

# MILWAUKEE REGION

# Drift



July, 2004

## CAT National Race

Note from Angelo Gazzola, RE

The CAT National is Milwaukee Regions' premier road racing event. It is second only to the JUNE SPRINTS in driver interest. In recent years we have had trouble with worker staffing for this event. This years event should provide a new level of worker excitement with the addition of the Milwaukee Cup. The region really needs your support to make this event a success. We realize that it is getting later in the racing season, and there are many competing activities that are making demands of your time. In an attempt to make the event more attractive to our workers, we are making a number of improvements to worker thank-you gifts.

These improvements will include enhancements to the worker party door prizes and give-always, which are facilitated by the generosity of our driver/entrants through their contributions to the "Worker Appreciation Fund." The Saturday night dinner would be difficult to improve, as all of the feedback I have received has been extremely positive, but we will try. In addition to the other improvements, Milwaukee Region will continue to provide free Road America camping for workers that work both days

## CONGRATULATIONS!!!!!!

Milwaukee Region Drivers

Take Home 6

**First Place June Sprints<sup>®</sup> Trophies**

Jamie Bach — FM

Partick Jeffords — SSB

Cliff Ebben – GT1

Daryl Wessel – GT4

Jim Dentici — GT5

Steve Jagemann – FA

Additional Sprints results inside

## IN THIS ISSUE:

**Road Racing and Solo Schedules**

**Thanks to Big Bear**

**Election Procedure Information**

**Milwaukee Region Drivers at the Sprints**

**Me, Motorcars and the People Who Drove**

**Them, Part 4**

**The Legend of the Cat**

# MILWAUKEE REGION CALENDAR

Jul	6	Competition Meeting	Sep	6	Solo #7
	13	Board Meeting		7	Competition Meeting
	16-18	BRIC at RA		14	Board Meeting
	17	Solo Event #4		17-19	VSCDA at RA
	18	Solo Event #5		28	Solo Meeting
	24-25	Cartoon Cat National	Oct	6	High Performance Car Clinic
	27	Solo Meeting		10	Solo #8
Aug	3	Competition Meeting		24	Fall Fest Rally
	10	Board Meeting		26	Solo Meeting
	29	Solo Event #6	Nov	6	Annual Meeting
	31	Solo Meeting	Mar	23	Editor's Birthday

**Board Meetings** - 6:30pm the 2nd Tuesday of the month at The Hilton Milwaukee River, 4600 N. Port Washington Road.

**Competition Meetings** - 7:00pm, the first Tuesday of the month at the home of Marc Knippel

**Solo Meetings** - 7:00pm, the last Tuesday of the month at the Italian Community Center, 631 E. Chicago

**BIG BEAR TIRE**

THANK YOU TO OUR  
SOLO II DRIVERS SCHOOL & EVENT #1 SPONSOR  
BIG BEAR TIRE

For your tire, rim or alignment needs please call  
1-800-378-2327 or (262)-567-4449  
[www.bigbeartire.com](http://www.bigbeartire.com)

Have an idea for an  
article  
for the Drift?  
Want to contribute  
photographs?

Contact the Editor,  
Chris Cwiklinski  
414-449-3862  
[ccwikl@yahoo.com](mailto:ccwikl@yahoo.com)

# R.E. View – Angelo Gazzola

The Bonneau Double Regional was held at Road America on June 26<sup>th</sup> and 27<sup>th</sup>. The event was not very well attended by workers and participants alike. We only had about 100 entries for both days, and F&C was staffed at minimums. The region is in the final planning stages for the CAT National, which will include the Milwaukee Cup for the first time this season. The Milwaukee Cup has in excess of 50 entries, so it should be a success right out of the box. All of the thanks for the planning and implementation of the event need to go to Mike Engelke, George Kofman, and Marc Knippel.

