

Mansion Crashing and Maritime Mayhem

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Adventures at Blowsion's Non-Public, Non-Event Beach Party

It's no secret that for the last 18 years the "Guru of Freeride Watercraft" John Dady and his lovely wife, Kristy, along with the Blowsion staff, have made a tradition of hosting the annual Blowsion Beach Party in Pacific City, Oregon. Initially held as a winter surf ride in January of each year back in the '90s, this surf bonanza is now held in mid-August to take advantage of the warmer Pacific Ocean temperatures (and to increase the chances of seeing some bikinis in Oregon).

While runabouts are not excluded, the quantity of stand-ups thrashing about in the Oregon swells puts the high-speed and stable sit-down PWC at risk for collisions. This festive weekend has become a freeride focal point for the world's top pro freeriders, stand-up enthusiasts, and over-the-hill surf legends (in their own minds) to gather and relax without the pressure of a competition environment.

This year's IFWA Pro Freeride Champ Ross Champion was one of the first to arrive in Sherwood, Oregon – home and headquarters of Blowsion. Ross and fellow pro Mike "Sirloin" Serlin wisely arrived early to finish assembling Mike's freshly painted '08 SuperJet with the help of the Blowsion crew. Unfortunately, Mike ran off with an attractive local, so the Blowsion crew finished the ski in his absence. Mike endured endless harassment all weekend for his disappearing act; I suppose that's what you get for being a good-looking Universal Studios stuntman and pro freerider.





Rookie freerider Mark Gomez and his sidekick Chris Rosner made the northward trek from Orange County, California. These two energetic shredders were calling their parents back in California for loans so they could stock up on all the parts that were on the shelves beckoning for credit-card abuse. PWC luminaries attending this year's party included Dean Morton of HT Moto, Steve and Brittany Webster of Jet Ski Unlimited, the aforementioned Champion and Serlin, Nicholas Foederer, Jerry Brandon, "Air" Darin Anderson, Rick Pearce, Eddie Bettencourt and Cuong Son, among many more.

In preparation, John Dady rented several big beach houses and hotel rooms for the hordes of out-of-towners looking for crash pads for the weekend. I was given the Thursday evening assignment to drive to Pacific City ahead of the main group's late-evening arrival and pick up the keys to two of the beach-house rentals. Checking the street address and proceeding to what appeared to be the first beach-house rental, I found the side door curiously unlocked. I was amazed to find the beach house was an incredible five-bedroom, three-story oceanfront mansion with pool tables, multiple viewing decks, a completely stocked refrigerator and wet bar, high-speed Internet, and much more. Late that night – around 2 a.m. – I heard loud knocking and voices coming from next door.

Tierra Del Mar, Oregon, features a long, flat, sandy expanse of beach, ideal for launching your ski (well, with a trailer or dolly, anyways).



Friday morning, I found Dady and the crew all sound asleep with all of the beach rental keys still on the table where I left them. Walking to the front door, I discovered that the keys oddly didn't work. As the boys woke up, they explained that they tried yelling and banging loudly on the door of the correct rental down the street to wake me up. It turns out that I had transposed two of the numbers of the house address and let myself in the wrong unit. Avoiding a possible encounter with a shotgun-toting homeowner, everyone hurried out the door and into the correct rental.

As the sun warmed the coastal air, one could look out at the waves curling in to Pacific City, and above everything else towered the 318-foot-tall Haystack Rock, which resides a mile offshore of the Cape Kiwanda State Park.

Pacific City has managed to keep its small-town charm. It is very secluded off Highway 101, but not completely isolated. With only one blinking stoplight at the main intersection in town, it is a breath of fresh ocean air in comparison to the hustle and bustle of Portland and Willamette Valley.

The early arrivals Friday were already out catching some waves at the mouth of the Nestucca River. The energized hordes of freeriders swarmed the ocean's waves, slashing and launching their skis. With a river bay to retire into, this is the consummate location for pre-ride ski tuning and tweaking before Saturday's off-the-beach mayhem.

Saturday, we all headed north to Tierra Del Mar, which is a huge expanse of open beach with vehicle access permitted. The Blowsion gang was onsite by 7 a.m., ready to

begin preparing for the day ahead. The barbecue – a custom-made Blowsion Sheik Elite III steel monster – was already smoking and cooking 200 pounds of ribs at a time. Blowsion barbecue-specialist Dave Meshishnek was assisted by Blowsion composite-tech Greg "G-Wally" Wall in loading it to capacity.

Weather conditions weren't the best that could be expected for an Oregon-coast summer day, but the sun more than made up for it as it peeked through the clouds. The Pacific Ocean produces an unpredictable variety of conditions from glassy to stormy, and tiny waves to terrifying bombs. With a low, early morning tide, some 4- to 6-foot waves provided an excellent playground, especially for the rookie riders venturing out in the surf. There was a great mix of attendees, spanning several generations of riders, making

Don't worry, it's a rental.





it a real surf bonanza. A shout from deejay Earl Forster enticed the throng into a huge line for servings of ribs, beef, chicken, stir-fry, pasta, salad, and more from the impressive array of food.

With beach grub ingested and hearts pumping, the tide then turned inbound and the waves cranked up, measuring anywhere from 8- to 12-foot insides and towering even higher on the outside sets. It was time for the Blowsion Pro Air Force riders to take to the water. Ross Champion simply set the beach afire with his unreal no-footed "Super Flips" and one-handed aerial "Look Backs." Curling waves provided some amazing barrels for all in attendance. Beach spectators old and young alike were incredulous at the level of ability shown by the attending pros. To say the bar has been raised this year in freeriding is a huge understatement.

It was after dark when the last person left the beach, but the night was not over by any means. The Nestucca Lodge Bar and Grill in the middle of town hosted Saturday evening's private party, as it has every year of the event. This party allows fans to mingle with and enjoy the presence of a veritable who's who of pro freeriders. Poor dancing and adolescent conduct in this close-knit surf-rider haunt is a must, as well as experiencing what some visitors have called the worst freeride karaoke sessions on the Oregon coast. *PWI*

The "Guru of Stand-Ups," John Dady.

