Bobby Lock at Sea Park.

just one mile south of our home and two miles north of Patrick Air Force Base, you could see more attack type fighter jets and bombers than you could count sea gulls on the beach.

The first time we ever heard the word "surfboard" was when Dad was telling Mom about a new business that he and a friend were getting into (Manufacturing Surfboards). They opened a big plant at the Melbourne Airport and put Jack (Murph the Surf) Murphy in business, shortly after they found Jim Campbell who joined the company. They were about 2 years ahead of the scene (when everybody got turned on to own a "stick") and





David Balzerak high drifting.



Gary Paul... 'In There.'

after several up's and down's and other unfortunate circumstances, Dad locked the doors and said "that's it with surfboards".

Well for us it was just the beginning, we had Surfin' on our mind and knew that sooner or later we would tackle a wave.

During these next few years Satellite Beach began to grow with the space program bringing more and more families in, most of these were young families with children searching for recreational activity, most of them went to the water (being plenty of it was available) and most of that group learned quickly what a surfboard was. With lots of bucks floating from the high wages paid space workers, those who wanted one, got one — a surfboard that is.

The surfing business began to blossom and today surfing is a way of life for thousands of guys and gals who at one time or another visit the Satellite Beach Area and enjoy the surf with the locals.

Pet's Den, Mark Realty, Lum's, A.P. Shack, Sea Coast Shore Break, Royal Castle are favorite surfing holes that lots of surfers keep their eye on.

To write anything about Satellite Beach and not mention PERCY HEDGECOCK would be a bad writing — "Mr. Percy", as all the kids knew him, founded Satellite Beach and guided its development into one of the best little towns in the world and we make this statement because of his unending efforts in providing recreational facilities and the best in schools for his town's young people.

As we wrote this Satellite Beach was getting some great swells, by products of Hurricane Eloise and Surfin' was great.

Come visit Satellite Beach, you'll enjoy it.



Dick Pollick at Indialantic-By-The-Sea.

Indialantic-By-The-Sea

by Dick Catri

A small beach town, not down on surfing where Florida surfing history was made. The home of the first surfboard manufacturer Jack Roland Murphy, "Murph The Surf".

On a Christmas morning in years gone by a crowd of thousands gathered at the shore to see Santa ride in on a six foot wave in full regalia including candy and goodies for the children. Who are these children NOW? To name the surfers that surf Indialantic would call for a list that would look like the who's-who of Florida surfing and since the building of the north jetty at the inlet this group migrate back and forth through the south end of the county. They have discovered and named most of the spots you have read about in the past.

There is, however, a certain purity in surfing here that is not found elsewhere in this county. I think the type of waves has a lot to do with it. When large, Indialantic is a good beach break with power, tubes, and does a lot for aggressive clean surfing, when small it becomes a hollow shore break that allows the young surfer to workout on. Most are riding speed type boards and are truly aggressive stylists without a lot of wasted motion and yet performing at a high level.

The name tells it all, the street along the ocean is Wavecrest Avenue, in Indialantic, ya say it like you are from the south. In-de-alantic-Where a little bit of Florida has not changed.



Melbourne Beach 'Local Yocal' having good fun.



Gary Chapman at Melbourne Beach.

Melbourne Beach by Allan Margolis

Within the area known as Melbourne Beach you'll find some of the best small businesses and restaurants in Florida. George and Helen's for reasonably priced last word omelettes, super burgers and motorized coffee.

The bodacious Purple Oyster for deep fried seafood and a TV and pool tables. For special occasions Melbourne Beach has the Poor Richards Inn and the Melbourne Beach Steakhouse.

For the last, or almost last chance gas up, try Jim Mercers friendly Standard Station. Melbourne Beach has 2 fine fishing stores, the Outdoorsman and Frank's Custom Rod Shop. If you have a rod and reel bring it, cause you can easily catch your dinner from the surf.

The people who run the town are fine community minded, concerned folks. The Town Building looks brand new, and always clean as a whistle and cool as a cucumber. The town is very interested in its youth and provides a park and a recreation area, a tennis court and a fishing pier. They also have the finest Antique Community Center I have ever seen in which is shown an occasional surfin film.

For surf shops there's Lewis's Fox Surf Shop, which is filled to the brim. There's also a Magic Market, Melbourne Beach Hardware, a Beauty Shop, and then there's Bob the best barber in town, for an experience out of the past, enter the very simple very comfortable — very reasonably priced 2 chair barber shop. The last of the \$2.75 custom haircuts boys.