The Road Racing Program has only three events left to the end of the 2004 racing season. The CAT National will be the last SCCA race, and will be held on July 24<sup>th</sup> and 25<sup>th</sup> at Road America. The remaining two races will be the two vintage races, which we provide race administration services for. The two race events are the BRIC, and the VSCDA Fall Festival. The BRIC will be held on July 15<sup>th</sup>–18<sup>th</sup>, at Road America. The VSCDA Fall Festival will be held on September 17<sup>th</sup>–19<sup>th</sup>.

We need workers to staff all three of those events. The critical staffing problem area is Flagging and Communications (F&C.) We have had a number of potential new members approach the region for information. Please help the region to make these potential members feel comfortable with becoming

active in the regions' activities. We have also had some current members, who have not been active in recent years, express an interest in becoming more involved. We need to go the extra mile to welcome these new or returning members.

Our participating drivers have continued to be very generous in making contributions to the regions' Worker Appreciation Fund. Those contributions have been used to provide free worker camping for the 2004 racing season, as well as other purposes. I will share a report to the drivers on how those contributions continue to be used in a future R.E. View column.

On the election front, the candidate slate with the Election Committee nominations, have been mailed to all members. The Election Committee will be completing the ballots for the election, as soon as all of the biographical information has been received from all the candidates eligible for the ballot.

## 2004 Solo Schedule

Jul 17<sup>th</sup> Solo Event #4  
Jul 18 Solo Event #5  
Aug 29<sup>th</sup> Solo Event #6  
Sep 6<sup>th</sup> Solo Event #7  
Oct 10<sup>th</sup> Solo Event #8

All Solo Events are at Miller Park

Registration: 7:15 – 8:30 am  
Course walking 7:45 – 9:15 am  
Tech inspection: 7:30 – 8:45 am  
Drivers meeting: 9:30 am  
First car off at 10:00 am

\$20 for pre-registered members  
\$30 for pre-registered non-members  
\$25 for member onsite registration  
\$35 for non-member onsite

There will be a hard cut off at registration at 8:30am. Please be prompt! Showing up after that won't allow you time to walk the course. Drivers not familiar with the course slow the event down which isn't fair to others.

## Check out the Milwaukee Region Web Site

Road Racing Results Solo II Results  
Region Information  
Links to Other Motorsports Pages  
<http://www.scca-milwaukee.org>

## **Election Time is Fast Approaching**

At the November Board Meeting/Retreat the Board revised the election procedures instituting 3 year terms with a limit of 2 consecutive terms and electing 4 members per year. Previously, 6 Board members had been elected to 2 years terms without any term limits. When the transition is complete, one third of the Board will be up for re-election each year rather than half the Board. The transition will take several years with candidates being elected to terms of varying length for the next 2 elections. The following is the transition procedure:

### **Milwaukee Region SCCA Inc. Transitional Board of Directors Election Procedure**

In 2004, four candidates shall be elected to three-year terms, and two candidates shall be elected to two-year terms.

In 2005, four candidates shall be elected to three-year terms, and two candidates shall be elected to one-year terms.

In 2006 and later, four candidates shall be elected to three-year terms.

The candidates elected to the transitional two-year terms in 2004, and to the one-year terms in 2005, shall remain eligible for election to two three-year terms following that service. In the 2004 and 2005 elections, the candidates receiving the four highest vote counts, will be elected to the three-year terms.

The starting point for the special transitional years will be as follows:

#### Up for Re-Election in 2004

Mike Alexander  
Chris Cwiklinski  
Jim Roemer  
Julie Komp  
Tony Machi  
Bart Wolf

#### Up for Re-election in 2005

Cheryl Barnes  
Jeff Cashmore  
Jim Dentici  
Angelo Gazzola  
Mike Piotrowski  
Roy Rogers

#### Up for Re-Election in 2006

the 1<sup>st</sup> two-year from 2004  
the 2<sup>nd</sup> two-year from 2004  
the 1<sup>st</sup> one-year from 2005  
the 2<sup>nd</sup> one-year from 2005

## **WE NEED YOU!!!!**

### **Don't Forget these upcoming events:**

**July 24–25** Cartoon Cat National and Milwaukee Cup for Spec Miata at Road America

**September 17–19** The VSCDA Elkhart Lake Vintage Festival© at Road America. This is our final event of the year. The event is a much smaller vintage event than the BRIC, which is held in July. It is traditionally a non-spectator event with fewer entries, but the racecars that enter this event are just as spectacular in their own way.

