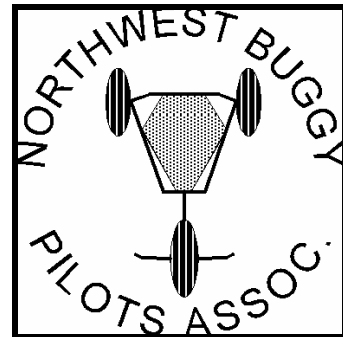


NWBPA News

Spring 2000

Volume 6, Issue 2



dean jordan looks at SBBB 2000

or

In the desert, if a phone is ringing and no one is there. . .

Ok, here we go. Way to much happened to put into words, but I'm giving it a shot. After flying via Newark (I live in Florida, remember), Freeman and I finally ended up in Las Vegas. Of course our flight was delayed and somehow we had rented a car from an off-airport location which, by the time we got there, was closed. No matter - with the absolute maximum allowable amount of baggage, we were met by Claxton Thompson from Oldsmar, Florida. Claxton, who builds his own buggys and found a way to travel with even more luggage than either of us, had rented a Ford Ranger which was already full. Somehow, with the use of kite line and bungies, we managed to get all of our gear in or on the vehicle. Whew!

We didn't have a room reservation, but thought that we wouldn't need one. Oops!! Ever hear of Nascar? Every motel from Vegas to Baker, CA was booked. We drove down to Primm and went over to Roach Dry Lake and camped for the night.

Next morning we had to go back to the big city and get our car. Brand new Ford Focus for you Mr. Jordan and Mr. Register. Thank you, Enterprise. For some odd reason, the southern coast of California was getting an above average amount of rain, so much that it was getting far enough inland to reach the desert dry lakes. We eye'd the dark windswept sky as we headed off to El Mirage at last. Time to get serious. It was harsh but had to be done. Claxton had to know. "Ok Claxton, if you need to stop, now's the time to do it, I will not be stopping until we get to Adelanto and we're going to average 85." "No problem." says my man, Claxton. Ha!

Moments later, we arrived at El Mirage Dry Lake. Claxton somehow had made it, exclaiming loudly, "Damn Man, you weren't fooling when you said you were going to average 85!". "No, I wasn't." Damned car quit going faster once we reached 109 mph. Rentals.

The lake was open. When we left Florida, it was still closed from the above average amount of rain in the area. It looked strange, with large dark areas that might



Dean in the "infamous" desert phone booth.

Photo By: Steve Irby

have meant moisture, but we saw the Rangers right away and they assured us that it was mostly dry but, as usual, to avoid any wet areas. We asked them if they'd seen the kite flyers and they said that they were in the usual spot. All right! Plenty of daylight left as it was just after lunch time but, at the moment, no wind.

We drove over to Walt's Cove and got the news that Jeff Howard (who pays me to print his name [pay up bitch!]) had broken his wrist in an accident that did not involve a kite. Yikes! Too bad.

We were greeted by the many folks there already. (Of course I'll probably skip your name, but not on purpose. I just can't remember as well as I used to.) Steve Kent, Eddy Patronovich, Stormy, Coreyllama, Steve Bateman, Rob, Chris, Tim, and J.D. - oh it looks like a good time.

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Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

It was with great interest that I read Steve Irby's article on bugging at Burning Man. Although the article did a fair job of capturing the Burning Man experience, Mr. Irby left out one very important fact: The use of all wind-powered vehicles, including kite buggies, is strictly prohibited on the Playa during Burning Man. Mr. Irby himself was, in fact, instructed by the Black Rock City Rangers to remove his buggy from the Playa.

The ban on wind-powered vehicles went into effect last year due to a 1997 incident involving a very large sail-powered vehicle and one of the major art installations, resulting in damage to the installation and severe physical injury to Burning Man participants. It was not pretty.

Under the guise of the Black Rock City Department of Tethered Aviation, Ty Billings and I are now negotiating with the Department of Mutant Vehicles to allow kite buggy access to the Playa during Burning Man. (The DMV is the entity authorized to decide what vehicles will be allowed to run on the Playa during the event.) DMV is being extremely cautious, but we're making headway and hope to have buggy access to at least part of the Playa.

