

The  
Cocoa  
Beach  
Surf  
Museum

The Cocoa Beach Surf Museum's Quarterly Newsletter

# Wave Lengths

Volume 1 - Issue 3

Fall/Winter 2008

## Surf MOROCCO *by John Hughes*

What do you get when you mix a thousand miles of coastline with tree-climbing goats, an ancient Muslim culture, rocky desert and three crazy Frenchmen with an American in tow? You get a Moroccan surf adventure, of course!

My friends Jerome and Bertrand have been cajoling me for years to join them in Morocco. They have been going there every year for the past six years. There's plenty of surf, and, for them, it's a short flight from Europe and cheap to stay there. It is much like Baja for Americans. So I finally accepted and after a three-hour flight to JFK, another three hours sitting on the runway, a seven-hour flight to Casablanca, two missed connecting flights to Agadir and an hour and a half midnight drive to our destination with Bertrand and my new friend Olivier.... whew! We made it.

We were up bright and early to check out the famous right point break below our surf camp abode and much to our surprise, it was flat! Actually, I wasn't that surprised: that is kind of SOP for my surf trips. It was a bigger disappointment for my friends, whose home break is in the Netherlands, which makes Cocoa Beach look like Indo by comparison. Plus it is cold as poop most of the year. So we ate breakfast and went snorkeling later on the rocky reef around the corner. Then we went snorkeling again the next day. On the third day, we got some surf, which stayed in the waist to head high range for the rest of our stay. The swell we needed to make the point work never materialized, but we were having a lot of fun anyway.

The place we stayed in was a tiny fishing village called Imsouane (don't ask me to pronounce it), which has only recently begun to see any surfing visitors. The local fishermen were courteous, but rather indifferent to the effects of surfing, since they were more intent on making a living from the sea. My friends had been surfing this place for years with few or no other surfers sharing the line up. Imsouane has a small population of local surfers, but they suffer from a serious shortage of surfboards and even basic supplies such as wax. They were eager to communicate, but since I didn't speak the lingua franca, which coincidentally was French, my communicating was restricted to smiling, waving my hands around and asking my friends, "What did he say?"

So what was there to do in Imsouane? In a nutshell, not much. Eat breakfast, check the surf, nap, check the surf again. Then go up the hill

for a few, to the only place in town that serves beer, then back to the camp for dinner. We were there during Ramadan, when devout Muslims abstain from eating or drinking until sundown. This tends to make them a little cranky and it also meant that we didn't eat until 8:30 or 9:00 p.m., since we got served only after the owners had fixed their own dinner. Jerome and gang had an ingenious solution to this problem in the form of an exotic French liquor—Ricard—which they had brought with them. It was an effective remedy to waiting for late dinners. As I said, they had made the trip before. *Continued p.3*



Imagine . . .

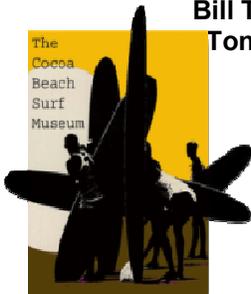
"There are no words to describe what a gift this is." *Dahmen DeCesare Griswold, former professional surfer*

Several CBSM members were in the water on September 20 when the Life Rolls On Foundation and "They Will Surf Again" sponsored an event for disabled surfers in Cocoa Beach. Sean O'Hare and Bill Tweedie were among the volunteers who helped carry surfers to their boards and helped them paddle in or caught them if they fell. With 100 other volunteers, they helped the surfers experience the thrill again – or, for some of them, for the first time.



THE COCOA BEACH SURF MUSEUM  
[www.cocoa beachesurfmuseum.org](http://www.cocoa beachesurfmuseum.org)

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## Wave Lengths

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## Ride On

Happy Holidays, everyone!

It's a great time of year to take account of what is most important – families, friends, our most passionate causes – and to determine our course for next year. Just when we got used to saying 2000-something, eight years have flown by, and with it some great intentions that never got realized.

If you're like me, you've told yourself you'd surf more, worry less, and spend less money and more time with friends. The cool thing is, at the beginning of every year, we get to resolve anew and the screw-ups of the past get erased.