# Milwaukee Region Drivers at the 2004 June Sprints®

## Race 1 - CSR, DSR, S2000

### CSR

- 2 - Jeff Miller
- 3 - Mike Lord
- 5 - Andy Voruz

### DSR

- 3 - Michael Reupert
- 6 - Dave Knaack

### S2000

- 7 - Bart Wolf
- 9 - Skip Pfeffer

## Race 2 - F500, FV

### F500

- 5 - William Cobb
- 10 - Darrel Greening
- 16 - Bob Giesen

### FV

- 6 - Mike Beaumia

## Race 3 - FM, FF

### FM

- 1 - Jamie Bach
- 6 - Dale Vanden Bush
- 8 - Denny Marklein
- 20 - John Dickmann

## Race 4 - SRF

- 24 - Becky Bach
- 34 - Bill Douglas
- 45 - Bob Ablard
- 53 - Tom Doerr
- 71 - Ruben Garcia

## Race 5 - T1, T2, SSB, SSC, AS

### AS

- 5 - David Venhaus

### SSB

- 1 - Patrick Jeffords
- 3 - Joe Ebben
- 4 - Harry Manning

### SSC

- 7 - Tom Putz

## Race 6 - GT1, GT2, GT3

### GT1

- 1 - Cliff Ebben
- 2 - Peter Mohrhauser
- 5 - Randy Rosenmerkel
- 11 - Bill Paul

## Race 7 - E-HP, GT4, GT5

### EP

- 2 - Lawrence Loshak
- 4 - Michael Sturm
- 7 - Filippo M. Reina
- 11 - Ken Kannard

### FP

- 4 - Mike Gnadt
- 5 - Mike Froh
- 6 - Michael Moser
- 7 - Robert Bennett

### GP

- 2 - Richard Luening
- 3 - Greg Gauper
- 5 - Bill Wessel

### HP

- 2 - Richard Root

### GT4

- 1 - Daryl Wessel

### GT5

- 1 - Jim Dentici

## Race 8 - FA, FC

### FA

- 1 - Tom Jagemann
- 9 - Jim Gustafson
- 11 - Augie Pabst III
- 12 - Justin Gaver
- 16 - Charles C. Duncan

### FC

- 3 - Steve Forrer
- 6 - Michael Wettstein
- 9 - Mark Hutchison
- 11 - J.R. Smart
- 13 - Tony Smith
- 15 - John Norton

# ME, MOTORCARS & THE PEOPLE WHO DROVE THEM

## Part 4

By Bob Birmingham, 2003

*Former Milwaukee Region member Bob Birmingham has written an essay about his involvement with racing. As the essay is quite long we will be printing portions each month. This is the fourth installment. While Bob is anxiously awaits his Pulitzer Prize for his efforts, enjoy his reminiscences.*

### **You Did What?**

I'm not sure, but I think that the following took place in 1962 or perhaps 1963. Augie was off competing in the fall pro road racing series, when he called me from California, and asked, "Have you heard anything yet about what I did?" I guess my first thought was that he won big, set a lap record or it was something to do with racing. Boy was I wrong. While relaxing around the pool of the Mark Thomas Hotel in Monterey, he told Hansgen, Penske, Heuer and others how he had floated a Volkswagen in Oconomowoc Lake. One thing led to another and before long bets were made that Augie couldn't float his Hertz Rent-A-Car. Well Gus took up the challenge and promptly deposited his Ford Falcon rental in the hotel pool thereby winning a few hundred dollars and causing further expense to Hansgen who forgot that his camera equipment was in the trunk. I still have a photocopy of the car at the bottom of the pool and remember that Hertz threatened to sue for damages. A hasty reply from Augie's attorney stated that payment would not be forthcoming because the car could have been winched out, the interior dried and oil changed if the hotel manager had not sought to capitalize on the publicity telling our fun loving rascal to leave the car where it was for a few days. During our phone conversation it was apparent that Augie's main concern was his Grandmother, Omie, and how she would take it. What a guy. I also seem to recall that on more than one occasion, while running late (which was most of the time), he left rental cars, with motors running at airport check-in stations.

