

MILWAUKEE REGION

Drift



October, 2004

You Are Cordially Invited

**MILWAUKEE REGION
ANNUAL MEETING**

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 2004

Note date change from date in the previous calendars.

**FORRER SUPPLY
GERMANTOWN, WI**

WATCH YOUR MAILBOX FOR DETAILS

Fall Fest Rally

Sunday, October 24, 2004

Stumble Inn

Eagle, WI

At the corner of Hwy. 59 and Hwy. 67

1:00pm – Registration

1:30pm - Short Rally School

2:00pm - First Car Out

4:00pm - Back at the Stumble Inn

No other details were available at press time, but you might want to bring along some paper, pen or pencil, a calculator, and a watch with a second hand.

Last Call for Worker of the Year Award Nominations

Several years ago the Milwaukee Region Board of Directors did away with the Annual Worker Point Awards due to lack of participation. In its place is a “Worker of the Year” Award for each specialty. Anyone can nominate anyone else from any specialty. You can make multiple nominations. This can be for a specific incident or event or for a whole season of contributions.

Awards are presented at the Annual Meeting in November. Please send your nominations to Marc Knippel, Competition Chairman, 3953 S. Alexander St, St. Francis, WI 53235 or email at iflagum@wi.rr.com Nominations must be received by October 31, 2004.

**2004 SCCA RUNOFFS
MILWAUKEE REGION MEMBER
PARTICIPANTS**

<u>Name</u>	<u>Class</u>	<u>Finish</u>	<u>Qualified</u>
Jeff Miller	CSR	DNF	9
Michael Lord	CSR	9	16
Michael Reupert	DSR	5	7
Jason Miller	DSR	9	9
Ken Kannard	EP	5	12
Filippo Reina	EP	25	34
Lawrence Loshak	EP	DNF	10
Niki Coello	FC	9	9
Brian Belardi	FC	7	11
Steve Forrer	FC	DNF	7
John Vlasis	FF	23	24
Dennis Marklein	FM	10	13
Jerry Lamb	FP	4	7
Michael Beaumia	FV	32	30
Ron Whitson	FV	33	34
Robert Giesen	F500	10	15
William Cobb	F500	14	22
Kenneth Holzer	F500	18	24
Darrel Greening	F500	19	23
Bill Wessel	GP	3	7
Greg Gauper	GP	13	27
Cliff Ebben	GT1	2	4
Peter Mohrhauser	GT1	7	7
Daryl Wessel	GT4	14	18
Harry Manning	SSB	6	5
Joe Ebben	SSB	16	18
Bart Wolf	S2000	8	10

**THANK YOU TO OUR SOLO
EVENT #7 SPONSOR**

BELLA'S FAT CAT

1233 East Brady Street Milwaukee
(414) 273-2113

**Home of monster burgers
& great homemade custard**

Please stop in for a bite to eat and let them know how you heard their name from the Milwaukee Region SCCA

**2004 SCCA SOLO NATIONALS
MILWAUKEE REGION MEMBER
PARTICIPANTS**

2004 Trophy Winners

2nd place	ESL	Denise Cashmore
3rd place	BS	Steve Wynveen
3rd place	STXL	Julie Streeter
4th place	STS	Colin Fiedler
6th place	F125	Sebastian Strauss
7th place	STS	Jason Frank
7th place	ESPL	Mary Bahr
11th place	STS	Dan Meller
12th place	BS	Bill Knighton

2004 Solo National Participants

<u>Name</u>	<u>Class</u>	<u>Finishing Position</u>
Steve Wynveen	BS	3
Bill Knighton	BS	12
Ken Kiesgen	BS	31
Dale Lind	BS	42
Darrel Wrolson	CS	31
Robert Clark	DS	13
Todd Moore	DS	27
Jeff Cashmore	ES	30
Denise Cashmore	ESL	2
Pat Washburn	GS	12
Harry Aro	BSP	21
Dale Bahr	ESP	34
Mary Bahr	ESPL	7
Michael Tews	FP	8
Colin Fiedler	STS	4
Jason Frank	STS	7
Dan Meller	STS	11
Chris Fenter	STX	16
Craig Mankiewiez	STX	17
** Steve Garnjobst	STX	25
Julie Streeter	STXL	3
Rob Broker	SM	33
Sam Karp	SM	39
Phil Bedard	SM	40
Sebastian Strauss	F125	6

** Dual Member

R.E. View – Angelo Gazzola

I would like to start my column this month with congratulations to our region participants in National Championship competition.

We had a total of fifty–three Milwaukee Region members participating in SCCA National Championship competition. There were twenty–five members of our Solo community participating at the Solo Nationals, nine of them earning event trophies. Our road racing community had twenty–eight of their members represented at the SCCA National Runoffs. I have already sent individual letters of congratulations to each participant, as those achievements required a yearlong commitment to racing and a number of days at the event itself. I have also prepared a grid of results for both the SCCA Solo Nationals and SCCA National Runoffs, for all Milwaukee Region participants, which is presented elsewhere in this issue. We did not have any national champions this year, but we have experienced a large increase in participation at both the SCCA National Run–Offs and the SCCA Solo Nationals.

The VSCDA Elkhart Lake Vintage Festival, at Road America was very successful, as we had more workers than we have enjoyed for a number of years. The VSCDA sanctioning body was very kind to the region, and specifically towards workers. The event included a party Friday and Saturday nights, with door prizes and giveaways both nights. The Friday night party was put on by VSCDA, including the door prizes. The Saturday night party was put on by Milwaukee Region. VSCDA also provided free camping on the Road America facility for workers that worked all three days. Milwaukee Region picked up the cost of camping for the workers that only worked Saturday and Sunday. I can't tell you the number of workers that have expressed their thanks for the treatment they received during the weekend. Some of the workers thanked us for the free camping, even though they did not take advantage of the offer.