Last, but not least, some of the most contented, well adjusted people on this planet.



Monster Hole howl'in.



Dick Catri.

Surf it all day and you will have had a work out you will remember. The paddle out is not a hassle and to some is a trap, for getting in can be a trip. To get out all you need to do is get in the current and stay on the outside edge of the break, if you cut in too soon and get caught inside — good luck, if you go to the far outside, good luck. If you do get caught inside on a large swell it is almost quicker to move back inside and start all over, rather than try to fight the current and waves. There is a trough inside that runs north and south that you can use for this purpose. It also is a place that the fish use for the same thing and is the scene of most shark sightings. That is also where your board ends up on a moderate day, however, when large boards do make it to the beach. The inside reef is out of the water on low tide and can be a shocker when swimming in, so beware. So why do people come from all over to surf this place? Waves! Looking back at the history of the Hole it is hard to believe so much has happened so fast. Until the work started on the north jetty the Hole did not look the same. There was a break in front of the south jetty that was good but not as large as what is now the Hole. The north current coming around the north jetty formed a sand bar on a shallow reef. The coquina has grown and we now have a full-on reef outside that is like a point under water causing a long left and short right into the inlet.

The left is long and tubular, the right is a short open door but as the swell gets large the tubular left gets too long long and right starts to get more and more tubular. I remember the first time I rode the Hole we had been surfing the north side on 6 to 8 foot waves the crowd had gotten out of hand and I went in to tune up. The other guys on the beach were looking at these waves on the

other side of the inlet. I watched for a while then I started to relate to looking at waves in Hawaii. The waves were a long way out and did not look that large (like all big waves) and not having anything to compare size to, nobody was stoked. I looked at one and it took a long time for the lip of the breaking wave to reach the bottom. I said the wave is much bigger than it looks from here.

I still could not stoke anyone to go out with me so I went by myself. I walked out to the end of the north jetty full of fear and apprehension as I was climbing down the rocks I slipped and fell, landing on my board and impaled it on a pointed rock. As strange as it might sound this was a gift. As I was so mad that I stopped worrying about the inlet the sharks, and all I could think of was to ride those waves. I paddled across the inlet being cautious not to get caught inside, the fish were everywhere. The September mullet run was in full swing it was like surfing in an aquarium, as luck would have it I got one of the best rides of my life on the first wave. Now I was stoked, it did not take long before one at a time, new faces were appearing at the Hole. It is hard to look back such a short time and try to remember what it was like, now you have to run a slalom course to avoid other surfers. I think the sharks have left because of the crowds. There is still a certain magic to this spot, moving water, and thick hard breaking waves add up to Florida surfing at its best. I have seen the Hole at 12 feet and it is far from closing out and still not a hassle to get out something different for an East Coast wave.

In the last 4 years there have been a number of shark sightings but only two attacks where people were bitten badly, both are still surfing but not at the Hole. I leave you with this suggestion when surfing Monster Hole . . . try not to look like a Mullet.

SEBASTIAN INLET ON MY MIND by mike mann

Melbourne Beach fades into the rearview mirror as we keep trucking south on A1A. It's another day of that old Florida ritual — checking for where the waves are happening and at the same time freaking out that the wind may switch onshore any second. Foot down on the floor. Streaking for Sebastian Inlet. Old Friend, Sebastian. You know that's where the wave is. Hurry-up and get a few tubes before the crowd shows up. Music blasting . . . conjuring up mental image pictures about making love to some lovely surfing lady in a Chevy Van . . . smile . . . how fast are we going? 85 . . . better slow down . . . It's that old anticipation in the pit of the stomach. Stay loose. Be at the Inlet soon, I can feel those tubes. Remember when the speed limit was 70 here, 55 seems so damn slow.



Sebastian Inlet...surprise!

There goes Floridana Beach . . . The Market . . . Sebastian Surf Shop . . . 6 more miles to go . . . trying to stay calm. Spanish House . . . the bridge . . . there's the bridge. God, I hope it's good. Shall we just pull in or ride to the top of the bridge and look. Let's look . . . YOW! Longlines - forming - peaks - at least 5 feet and the lefts are also working. Look at the wedge ricochet. Look . . . quick turn around. My heard is pounding faster. I hope it doesn't attack me. Down the dirt road. Shocks creaking. Bumped my head on the roof . . . damn . . . I gotta stay calm . . . stay calm. Been so long since I surfed good waves. Here I go over the dune — board under my arm — legs churning like a windmill. What a wave. Where's my wax? My wax. Oh no. Say, Buddy you got any wax? No? How 'bout you? No? Here I go without wax. What a bummer. Whassamater with these people; Why don't they bring wax to the beach? Ooh, ooh look at that guy covered up. Look at that wedge throw out. Here I go . . . Boy was



Joe Webb...Sebastian Left. Shot on KodachromeX, 6.3 at 1/500 of a sec.