### **Green Flag**

While enjoying the 1961 Pabst Motors annual Christmas Party at Augie's home in River Hills, Henry Kaeslau, one of our mechanics apparently had enough to drink and got

tired of me constantly talking about becoming a sports car racer. He challenged me and said, "you get a car and I'll build a you a shitbox," and that's how it all started. Henry had previously worked for Baungartner Motors where he took care of Bob Wilke's Porsche RSK that was raced by 1959 and 1960 Indy 500 Champ Roger Ward in USAC's short-lived entry into pro sports car racing. Drunk or not, to have someone like Henry volunteer to build a car for me was too much to let slide.

In February I found just the right car to begin with. SCCA published its General Competition Rules for 1962 and in it, dropped the here-to-fore unraced Fiat 1200 Spyder from G to H Production. That meant that the 1200cc engine would be matched with 948cc Sprites and 750cc Fiat Abarths. In addition, the Fiat had large aluminum finned brakes for superior braking and bigger wheels that would allow it to wind higher on longer tracks, having the same effect as if it were equipped with taller gears. I found a gray 1962 Fiat 1200 Spyder with a removable hardtop and a blown engine. The hardtop was quickly sold for one hundred and seventy-five dollars and with the money, Henry started building my shitbox. What a guy.

Night after night Henry stayed to supervise Dick Eisenmann and me with tearing down the engine and then built a new one. On weekends he would send me home with piston rods, the crankshaft and other parts to file and grind the rough edges prior to sending them to Schleiper's Speed Shop in Brookfield for balancing and final polishing. I'd come back Monday mornings, proud of my effort and Henry would send me packing again saying "Not good enough, don't you want us to win?" I think what he was doing was getting me out from under foot until he was ready for the parts. While the engine was being built, Augie made arrangements to have his friend Art Smith, owner of ASI, build a roll bar for the Fiat. When it came time to pick up the car, I couldn't believe the size of it. It was huge, covering the entire inside width of the car and way the hell over my head. Although I really don't know, I think Augie had some concern over my potential and may have told Art to build

it extra strong. Well the car was finished in April and Bill Wuesthoff was planning to test his Porsche RS60 at Meadowdale International Speedway near Carpentersville, Illinois. Actually Harry Heuer had rented the track and as a favor to Augie, they let me come down and test when their big iron was not running. Damn that was fun. My first time on an honest to goodness racetrack and, boy, was I having a ball until I noticed my oil pressure gauge doing flip flops, back and fourth, jiggling like I had never seen before. I tried to slow down on the other side of the Monza wall before the straight leading to Doane's hairpin when the engine let go and I spun in the oil. Two pistons seized up and blew a hole in the block taking me from a euphoric high of a few minutes before to the depths of depression as I wondered where in the hell will I come up with the money to start over. Clearly mine, was an under funded operation.

