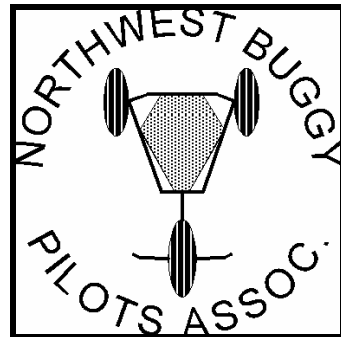


NWBPA News

November 1999

Volume 5, Issue 4



4th International Buggycamp Romo, Denmark

By Richard Ridgeway

Preface

What, me worry?

"Richard, wake up. We're almost out of gas!"

"...hrmf, why didn't you stop for gas?"

"I thought we had enough to make it to the next station."

"How far is it?"

"About 40km, but the light is on and the needle is dropping fast!"

By this point, Luk was getting really nervous. Somewhere between Denmark and Hamburg, Germany was not a good place to run out of gas. Personally, I was too tired to care.

"Well, your walking, I'm sleeping."

"You were navigating!"

"No, I was asleep."

Drafting a truck can be both nerve racking and exhilarating at the same time. As the gauge kept going down, the signs were encouraging. Just keep looking for the pump symbol on the Autobahn signs - 10km, then 5km. Whew, we made it. 46.5

liters later we had a full tank, caffeine in the blood stream, and a goal to reach North Holland by morning. I still wonder whether that tank held 48 or 50 liters. (Note: When traveling by car between Holland and Denmark, drive during the night. Not only do you save a whole day, but there is little to no traffic. Oh, by the way, there's no speed limit on the open parts of the Autobahn either. Driving at 150km/h does keep you awake though.) Why tell you this? Well, this was the closest Luk and I came to big trouble in the two weeks we were in Europe. Sure we had minor issues, but no major problems.

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Chapter 1 - Portland to Vancouver to Amsterdam

I left Portland, Oregon, for Vancouver, British Columbia, on July 27th, at 8pm. I thought I would drive as far as I could and stop to sleep somewhere past Seattle. Well, Seattle came and went, and the next thing I knew I was at the US/Canadian border. On to Surrey, BC, where I spent the night in the van and met with Lukas (Luk) Stanek in the morning.

Our flight left late in the afternoon on the 28th, so we had time to eat breakfast, do some shopping, and repack our bags before leaving for the airport. We killed some time at the airport before we went to the gate. The flight was packed and Luk taught me a boarding technique I had never used before. "Just wait till they call for final boarding", he said. I have to admit, waiting until the end was much better than going in early and struggling with other passengers while they put their bags into the overhead bins and got seated.

It had been a long time since I had gone overseas and I wasn't looking forward to the nine hour flight. Overall the flight wasn't too bad. The new Airbus 330's are ergonomically designed but have damn narrow seats. My fat ass barely fit! It's a nice plane and even has some small areas to stand up without being in the aisle. If you've never been on an (west to east) overseas flight during the summer, one surprising thing is that the sun never sets. Seeing the sun on the edge of the earth from 47,000 feet over the north Atlantic is a sight to behold.

When we landed in Amsterdam, Marc Bregman and Steve de Rooy were waiting for us behind the glass. We loaded up the bags and headed for customs.

"What's in here?"

"Parakating equipment"

"huh?"

"ummm, kite bug..."

"...Go on"

I think he was curious but didn't want to take the time to look. Most doors in airports are less than 130cm wide. That's the width of the largest Libre bag. Two axles in the bottom just made it more difficult.

Luk and I both knew Marc and Steve. It was good to see them again. We met Marc at Ivanpah in March and I've known Steve for a couple of years. A cup of espresso and off to the rental car place. Holland's idea of an upgraded economy car is just larger than a subcompact here in the States. On top of that, it was bright yellow. We nicknamed it the "Flower Car" (more on this later).

Driving in Holland is just shy of total anarchy. I hadn't driven a stick in several years and that compounded the issue. Marc has a tendency to drive very fast. I don't mind driving fast, but let me warm up to it. The next thing I knew, we were in Callantssoog at Marc's Kite Store 't Coraaltje Vliegers ("Vliegers" means "Kites" in Dutch).