The Milwaukee Region Election Committee has finished their work and has reported the election results to the Regional Executive and the Secretary, in accordance with the Milwaukee Region By–Laws. Congratulations to the following continuing and new board members:

Mike Cudahy New member, elected to a three–year term
Chris Cwiklinski Incumbent, elected to a three–year term

Julie Komp Incumbent, elected to a two–year term
Tony Machi Incumbent elected to a three–year term
Jim Roemer Incumbent, elected to a two–year term
Bart Wolf Incumbent elected to a three–year term

We will be holding our Annual Meeting and Dinner on November 13, 2004, in Germantown. Individual invitations will be mailed soon to all Milwaukee Region members. We are hoping to hold the cost down to the same as we charged last year. We are going to make improvements to the dinner and program this year, to address some of the complaints we received last year. We had a very good attendance last year, and we hope to improve on it this year. Pencil the date in on your calendar, and be sure to join us for our final social opportunity of the year.

On the Central Division Split Issue, the Milwaukee Region Board of Directors voted unanimously to not support a split of Central Division. I have submitted the letter that I was directed to send to the Area Five director, for publication in this issue. The only way that Milwaukee Region would reconsider the decision to not support the proposed split, would be if Area Four forwards a virtually unanimous recommendation to split the decision. The real challenge that this issue will present is how to deal with the aftermath of a failed split. The thought of having to do business with a group that has gone on record stating that all of the leadership in Area Five is untrustworthy is not exactly pleasurable. However, I do believe that there are a large number of people in Area Four who will join us in attempting to pick up the pieces in the aftermath, and forge a better working relationship in the future.

I am writing my final column as your Regional Executive with a certain amount of sadness, but I am a firm believer in upholding the long tradition in Milwaukee Region of serving two years as the Regional Executive. With very few exceptions, the typical term of the Regional Executive has been two–years. I will be serving the remaining year of my term on the Milwaukee Region Board of Directors, and will assist the new Regional Executive in any way that I can. After that final year, I will step aside and provide another opening for a new region member to be elected to the board.

Runoffs on Speed TV

All times listed are Eastern Time.

Sat., Nov. 20, 2:00 PM	GT-5
Sat., Nov. 20, 3:00 PM	GT-2
Sun., Nov. 21, 12:00 PM	SSB
Sun., Nov. 21, 1:00 PM	H Production
Sun., Nov. 21, 2:00 PM	Formula Atlantic
Sun., Nov. 21, 3:00 PM	Touring 1
Sat., Nov. 27, 2:00 PM	F Production
Sat., Nov. 27, 3:00 PM	Formula Mazda
Sun., Nov. 28, 12:00 PM	Sports 2000
Sun., Nov. 28, 1:00 PM	Touring 2
Sun., Nov. 28, 2:00 PM	Formula 500
Sun., Nov. 28, 3:00 PM	D Sports Racing
Sat., Dec. 4, 2:00 PM	American Sedan
Sat., Dec. 4, 3:00 PM	E Production
Sun., Dec. 5, 12:00 PM	GT-3
Sun., Dec. 5, 1:00 PM	Formula Continental
Sun., Dec. 5, 2:00 PM	SSC
Sun., Dec. 5, 3:00 PM	C Sports Racing
Sat., Dec. 11, 2:00 PM	Formula Vee
Sat., Dec. 11, 3:00 PM	GT-1
Sun., Dec. 12, 12:00 PM	Formula Ford
Sun., Dec. 12, 1:00 PM	Spec Racer Ford
Sun., Dec. 12, 2:00 PM	G Production
Sun., Dec. 12, 3:00 PM	GT-4

Region Radios for Sale!!!

Milwaukee Region has made the decision to upgrade our radios used by our specialties in our road racing program. The radios will be traded in on new Kenwood Radios, to be delivered next month. We have received a number of requests to make the used radios available to members at the same \$100 trade-in value we will be receiving.

There are approximately 31 radios available for sale at \$100 each. If you are interested in purchasing one or more of the radios please contact Dave Zander of Zander Radio Systems. Dave's contact information is:

Zander Radio Systems
320 East Green Bay Avenue
Shawano, WI 54166

(715) 526-5040
zrsradio@frontiernet.net

New Region Officers

At the October Board meeting the new Board of Directors was seated. Their first order of business was to elect new officers. Your new Region Officers are:

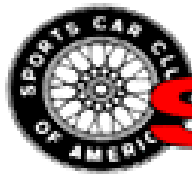
Julie Komp, Regional Executive
Jim Roemer, Vice Regional Executive and Treasurer
Cheryl Barnes, Secretary

Chris Cwiklinski, Jim Dentici, and Angelo Gazzola were elected to the Executive Committee.

Region Calendar

Oct	24	Fall Fest Rally
	26	Solo Meeting
Nov	6	Wisconsin Glacier Trails Rally El Diablo Revisited
	12-13	Board Member Retreat (Board Members Only)
	13	Annual Meeting
	30	Solo Meeting

There will be no Board meeting in December



MILWAUKEE REGION

September 15, 2004

Mr. Mike Engelke
SCCA Board of Directors
Topeka, Kansas

Dear Mike,

Milwaukee Region discussed the potential splitting of Central Division, at our board meeting last evening. The Milwaukee Region Board of Directors voted unanimously to reject the concept of splitting Central Division. Having said that, the board also would like to assure you that if Area Four regions ask their director to implement the split, we would likely reconsider our decision and no doubt support a split. If Milwaukee Region were to reconsider and support a split of the division, we would only support the split if 2005 were to be a transitional year, with the final implementation to take place for the 2006–racing season. This would include the acceptance of a freezing of the 2005 race schedule, at 2004 levels and dates.

Our reason for taking this position is that we are not convinced that a split would be in the best interest of Milwaukee Region, Central Division, or SCCA. However, the prospect of remaining in a business relationship with our colleagues in Area Four would be foolish on our part, if they clearly state a well–founded desire to end the relationship. It would be extremely naive of Milwaukee Region and others to assume that the relationship between Area Four and Area Five regions would somehow improve after a failed attempt at splitting the division.