While I can't remember his last name, our Fiat Distributor's roadman Bob came through with a new block in appreciation of our efforts to promote Fiat sales. Henry started over, I was back to filing and polishing and by May we were ready for the Chicago Region's Drivers School at Wilmot Hills. Dick Eisenmann, as throughout the year, came with me as my mechanic, timer and most of all, my good friend. Among novice entrants, we cleaned up on all of H-Production and many G-Production Alfas. Bob Anderson was my instructor and it wasn't until the following week that I raced against him, in his bright red Sprite and Fred Turek, another Chicago Region Sprite driver at Wilmot. They finished one-two, and I third, in my first regional race. Next was another regional, this time at State Fair Park and boy did I learn a couple of lessons. I was running first in class when a yellow flag came out and my inexperience allowed several other cars to bunch up behind me. When we returned to racing, a Fiat Abarth Alemano roadster driven by Bill Firehammer filled my mirrors. I guess I was a little too concerned with him to the extent that I spun off the road at the infield hairpin and watched as he cruised by. I quickly pulled out and overtook him before entering the infield portion of the 1.9 mile sports car course and sure enough, heading into the hairpin I spun again as I was preoccupied with the Abarth in my mirror. I remained behind Firehammer the next time around and heard people clapping as I passed without any further spins. A picture of me sitting by the side of the track with my hand raised, while Firehammer motored by, was

printed in the next edition of *Midwest Racing News*.

## **Bad News From Daytona**

In the spring of 1962, Augie had a terrible accident during the Three Hour Continental Race at Daytona International Speedway. The clutch on his Team Cunningham Maserati blew up causing him to be tossed from the car and suffer serious injuries. He was first treated at Daytona's Halifax Hospital before transfer to Columbia Hospital in Milwaukee for further treatment and therapy. Clearly, he was not the man we knew, having lost quite a bit of weight and spoke hesitantly and with a noticeable slur. While there, he was treated by a young physical therapist named Geraldine Lango. She and her husband Tom were really nice people and became very good friends to those at Pabst Motors. One Friday night after closing, I walked into the Grand Prix and much to my surprise, there, in the side room sat Augie, dwarfed in a blazer that was obviously not of his style or size. It turns out that Bob Greaves, one of his very best friends, spirited him away from his hospital room in the dead of night so that he could be with friends in more enjoyable surroundings. The blazer belonged to the burley Greaves.

As a get-well gesture, Bill Mitchell, designer of the original 1954 Corvette, the Stingray and other General Motors models, created a special, one of a kind Corvair station wagon for Augie. It was really cool, painted medium metallic blue with a custom interior, roof rack and with a few extra horses under the hood. His recovery took several months and it was easy to tell that he was anxious to get back on the track. Medical clearance was a problem to be addressed and it took until the fall 500-mile race weekend before he was cleared to resume racing. Even then, his entry was restricted to participation in a small-bore class. He chose to compete in his Stanguellini Formula Junior and was doing fine until he got tangled up with Suzy Dietrich's Cooper T-59. To quote motor sports journalist Tom Schultz in his 1999 book, *Road America, Five Decades of Racing at Elkhart Lake*, "Dietrich had a fright during the race, when Augie Pabst, still playing with the obsolete front engine Stanguellini, had brake failure, hit the back of her Cooper and went up, up and over, landing on all four wheels on the track in front of her." When I bought the Stanguellini, a year later, evidence of the rubber tread mark from Dietrich's car remained on the Stang's

underside. West coast imported auto distributor and Indy Car owner Kjell Kvale planned to have Augie make his Indianapolis 500 champ car debut in an Aston Martin powered Cooper had it not been for the accident.

### **Fun Summer**

More regional and Midwest Council of Sports Car Club races, thirteen all toll, filled our summer. We ran at Meadowdale, Wilmot and the Fair Park again, on an airport course at Lawrenceville, Illinois and a makeshift road course in the parking lot of Municipal Stadium in Minneapolis where the Twins and Vikings played. I wanted so much to get in the required number of regionals so that I could race for the first time at Road America in September. The road trip to Lawrenceville was noteworthy because Dick didn't want to drive to the southern tip of Illinois after closing Pabst Motors at nine o'clock on Friday. I really needed the regional race to fill my logbook so when I told him I was going to drive the Fiat, cut down windscreen and all, he relented and with a heavy, borrowed trailer behind a 1955 six cylinder Chevy, we made our way south. It turned out to be a lot of fun for me and a lot of work for Dick. I got a real kick out of driving an airport course and Dick spent a good deal of time in the hot, southern Illinois sun repairing the brakes on Mike Frazzell's TR-3. We had become good friends with Mike and his brother Vic, as we seemed to be entering all of the same races. On late Saturday afternoon, with the course shut down for the day, we gathered around and drank beer while listening to the great Martin Tanner hold court. Tanner was in his sixties or maybe seventies and had built an H-Modified car that he named the Martin T. With it, he won several SCCA National Championships and was highly respected. He told us how, during his lifetime, he had taken up many hobbies and tried to master each over a ten-year period. I can't remember what they were, but flying and music come to mind.