At this time, the negotiations are at a very delicate and crucial stage. I urge members of the bugging community NOT to have any contact with the powers that be in Black Rock City. Someone unwittingly threw a monkey wrench into the negotiations last year, and we hope to avoid that this year. Rest assured, we are making every effort to favorably conclude these negotiations.

Hopefully, we will have good news in time for the next issue of this newsletter.

Burn On!

Jon Reinschreiber

(Editor's Note: Thanks for the information Jon. We'll keep that in mind and will look forward to your update on this year's event.)

Springtime at Alvord

By Morrie and Kelci Williams

The clouds and rain of winter have cleared away and the warm winds of spring have arrived. That must mean that Memorial Day weekend is approaching and it's almost time to head for Alvord. For those of you who are playa poor or lakebed lacking (those who have not yet experienced the wonders of the vast, fast, open spaces of a dry lakebed), Alvord Dry Lake is the place to go in the Northwest for fast fun on wind-powered wheels.

Located in southeast Oregon, Alvord is approximately 600 miles from the Seattle area; 130 miles from Burns, Oregon, which is the closest major town; and about 20 miles from Fields, Oregon, home of the nearest combination gas station, general store, motel, restaurant, and tire repair facility. Rooms are few (three or four) and demand is high (believe it or not) so if you prefer luxury (not!) over the lakebed where most of us camp out, put your call into the Fields Station soon (541-495-2275). And remember, if you plan to stay on the lakebed, you need to bring your necessities with you – there is no running water, water closets, drinking water, hopefully no sitting water, and no shelter or food (unless you're a MacGuyver type who can make a palace out of scrub brush). Many of the folks do partake of the local hot springs to wash away the grit of the day and check out the other interesting souls who happen by.

For those of you who are interested in land sailors there will be a lot to see this trip. Mike Eason will be showing off his (somewhat new) Fed 5 racing rig and Jason Clack will be debuting his own creation built over this last winter. In addition, Max Jackson, Al Worman, and Scott Lord all have new wind cruisers to show off and enjoy.

As for yours truly, we like languishing on the land sailors, but bugging is still our first love. It will be a while before we forgo our Lynn Comps for beach boats.

If you would like to join us but need more information, the dates folks will be there, or directions, feel free to contact Morrie or Kelci Williams at (360) 268-0318 or williams@techline.com. Come Join In the Fun!

BUGGY! BUGGY! BUGGY! BuGGY! bUGGY!

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We set out to build our stuff while trying to figure out what the weather was going to do. The general consensus is that it is not going to rain tonight, but WILL rain on Sunday. Bummer. Looks like the Ecco Beer Challenge is scratched. Uncertain weather and the champ and co-organizer being hurt brought the level down a bit there. Oh, no. But wait! The wind arrived just as we got our buggys together. Yay!

This year I'm using a custom width but standard length PL comp buggy. Sweet. Not picking the wind speed correctly in my over enthusiastic state, I pulled out a 5m 2005 and took off. POW, over 40mph! Yikes! I've got to slow down! Grabbed a C-2 and, BAP, I hit 40mph again. Finally got out a C-1, which I pretty much stuck with for the rest of the afternoon. El Mirage. Heaven on earth for the buggier. Don't know why it's so special but, there you have it. Super Fine. Great place to camp, which we did, along with a lot of other people who had gathered by then.

When we woke up, the wind was blowing and I barely had coffee in me before I was out on the lakebed again. The day went way to fast, with clouds like crazy all over the place. Then, after gathering together for a weather conference in Eddy Petranek's bus, Steve K stuck his head in and yelled, "We have to leave the lake bed, NOW!" Rushing outside, giant drops of rain began soaking us as we gathered up our kites and buggies, jumped in our vehicles, and bolted. Second off, I fell in behind J.D. and Luna in their VW bus. Thinking that passing him would be no problem, I sped up. Oops, big mistake. Can we say slippery?

Huddled against the far "shore", we tried to make a plan. No going - weather uncertain. Head for Baker? Some say yes, others were undecided. Ultimately, we ended up at the Greek diner in Baker, just south of Death Valley. It was still raining.