Gary Propper with a Sebastian peak.

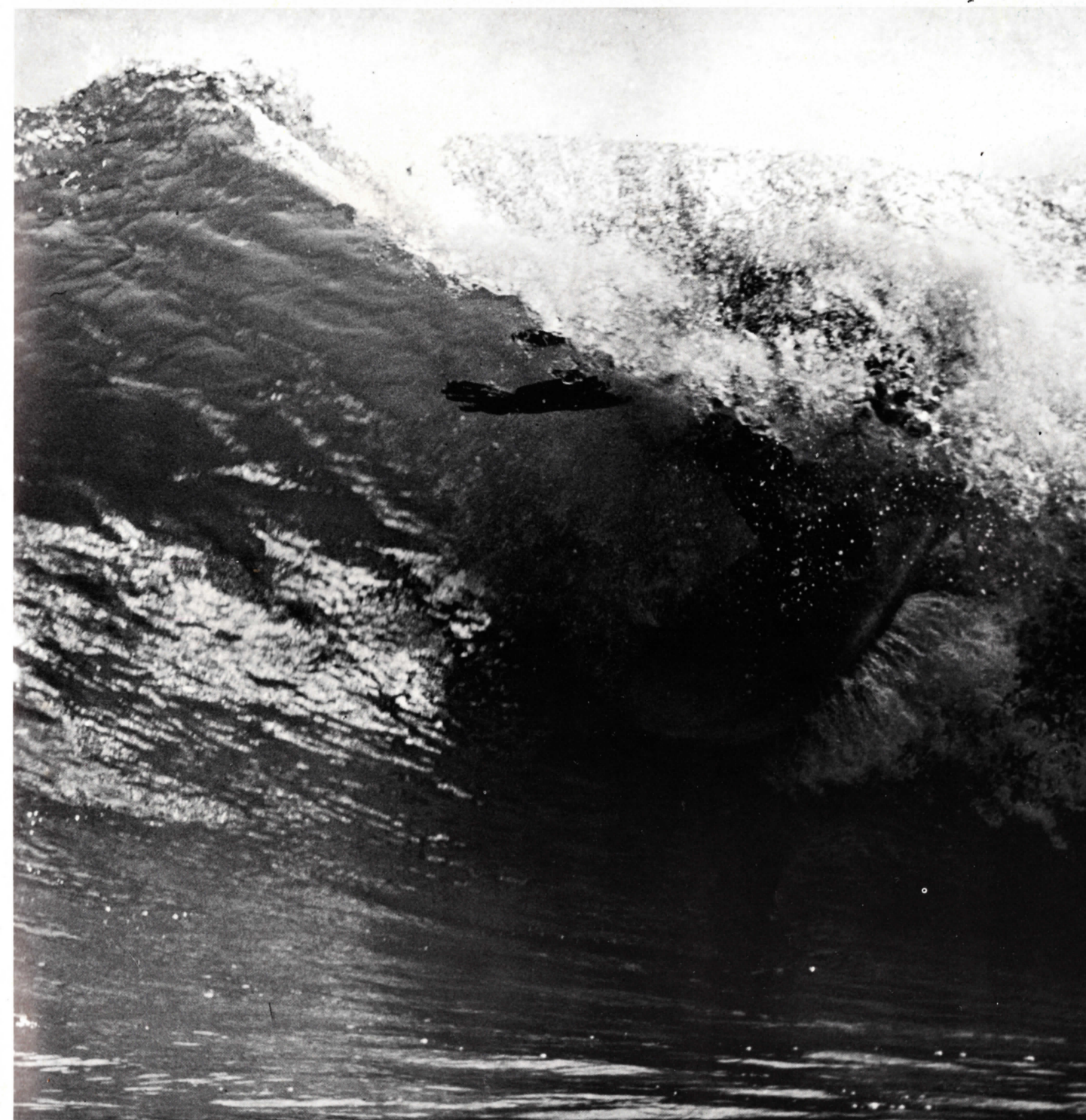


SEBASTIAN INLET ON MY MIND . . .

that a tube ride . . . unreal . . . outside . . . paddling up the face . . . down with a whump! Paddle, paddle, up the face . . . whump . . . Oh, Jeez . . . Look at that 3rd wave. I'll never make it over. I'll have to take off

The weary body driving north on A1A . Surfed out but happy. 5 hours and 3 dings later you began to relax and slow down. And that big wave. If only your foot hadn't slipped on that big wave. Boy. That would have been the one. Oh, well tomorrow maybe the swell will hold. Sebastian Inlet. Tomorrow I'll be back WITH wax.