Our trip to Bloomington, Minnesota was also shared with the Frazzell brothers and while I can't remember their tow car, I do recall that their trailer was so big and heavy that it was all they could do to reach forty-five miles an hour on the interstate. Dick Eisenmann claims that they left on Friday morning and we, after working until nine, passed them along the way.

I guess It's unfair to be critical of their tow vehicle because for our shorter trips to Wilmot, Meadowdale

and the Fair Park we used an old 1952 Dodge that Dick bought for fifty bucks from Milt Peterson. One late night, while retuning from either Wilmot or Meadowdale, the car began to overheat out in the boonies with no service stations or towns in sight. A temporary solution had us scoop rain water from ditches so we could continue towards home. The old Dodge, which we pronounced with a French accent, served as Dick's every day, back to work car while his green, bug eye Sprite, with Sebring removable hardtop was driven on special occasions, to races that we were not involved in and just for the fun of it. For years, whenever he would see or talk to Milt Peterson they would argue in jest about how Milt screwed him on the fifty-dollar transaction. The frame was sprung, the front wheels pointed in one direction and the rears in another and the shocks were so bad the front end went up and down like a yoyo.

Late in the summer, Mike Frazzell entered his TR-3 in a Midwest Council of Sports Car Clubs endurance race at State Fair Park with me as his co-driver. Shortly after completing my laps, we sat back to watch Mike finish up when out of the south turn came a wheel at top speed with Mike's now three wheeled TR out of control. He didn't crash, thank goodness, and I was thankful that I wasn't driving at the time. Nothing ever pained me more than to damage a car.

### **Crazy Willie**

Midwest Council was low pressure and cheaper than SCCA racing. While my first entry at Road America was only fifteen dollars for me and four crew members, the Council charged as little as nine dollars at Wilmot. The rules were sometimes bent to ensure that everything was done to accommodate participants. One rule prohibits driving the wrong way while on the course at any time. Once during a Council race weekend in the summer of 1962, our good friend Willie Morrison from Madison, and later Milwaukee, caught the Chief Stewart's eye when he came flying down the main straight towards the start finish line in the opposite direction of competition. While other competitors in his class sat on the grid awaiting the green flag, Willie drove up yelling, "tech inspector, tech inspector". One appeared and dutifully gave the Triumph a half assed look-see and sent Willie to the rear of the pack where he lined up next to Rockford's Tom Kliendienst in a right hand drive Lotus Seven. What happened next defies my



ability to adequately describe. A few laps into the race, Willie and Tom rounded the hairpin just before the main straight with Willie on the inside pounding on Tom's Lotus with a large wiffle bat. Next time around, Tom had the bat in hand and from his right-hand drive car and outside position, was beating on Willie's TR-3. Talk about low pressure, fun racing. Council events were hard to beat.