't Coraaltje Vliegers (Kite Shop), Holland photo by: Richard Ridgeway

Marc had made arrangements for us. We stayed in a small RV trailer behind Uncle Pete's Bed and Breakfast. This was great since we were a short walk from Dick's (Marc's Dad) Kite store in Grote Keeten. We were welcomed in as part of the extended family that is 't Coraaltje Vliegers. Now this is my idea of a kite store. The attitude is very laid back but also purpose driven. Each morning we would sit with whomever was working that day and have coffee and some sort of pastry. Everyone would sit down and talk. If a customer came in, someone would get up to help. This type of relaxed atmosphere not only keeps employees happy, but also rubs off on customers.

Due to the late date in making reservations for this trip, we had to take what we could get. So, we ended up staying in Holland for about 5 days. We arrived in the middle of a heat wave with temperatures in the 30 to 35 degrees Celsius (for the metrically challenged that's 90 to 100 degrees Fahrenheit). It was quite warm while we were there, but since we were in close proximity to the ocean, we generally played in the water. Unfortunately the wind was out of the east most of the time and flying kites was out. We also happened to be there during Beginnen (July and August). This is the vacation/party time of the year. So out to someplace different each night. We tried new beers, did some dancing, and had fun in the evening until 2 or 3am. Up by 8 or 9am and we were off to do it again. The heat wave broke the day before we left for Romo and the wind started blowing out of the west. We were leaving for Denmark that night so we weren't able to take advantage of it. Oh well, we were going to Romo and we would get to buggy there.

Chapter 2 - Roughing it on Romo

The drive to Denmark was generally uneventful. One thing to remember when driving in Germany is that although you can go fast, the trucks all seem to go around 80-100km/h, so you have to be careful when passing.

With excellent directions from Dick and others, we were able to find the Island of Romo without any trouble. We also knew exactly where to go on the island thanks to Artur. Unfortunately, the campground locked the gate at 11pm and didn't open it until 7 or 8am. Since we got there at around 6am, we found a small parking lot behind the campground and slept there for a couple of hours. When we awoke, we went to the beach to see what we were in for. Pictures don't do it justice. The dedicated area

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is approximately 2 x 3 km. The sand is hard enough to drive on but the top 3-4 inches are soft and rough. Not the perfect surface for buggying, but still, it's huge.



The "Flower Car" towing buggies photo by: Richard Ridgeway

Luk and I buggied for two days to get used to the surface. Imagine trying to tack in rough soft sand, can you say BIG kite. I have flown overpowered before but this was a completely new experience. To effectively tack, a pilot is forced to fly almost twice the size of kite for the same wind conditions.

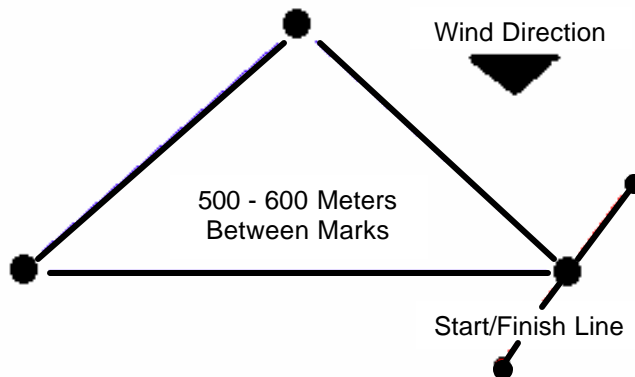
The buggies who were there were very fast and tried to have some fun with us, but they were thwarted most of the time. I remember an attempt to take me out of the air. I was able to recover but he didn't. It was all in fun.

Chapter 3 - Race Weekend

This was the highlight of our trip to Romo. It was an open international race and the top 30 (German Parakart Association) ranked pilots were restricted from entering. There were approximately 50 pilots participating in the race. An ambulance was on hand during the weekend to assist with any injuries. Also, junior races were interlaced with the open races. This provided for breaks between races and time to recoup.