Mike Mann

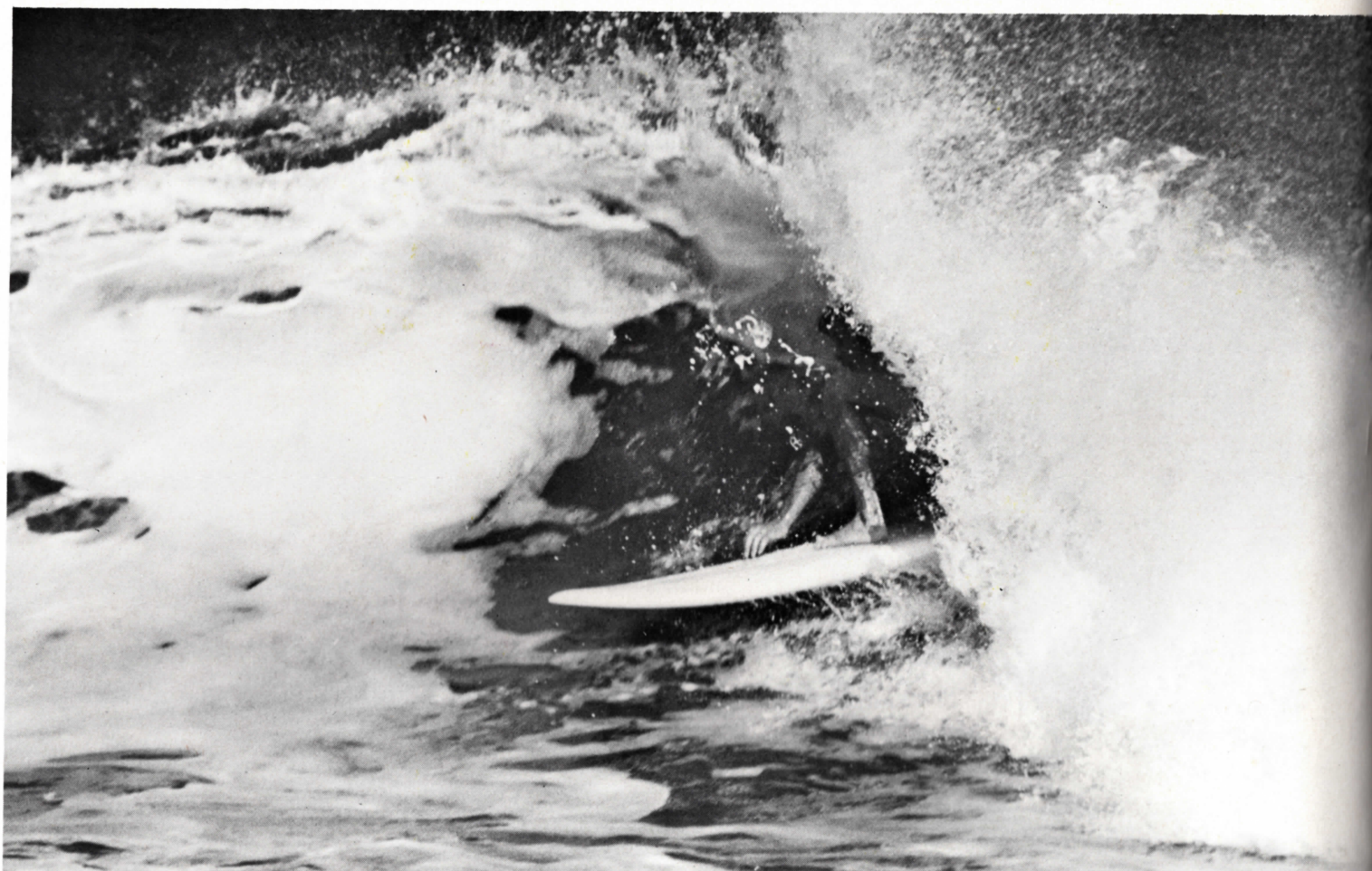


Mike Tabeling within.