I have shared a number of numerical analyses with the Regional Executives of the Area Five racing regions, which present sufficient evidence to cause everyone to proceed with caution. In fact, if Area Four Regional Executives were to undertake the same type of analyses, I am sure they would see the prospect for potential diminished performance at all Central Division races.

With the exception of the difficulties in scheduling the race season, and the resulting lack of trust and respect, there are no real good reasons to justify the splitting of Central Division. Having said that, I have no clue on how to solve the underlying problems to everyone’s satisfaction. If all the parties could agree to some oversight board that would handle the scheduling process in an objective manner that might solve the larger problem.

If the split were to ultimately occur, I do feel that a number of opportunities would exist for Area Five to grow into a formidable division. In my opinion, there would be a period of time necessary to develop the plan to accomplish that goal, and that there would be growing pains associated with the achievement of those goals.

Thank you for taking the time to solicit all of the regions in Area Five for their input on this very important issue.

Angelo Gazzola
Regional Executive
Milwaukee Region SCCA

HPCCC REPORT

By Sam Karp

On October 6th Milwaukee Region, partnered with Chicago Region, held a HPCCC event at Blackhawk Farms. What is a HPCCC event you ask? Well, we will explain.

A High Performance Car Control Clinic (aka HPCCC or HP3C) is an event designed for people to bring their daily street or sports car onto the track without the risk and commitment of wheel-to-wheel Club Racing. This event is perfect for sports car owners wanting to see what their car can really do, autocrossers thinking about taking a step towards Club Racing and for workers to drive the track they normally only get to see from the "sidelines." This event attracted 76 drivers in total, some coming from as far as Indiana, Minnesota and Iowa!

The day started bright and early at 6:30am when registration opened. Many people were anxious to get into the track and get prepared for the event. After getting registered and tech inspected they got to hear how the day was going to be handled along with driving advice from Jim Marinangel of Chicago Region. Jim was the chief instructor of the event along with being of the four organizers (along with Greg Kutka, Dan Kimber and yours truly-Sam Karp).

After the drivers meeting it was time to get on track. The advanced drivers went out first and showed some of the new drivers how to handle things. The new drivers were split apart into 4 different groups (3A, 3B, 4A and 4B) so they could all get professional instruction their first time on track.

Between running, the entrants were asked to work corner stations. This proved to be very valuable as they got to see the track from another angle and also we may have sparked a few people to volunteer their time and become more involved with working road race events! No one complained about working and most said it was very enjoyable.

The 15 minute sessions continued until 12:30 when it was time to break for lunch and mingle a bit. The action continued at 1:30pm when everyone got 3 more sessions

on track until the event ended at 4:30pm. At that time we finished up the day with a Q&A session in which the organizers got very valuable information and suggestions on how to handle future events.

This 2004 event proved to be very successful. A successful HPCCC means two things, 1.) everyone had fun and 2.) No one was hurt nor any major damage done to car/track. We hope this is a sign of things to come as these HPCCC events seem to be very popular and there is a high demand for more!

There are many people that need to be thanked for their services. Dan Kimber and Sam Karp from Milwaukee Region handled the registration process along with getting cars tech inspected and filing sanctions/insurance, etc. Greg Kutka and Jim Marinangel organized the workers, instructors and managed the day of the event. The event was sponsored by Big Bear Tire of Oconomowoc, WI. Jon Miller from Big Bear came out to the event and had a blast piloting his BMW around course. King Motorsports was also a sponsor and Clayton Goldsmith represented the company with his very quick Honda. The organizers would like to thank both Big Bear and King for their continued support.

The most important thanks need to go to the workers who volunteered their time. Many workers from local regions took the day off from their day jobs and worked all day so we could put this event on. Many, many thanks and appreciation goes out to these workers. Also to the instructors that attended the event and lent their expertise of the track to our newer drivers. Thanks to all and we will see you next year!

ME, MOTORCARS & THE PEOPLE WHO DROVE THEM

Part 7

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 seventh installment. While Bob is anxiously awaits his Pulitzer Prize for his efforts, enjoy his reminiscences

You'd Have To Know Him To Believe Him

Soon after, Ike Uihlein happened to stop into our show-room after finishing his sophomore year at Cornell. Ike and Gary were friends and Ike and Augie were distant cousins due to the intermarrying among Milwaukee's brewing families. Soon Ike wanted in and wound up purchasing Pat's shares.

I first met Ike at Road America as a result of Tom Schelble bringing him along while Ike was still a teenager. That was a memorable day because it provided another story that those present will never forget. About a dozen drivers and friends were gathered in the Schwartz Hotel Bar after the day's competition. We were all laughing, drinking heavily and carrying on when two very attractive young women came in and joined our raucous group. Our collective booze of choice, that late afternoon, was a pewter brandy snifter full of Black Russians. An entirely new concoction to me as it was to Ike Uihlein, but at least I was older and had experience with liquor. Well as one can imagine, seventeen-year-old Ike got sick, excused himself and climbed the stairs to his room. The party continued with no one making progress with the girls until Schelble mentioned Ike Uihlein. One of the girls recognized the name and the status that went with it, so Schelble played it to the hilt, hoping that if he could fix Ike up with one, he would have the other. That reasoning caused Schelble to suggest that we take the party to Ike's room and with that, we all climbed the rickety old stairs, with black Russians in hand, to the door of Ike's room. All the way up, Schelble continued to play on Ike and his connection to the Schlitz Brewery. Just before opening the door, Tom was heard to say in his gravelly voice, "Oh you'll like him, he's nice, a real clean cut guy" and then, when the door opened, we all saw Ike, passed out, with his pants around his ankles and lying in a puddle of vomit. Apparently he had been sitting on the toilet, threw up, passed out and fell onto the stained floor. "Oh you'll like him, he's nice, a real clean-cut guy" echoed in our ears throughout the night until the last one standing passed out.