The races were handled in a different way than I had been exposed to before. There was an overall briefing beforehand and additional briefings before each race. The two days consisted of four (five were planned) qualifying races and one finale. The top 25 from the preliminaries qualified to race in the finale. Each race was timed (20-40 minutes). Ours were 30 minutes long. After the 30 minutes was up, the leader and the rest of the pack were shown a blue flag signifying the last lap. Standings were based on the pilots number of laps and position. This form of racing allowed for calling a race early if conditions warranted. The course consisted of a triangle made by three marks. The top or point of the triangle was pointed into the wind (see graphic). Races started either upwind or on a reach. The course layout provided for multiple options and adaptations. Also, the course was staffed by a head judge, mark judges, and assistants. A total of 11 people on the course. There were 5 at the Start/Finish line and 3 at each mark. Any time a pilot was in trouble, an assistant ran out with an orange flag and assisted the pilot in recovering and getting back in the race. As each pilot

rounded a mark, his number was written down and all score sheets were returned to the head judge. This record provided for documentation in case of a protest.



The Saturday/Sunday race course photo by: Richard Ridgeway

Flies, flies, and more flies. Our bright yellow rental car seemed to attract flies like..., well you get the idea. That's where the "Flower Car" nickname came from. Did I mention the flies?

Saturday was the first day of races. Light winds and high temperatures made for a difficult first race. Even with a 9 meter kite, I had quite a bit of difficulty and was unable to finish the first race. The second and third races were held later in the day after the wind picked up. I found out later that slanting the wheels out on light wind days was not the way to go. I changed to the regular axle the next day and was able to do much better.

Having no experience with the type of surface we were on was a disadvantage. The second day of races was cut short due to time constraints - just one qualifying race and the finale. Because of the problems I had on the first day, I was convinced that I wouldn't make the cut for the finale. Imagine my surprise when I found out that I had made it... but just barely, I was number 25. One more race to make a good showing.

The finale was definitely tension filled. There were fewer pilots on the course but the competition was stronger. I started out good but had trouble with the kite too many times to keep in the top five. I'm not used to flying on short lines and should have stuck with a longer line length. When all was said and done, I ended up in sixth place. Luk took second place. Good show Luk!!! The end of the finale was especially memorable for Luk and me.

On the last lap of the last leg, Luk lufted his kite just before the finish line. In addition, the wind had shifted and the last leg was almost straight downwind. I was quickly approaching the line and Luk was still trying to get his kite in the air. So as not to be passed by 'the Bison', Luk took one big bite of power to cross the line while I was approaching it. Both of us lufted our kites just before the line and coasted across. It was very close and in the end Luk lapped me at the line. One comment I heard as we were getting kites and buggies out of the way was "...are you guys always that competitive?"

Everyone got a good laugh out of it. Later, as the results were

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being tallied, Torsen pulled Luk and me aside and asked us who crossed the line first. There was quite a bit of confusion when it happened and coming to us and asking was better than making assumptions. I figured they had it right, but asking showed a great effort.



The Awards Briefing at Romo photo by: Richard Ridgeway

At the awards briefing, everyone was in good spirits and having a good time. This rubbed off on the top three. Corks popped and champagne was everywhere. The award cups were great looking and the champagne bottles had custom labels for the event. Everything was handled very professionally and I made a point of telling Joerg.

Chapter 4 - Just for Fun

The balance of the week was dedicated to fun activities. There was a triathlon on Monday. This consisted of a drag competition (between set lines); a two hour, no-harness-allowed race; and a timed individual race with all participants using a NASA parawing to tack to an upwind mark and back. I had never flown a NASA and some of the guys gave me pointers on how to get power from it. In the end, Luk took first place thanks to his full pull in the drag competition. He was awarded with a kite and a backpack from Araea.

Tuesday was kids day. The entire day was dedicated to involving kids in fun competitions and races. Alp Yucel did an excellent job with this.

The rest of the buggiers stayed out of the way and just buggied for fun. Luk and I went to a different part of the beach. Luk was

determined to learn to kite surf and, with Artur's help, was able to get up several times. Unfortunately, strong onshore winds caused rough surf so he had a difficult time.