After a late lunch, some of us headed up toward Death Valley to look at Silver Dry Lake which we have seen on the map. It was so breathtaking. Hard to judge the size but maybe six miles long by several miles wide with parts going right up to small mountains. Beautiful - looked smooth, but also very wet. Back to the group, some of whom had parked by the side of the road overlooking the lake. The general consensus was scattered. Corey drove away and others stayed there. I convinced Steve K and Steve B to come with us up the road. So what if it was raining? What else is there to do? Let's do it.

Speeding off from the others, who declined to go further, we climbed a long incline up over a rise where we saw a startling vista from another world, a world of grand vistas so different from the south where I usually travel. Wide

open grey sky with 'wouldyoubelieveit' a rainbow! Ahhh, we all sighed while speeding along. Hey, what's that at the end of the rainbow? Hmmmm, we drew closer as the speedo bobs toward a triple digit. It looks like a ghost town way out there on the playa. They have them out west you know. Leaving the road behind, we realized we'd found another dry lake, smaller, but gasp, dry! Suddenly, as we drove up to this little Mexican villa, we realized, it's wasn't raining and this would be a great place to buggy. Hey, but what the heck is this place? Meth lab? Strange to perfect, picture perfect in fact, all of us doing the theme for twilight zone, when it hit us all at once. Movie Set! Which, we learned the next day, it was. Typical day in the life of your average kite buggy travelin' man.

'Bout this time, we spot the Coreyllama's van, oddly, faced toward the mountain and away from the playa. "Watch this!", I cry as I speed off toward the van. Approaching from the rear, I was able to hook a turn around the right side, inches away from the van and two startled faces, as we slid around the vehicle in a four wheel drift J turn learned from watching old James Bond movies. Cool, this really works! We're here!

We all jumped out, excited by the good fortune of our meeting again. We dragged our buggy gear out and off we went. For some reason, this mountain right next to Solaro (we found out the name) on the west, blocked off the bad weather. The front, still moving into the area, split and went around the lake leaving us windy and dry! How do we do it? We all buggy'd till dark and got a close-up

look at the little village in the middle of nowhere built just for us. A heavy sigh as we all piled into the travel trailer

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and cracked open some cold ones. It wasn't long before

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we were all huddled in our sleeping bags dreaming of windy days and it was only Sunday.

Woke up early, coffee, sunrise, wind. There we were, the four of us. Steve B and Corey J departed in the night. Couldn't believe our good fortune as we got our gear together and took off for an adventure. Winds were up and down so we didn't stray to far from camp, say more than a few miles. But there was a trail that Steve K and I had our eyes on that looked like it headed right over the mountains. Not this day. Meanwhile, we still had to check out the village in the middle of nowhere. There were people there now and it looked like they were tearing it down. We buggied over, Freeman introduced himself, and we warned the guys to watch out for him lest he got their jobs or started directing. Found out that it was a set for the movie 'Mr. T and the Girls' being directed by Robert Altman and in current production. Wow! Pretty cool we thought.

Ah well, it was time to head for Ivanpah and take back our lake. After a leisurely trip over the mountains, we arrived. The weather was not looking too good and we didn't see that many kites. Ran into Fran right away and then Dave and Sherrie Arnold, who were glad to see us. They, like many others who hadn't gotten to El Mirage before we left, had headed there only to find us gone. Sorry guys. We have to devise a system for that in the future. Since we didn't know where we were going when we left, I didn't know what to say in a note other than that we were not there. I know - get everyone's cell phone number's in advance! Oh, they don't always work in the desert you say? Well, anythahoo... We were now at Lake Ivanpah where there are a lot of people we don't know. There was some other event taking place which we didn't know too much about. We were just glad to see all the new faces at our second buggy nirvana. Not much was going on so we went to our hotel and checked in. Then off to the hanging tree to find out that the price of beer has gone up! It now costs 75¢ for a draft beer and \$2.00 for an import! Outrageous!

The next day the winds were light, but they finally came up enough for the Europeans to run their races. They had two. At first I was thrilled to watch them, as I've never seen a buggy race before having always been in the races I've attended. Lots and lots of people, women too. They all lined up, the race started, and they took off on a long crosswind reach. Then way far away they started back on a slight upwind reach and pretty soon they were on another downwind reach. At the start/finish line, the only hard corner, they changed direction slightly and went crosswind again. Races lasted 20 minutes. The buggys they used looked real cool, they were low, long, and black. They also looked more racy than ours, as they

usually had a number on the side which looked lots more official than the little dinky numbers we use. They went real fast too. All in all, it looked like they were having a real good time. I'm hopeful that next year we can join forces for some more racing action.