Through the process of trial and error
all comes together.
Regis Jupinko perfectly tubed in
Sebastian, Florida, January 14, 1975.

Film, Kodachrome 25, Lens Century 650m.m.
Shot at F6.3 and 1/500th of a second.



Randy Rarrick going his way!



Joe Webb inside.

'Wolfman' going his way.



Randy Smith... 'Tool' in.





Sunrise...Buxton N.C. Shot with a Nikonos, 4'5 at 1/125 of a sec.

...hatteras island

Buxton, North Carolina

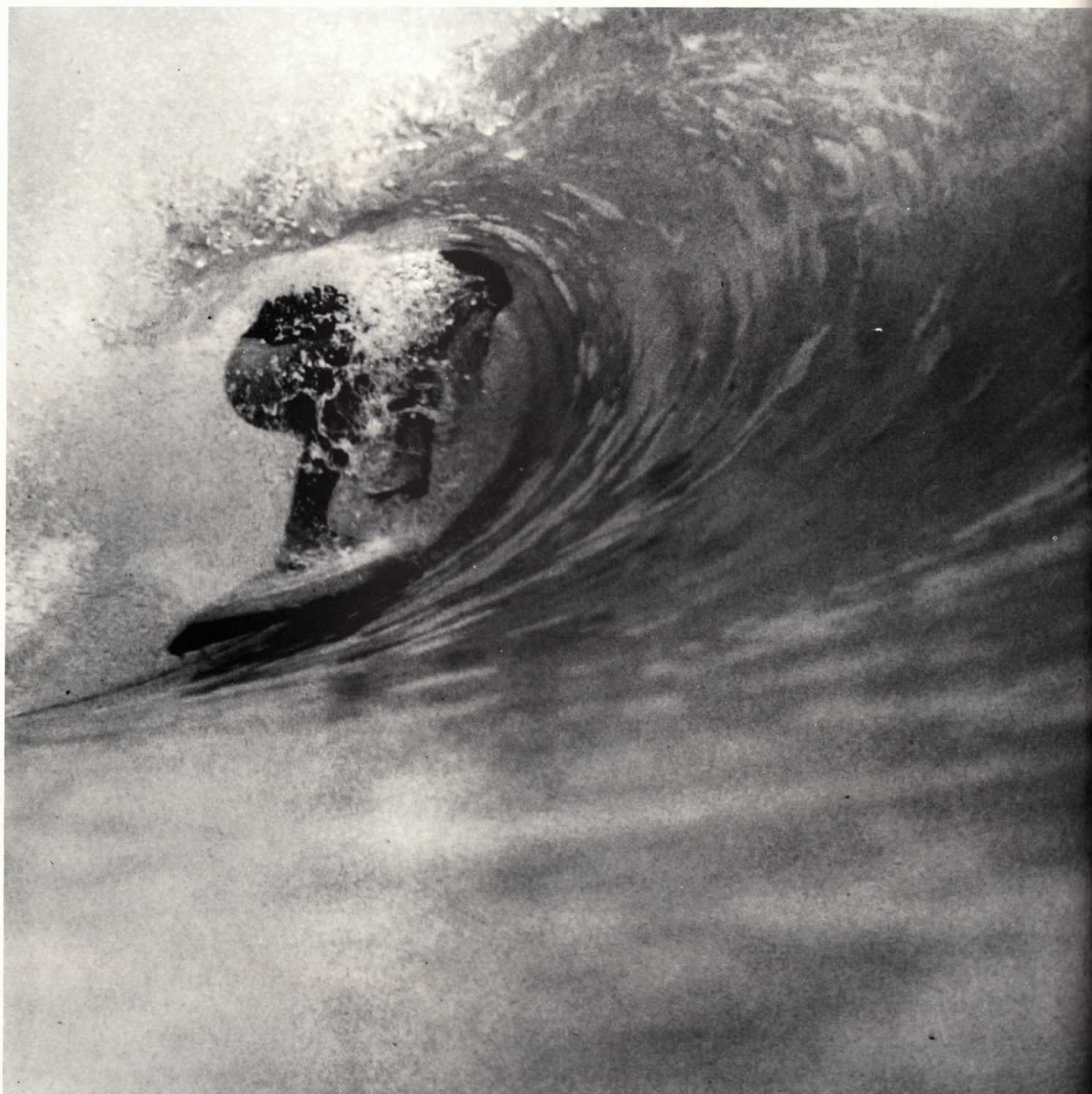
by Allan Margolis

No matter how good the waves are here in Florida, sooner or later the local surfer gets the urge to travel - to change locals. Sometimes this is just before we get our best waves. Alas. For the Florida surfer this feeling of wonder lust usually leads to Buxton, N.C. 14 hours of driving north (some say they do it in 10 hours) and you are there. In a surfing frontier it's true possibilities are endless (only the real local yocals know). There are literally hundreds of breaks. Never seen - much less ridden. The sand bars are natures own, so perfect some who know call them sand bar reefs. Intime — seek and you will find. Go where others have never been for true Hatteras — solitude surfin.