On the last day (Wednesday), the winds were high and most of the dedicated area for buggies was covered with water. This was also the day for the off-road competition. Some of the planned events were cancelled - mainly the tire drag.

A large truck tire was attached to the back of a buggy and was dragged behind it, much like a tractor pull. The first competitor was in his buggy, he dipped his kite and the buggy moved to the side. He dipped again and it moved to the other side. The tire hadn't moved yet. OK, one big dip through the center and the pilot was ejected from the buggy, breaking his harness and landing hard. Needless to say, no one wanted to try it after that. So in the spirit of keeping things going, we ended up doing tire/tube rolls/throws.

Since we were leaving that night, we resorted to test flying some new kites and making comparisons. We found a hard, smooth spot on the beach and started. This was the type of beach I was used to. Time for some tricks and going real fast.

Chapter 5 - Camp Buggy

When we first arrived at Romo, we knew we were at the right campground because every other vehicle had a buggy on it. On Friday evening, almost every car/van/RV had buggies strapped on when they came into the campground. The next day, both sides of the roped off area were lined with vehicles (see the picture below).

It had been a while since I camped in a tent but everything was fine until Sunday night. The rain started shortly after midnight. I was concerned that the tent cover would leak. Well, that wasn't the problem. When I awoke shortly after daybreak and put my hand on the tent floor, I got an unpleasant surprise. It seems that we had placed our tents in the only low spot in our area. While the car was in a relatively dry spot, both tents were in 1-2 inches of water. We ended up trying to sleep in the car. Fortunately it only rained that night and a little during the day. I later learned that it rained the following weekend and that the German Master Cup was held in the rain. Now that's hard core racing!



Vehicles lined up on the beach at Romo photo by: Richard Ridgeway

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Chapter 6 - Dinner with Libre

Hans Houser invited us to dinner on a couple of occasions. Hans and his family prepared a wonderful dinner. The lasagna was excellent and the home cooked meal hit the spot. We had a lemonade beer that, although it sounds bad, was very good. I'm not much of a wine drinker, but when I tasted the wines that Hans kept bringing out, I found I liked many of them. The night we left we had dinner with Hans again. Another much appreciated meal.

Leaving the island later than we anticipated put us behind schedule, but also put us on the long dike between Fresland and North Holland at daybreak. I'm used to being surrounded by hills, but Holland is flat and you can see forever. That dike is so long that you can't see one side from the other. It is also quite a feat of human engineering. It was certainly a new experience for me since the curvature of the earth is impossible to notice in Oregon.

Chapter 7 - Back in Callantssoog

We had one day to unpack and repack everything for our flights back. We asked Marc if we could use the back patio of the store. He said, "Use the front, good for business." I have to admit, lots of people stopped and watched and many went into the store. After several hours of breaking buggies down and refolding kites, we were finally packed for our flights. Several of us got together that night and had a going away party. What fun! New friends and good times - I miss it already.

Getting to the airport was a challenge since we left later than anticipated and ran into traffic on the way there. We took a different route and were forced to take a freeway through the middle of Amsterdam. We arrived at the airport about 45 minutes before Luk's flight was to leave. He was off to to see relatives and I was heading back to Vancouver, BC.

Overall a great trip. I hope to go back next year.

(If you have access to the web, go to <http://inetarena.com/~bison/> for more photo's.)

HOW I BECAME A BOOB - Part 1

by Mary Neitzke

Several years ago when I first visited the shores of Long Beach, WA, I knew very little about kites. My husband Bob was interested in them, so off we went to the local kite shop. There, he encouraged me to move up from my five-and-dime, single line kite to something that would provide more of a challenge. At first I was skeptical, thinking "there's no way I will learn how to fly a two liner!". To make a long story short, I soon became comfortable with flying two liners and wanted to move up to a four line kite. Now it was Bob who was skeptical!

We soon bought our first Revolution kite and decided to fly it that day without any instruction. What a tangled mess. We would spend a half hour untangling the lines, fly it for less than a minute (if you could call it flying), and then spend another half

wonder that we didn't reduce it to shreds that first day (I thought about that pair of scissors in my purse more than once). If it hadn't been for the beauty of the beach, I would have gone totally insane. Now, a few years and several Revolutions later, I am a quad-line nut and I'll buy any kite that has 4 lines on it.