You can knock out all of those resolutions at once by joining the Cocoa Beach Surf Museum and volunteering for some of our fun activities. Whether you're into surfboards, paddleboards, SUPs, mats, or beach chairs, you'll find some old and new friends to enjoy and a cause worth your time and energy.



John, Fred and Sean working at the Museum

If you need it, here's your personal invitation to a potluck, lecture, contest, or movie. Watch your digital newsletters and emails for upcoming chances to get better at keeping your resolutions.

See you in the water, *Tony*

*Continued from Page 1 – Surf Morocco*

An assortment of Euro backpackers, surfers and such passed through during our stay. One couple who we kind of adopted was a young Italian named Franco and his Swiss girlfriend of a few days, who also possessed an unpronounceable name. They were learning to surf, giving us the opportunity to impress them with our most profound surf wisdom, which became progressively more profound in the evenings as we consumed more Ricard.

She was prone to entertaining us each morning with a yoga routine that made you appreciate the amazing plasticity of the human body. We would come back in the afternoon to find her dancing wildly in the lobby to the throbbing beat of conga drums manned by glassy-eyed Euro dudes. I really hate drum circles. But she and her boyfriend were nice folks, even though she had the annoying habit of staring off into space in the middle of a sentence.

Imsouane is undergoing a transformation of sorts, since the first-ever surf contest was being held there the weekend we were leaving. Several dozen of Europe's and the UK's top longboarders dribbled into town during the preceding week to familiarize themselves with the waves. They only had the beach break to play with, but they put on a show with a repertoire of progressive high-performance long-board surfing they seem to favor. The local surf community—about six Moroccans—responded by filling the two closet-sized surf shops with t-shirts, Moroccan jackets and beanie caps to sell to the visitors. They seemed to be genuinely stoked to see that many pro surfers at one time, and the visitors kept the vibe good overall.

A surf mat story: We were out one afternoon on the beach at Imsouane trying to get some scraps from the 2-to-4 ft. side-shore beach break. We were competing with the locals, the pros and surf school students who were careening through the waves in every direction, and it wasn't much fun.

I had been watching a rise of whitewater about a hundred yards farther out that would show up every ten minutes or so as the swell wrapped around the point a little farther up the beach. I convinced Bertie to paddle his longboard over there with me to check it out. After a little wait, the swell popped up over a rock shelf below and we caught a chest-high wave. It quickly backed off, making it hard for my friend to

get much of a ride. But on my mat I was able to ride the re-form through the midbreak and connect to a zippy little inside section. We surfed it for an hour or so before the tide killed it. Other longboarders would paddle over from time to time, but would get frustrated after a while and leave. At one point we both took off on the same wave. Before he had time to get to his feet, I was already flying by under the nose of his board. He told me things like that were bad for his ego, haha.

One afternoon the boys decided we needed a road trip. They wanted me to see the town of Essouaria, which I also could not pronounce, about an hour and a half's drive away. Essouaria is a picturesque town very popular with European tourists. It is also a major windsurfing destination. It was originally built by the Portuguese over five hundred years ago during their colonial period. The city is still surrounded by a fortress wall, built to defend the city. Inside the wall are cafes, bazaars and shops of every description. The architecture is basically unchanged from ancient times, with whitewashed walls and narrow streets that twist and turn like a maze. Heavy blue-painted wooden doors with massive iron hinges separate the dwellings from the commerce outside. We were there to shop, so Jerome and Bertrand pressed ahead on their mission while I lagged behind with Olivier. I went wherever Olivier went since he seemed to know his way around. I should mention that Olivier is a lively guy who never stops talking. He makes a fine traveling companion because he has an endless supply of factoids and trivia to pass the time. I happen to be a sucker for trivia. He also had some amazing stories of living and working in Africa that would be good book material.

My mission was to buy a Moroccan dagger. I don't have any use for a dagger, but they look cool so I had to have one. Olivier spotted one of the little shops that had them and I was instantly befriended by the young Moroccan salesman working there. I found a dagger I liked and the bargaining began. Using my shrewd bargaining skills, I managed to bring the asking price down to three times the actual value. Money exchanged hands, I had my dagger, he made enough to feed his family for six months and everyone was happy. I even managed to keep my ball cap, which he was trying hard to throw into the deal. *Continued p. 5*

## Join the Cocoa Beach Surf Museum

and help preserve surfing history. Members receive a quarterly newsletter and special invitations to museum events. New memberships include a museum T-shirt and member discounts.