Buxton, N.C.

The best, is to strike out into uncharted wave country, for perfectly private camp tripping, and solitude surfing — all it takes — is what you possess, an adventurous mind and lots of time, this way you may just find what you crave. Fine waves, with lonely tubes, in a refreshingly new atmosphere and I hope a developing feeling for another surfing place, and maybe upon your return home a greater appreciation for your home surfin town.



George Machuca...his path.



The other side.

HATTERAS ISLAND Buxton, North Carolina . . .

The thought of Hatteras Island brings to mind fond memories and an endless stream of possibilities for future wave endeavors.

There are good clean motels, reasonably priced, and good seafood restaurants, and well stocked country stores. The national seashore park system offers quality camp sites at low rates.

P. S.

The people are the greatest, give them their do and most likely they'll reveal to you the treasures of their home grounds and sea. Within them the true local yocals are the secret of Hatteras Island, Buxton, N.C.



Charles Baldwin cuts back.

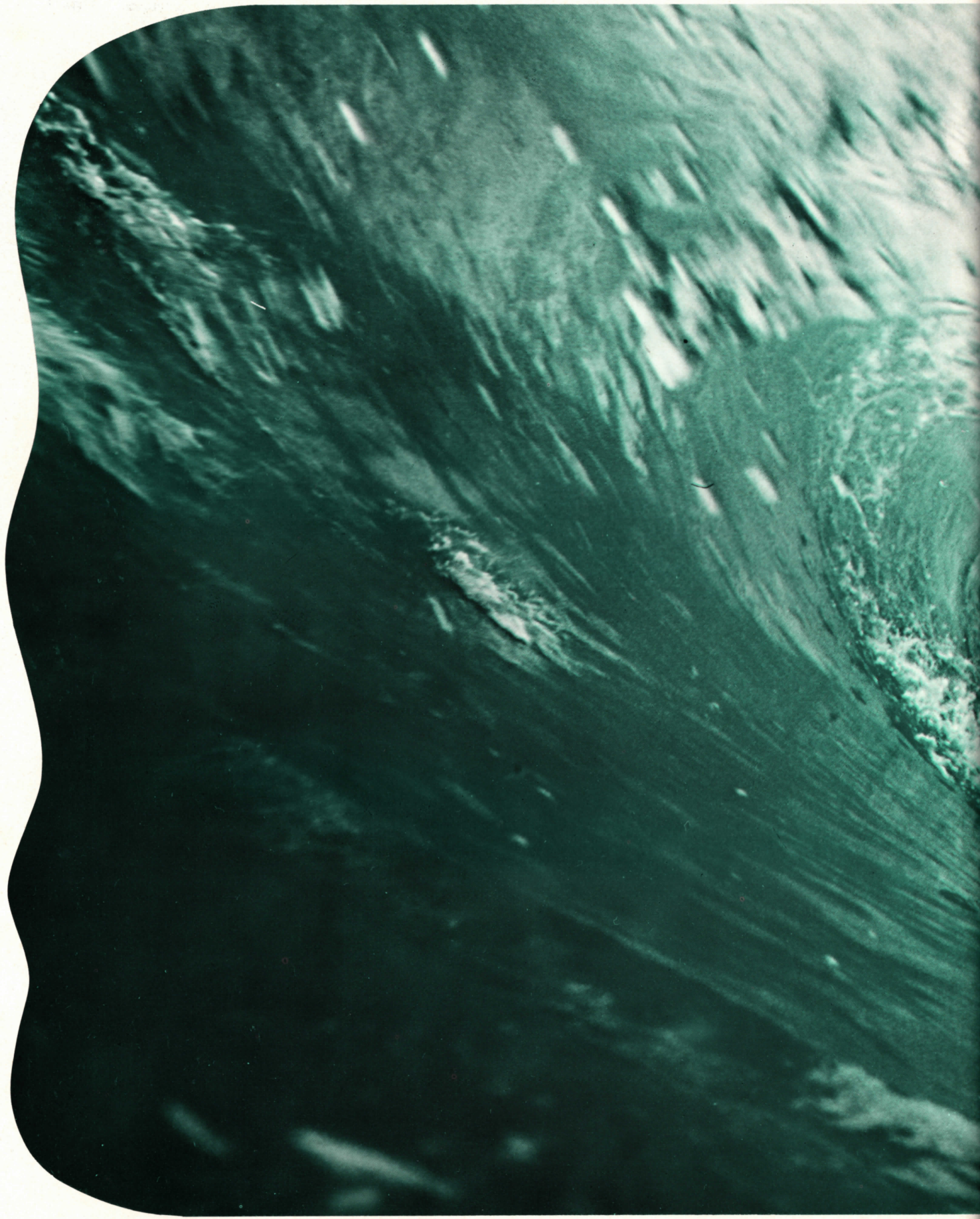


Donnie B...
heading to
the pit
of the matter.

A natural flow.



A positive approach to the downfall...Buxton N.C.



A kneeboarder vortex sampling.



Another side of New York.

NEW YORK

by bruce walker



Before I'd ever been there, the name New York brought to mind infinite miles of smog infested industrial city, churning smoke stacks, soot stained buildings, jigsaw puzzle freeways, rush hour traffic, and in general, a claustrophobic, hemmed in feeling of being in one of the world's largest cities.