I'd like to report that Pabst Motors prospered under new ownership, but that would be a stretch. Gary tried hard to make it work while Ike pretty much viewed his ownership

role as having someplace to hang out with friends. Ike bought several racecars over the next few years, always with driving chores dealt at will to various friends. He purchased a front engine former MeiserBrauser Chaparral that Gary used to complete SCCA's drivers' school at Wilmot in 1966. The Chaparral was a big bore Chevy powered car developed by Jim Hall of Midland, Texas and later raced by Harry Heuer. Similar to the Scarabs, the Chaparral was flat out fast which Gary's Dad found out when he stopped by late in the day to watch Gary go through the school. Cars were on the course during open practice when Pat spotted Ike and me watching. He asked "where's Gary", just at the point where we pointed to his son passing us at speed, to which Pat replied, "some school." A few weeks later Gary drove the car to second overall during the Lynndale Little LeMans feature race in May. Dick Eisenmann also had a turn at the Chaparral and DNF'd at RA.

Next, Ike bought a beautiful Lotus 27 Formula Junior, which we displayed in our show room. His Dad, Ike Senior lived to be eighty-two years old and was CEO of the Schlitz Brewery during the depression and prohibition. He continued to have an office at the brewery to which Archie, his long time driver, would chauffeur him. Several times each week, Archie would pull up to our showroom in the Boss's blue 1957 Mercedes Benz 190 sedan. The Boss would then get out and hold private meetings with his son behind closed doors. One day, he walked in and saw the low slung formula junior and asked, "to whom does that belong," and I answered, "Ike just bought it." The Boss, despite his age towered over my six foot two inch frame and stuck an index finger in my chest and said, "Bob, if that damn kid ever gets into that car I expect you to call me at once." I explained to him that Ike had no intention of becoming a race driver and promised that I would call him if Ike changed his mind, and I would have, too.

By this time, Dick Eisenmann had put Pennsylvania behind him to start his own business in Elm Grove. He drove Ike Uihlein's maroon Lotus 27 on several occasions, winning over Chicagoan Cliff Phillips Lotus 22 at the 1967 June Sprints. During the same year, Ike entered the Lotus at Mid-Ohio, again with Dick as driver. Old friend Pete Stacy, an automotive designer for Brooks Stevens and Associates, joined us as we left Milwaukee late Friday night to drive straight through to Mansfield, Ohio. We arrived early the next morning, unloaded and prepared for practice and qualifying. That done, we settled back to await the start of Dick's race, which was

scheduled for later that afternoon. I can't remember much about the race, but I seem to recall that mechanical troubles cut our weekend short. After loading up and grabbing a few burgers, we set out for home with me at the wheel. Pete was sleeping at my side and Dick was out cold in the back while I struggled to stay awake until just before Gary, Indiana, where I went off to the side and drove over a rumble strip. That woke Pete and Dick in a big hurry and each volunteered to take the wheel. I said, "O.K., we'll switch at the next off road opportunity". Pete lit a cigarette and we spoke for a few minutes until I saw his hand, with the cigarette between two fingers, fall to his lap. I retrieved it and kept on driving until we hit Chicago where Dick took over. Having been awake for all of Friday, Saturday and now into the early hours of Sunday morning, I thought if I'm gonna die, it'll be with me at the wheel.

Erwin Uihlein, Sr.

I loved Mr. Uihlein. He was a hero figure to me. Tall, aristocratic and successful, he was like no one else I had ever known. One summer afternoon, Ikie, Charlie Mollica and some others were swimming in the family pool while Mr. Uihlein watched us rough house. He sat there, always in a dress shirt and tie, and later when things calmed down, held court. He told us stories of early Milwaukee society, the competitive brewing business and past experiences. In his basement was a museum that tracked family history and his accomplishments. He was a track star at Milwaukee's old East Division High School and at Cornell where he earned a Law Degree, traveled throughout Manchuria as a young man in 1905, was a naval officer during World War I, received the United States Navy's Distinguished Service Award in 1959 for his civilian efforts during the war, ran the brewery during troubled times and was an accomplished yachtsman. As a matter of fact, one of his yachts, the Halcyon, was custom made for him with doors/hatches made extra high for his six-foot plus frame. I remember, he had a full time captain and may have had a grand piano in the salon. It was either in his or Ralph Evinrude's, I can't be sure which one. Well, sitting along side the pool listening to his stories, I hung on every word until finally he said, "Bob, It sounds like you think everything I touched turned to gold. Let me tell you another story. Many years ago, a close friend came to me and wanted to borrow a small amount of money, perhaps five or ten thousand dollars, to begin manufacturing a new product. After reviewing his plans I turned him down. Why it was preposterous to think that attaching gasoline motors to the rear of a rowboat would be a successful venture." And so, he turned down the offer and with it, a chance to become a major investor in Evinrude Motors.

You Did What, You Were Where?

Life with Ike was a ball. Ever so often, Ike would come up missing. Once he was gone for several days and upon his return told us of being in San Francisco. Wow, San Francisco in the sixties. Flower children, Haight Ashbury, Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, protests, wild coffee houses. "Ike, tell me what you liked best" I asked" and he replied, "Topless shoeshine". "What", I said. "Topless shoeshine" and with that he went through the standard two hands on a rag motion that one would do while buffing a shoe.