Well, we buggied a little after that, but not too much as it was cold and damp and we knew the next day it was probably going to be rainy. So instead, we made plans to go to the desert phone booth.

Up early and off we went to the Cima Road exit on I-15. We headed south for a second, then west southwest, off to the middle of - - - - I don't know where! Somewhere in the Mojave! After 12 tough miles in Dave and Sherrie's 4WD rental, we arrived at a phone booth beside a jeep trail near a fence and, - - - - it was ringing! Quick go pick it up! It's Paris! Wow, then Germany, Poland, France again, Wisconsin, Oh my God, Vancouver, BC, Atlanta, Germany again, France - a whole family wants to speak to me, "why are you out there?" they ask. "To answer your call!", I say. This went on for an hour and a half, before we left to go back and check on the lake. Never seen or heard of anything like it. I ended up going back two more times. You can call too - the number is 760-733-9969 and there is someone there waiting to take your call!

Back at Ivanpah we saw that it has rained hard everywhere. The lake looked deserted but when we drove out there it was dry. Fran Gramkowski, our esteemed Godfather, had gotten the place well organized with a giant tent, several white boards, tables, chairs, piles of t-shirts, stickers, and almost everything else you need to have a great event. At that point, the 800 sq.ft. tent was filled with buggys. We took this time to check out the Libre buggys. Long, wide and low. Lots of mass. Some people had taken to carrying a piece of pvc pipe over their rear axle that they filled with sand!

We checked out some home built buggys and saw that on Martin Blais' (from Albuquerque, NM) buggy, he had embroidered SBBB 2000 in his seatback cover! Pretty sharp. Almost everyone had left though and it was cold and still rainy so we decided to call it a day. This was about the time Steve Irby and I decided it was time to head for the Mojave Phone Booth! Steve couldn't believe it and even phoned home! Oh well, that's wind sports.

The next day was Thursday and the weather people had predicted high winds. Fran adjusted the schedule to hold the Enduro that day - meeting at noon, race at 13:00. What a fantastic crowd! I've never seen so many new faces or racers in one place, much less our place! Fantastic showing and everyone was eager to get going. The

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wind, however, had other things in mind.

In the end, we started the race but Fran called it after only one person managed to make a lap. Just could not get any wind. We all hung around waiting but it didn't come. After a while, the wind did come up, and was pretty good. I was flying my C-2 on short lines and hitting 40mph pretty good. Then an amazing thing happened.

To really appreciate this story I have to take you back to the second Buggy Boogie Thang held at El Mirage in 1994. One of the finest buggy experiences ever, but one little incident has stuck in my mind since then. Back then, I was using PL Peels and felt pretty accomplished with my buggy skills. I remember towing Bruce Flora all over the lake bed for a couple of hours at a high rate of speed. Bruce had a blast and even recorded some video for an onboard look at what we do. Then we met up with a particular Dutch fellow by the name of Nop Velthuizen. This guy Nop always seemed to be flying something a little different from the rest of us. I first met Nop at the first Thang and had tried his huge Sputnik kite and four wheel buggy. This time however, Nop was flying a modified Super Speed Wing and was literally running circles around us. It was embarrassing. We'd take off across the playa and this guy would zip by us on one side, slow down on the other, only to speed up and pass us on the lee side again! Ohhhhh!!!! Fast, yes he was fast.

Now it's the year 2000 and who do I look up and see hauling butt across the playa but Nop himself flying his Bean kite in a 3.? something meter or another. He's a bit downwind of me so I quickly vector in and position myself slightly ahead and upwind. We go like this for several miles and then I drop the hammer and leave him behind. Ahhhh, vindication. Stop, turn around, head back across the lake. But wait. I can hold speed with him on this tack but I can't overtake him! This Nop, he is not making me too happy!

In the end, we sailed together until dark, always taking the upwind path, each trying to outsail the other. At one point, we stopped with our friend Joa~o Carlos Riberiro from Portugal to watch the sun set. It so happened I had an ice cold beer in my kite bag, which I produced to drink in celebration of our fine day! It just doesn't get much better than this! Now back to camp and the hotel for the night.