(Check One)

STUDENT	25.00	_____
SURFER	30.00	_____
STOKED	50.00	_____
OHANA (FAMILY)	60.00	_____
KAHUNA	100.00	_____
PATRON	500.00	_____
CORPORATE	1,000.00	_____



Photo – Debbie Tweedie

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

Email \_\_\_\_\_

T-Shirt size (Circle One): S M L XL XXL

Please mail your membership form and check to:  
**The Cocoa Beach Surf Museum**  
**P.O. BOX 321453**  
**Cocoa Beach, FL 32932-1453**

**Museum  
 Members can  
 join Surfrider  
 at a discount!**



**Surfrider  
 Foundation**

*Protecting Our Beaches For Over 20 Years*

Check One:  
 Regular (\$15.00) \_\_\_\_\_  
 Student (\$10.00) \_\_\_\_\_  
 Family (\$35.00) \_\_\_\_\_

**What Surfrider Chapter are you interested in?**  
 (see <http://www.surfrider.org/chapters1.asp> for a  
 list of chapters)

\_\_\_\_\_

*Continued from Page 3 – Surf Morocco*

We continued on through the alleys trying to find the fish market. We had gotten into an area away from the main tourist trail that was more of a local neighborhood. We passed by a courtyard where there was some sort of altercation taking place. An older Moroccan man was arguing rather violently with another man. The second one suddenly ran in front of us across the alley and came back with a younger guy who took up the argument with the first one. Without warning the first man picked up a large iron bar, the type you would lock a gate with, and started hitting the younger guy as hard as he could in the ribs. We didn't stick around to find out what it was all about.

After a few hours our shopping was done, the sun was setting, and we decided it was time to head back. We returned to our car and everyone piled in. Bertrand started up the car, then suddenly started cursing with gusto. We had parked in a paid parking lot, and when we first arrived we had a half tank of gas. Now we were almost empty. We all jumped out of the car to confront the locals who were supposed to have been watching our car. Jerome and Bertrand demanded that they return our gas or pay us for it. The locals, of course, denied that they had anything to do with it. This was all said in French accompanied by lots of arm waving and it was getting kind of ugly. I stepped back and put on my best steely-eyed ninja face, ready to take action if things got physical. Fortunately (for me) it didn't, and we left with no gas and no compensation. The boys weren't satisfied, however, so we headed to the nearest police station. Olivier and I stayed with the car while Bertie and Jerome went inside. They returned twenty minutes later with the story.

They had made a complaint at the desk, but since it was almost dark and the policemen on duty hadn't eaten all day, they were reluctant to check it out and do the paperwork. Jerome suggested that they go instead to the parking lot and give the gas thieves a scare. Some money changed hands and one of the policemen accompanied the boys back to the lot. Once there, the policeman roused them up and threatened them with jail and confiscation of their licenses. They were told to report to the station—but after dinner. Then the officer turned to the boys with



John Hughes in wet and dry Morocco – Summer 2008



Base Camp  
Keep scrolling for More Morocco Pics

a grin and said, "So how did I do?" The boys were pleased with his performance so they slipped him a few more coins for his trouble.

After we had been at the camp for seven days, we realized that we were almost out of money. Since the village has no bank or ATM or much cash at all, this meant driving to the nearest town to replenish our supply. We accomplished our mission after lunch and beers at a good restaurant, then headed back to home base. On the way we passed through a village that is known for its bananas, so we stopped to get a supply. Back in the car—our tiny Fiat—we broke out the bananas, which were quite good. Jerome, who was in the back seat, suddenly decided that Bertie, who was driving, needed a banana shampoo. So he took a peeled banana and smashed it into the back of Bertie's head. Everyone started laughing hysterically while the little Fiat swerved all over the road. Bertrand retaliated by opening a liter bottle of water and spraying the contents all over the interior and the passengers. The lack of surf was taking its toll.