Willie was also the main character in a bazaar event at Meadowdale that year. These were the days when some drove our racecars to the track, replaced the windshield with small plastic windscreens, changed plugs, pumped up the tires and went racing. This was precisely what Morrison did one weekend with his TR-3. When recalling TR-3's, one thinks of tee keys, the little silver do-all tool that allowed for the opening of the bonnet, removing and installing the side curtains and for removal of the spare tire housing located directly beneath the boot. Well on this particular race weekend, Willie packed his car before leaving Madison for the drive of about one hundred miles to Meadowdale. To maximize the available space, he removed the spare tire from its usual housing and strapped it to the boot's outside luggage rack. Clothing, parts, tools and other items were stashed behind the seats, within the boot and the spare tire compartment. Late as usual, Willie arrived in the

paddock area and prepared his car for tech and competition. What he forgot to do was remove those items he had stashed within the spare tire compartment. As luck would have it, Willie passed me during practice as I exited Doane's corner, a hairpin and last turn before entering the steeply banked Monza Wall. I noticed that the spare tire lid was askew and had to make a quick move to avoid the cover when it fell off while we were high on the banked wall. Before me, bouncing onto the track and rolling down the wall, were bananas, underclothing and various other personal items. A first for Meadowdale, but only one of a many crazy things related to Willie Morrison. As an aside, Willie was not the same person who raced Corvettes out of Chicago for many years.

Events at the nine-tenths of a mile Wilmot track were especially fun as we were usually able to run two races on both Saturday and Sunday. Inside the course was an old swimming hole that on warm days would cool us off between races. I suspected that it also served as a watering hole for a dairy herd that was corralled across the track. A herd that at least once a year would get loose and mosey on over to trackside resulting in a red flag.

*Next month - First Time on Road America*

## .....And Another Thing

The Cat National is July 24-25. We always need workers (see ad of the front page). Bring your friends, we'll find something for them to do. This is a great event to work and trial memberships are free for non-SCCA members.

The Cat National is always a great event. And this year will be even better. At press time we had 56, count 'em 56, entries for the Spec Miata Milwaukee Cup at the Cat National, July 24-25. Oh, boy, that sounds like its gonna be fun!!!! Don't miss it.

Our guest contributor, Bob Birmingham ("Me, Motorcars and the People Who Drove Them"), will have a chance to relive his past away from his computer on Friday of the BRIC. He will have to opportunity to drive his old Stanguellini during touring. We hope to get a story

out of that, too.

Speaking of stories, isn't it kinda ironic that we're getting great contributions from a FORMER MEMBER and practically nothing from anyone else? Except Steve Tupper, of course, for which we are eternally grateful. We're always looking for interesting stories and tidbits. Don't be shy. Be a sport. C'mon. You can do it. We dare you. We - passing up the double dog dare, completely - TRIPLE DOG dare you!!!!!!!!!!

Election time is coming up soon. Ballots will be in the mail within the next couple weeks. Please vote.

The Salt Creek Sports Car Club is holding a medium speed autocross at Lake Geneva Raceway on Sunday, August 15. They have invited Milwaukee Region members to enter at their member fee of \$25. For more information contact Lee Witkowski:leewitkowski@comcast.com

# The Legend of the Cat

For years, the Milwaukee Region National Race at Road America was simply known as the Road America National. Many have asked how this race came to be known as the "Cat National". It began at the parties on Saturday evenings when workers would raise a toast to Brian Redman's Cat. At one of the Road America Nationals in the early 1980's, the workers decided to travel out to raise a toast at the Cat's "grave" and the event has since been known as "The Cat". At that time, a legend was born. Note: Due to the relocation/reconfiguration of cornerworker stations at Road America, the actual current location of the grave has moved and is on the right between stations 9 and 10.

The following is the Legend of Brian Redman's Cat, in its entirety, as published in 1983. Please note that it reflects some of the traditions and customs of the time, i.e., seeming to encourage drinking, the references to the quality and type of lunches (things have improved dramatically in that respect), the location of Corner 10 has changed, and the fact that The Cat legend began with Cornerworkers and is now embraced by workers from all Specialties along with drivers and their crews.

## The Legend

There are a lot of different versions about why people are drinking to Brian Redman's Cat. Credit for the Cat has been claimed by various groups – drivers, crew members, every race worker specialty and even some of the more alcoholic spectator groups. Everyone wants to get into the act. Don't believe any of them. Now is the time for the true facts. Ignore all rumors. Especially the one that says the Cat was invented by cornerworkers at an emergency drinking meeting of the "Road Racing Roundtable" in the parking lot of Schwartz's in St. Anna, Wisconsin.