Once we were sitting in the showroom and I told him how our young family visited the new Milwaukee Zoo for the first time. I told him about all the animals and when I mention mountain lions, he perked up and said, "Ya know, Bobbie, I had a mountain lion one summer when I had an extended stay in Mexico." He talked and talked about that cat until he decided that he had to have another one. During calls to local pet stores, one owner told him of a place on the far side of Chicago that specialized in exotic animals. That was enough for Ike who called the store, verified the availability of a mountain lion in stock and took off in his Ford station wagon, bound for a new adventure in pet ownership. Hours later he returned with a steel cage that housed a cute, fuzzy little cat that he named Clara. Pabst Motors showroom became Clara's new home and we all spent more time watching her than going about our business. There was a city bus stop on our corner and Ike liked to put a leash on Clara and sit at the bus stop to watch people react. One day, Don Stahl, a Grand Prix Bar regular who lived in the next block, came by with his cocky Chow dog on a leash. The dog went over to confidently explore Clara and soon found out that this was no house tabby. When it got close, the hair on Clara's head stood up, her ears went back, she bared her teeth and let out a god awful hiss that scared us all, especially the cocky Chow that damn near pulled Stahl's arm out of joint. Well Clara grew, and grew and grew until finally she had little room to move about in her cage. She was extremely strong, to the extent that we could not get her to come out of her cage. She ate mostly raw meat and one had to move real fast when opening the door to throw dinner to her. Cleaning the cage was impossible so soon we moved it to the shop where Ike would take a hose to flush the excrement. This angered her, and our wash boy Oscar Bledsoe, who was scared stiff.

Finally it was decision time. Clara had to go before she hurt someone and because she was uncomfortable. First Ike called George Spiedel, Director of the Milwaukee County Zoo, who refused the offer because pets, such as Clara who came from vendors, were usually defanged, declawed or both. As such, an animal would be unable to protect itself and could fall prey to others. Next, he called and spoke to Ray Pentler, owner of Uptown Lincoln-Mercury, which, at the time, was introducing the all-new

Mercury Cougar, hence, Clara became a Cougar. Believing that having a real live Cougar on hand might be a worthwhile promotion, Pentler and Ike struck a deal that gave Clara a new home and Ike became the owner of a used Packard ambulance, you know, one of those old fashioned stretch models and twenty-five dollars in cash. Well, no sooner did Ike return to Pabst Motors than the phone rang. It was Pentler and what followed on our end of the speakerphone setup was something directly out of a Bob Newhart skit. "Hello. Oh, hi Ray, what's up?" With that Pentler went on to say that he had made a big mistake and wanted Ike to return the meat wagon and pick up Clara. Pentler tried to be a gentleman while explaining that someone tried to pet the nice animal and was currently on his way to the emergency hospital for stitches. Well after a lot of give and take, Ike complied with Ray's request. A short time later, local Alfa Romeo racer and self-promoter Joe Davis, took Clara off our hands with the understanding that Ike did not want to know her fate.

Several weeks later, a guy came to our showroom and asked, "Are you the guys that use to have a mountain lion?" and went on to say that Davis had sold Clara to a Marquette University fraternity where it lived until hurting some drunken frat boy. The guy got that story from a local pet dealer, so Ike decided that he had to go visit Clara one more time. Now, the rest is hearsay from Ike. I didn't go with him, but upon his return he asked, "Bobby, have you ever been to a pet store? What did you hear at the pet store and what did you see? Cute little puppies jumping around and barking as if to say, take me, take me and beautiful birds singing equally beautiful songs, so gentle to your ears? Is that what you heard? Is that what you saw?" he asked. Well, not at this pet store. The birds were mute, the puppies were shivering in their shit filled cages and in general, the premises seemed more like a funeral home than a pet shop". And with that, we closed Pabst Motors chapter on Clara, the cat.

We had a second animal experience that resulted from a series of break-ins at Pabst Motors. Gary suspected a leaky teenager, who lived behind us, of climbing through a shop window at night to hang out. He decided to put an end to this and bought a watchdog to roam loose at night. An aged Doberman with an unsightly growth hanging from its underside was selected and, as an added defect, was almost blind and had gas. Well the break-ins stopped and George the Doberman quickly became a friend to all. We all took care of the poor old dog, feeding and walking him and in general, making his waning years pleasant. Caring for him presented a problem on Sundays, when the dealership was closed. Gary and Ike were to visit the showroom on alternate Sundays to feed and walk George. That lasted for one or two weeks until Saturday night reveling required late Sunday morning sleep for our two young bachelors and often left George

to fend for himself. While our leaders left ample food at Saturday's closing, George's bladder was less than cooperative, so quite often he would lift a hind leg and pee on a car tire. Bad enough at any spot indoors, it worsened when he went on a car parked in a showroom window which admitted ample sunshine to create a repulsive air that lingered for days. Nothing like trying to sell expensive European cars in a toilet.

At the time, Carol Dorsey had replaced June Burns as our do all secretary, bookkeeper, receptionist, etc. Carol was young but a pretty tough gal who had been around the block. George took to sleeping out of customer view on the floor of Carol's cubbyhole. One day, Dr. Eric Kindwald, Head of St. Luke's Hospital's hyperberic unit stood before Carol reviewing his repair order, when George passed an Olympic caliber fart from his tired old butt. Carol's eyes went up to meet those of Dr. Kindwald's peeking over the repair order in his hand as their respective olfactory nerves received George's bouquet both at the same time. Realizing that her customer was unaware of George's presence on the floor and out of sight, she rose to her feet, grabbed her purse and walked out the door yelling, "God damn it Gary, I quit!" It took a raise, one week's paid leave and the elimination of George to gain her return.

While both were really nice guys, Gary's studious, business-like attitude was, at most times, in direct contrast to Ike. Ike was always on the move, doing something, going somewhere, laughing, hosting and in short bringing great joy and laughter to all who were in his company. In the summer of 1966, he said, "Come on Bobbie, we're going down to get fitted at Dave Miller's costume shop so we can be in the Schlitz Fourth of July Circus Parade". So off we went to get our black and white vertically striped blazers and straw boaters. His uncle, Dave Uihlein had committed several antique cars for the Streets of Old Milwaukee section that kicked off the annual parade down Wisconsin Avenue. Our mount was a bright yellow, 1908, two passenger Ford Speedster that must have been worth a fortune. Prior to the parade, the entire Schlitz work force and their families were invited to a picnic in the company distribution garage at Fourth and Walnut. What a great day, one that I will always be reminded of whenever I go through our family pictures and see one of me and our one year old son Peter sitting on the speedsters running board.