The following day was our last day, so we headed to the beach once more after breakfast to check the surf. The predicted swell still had not arrived so we settled for a few hours of surfing more waist-high beach break. We spent the afternoon packing and paying the bill, then said our goodbyes and hit the road back to Agadir, to the hotel where we would spend the night before our early-morning flight. Up at 3:00 the next morning and off to the airport after getting lost a few times on the way, I flew back, in reverse order, to the real world and the end of an adventure.. ~ ~ ~ *End* ~ ~ ~

## Obama depicted in Florida surfing artwork

By [Justin Beard](#)

Thursday, October 30, 2008

Reprinted with permission from Scripps

Treasure Coast Newspapers



Bruce Reynolds' work of art features Sen. Barack Obama pulling ahead of a breaking wave on a single-fin, throwing a shaka sign, a common Hawaiian

greeting gesture with his left hand and the word "HOPE" written vertically along the top right-hand corner.

Senator Barack Obama has given many people hope during his unprecedented campaign for the United States' presidency.

Bruce Reynolds, a 53-year-old self-taught mixed-media artist from Cocoa Beach, is an average "Joe" who has never met Obama, but was so inspired by the senator's message of hope, he created a one-of-a-kind mixed-media assemblage featuring the presidential candidate.

"Part of my inspiration for the Obama piece relates to a surfer's hope when it comes to catching and riding a wave — it's about taking that initial plunge without knowing what the result will be," Reynolds said.

"People are people wherever you go — it's the leadership where things get screwed up and that's why I think surfing is a really good analogy — it's all about hope and the surfing lifestyle is all about being hopeful."

Reynolds' inspiration also derives from Obama's calm approach to dealing with difficult, stressful situations.

"When I was growing up, all the surfers I looked up to were intuitive on how to act with grace and style," Reynolds said.

"You had to be somewhat stylish for people to respect you and that's what I see in Obama, a return to statesmanship and dignity in an approach to handle, not only internal relations, but world relations, and see him as a guy who has grace under pressure — like Gerry Lopez did during his heydays at Pipeline."

## C2C - Take 2

By *John Hughes*

Our second 22-mile Causeway to Causeway Paddle Challenge was an even bigger success this year. We had a larger turnout and a wider variety of paddlecrafter than last year. The participants really stepped it up, with return paddlers beating last year's time. Even the newcomers posted faster times than we had last year. We feasted on great Cuban food afterwards and everyone had a blast.



Thanks to our sponsors: Mr. Cubano, Ocean Potion, Jobbeedu, Longdoggers and Commander Hotel of Ocean City, Maryland. A big thanks to all the volunteers from the Cocoa Beach Surf Museum who made this happen.



## C2C Results

Rank	Name	Time	Craft
1	Matt Coiro	3:46:45	Epic 18' Kayak
1	Linda Postma	3:50:51	OC-2
1	Jim McCrady	4:08:09	Surfboat
	Andy Engle		
2	Wyatt Werneth	5:03:39	Surfboat
	Justin McVicker		
1	JP Atherholt	4:20:04	Unlimited Paddleboard
2	Greg Schmidt	4:23:08	Unlimited Paddleboard
3	Lathem Kellum	4:37:46	Unlimited Paddleboard
4	Skip Maxwell	4:46:38	Unlimited Paddleboard
5	Robert Martini	5:02:36	Unlimited Paddleboard
6	Adam Compton	5:12:54	Unlimited Paddleboard
1	Cynthia Aguilar	5:40:56	12' Stock Paddleboard
1	David Boudreau	5:48:12	14' Paddleboard
1	Chip Bock	4:52:05	SUP - 19' Unlimited
1	Gary Wise	5:04:24	SUP - 14'
2	Chris Cook	5:36:20	SUP - 14'
1	Lindsay Whittaker	5:32:07	SUP -12'
2	Dana Hart	5:45:48	SUP - 10'6"
	<u>11 Miles</u>		
1	Louis Posada	2:42:00	SUP - 11'6"
2	Justin Cook	2:49:00	SUP - 12'
3	Pauly Chambers	2:56:00	SUP - 12'
4	Ross Carter	3:08:00	SUP - 12'
1	Loni Mucha	2:56:00	12' Stock Paddleboard
	<u>11+ miles</u>		
	Andy Scheid	DNF	SUP - 12'
	Joe Serrado	DNF	SUP - 12'