On Friday we got up early, but it didn't look like there was going to be wind again that day. By now the whole place was buzzing with the news about this mysterious phone in the desert. It looked like I'd have to go back again. John and Eileen Tivolacci took Rick Kinnaird and I took

Corey and headed up. Now Travo was in a four wheel drive so had no problem but he was not to sure about us making it up there in our little Focus. "Not to worry, John!" I tell him, "It's a rental!". Corey began to lecture me about speed, I put on my mental headphones. Off we went.

Well, it was hairy at 45mph but we were getting the job done. It's about 12 miles off the pavement when you make your turn, but it's pretty rocky and sandy in places. Now some people will tell you this road cannot be negotiated without 4WD, but I say "rubbish!". It's all state of mind and carrying your speed through the soft spots! We were about half way there when I spotted a car up ahead. "Oh no! A car!", I cried out. "No big deal," said Corey, "It's not blocking the road." "You don't understand, Corey. There's not supposed to be people up here at all, that's the deal. Anyway, I can't stop, this is a rough spot." So we zoomed on by, turned the corner and kept heading up the hill. Not too much farther, we saw two people walking. "No way!" I shout. "And no way I can stop either, it's way too soft here!" I kept my foot in it as we passed two very surprised people who turned out to be our friends, Rob and Chris, who thought that they couldn't go any farther in the car and decided to walk!

Get in we said and fasten your seat belts! "We didn't think we could make it any farther." shouted Rob. "Awww, it's no problem." I said, as we backed up to get a running shot at the soft spot ahead. "Hold on!" I yelled. "He's not kidding." said Mr. C. The car shrieked with pleasure (I think it was pleasure) and tried to find traction as we bounced and slid over and through the cinders.

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"Just like skiing powder" said I. Some comments from

Publishing Policies -

The purpose of this publication is to inform the members of the NWBPA about what is happening in the world of bugging. We consider all submissions to the newsletter based solely on their relevance in this regard. We neither endorse nor condemn the opinions of any individuals or groups, we simply publish the information so that our members are aware of what is happening.

Newsletter publication dates are the 1st of February, May, August, and November. Articles, calendar information, and classified ads should be submitted by the 1st of the month prior to the publication dates (i.e. the 1st of January, April, July, and October).

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the back about never been on powder like this, but I ignored them and continued on. After about 5 minutes at this speed and still no sign of the booth, we all burst out laughing at the craziness of Rob and Chris walking there with no water, or anything! People do strange things in the desert.

We finally arrived, and what do you know, the phone was ringing! We put Rob, Chris, and Corey on it right away. Finally, Rick got a turn and said the usual things and then we heard him say, ". . .what are you wearing?" Some people, I swear. We were on the floor. Of course the call of the day had to be when Eileen picked it up and said, "Yes, he's here, just a second. Dean, it's for you." My mind raced with possibilities. Who could it be? Would it be my brother who has a knack for this sort of thing? Would it be Freeman wondering how he'd been left behind? No, it was just Rick, calling on his cell phone! Drat, but what a picture!

Well it was the day we were going to try to have the Enduro race and the race meeting was scheduled for noon. Now we have a rule that says you are disqualified if you don't attend the meeting. I know no one has ever been, but also know for sure that if I was ever late I would be made an example of. I set a drop dead leave time of 11:00 am but still somehow we didn't get out of there until about 7 minutes after and I forgot we had to drop Rob and Chris out. "Hold on!", and off we go. "I'm just going to sort of slide up and boot you guys out when we get there.", says I. "No problem." replies the duo in the back. Whooooee, this is fun. Please don't try this at home, we are after all trained professionals!

Somehow or another we made it for the race meeting. Hardly anyone even realized we hadn't been there. The wind was sporadic but Fran was going ahead and setting a 13:30 start time. Well, after the other race I did something really stupid. I changed front ends. My knees had really been bothering me and Nop offered me the use of his very sleek, raked and trailed front end. This front end puts more rubber on the turns and also lets you stretch out just a bit more. All of my pit crew tried to tell me. Steve Kent was especially vocal and warned me no good would come of changing equipment before the race. Would I listen?