In another year, a few weeks prior to the big parade in Milwaukee, Ike, Tom Schelble and I hooked a ride up to Baraboo, Wisconsin with some Schlitz people. The next morning, we got up really early to ride the circus train back to Milwaukee. There was a bar car of course and it wasn't long after we were under way before the beer began to flow. Back then it was a one day trip with a few stops along the way. The last one was in Waukesha

where a bunch of important suits got on board to get their egos stroked and pictures taken. Well, the beer, hot sun and sweat soon turned us into a rather rowdy group, which reached a peak when we pulled into Waukesha.

Among those waiting to come aboard was the Honorable Henry Maier, Mayor of Milwaukee. Terrible Tom Schelble seized the moment by offering to help Maier board saying, "Here Heinie, let me give you a hand." Shortly after Ike Handed His Honor a can of Schlitz that had been purposely shaken. Everything went down hill from there and you guessed it; Ike was not allowed to bring any guests the following year.

At about the same time, the brewery was still the owner of Seven Mile Farm on the corner of Lake Drive and Brown Deer Road across the street from Pandl's or maybe at that time, it was still the Saxony. Ike took me there on several occasions and once, broke out a shotgun and a rifle to shoot clay pigeons, which he had forgotten to bring along. Not to waste an opportunity, we ambled on over to a metal water tank which was suspended about six feet or more off the ground. It already was riddled with bullet holes to which we added twenty or thirty more. This valuable lake front property was in great demand by real estate developers but to their great credit, the Uihlein family and the brewery gave it to a fledgling group of naturalists and environmentalists who build the Schlitz Audubon Center. I've been told that the water tank is still standing.

Private Jets And Helicopters

In the summer of 1967, Augie invited Ike and me to join him and Arnie Winograd, Pabst Brewing Company Director of Public Relations, aboard the brewery's private turbo-prop for a day trip to the inaugural Indy Car race at Michigan International Speedway. Michigan Pabst Beer distributors agreed to present the race winner with \$1,000 and they wanted Augie to do the honors. So early the following Sunday morning we lifted off from Billy Mitchell Field, uneventfully crossing the lake and in forty-five minutes touched down in Jackson, Michigan. We were met by a couple of local distribution people who shuttled us over to a helicopter set to take us directly to the track thus eliminating the traffic jams which soon appeared below us. Oh man, first a private plane and now a helicopter ride! And again, as so often I thought during the past few years, what the hell am I doing here with all these important people.

The helicopter pilot greeted us and looked like something out of the Buzz Sawyer comic strip. Good looking, sandy colored hair, leather jacket, Rayban sunglasses and a swagger about him that exuded confidence. Up he took us and soon the recently completed two-mile oval and its surrounding grandstand appeared below. Captain Buzz

asked us if we wanted to take a loop around the course before setting her down and when we all agreed, he put the damn thing into some kind of stall maneuver that seemed to have us first standing still in mid-air and then falling down and to one side. Admitting to being flat out scared doesn't do justice to the term; but, when I looked over and saw Augie grasping a handrail and with a look of terror on his face I thought, if a guy who is accustomed to driving powerful race cars at outrageous speeds is concerned, then it's all right for me to wet my pants. Well I didn't wet my pants and thankfully no one threw up. Ronnie Bucknam from California was a surprise winner of the inaugural event.

All Good Things Must Come To An End

Pabst Motors survived for a few years, until it became apparent that it just wasn't working. Later, Gary became a successful real estate developer and with Kenny Karl, son of Max Karl who founded MGIC, developed Wisconsin's first outlet mall in West Bend. Still later, they built the huge outlet mall on I-43 and Highway 50 in Kenosha County, which turned out to be their last joint-business venture. Ike just kind of hung around, taking a few classes at Marquette and not doing much else. By then I had taken a sales job with Concours Motors, which had obtained Pabst Motors' Mercedes Benz franchise.

No, No, not Ike

In the fall of 1968, Ike's Dad, Erwin Uihlein, Sr. died and several weeks later, Ike was rushed to the hospital to have an emergency appendectomy. Upon release, it was apparent that he was experiencing some pain and as a result was taking medication. Prior to entering the hospital, I had sold him a new one hundred and ninety horsepower 911S Porsche, the fastest of the three models sold in the states. One day in December, he stopped and asked me to join him for a beer at the Simon House on Silver Spring after closing at nine P.M. Business was good that day. So good, in fact, that I couldn't get out for lunch or dinner and as a result developed an upset stomach. I went to the Simon House shortly after nine and told Ike that I was sorry, but I wasn't feeling well and had to get home, get something light in my stomach and go to bed. He understood and decided to stick around until his girlfriend, at the time, finished her duties as hostess. For whatever reason, they apparently had an argument and she left alone. Ike, who had been drinking all night, despite admonitions not to mix alcohol with his pain medication, jumped into the Porsche and set off for her house in Menomonee Falls. He got no further than Mequon Road before losing control of the car; becoming air borne, hit a tree and utility pole causing the downed wires to ignite gasoline. Ike was ejected some two hundred feet onto the road before him and died there alone.

Strange things happen in our lives. Many are unexplainable and one such event was how I learned of Ike's death. Early the next morning, about six o'clock or so, the phone rang awakening our entire household. It was Dick Eisenmann, calling to tell me that Ike was killed at about 1:30 A.M., the exact same time that I was in my bathroom, throwing up.

His mother, Marie Uihlein, had lost her husband and only son in the course on two weeks. I was interviewed by the local papers, served as a pallbearer and spent a long time getting over my personal loss. I couldn't stand the feelings of guilt that followed me over my selling the powerful Porsche 911S to Ike. To this day, my memories of our times together remain strong. He was one of a kind and I will never, ever forget him.