## **Balsa Bill & Island Attitude Results**

### STAND-UP PADDLE – 3 mile

- Justin DeBree (38:17)
- Raul Gonzalez (44:51)
- Andrew Houvouras (59:43)

### PADDLEBOARD – 3 mile

- Lifeguard Open
- Eric Carson (49:40)
- Stock – 36 to 49
- John Huffman (39:04)
  - Tony Atherholt (1:01:55)
- Stock – 50 & Over

- Bruce Bennett (42:48)
- John Swatek (48:03)
- Roland Palot (1:02:27)

- Unlimited – 35 & Under
- Adam Compton (35:21)

- Jordan Abbey (35:38)
- Eric Grayson (42:43)

- Unlimited – 36 to 49
- JP Atherholt (32:00)

- Alex Abbey (33:47)
- Unlimited – 50 & Over

- Michael O'Shaughnessy (32:42)
- Greg Schmidt (32:54)

- Louis Postma (34:27)

### OVERALL

- JP Atherholt (32:00)
- Michael O'Shaughnessy (32:42)
- Greg Schmidt (32:54)
- Alex Abbey (33:47)
- Louis Postma (34:27)
- Adam Compton (35:21)
- Jordan Abbey (35:38)
- John Huffman (39:04)
- Eric Grayson (42:43)
- Bruce Bennett (42:48)
- Raul Gonzalez (44:51)
- John Swatek (48:03)
- Eric Carson (49:40)
- Andrew Houvouras (59:43)
- Tony Atherholt (1:01:55)
- Roland Palot (1:02:27)



## 2<sup>nd</sup> Annual Balsa Bill & Island Attitude Paddleboard Challenge

What exactly is the Balsa Bill & Island Attitude Paddleboard Challenge? It sounds like some kind of contest.

But wait! At no extra charge, you get a tug of war! And you get a lot more than a contest, too. This event is more about spending time with family and friends than about competition. Debbie and Morgan Tweedie took these photos.



## One Piece

©Tom Fucigna  
Hobe Sound, Florida  
October 2008

Sometimes, the way we look at something is more important than simply seeing it. Viewpoints impact our perception and actions.

I used to be the environmental department at a civil engineering firm, and when there wasn't any environmental stuff to be done, I worked with the engineers, planners, surveyors or construction inspectors. One day, a co-worker recruited me to assist him in inspecting newly cast concrete curbs, but he warned me that I would "never look at a curb the same way again." He was right, because to this day I don't just see curbs. I see cracks that should be fixed. I notice features that shouldn't be there - things that should be corrected.

I see shoreline trash the same way now, and so I've decided to pick up at least one piece each time I visit the waterfront. There's always something waiting for me. I just need to look.

Moonlight plays on the ocean  
Drifting sands measure time  
But there's something  
that just ain't right  
just above the waterline

From trickle to torrent  
the problem remains  
Wherever there's water  
it's defiled the same

Flotsam or jetsam, no matter the source  
drifting unclaimed degrades  
into un-natural substrates and other things  
no fauna or flora made

Who may eat that small piece of plastic  
and accrue just enough to die?  
What creature might suffer a withering exit  
just because I just walked by?

Raging or placid  
Inland or coast  
By stream, lake, river or sea  
There's shore-side trash sitting out there  
waiting for you or me

Who would stand silent and watch one piece  
discarded?

Who, un-moved, would watch it drift by?  
Who will pursue it, wherever it settles  
Who'll retrieve it, one piece at a time?

Lead by example, work without shame  
Humble pride becomes easy to swallow  
Become more than odd in blind-sided eyes  
For your actions may lead them to follow

Don't be afraid to get your hands dirty  
Honest work often does  
Just remember, it all comes out in the wash  
When you work for a worthwhile cause

The more we seek answers to gigantic problems  
it seems more and more that we find  
The only way most things are ever accomplished  
is one little piece at a time

Recently, I picked up a piece of plastic from the sand on my way up from the beach and carried it to a trash can. A guy sitting on the walkway rail said, "Yeah, somebody's gotta do it." I demonstrated my conversational brilliance by just sort of grunting, but what I should have said is, "Actually, everybody does." If we each make a commitment to pick up at least one piece of trash every time we hit the shoreline, we can make a tremendous difference. Go get it.