The race started with 68 pilots and, as usual in this race, not all were men. I flew a C-2 on short lines anticipating the high desert winds that my years of desert experience told me were going to come. For some reason that I just could not figure out, I could not get moving. I cranked that kite up and down back and forth and was just barely moving. I was left in the dust. I'll just have to work harder I thought, but man, I just couldn't go. Heck, I hadn't even

gotten to the first marker when people began to lap me. What the hell was going on? Larry Stiles from Oklahoma zipped right by me flying the same kinda kite. Something bad is wrong here. I kept smelling rubber. Hmm. My pea sized brain was starting to formulate some vast conspiracy when I realized that somehow or other the front wheel was not turning freely. After what seemed like forever, I made it into the pits. My trusty pit crew, headed by Rick Kinnaird, flew into action. We changed out my front end and off I went. Or so I thought. Now something was wrong with the front tire. I'd put new skins on all my stuff so I'd have spares, since I know how grueling this race can be to equipment, but something was wrong with my valve stem. It was hitting the front fork. I was afraid that it would break and I'd be left on the far side of the track with no spare. Back to the pit. Tire change. Oh, when would it end? Now we had the spacers in wrong and had to come back to the pits. Meanwhile the real racers flew by.

Johan Verslois from the Netherlands was just so dang fast



Nop Velthuzian's buggy with the "special" front end. Photo by Steve Irby trying a 4.2 C-Quad and riding his stretched and modified PL comp. Close behind was my teammate Eddy Petranek from Idaho flying a XL and really carrying some speed. As usual, Marc Bregman from the Netherlands was right in there on his Libre buggy flying a very sweet looking Libre 5 meter. I don't know how many times these guys passed me, but I was really getting tired of it that's for sure. Finally, after some 2 hours and 40 minutes, Johan won and, blessedly, the race was over.

This was my fourth year racing in the Enduro and I've only managed to actually finish well once, although some say others weren't counted. I don't know about any of that but what I do know is that it is a grueling race where anything can happen. The previous two years I got within a couple of laps before I blew a tire. It is a real test of merit and anyone can safely say that finishing is truly an accomplishment.

More soon. . .

remember aoxomoxoa
Dean Jordan

A Retrospective on the Challenge 2000

World Cup

By Luk Stanek

“So how many buggies can you fit into your van Luk?” was a comment followed by much laughter as we stood at the curb of the Vegas airport eyeing the pile of luggage still left after the two pickup trucks were already full. Let’s just say I could have bought myself a much newer and bigger party van for the value of the cargo.

Despite some minor “backstage rumors and politics” 48 people arrived at Ivanpah on March 2, 2000. There were 32 racers (4 girls!!!) from Germany, Holland, Uruguay, Canada, and the U.S.A. participating in the Challenge 2000. Most of the European racers were in the top rankings of Europe and brought with them a level of skill and intensity for racing that surprised many of us. Then again, the conditions and unique setting of Ivanpah Dry Lake and Buffalo Bill’s surprised most of the Europeans. Many now believe that although it is a bit dangerous, this is one of the best places to buggy.

The Challenge 2000 World Cup races were run under FISLY CLASS 8 rules. To help us with the difficult task of running a race of this magnitude, we invited Torsten Jurgen to run this event. Torsten is one of the head racing judges for the German Parakart Association and for European Parakart (FISLY CLASS 8) racing. He came well prepared with a stack of printed racing rules, a computer scoring program, signal flags, safety vests for race marshals, and other equipment.

“SAFETY, FAIRNESS, AND THEN THE RULES” was Torsten’s opening to every race briefing. ‘Safety’ was the first and most important subject to Torsten. For example, no consumption of any alcoholic beverages was tolerated until the races were done or called off for the day. This rule was never challenged, as that individual would not be allowed to race. Torsten also required a minimum of two race marshals at each turn point. They were there not only to track rounds, but also to help pilots get back to the race (or out of the way) and to give others signal flag warnings about possible dangers on the course.

The weather proved to be the greatest adversary to our event. We were only able to run three, 30 minute races within the official five days. But three races were not enough for a valid final standing. Thanks to the gentlemanly gesture of Fran Gramkowski, we were able to share the lake and run the final 45 minute race during one of the SBBB days.