After arriving in New York, driving around the perimeter of the city and finally arriving in the Hamptons on Long Island, I realized a totally different aspect of New York that I'd never even dreamed of. From the Hamptons, all the way out to Montauk, I drove through beautiful and scenic countryside, passing miles of farmland, with pumpkins sitting along old country fences. The view at Montauk is unbelievable. Point after point of rocky cliffs jutting into the sea.

The name New York took on new meaning as I looked out over 3-5 foot groundswells marching in from the north Atlantic, raked clean by an offshore breeze created by a passing Canadian cold front moving in from the north. Cool, crisp lines, pushed in from some far distant storm; a blessing to those of us waiting on finned daggers near shore.

Two months I spent in New York surfing a variety of waves and conditions. Rock bottoms, sand bottoms, point breaks, beach breaks, and even an excellent but unpredictable spot breaking well inside of one of New York's inlets.

Surfing restrictions and problems with beach access do exist in New York, but things seem to be getting better and for those who really want to surf good waves, there's always a way if you try.

When I think back about my time on Long Island I remember lazy days spent with good waves, good friends, beautiful countryside, and a stoked feeling that remains with me to this day.



Fletcher Sharp at Hiltons Head.

SURF'IN PHOTOGRAPHY

PICTORIAL

Philip Pederson has his own cruise.



J.P. visits the downfall in N.C.





Gary Paul...mov'in up there.

Douglas Shanedeal...whisp'in his way.



For you or me?