Morocco  
John Hughes

## Sjggerud Donates Nollrider

The Cocoa Beach Surf Museum recently had the good fortune to receive a valuable addition to its collection. Steve Sjggerud of Fernandina Beach generously donated a 9' 10" Duke Kahanomoku East Coast Nollrider.

These boards were made for a brief time in the mid-1960s at the Greg Noll factory. When the Duke died in 1967, Greg stopped building them, out of respect for the Duke.

These boards are highly desired—on the “A list” for serious collectors—and the East Coast model is particularly rare. Bruce Valluzzi was the team test rider for this model on Greg Noll’s prestigious surf team that included Jeff Hakman, Paul Strauch and Fred Hemmings.



Our own Pat O’Hare made frequent trips to California to help out with shaping duties at the Noll factory and shaped many of the Nollriders, including the boards featured in the iconic advertisement displayed in leading surf magazines, which featured the Duke and team riders at Waimea Falls. Stop by the museum to see our latest acquisition and check out all our new exhibits.



## EVENTS

**Tuesday, December 2, 7 pm** – Volunteer Meeting at the Museum. After the first of the year, the meetings will be held on the first Wednesday of each month.

**Saturday, December 6, 2 pm** – The Cocoa Beach Christmas Parade. We'll have a float! If you want to help, call John Hughes at 321-453-6926.

**Tuesday, December 16, 6 pm** – Surfrider Meeting and Christmas Social at the Museum. All are welcome. Bring a dish to share. Turkey, ham and sushi provided.

**Dates TBA** – Movies, Lectures, Potluck Picnics and Grand Opening – Watch your email for dates

**COCOA BEACH  
SURF MUSEUM**



Morocco land and sea (above, below, right). John Hughes

## The Cat with Nine Lives

Was anyone surprised when Kelly Slater made all our “Eight-Time World Champion” memorabilia obsolete? We followed Kelly’s progress to an unprecedented ninth World Championship, where at Mundaka, Spain, in 45-degree weather, Kelly pulled out of reach with another three contests’ results yet to be determined. As the youngest and oldest world champion ever, with the best season opening ever (five wins in the first eight events), and the most world championships ever, it’s no wonder our hometown hero is considered the greatest surfer of all time. With that much history under the waistband of his trunks, “of all time” might be no exaggeration at all.



# Lecture Me

On April 5, Jim McLaren gave us a lesson in *The Physics of Noseriding*. If you've never listened to one of Jim's talks, you had no idea what you were in for. And even if you weren't able to explain it to someone else later, for those few glorious minutes, physics was no mystery, and the next time you were up, you could understand a little better what was happening under your feet.

On May 3, Chuck Wofford presented *A Surfer's Journey to Peru*. He entranced with sights of his 1982 journey to Macchu Pichu and Cuzco and shots of Chicama, the longest left point break on the planet.

On May 5, Wyatt Werneth presented *The Voice of the Sea Speaks to the Soul*, which let us experience Wyatt's 2007 Miami to Jacksonville paddle. Wyatt did what many of us only dream of doing, but hearing about it was the next best thing.

On August 23, CBSM presented *Learn to Surf*, by local author and veteran surfer, Jim MacLaren. With his raucous humor, Jim showed new surfers what they need to know to get started, from board safety, to wave selection and surf etiquette.

On October 4, CBSM presented *Longboard Sessions 2008*, a surf video featuring local Cocoa Beach and Brevard County surfers on waves from knee-high size to Hurricane Bertha's four-footers-plus. Producer and videographer Diana Wehrell-Grabowski shot the footage at five different Brevard County surf spots from May through August 2008. The soundtrack is by The Aquanuts (Mark Grabowski, Bob Grabowski, Bill McMillen and Chuck Wofford), who played live during the presentation.

CBSM appreciates all these special people who were willing to teach and entertain us and be a part of preserving surfing history and stoke. Special thanks to the Cocoa Beach Public Library and its director, Ray Dickinson, for providing the venue for these lectures, and to Sharon Cranston, who made the arrangements for the venue and advertising, popcorn and refreshments.