Embedded in multiple line bliss, I didn't know that kite buggies even existed. What were those big 'things' in the sky that looked like mattresses? Power kites? What was that? Why are they flying so close to those tourists on the three wheel bikes? Someone's going to get hurt! What? The tourists on the bikes are flying those kites? I had to get a closer look. Hey wait, there are 4 lines on those kites!!

Next Time:
"Girls don't do that sort of thing, do they??" or "Am I really a control freak?"

Corey's Millenium Buggy Thang

By Corey Jensen

I am planning a Millenium -ending Buggy Boogie Thang. A Rolling Man Festival unlike anything seen on this planet. It will occur at El Mirage Dry Lake.

We will all meet in the desert some few days before the end of 1999. We will buggy till we fry! Plan to include the awesome idea of bugging on the 31st of December 1999... into the night if possible...and as soon after dawn as we can manage on the next day, January 1, 2000.

Then someone will haul out a cell phone and try to call out... then we will know if there is anything to go home to.

Wait a couple of days for the gas pumps to be reprogrammed and then head home. Way too much buggy fun while the world burns. Where would you rather be if the TV and phones don't work at home? Why not spend it in the desert... French press coffee every morning, living in tents with a bunch of MEN(?), too many sausages for dinner, showers only once a week, no mandatory shaving, campfires at night, farts around the campfire. Sounds too good to miss!

The Dec. 31, 1999 event will be the Pre-Roll. The Dec. 31, 2000 event will be called Rock 'n' Roll. 'Cause by then we will have figured out how... We Will Be Rock'n! Ready to give it our all... won't ya'll come too?

Registration for this historical (not to say hysterical) occurrence will be \$15 per person and will include a commemorative laminated neckcard sporting not only the stunningly good Rolling Man logo, but also the holder's photo and racing number! This neckcard will be the collector's item of the end of the 20th Century!

Most will no doubt acquire their registration with a T-shirt, thereby reducing the shirt cost to \$10. T-shirts (M, L, XL) are \$15 XXL's are \$17. Shipping within the US is \$3. Pay by cash, check, or credit card. The proceeds will pay for the most incredible hospitality tent the buggy world has ever seen.

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

Don't miss this one. Even if you must... you can still buy the commemorative neckcard and/or the T-shirt.

Call, write, or e-mail for your reserved order or for more information and/or to get on the registration list.
aoxomoxa

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Labor Day at Alvord

by Morrie Williams

There was a fairly light turnout at Alvord this Labor Day. The hearty ones who made it included Dave and Carol Lord, Jason Clack, Doug Russell, and Morrie and Kelci Williams. Also, from Boise, there was Eddie Petranek, RJ and Maggie, Al Worman, Kim Moon, and several of their friends.

The landsailors had been there on and off for several weeks and four of them were already there when Dave and Carol arrived.

The temperature was 15-20 degrees lower than usual for that time of year and it made it much more comfortable. There were some good winds allowing for some very nice buggy runs. You should ask Jason and Doug about how many miles they put on during the weekend. Don't miss out the next time.

WSIKF

by Morrie Williams

This year's Washington State International Kite Festival seemed more low key than in past years. This was the first year that we did buggy demos on Wednesday instead of Monday.

The change in day seemed to work pretty well but would have been better if the wind had only cooperated. The tide was good but the beach was in poor condition. Roping off the demo area made crowd control much easier.

There were 35 rides given to folks of all ages before the wind died off. Jeanette Mandanas and David Jam created stickers for the people who took rides. We had lots of help organizing things this year and that made the event run much smoother.

Next year we hope to expand the area of control and restrict the bugging during the demo/ride time to just a few tandem rigs. This will eliminate some of the traffic congestion we encountered this year.

We'd still want folks to bring out their buggies so people can see the different configurations of buggies that are available.