The following spring, I contacted Ben Barkin, whose firm provided public relations for the Schlitz Brewery, asking to help the Milwaukee Region memorialize Ike with a trophy in his name. Barkin came through with a huge bowl that has since become a major Milwaukee Region annual award given to worthy race workers.

At the December 1969 Annual Meeting of the Milwaukee Region of SCCA, I was honored to receive the Herbert C. Wuesthoff, Sr. award for meritorious service to the club over past years. Seventeen years later, in 1986 the prestigious Wuesthoff award was given to Dick Eisenmann.

I Got People Who Need Me

In 1972, several years after the birth of our third child, I let my Milwaukee Region membership lapse. It was a fun ten years or more, but my spare time was soon to be taken up being a hands on dad.

It wasn't until well into the eighties that the boys and I attended a few races. The three of us were sitting in the infield grandstands at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway when over the public address system we heard Tom Carnegie tell all in attendance that Tom Sneva had just become the first driver to qualify at over two hundred miles per hour for the Indy 500. In 1990, Peter, who had graduated from the University of Wisconsin-Madison and taken a job with Barnett Banks in Florida, took me to my first NASCAR Winston Cup race at the Daytona International Speedway. A year later, I got full access credentials for the 12 Hours of Sebring from my good friend, Milwaukee Jaguar dealer, Jimmie Jenkins, which Peter and I took in.

Hangin On In The Background

During the-eighties, Dick Eisenmann was selected to serve SCCA as the National Chief Steward for the Mini-Indy series. He had replaced me as the Milwaukee

Region's National Chief Steward when I retired in about 1972. The Mini-Indy series was run as support for CART and usually held races on the Saturday preceding the feature event. Such outstanding drivers as Al Unser, Jr., Arie Luyendyke and Michael Andretti to name a few, came up through this series. The yearly schedule was made up of a dozen or so races that were held from coast to coast. As such, Dick would hop a plane on the Thursday preceding a race weekend and return the following Monday. SCCA paid all of his expenses along with a small stipend for entertainment and relaxing. He traveled to Long Beach, IRP, Michigan International Speedway, Mid-Ohio, Phoenix and closer to home, State Fair Park and Road America. He kept after me to come along and join the fun, but how could I possibly afford to take off from my job at First Wisconsin and even if I could, how could I justify airfare from here to Long Beach or Phoenix? I did attend all of his races at RA and the Fair Park and, for a few years, went along to Mid-Ohio, IRP and Michigan International. Races at Indianapolis Raceway Park supported the Indianapolis 500 and were held the night before.

The IRP evening programs started off with stockcars, followed by midgets and then Dick's Formula cars. One year the program lasted well after midnight due to a stockcar crash that required major repair to a concrete wall and also to the midgets, which required many push starts. It was a hot, humid night and I was thankful that the Chief Steward's control station was air-conditioned. During the race, while Dick was busy and I was providing assistance to him, the rear door opened and the track owner entered and asked if there was room for three more. "Sure come on in", we said and carried on with managing the race. While I didn't call Dick's attention to our guests, we were both pleased to have had a short visit with them after the race. They were, you see, none other than actor-racer Paul Newman, Mario Andretti and Carl Haas, in attendance to watch Mario's son Michael.

While at a race weekend at Mid-Ohio, our room was a few miles from the track in a small town called Bucyrus. Soon after the track closed down at the close of Friday's practice and qualifying, we found ourselves in a greasy hamburger joint near the track, drinking pitcher after pitcher of beer with a large group of race rats. Early in the morning, we staggered to Dick's car and set off for our motel. While cresting a hill, we were met by a quick flash of high-beam headlights, which quickly veered to our right and then disappeared. Once over the hill, we spotted the highway patrol car, which began to follow us and soon after brought us to a stop. I didn't think Dick was going all that fast and the smokey couldn't have clocked us over the hill, so it must have been a late night, random stop on a race weekend that might result in a collar. Soon he was there, along side the driver's door. All spit and polish, tailored shirt, short haircut, smokey hat, the whole bit. He

ordered Dick out of the car and put him through the usual stand on one foot, walk this line and touch your nose routine. When the old Chief Steward failed the test, I heard smokey say, "I'm going to have to take you to the station Mr. Eisenmann. Has your passenger been drinking and can he drive well enough to follow me in your car?" Dick mumbled something and soon the officer was at my window, asking to see my driver's license and putting me through the same tests that Dick flunked. I don't know how, but apparently I did well enough because Smokey directed me to get behind the wheel and follow him. I sat in the hall when we reached the station while Dick was taken into an office where additional sobriety tests took place. Apparently we were in a very small town because there was no one else around. Not even a dispatcher. I could hear the conversation between Dick and the trooper. Dick was asking all kinds of questions and, I guess, was stalling for time hoping that he would pass the blood alcohol test as time went on. I heard him ask, "How does this analyzer work" and when the trooper explained, Dick added, "Geeez, that's really neat, I gotta get one of those". I then knew it was all over.

While I wasn't there at the time, Dick was called into duty as a substitute Chief Steward for a TransAm race near Mexico City. Heavily armed soldiers, one of whom was assigned as an aide to Dick, provided security for the event. The event was run rather loosely with spectators dashing across the track at will and with many other incidents that would not be acceptable in the states. Well, somewhere during the middle of a practice session or race, Dick spotted a dog running loose on the track and called it to the attention of his armed aid. "Not to worry Senor, I'll take care of the dog", and with that, raised his rifle and took aim. With spectators all around, Dick successfully stopped the shooting and spared the dog.

Coming next month:

**The Family that Races Together,
Stays Together????? (the Daniels
Family)**



Larry Luser (1940–2004)

You no doubt recognize the logo above. Its on our letterhead and envelopes, its been on trophies, you've probably seen it on all types of apparel. The logo was designed by former member Larry Luser.