Cornerworkers are damned particular who they raise a glass to. Their toasts are a sign of respect bestowed only to the fastest - People like Fangio, Moss, Clark, Donohue, and Brian Redman. All properly conducted Saturday drinking contests follow a pattern. You take turns making a toast. You are expected to toast someone faster than your predecessor. Lately the toasting seems to always end with a final toast - "Here's to Brian Redman's Cat". The Cat really isn't quicker than Brian, but he is faster than most, especially in the rain (his claws are an advantage). Here now is the straight story:

"The Cat", he didn't have a name in those days (actually, he still doesn't), was first noticed by cornerworkers at Road America. He lived his entire first life right there at the track. That first life was what started the Legend. We are certain that each of his remaining lives will contribute to their legend and he will take his rightful place in racing history.

When first spotted, he certainly didn't look like legend material. He was apparently booted out of a car as a kitten and grew up wild at Road America, scrounging for his food and fighting for survival. He was a skinny pitiful site, obviously undernourished and very anti-social. The event was a cold May Drivers School and it was raining. That dumb Cat was standing there, soaked to his skin, watching the racecars, just like the cornerworkers. He was obviously impressed.

"The Cat" was having a really rough time when he discovered the generosity of cornerworkers. At lunch time, eating with them was better than scrounging for food. This was easy; he was well fed on every corner he visited. He never understood

the fact that maybe the amount of food available for cats had something to do with the quality of the lunches. He really learned to love the vulcanized bratwurst with melted Hershey bar on top. He even learned to like the "mystery meat". Eventually he became more tame and actually permitted a few cornerworkers to give him an occasional pat on the head. He seemed to enjoy them and their company.

Later he started drinking with the workers at the end of the day. He found that most cornerworkers had alcoholic beverages in their survival kits for after the last car. He got into the habit of making the rounds of the corners. He'd have a quick one with anybody that was willing to share.

When he wasn't eating or drinking, he was watching the racecars. He couldn't hide his admiration for the fastest drivers because he was pretty fast himself. Just like his friends - the workers - he became an ardent fan of Brian Redman. In fact, every time Brian Redman raced at Road America, you could find The Cat hanging around his pit. If you looked real careful, you could see his was listening to and watching Brian's every move. As years went by, The Cat developed two burning ambitions. One was to drink with every cornerworker in the country and the other was to beat Brian Redman's time at Road America. He used to work at it at night. If you were at the right place at the right time, you could see The Cat - who by then was known as "Brian Redman's Cat" - doing hot laps. Gradually he worked his time down to where he was within a couple seconds of Brian Redman's best time. He probably would have made it if it hadn't been for a tragic unfortunate accident.

One particularly dark night he had a real fast lap going. He came into corner 10 right, on the ragged edge. Unfortunately, a large deer was asleep in the apex and The Cat hit it at speed. There weren't any cornerworkers there to help and he did not survive the crash.

The next morning when the cornerworkers came out to set up the station for the day, they found his remains. And out of respect for The Cat and Brian Redman, they buried The Cat with a good view of the turn.

Today at Station 10 you'll find a rather large mound of rocks with a crude cross on top of it. Directly in front of the mound is a granite headstone with the following inscription "Here Lies Brian Redman's Cat, The Bloodshot Blur With Fur." That is the final resting place of Brian Redman's Cat. When a cornerworker is assigned to Corner 10, it is tradition to add one more rock to the pile.

That might have been the end of this legend except for a strange phenomenon that was noticed shortly after the crash. Whenever cornerworkers got together for serious partying, The Cat would usually show up after a sufficient number of toasts "To Brian Redman's Cat", that damned Cat would come back for one more drink with his friends, the cornerworkers. And so, if you are a good cornerworker and have faith, especially if you drink enough (this is very important) sooner or later you will see "Brian Redman's Cat".