The first day of Challenge 2000 racing was definitely one of the most memorable and talked about of the event. The winds were an intimidating 32 mph at the start of the race and 38 mph by the end of the race. Torsten set up a course with a longer upwind leg with hopes of keeping the

speeds down in spite of the wind. However, Werner Mayer from Germany still recorded an astounding 61 mph maximum speed during the race. Let me tell you that approaching the downwind mark only a few feet from another buggy, and I mean a few feet, at speeds well over 40 mph was pretty exciting. But knowing that everyone had a solid understanding of the right of way and other rules allowed us to race full on in these conditions without any collisions or incidents. At the end of the grueling and adrenalin pumping 30 minutes, we were greeted by the RED BULL Promotional Team, a truck loaded with Red Bull energy drinks and driven by two very attractive girls. My excitement about placing fourth in this race was greatly heightened by taking both of these Red Bull chicks for some fast tandem runs across the lake while everyone else was packing and evacuating the lake due to a fast approaching thunderstorm.

The winds during the second and third races were much lighter and more variable (between 10 – 20 mph). Even in these light winds, John Beun from Holland was able to wear through all three brand new 4 ply Carlisle slicks within one race. Amazingly, he still finished 6th in the race on one flat tire. (John was not the only one wearing out tires; altogether we used over 100 Carlisle slicks during these races).

The fourth and final 45 minute long race was faced with even more variable and gusty winds. Again a technical



Some of the Dutch Team members.

Photo by Steve Irby

course with ever changing conditions proved that ‘challenge’ was an appropriate name for this event. There were many small dust devils, some powerful enough to send a 250 lbs plus Werner out of his buggy for a little “rock and roll” airtime without any warning. If you happen to see the video footage of this and other action from the last race, you will be impressed. Knowing that there was no time to change kites or repair equipment, everyone was hanging on and fighting just to finish. Some were underpowered while others had a surplus, but the most

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impressive determination came from Johan Versluis from the Netherlands who finished the last 7 minutes with one flat tire and totally shot bearings.

Finally, the racing was over. Everyone was tired, but happy. The only thing left was to get together for the closing ceremonies and to crown the victors and give out the trophies and prizes. There were many to go around and no one was left with empty hands...

If you think that racing is all that this event was about then



Congratulations to (l - r) Werner (2nd), Marc (1st), & Ute (3rd).

you were not in the hallways of the eighth floor (or in the hot tub) at Buffalo Bill's every other night. This was the "International Village" and venue for many late night parties and festivities. Even Elvis himself made a special appearance (thanks to the impressive voice of Marchel Voogt from Holland) and proved that he's still the King of Rock n' Roll. Let's not forget wild rides on the coaster and full-on air hockey tournaments where blood was shed (but I'm happy to say that the Canadian team holds the title). Also, of course, all of the people welcomed the opportunity to participate in SBBB. Everyone tried to survive the Enduro race and we all enjoyed the excellent barbeque dinner as well as meeting/having drinks with other buggy fanatics.

The Challenge 2000 World Cup was the first event that NAPRA (North American Parakart Racing Association) has put on. This event would not have been possible without the help of many people. Richard Ridgeway and David Stanek worked together with Ute Nissen (Germany) and Marc Bregman (Holland) on planning, organizing and administrating this event. If it were not for Torsten and all of the volunteers and eager helping hands, the smoothness with which the races were carried out would not have been possible. Big thanks go to Kurt Anderson for letting

us use his RV and computer as a "dust-free headquarters" and to Eric for countless hours spent shooting and editing his buggy action video. And one more time THANK YOU to all of the people who helped us to not only run the races but also to make all of the foreign pilots feel welcome. For many of them this was the first time they had been to the USA and most of them want to come back next year.

I would also like to thank all of our sponsors: Carlisle Tire, Fuji Film, JoJo Wing, Laser Pro Lines, Libre, Red Bull, Sierra Springs, and Skyline Wings.

Again, all of those involved should congratulate themselves and I would like to thank you for making this a great and successful event. Hope we'll see you all again next year at the Challenge 2001 Parakart World Cup.

Luk Stanek - NAPRA

P.S. Check out the NAPRA website (www.parakart.org) for upcoming 'Barbeque and Race Weekends' this summer as well as for other racing information and a calendar of international buggy races.