Many thanks to Kurt and Eli Anderson, David Jam and Jeanette Mandanas, Steve Irby, Jeff Howard, Gordon Wensley and Thora Hoban, Neil Trelenberg, John Matteson, and Steve Millsbaugh.

Dead Bird Festival

by Jeff Howard

Every year there is a big gathering in Galveston, Texas for the Dead Bird Festival. This is a kite and buggy fun event, nothing is organized, and everyone is welcome. Last year about 100 attended and this year its going crazy!! More and more folks are finding out about the place.

So far the earliest people will be arriving is November 19th, and they will be staying through the 29th. Most arrive on the Monday or Tuesday before Thanksgiving and stay through the weekend. If you will be coming in early, contact me and I will let you know where we will be.

It's easy to get there. Just follow a map to Galveston, stay on the road till it ends, follow the road to the left until it ends, then turn right and follow that road to the beach.

Reasons to come include:

- rooms are cheap 'cause there's nothing going on in town
- the weather is nice and warm
- the water is great too
- the beach isn't crowded
- you can buggy for miles no matter what the wind direction is
- you can kitesurf in any direction
- you can drink beer
- you don't have to mess with the in-laws
- lots of other things that you can figure out yourself

If you plan to come by plane, fly into Houston and then drive the short distance to Galveston.

Also, here is a site that shows hotels and other stuff in the area - www.galveston.com/accom/accom.html.

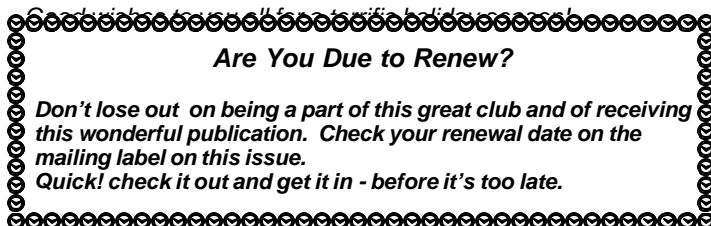
So far folks are coming from the following states - WA, FL, CA, MA, OK, TX, TN, LA, OR, ID, NJ. There are even some coming from Canada, and more are signing up everyday!!

Hope to see everyone there!!! If you want more info, e-mail me at PKC@icok.net.

Letter from the President

This past buggy season went by quickly. There was hardly any summer here in the Northwest. The Thanksgiving events are staring us in the face and the Millenium Events are close behind.

Also, it's time to put together the calendar of events for 2000. If you have anything you want included in the calendar, PLEASE send us the information including the date, location, contact person, phone and e-mail.



Are You Due to Renew?

Don't lose out on being a part of this great club and of receiving this wonderful publication. Check your renewal date on the mailing label on this issue.

Quick! check it out and get it in - before it's too late.



Terry with Kelci at WSIKF '99

photo by: Bob Neitzke

The Skies are a Little Empty Now

by Morrie and Kelci Williams

We were terribly saddened by the news of Terry Yuncker's death on Tuesday, October 5th.

We first met Terry and Jan at Ocean Kites in Long Beach, WA when it first opened. It was always one of the highlights of our trips to Long Beach to stop in and visit with Terry and we soon became personal friends with both Terry and Jan.

After a few years, they left Long Beach and traveled to Colorado, Florida, and eventually Chicago. During those years, we always felt that there was something missing whenever we went to Long Beach.

They finally returned to the Northwest and Terry began working at Ocean Kites again. He eventually became a partner in the business and he and his partner also acquired Windborne Kites in Monterey, CA and the World Cup. Once again Long Beach had its biggest kiting proponent and it was a GREAT place to visit because "the engine that could" was back in town.

Never ones to stand still too long, Terry and Jan left Long Beach again to run Windborne in Monterey. They ultimately bought Windborne and continued its growth. Once again there was a BIG piece missing in our Long Beach experience.

This past summer, Terry came back to Long Beach to help his long time friend Dave Colbert at his new store, Devotion to Motion Kites, during the WSIKF festival. We had the opportunity to visit with Terry during the week and it was almost like old times.