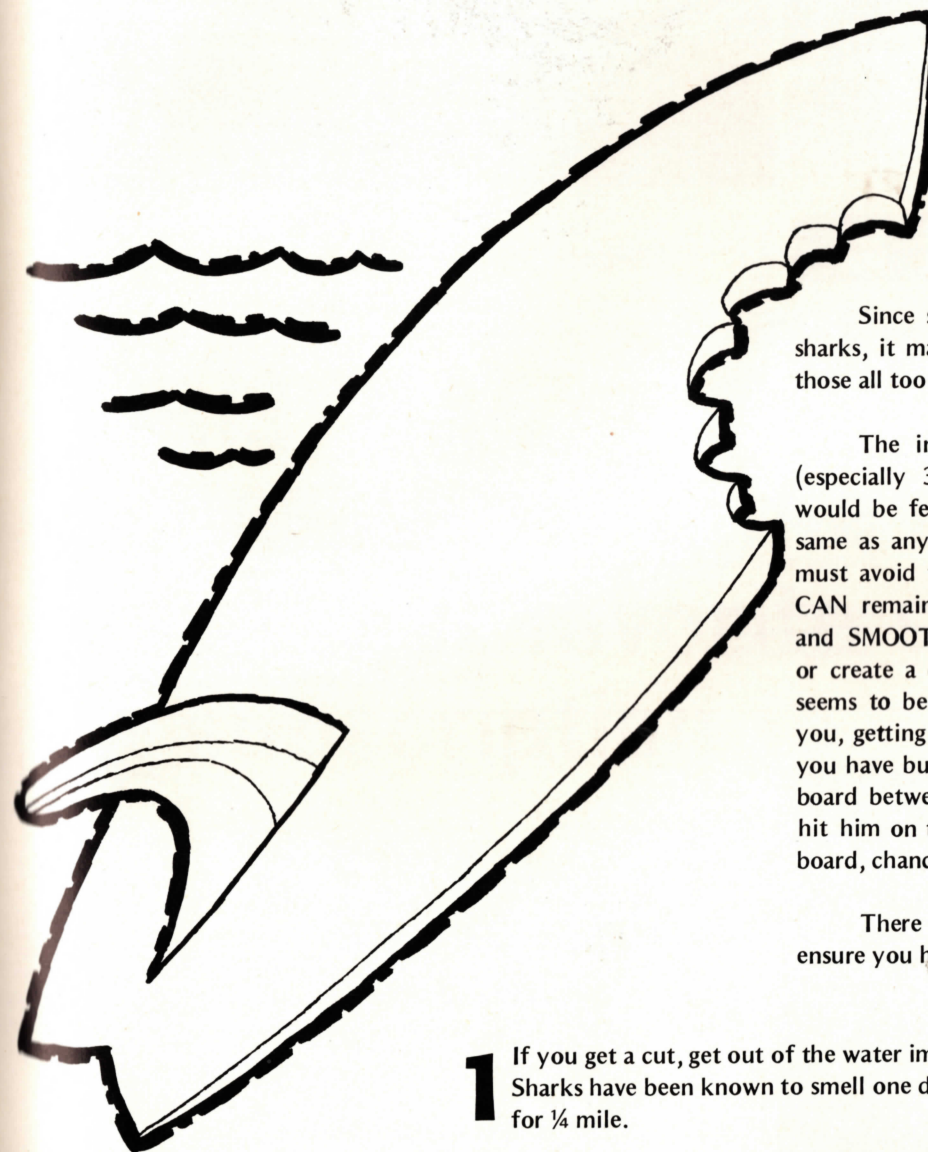


Tim Ginnet...Buxton, N.C. The locals go for it.

SURF'IN TIP #1

SHARKS AND SURFERS!

by
Mike Mann



Since surfers are in the water all the time, and so are sharks, it makes sense that we know a little something about those all too toothy critters.

The instant one sees a fin or a swirl in his vicinity (especially 300 yards from shore) the immediate reaction would be fear and/or panic. Since a shark is built much the same as any other predator, and can sense or smell fear, you must avoid this reaction. As difficult as it may sound — you CAN remain calm. Keep your eye on the shark IF possible and SMOOTHLY paddle for shore. DO NOT splash or kick or create a disturbance. If the shark starts to circle you, or seems to be behaving in an odd manner such as charging at you, getting overly excited, licking his chops (joke) etc. Then you have but one choice. You must face him, try to keep your board between you and him, and as he comes at you try to hit him on the nose and if you can hit him with the tip of your board, chances are he will split in a hurry.

There are certain rules to follow when surfing which will ensure you have a safe day.

1 If you get a cut, get out of the water immediately. Sharks have been known to smell one drop of blood for ¼ mile.

2 Avoid surfing in areas which are loaded with fish. If you are surfing in a school of mullet, you are asking for trouble. Your foot looks very much like a mullet from a sharks viewpoint.

3 When surfing in areas known for its concentration of sharks such as monster hole (Sebastian Inlet) or Montauk, New York, use a very high quality surf leash. You are always better off with your board for protection, than swimming.

4 Surf in a crowd. If you are afraid of sharks. If there are 50 people out you have only 1 chance in 50 of being the one to get it.

5 Let your little brother paddle out first at any new surf spot to test the water.

6 Don't surf where a dog is swimming around. Dogs seem to have a peculiar pulsing to their swimming strokes which attract sharks.

There have always been sharks around. There are no more now than usual. But people's attention is more fixed on it, use common sense and you'll be safe.



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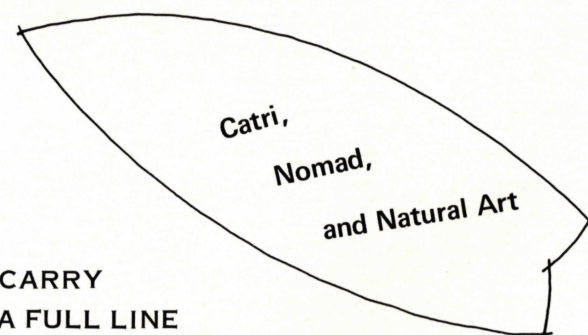
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