Challenge 2000 Parakart World Cup Race Results
Top 15 Rankings

<u>Position / Name</u>	<u>Kite</u>	<u>Buggy</u>	<u>Country</u>
1st Marc Bregman	Libre	Libre	Holland
2nd Werner Mayer	Jojo	HomeBuilt	Germany
3rd Ute Nissen	Ekko	Pegasos	Germany
4th Karl-Heinz Biester	Airea	Home Built	Holland
5th Johan Versluis	C-Quad	Peter Lynn	Holland
6th Jan Biester	Airea	Libre	Germany
7th Luk Stanek	Jojo	Libre	Canada
8th Ralf Kauczinski	Jojo/ Alien	Libre	Germany
9th Rolf Schaefer	Jojo	Home Built	Germany
10th John Beun	Jojo/ Libre	Libre	Holland
11th Juergen Haesen	Jojo/ Aira	Home Built	Germany
12th Alp Yuecel	Libre	Libre	Germany
13th Kurt E Anderson	Jojo	Libre	USA
14th Marchel Voogt	Mosquito	Libre	Holland
15th Roland Felleiter	Airea	Libre	Germany

President's Prose

Once again, the buggy season has arrived in the great Northwest. There have already been a few big events held in the not-so-dry and not-so-warm Southwest, namely the Millenium Buggy Thang, Challenge 2000, and SBBB 2000. They were great – I just wish the weather had been more cooperative.

There was a meeting of the AKA traction kiting committee held at Ivanpah in March and the need for a national racing circuit was discussed. Possible venues included Ivanpah, NV; Wildwood, NJ; Galveston, TX; and Long Beach, WA. The question that I am presenting to you is, "Is our club willing and able to put on a sanctioned race here in the Northwest?" And, if so, "Would the week of WSIKF be the time to do it and would Sunset Beach be the place to hold it?" Please let me know your thoughts on these issues ASAP (as soon as possible), now, pronto.

Although April is just fading away, WSIKF is not that far off. At last year's membership meeting there were a lot of ideas presented about how to make 2000's event even better. We need to pull all of your thoughts together soon in order to be ready for August. So think about it and let me know what you've got, even if all you can offer is to help out at the festival.

Also, we need someone who is willing to step forward and take over the 2001 buggy detail at WSKIF, since this is Kelci's and my last year. After being involved in one way or another for the last twelve years, we'd like to just sit back and enjoy the festival. Come on, it's fun and you get a VIP pin to boot!

One more bit of homework for all of you members is to come up with a new slate of NWBPA officers for 2001. As much as I have enjoyed being your President, it's time for someone else to take over the reins. So be ready to present your nominations at the annual B-B-Q at Sunset Beach in August.

Well, the weather is improving and I'm gearing up for a great buggy season. Hope to see you all on the beach or the playa. Buggy On!

Morrie

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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 sender specifically requests otherwise.

Mark your calendars for these events:

May 12-14 - Texas State Kite Fest - Rockport Beach, TX.
Kite buggy and sailing event. Contact Jeff Howard - 918-426-5908 or pkc@icok.net, or Colette Ratajski - 512-729-2448 or cmtrf@webtv.net.

May 25-29 - Wild Wheels Buggy Blast - Wildwood, NJ.
Contact Fran Gramkowski - 856-429-5735 or frang@voicenet.com.

May 27-29 - Spring Buggy Blitz - Alvord Dry Lake, Fields, OR.
Contact Morrie or Kelci Williams - 360-268-0318 or williams@techline.com.

Jun 1-4 - Buggy Boogie Spring Thang - El Mirage Dry Lake, Adelanto, CA.
Contact Corey Jensen - 702-255-0570 or coreykite@aol.com, or Dan Rubesh - 805-659-5769 or windwiz@windwizard.com.

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



**BOOBS
Banter**

by Kelci Williams

Although not officially **BOOBS**, womankind was well represented at Challenge 2000 and SBBB 2000 by the gals from overseas. It was good to see these fearless few out there competing with the best of the boys and doing well indeed. In particular, big kudos to Ute Nissen from Germany who placed third overall in the Challenge and also finished the Enduro. Our bras are off to you Ute!

NWBPA Membership Application

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

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