We're going to miss our friend - the guy with the big heart who would give the shirt off of his back to a stranger. He had big dreams and lots of ideas to make kiting bigger and better. We know that some people didn't 'get' him or misunderstood his motives or his ways, but he shouldn't have been criticized for not always being able to realize his ideas - he was the visionary, it was up to the rest of us to figure out how to carry them out.

Hopefully he has gone to a better place where his high energy, his dreams, and his giving heart will be truly appreciated.

We can see it now - an unbelievable kite festival among the stars.

We love you and we'll miss you Terry!

Classifieds

FOR SALE -

Make	Model	Condition	Price
JoJo	SC 1600	new	\$240.00
JoJo	SC 2000	new	\$280.00
JoJo	RS 2700	new	\$310.00
JoJo	RS 3500	new	\$380.00
JoJo	RS 5000	used (once)	\$420.00
Quadrifoil	C1	used (excellent)	\$275.00
with lines, video and handles			
Prism	Prophecy	new	\$260.00
Prism	Illusion	new	\$235.00
Revolution	Shock Wave	used (excellent)	\$245.00
with lines, handles, and bag			
Also, Jam JoJo handles - 4 or 5 pairs @ \$12.00 per pair; and 2 new line sets, 100' and 125' - bottoms 100lb, tops 200 & 300lb.			
Contact Bob Meneghini -			

FOR SALE -

Peter Lynn Competition Buggy with extras!
\$325.00 OBO or trade for something cool.
Contact Jason Clack -
Cell: 206-779-3272 or Home: 206-363-3272
or email: jasonclack@yahoo.com

FOR SALE -

Buggy Stickers:
Alvord '99 Stickers - 6"x7" (see sample)
\$5.95 each plus S/H

Whether it's Competition Stickers, Buggy Event Stickers or for personal use, personalized stickers are available on request.



Contact Doug Russell at N.W. Airbrush & Sign
Phone: 425-775-7010 or e-mail: cre8@nwabs.com

Get Your NWBPA Pins Now!

1 1/4" gold metal in three color combinations
Teal background w/magenta buggy seat
Green background w/fuchsia buggy seat
Purple background w/yellow buggy seat



\$4.00 each (\$12.00 set) for current NWBPA members
\$5.00 each (\$15.00 set) for all others

To purchase, contact Kelci Williams at 360-268-0318 or williams@techline.com

Classified Ad Policy -

Newsletter ads must be received by the editors by the 1st of January, April, July, and October for publication in the following month's issues. Ads will only be printed once unless the

Mark your calendars for these events:

Nov 25-28 - Turkey Day Buggy Thang - Ivanpah Dry Lake, Primm, NV. Contact Scott Dyer at info@windpower sports.com or 702-220-4340 or Dan Rubesh at windwiz@windwizard.com or 805-659-5769.

Nov 25-28 - Thanksgiving Buggy Bash - Galveston, TX. Contact Carolyn Weir at skysetter@wt.net

Dec 29-Jan 2 - The Millennium Buggy Thang - El Mirage Dry Lake, Adelanto, CA. Contact Corey Jensen at 702-220-4340 or coreykite@aol.com

Mar 4-7 - Pre SBBB 2000 - El Mirage Dry Lake, Adelanto, CA. Contact Corey Jensen at 702-220-4340 or coreykite@aol.com

Mar 8-13 - Spring Break Buggy Blast 2000 - Ivanpah Dry Lake, Primm, NV. Contact Fran Gramkowski - 609-429-6260 or frang@voicenet.com

For more information about any of these events, contact *Morrie or Kelci Williams* at: 360-268-0318 or williams@techline.com.



**BOOBS
Banter**

by Kelci Williams

Did you know that October is National **BOOBS** month? No, not to commemorate women buggiers but to remind all of you gals (you know which ones you are) to get your annual mammograms. Let's play it safe off of the buggy field as well as on and take care of our health and our **BOOBS!**

Wishing you a great holiday season and an unforgettable Millenium's End. See you next year!

NWBPA Membership Application

NWBPA, c/o Kelci Williams, Treas., P.O. Box 1358, Westport, WA, 98595-1358

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NorthWest Buggy Pilots Association

c/o Morrie and Kelci Williams

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