Larry was a region member who, as long as he was involved, put his talents and resources to work to try and improve the region. In the 1980's he put together the only 3 issues of the Drift that were "magazine-like" and had full color covers. Unfortunately the time involved in this process (hand layout and type set print) made it a difficult endeavor for all involved.

Along with Tony Machi he organized the "Chowder Society", a group of Region members who would meet at Turner Hall once a month for lunch and bench racing.

Larry raced a Camaro and a Corvette in SSGT. Before that he had a yellow Alfa Duetto Spyder. Larry shared time in the Corvette with his son Jeff who was also a Milwaukee Region member.

Larry is survived by his wife Jan, sons Jeff and Greg, a brother and niece and nephew. Our condolences to Larry's family and friends.



Classified Ad

FOR SALE: F Mod autocross car. 1966 Austria Vau Formula Vee (now to solo Vee specs)

Car, fitted trailer, extra set of wheels, a couple of boxes of stuff. \$4000. Contact Frank Friedman 920-237-3536 or frankzip@charter.net Pictures available vie e-mail.

El Diablo

A Name Steeped In Road Rally History

By John Gartner and John Smiskol

The Sports Car Club of America was formed in the Eastern United States in the mid-1940's. This "national club" was formed as an amalgamation of many individual regions, and eventually spread across the country. In the Post World War II Era, road rallies were popular and were organized by many local car clubs. One of these clubs, the Midwest Sports Car Club of Chicago (MSCC), was incorporated in 1948. It predated virtually all SCCA regions in the Midwest, including Chicago Region, which was not created until about 1951.

MSCC organized many sports car activities, including road rallies. Some rallies were short, but others were longer. Eventually, the club attempted to put on a "big" rally. On July 30th, 1955, Wade Newman and Wally Oliver organized the first El Diablo. The following year, the event was run again and started at midnight.

The exact format of most of these early rally events is not certain, but most of them were run at night. After about 1959, they were all-night long "navigational" rallies (what might be considered "serious", non-TSD trap rallies). They eventually became strenuous events that had great length and great difficulty, running 11-14 hours and covering between 300-375 miles. The early El Diablos started in the Chicago suburbs and drove far out in the country; one year getting well north of Milwaukee.

Roger Dick organized El Diablo VIII in 1962. In 1963, John Smiskol took over the organization of the event and put on El Diablo IX, X, XI, XII, and XIII in 63-65-67-68-69 (there were none in 1964 or 1966). The 1968 event was notable; it was run in August and made use of a Special Stage which was run on a sand road about 20-30 miles southwest of Milwaukee, more than two months before the Press On Regardless first ran Connors Flat as a special stage. El Diablo is believed to be one of the earliest rallies in the United States to make use of a special stage. It was a nasty 2-mile long two-track road that lived up to the rally's name, where fastest time won the stage. Jim Sinclair took the trophy for this stage in a Porsche 911 (Sinclair later gained great fame as a national competitor, rallymaster, and especially as the long-time organizer of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre

National Map Rally). But after the 1969 El Diablo, the event's name went into hibernation.

In 1975, John Smiskol was organizing a Performance Rally (SCCA PRO Rally®). He planned to have the rally travel north into northeastern Wisconsin under the auspices of Milwaukee Region, SCCA, and the Concours Plaines Rallye Team of Chicago. While considering possible names for the event, he went to the Directors of MSCC and "bought" the El Diablo name for ten dollars to use on his event. El Diablo XIV and XV were run in 1975 and 1976. Both of these events were National Championship PRO Rallies® with an all-stage format. Both events started at night in downtown Green Bay, WI, had 22-24 special stages, and covered 400-500 miles running to the north. The events had mid-point breaks at the Chanticleer Inn in Eagle River Wisconsin.

After the 1976 El Diablo PRO Rally, the name once again went dormant. In 1975, there were several novice competitors. One of these was a Dave Parps, who is now the rallymaster of the *Wisconsin Glacier Trails/El Diablo Revisited* (WGT). The nostalgic memories Parps has of competing in the event in 1975 convinced him to resurrect the historic name. His divisional/national tour rally uses many of the same roads that El Diablos used almost 30 years ago, and is also headquartered at the Chanticleer Inn, the midway break for both events in the seventies. Surprisingly, there have been few changes on those roads since then. Most are still brisk gravel roads that are extremely fun to drive. These roads are strong evidence that this part of the Midwest offers some of the best rally roads in the country. Parps has a long-term vision of eventually resurrecting El Diablo as a high-speed club or PRO Rally®, run on closed roads in Northern Wisconsin.

To find out more about the Wisconsin Glacier Trails/El Diablo Revisited event, visit the Wisconsin Autosports Group web site at: <http://www.w-a-g.org>

The Region Mailbox

Dear Ms. Drift Editor:

Where the hell did you dig up those two rusty old relics, Birmingham and Tappet? I thought they were thrown out with the drain oil years ago yet enjoyed reading the many names they recalled and thought I'd add a few comments.

Loved the part about Glen Glendenning, but they forgot to mention his whereabouts. I have it on good authority that he's been spotted in Bolivia traveling with Elvis. I can still picture DingDing pulling into the old Milky Way custard stand on North Port Washington Road in his Comet race car, complete with numbers, roll bar and helmet on the seat, where he would spin stories of the daring races and fiery crashes he survived.

Tom Schelble, what can I say? One night at a Christmas party, I think at Birmingham's small Shorewood apartment, Tom was entertaining the crowd, many of whom were exposed to his humor for the first time. Well into the evening, he walked over to the phone, picked it up, dialed weather—and then made like comedian Bob Newhart in one his famous telephone routines. Well, everybody shut up to hear what Schelble was about to say and after hanging for a minute or two in total silence, he loudly asked, “hello, House of Good Shepherd? Do you save bad girls? Well, save me two for Saturday night I don't have anything to do”. Other Schelble line's included his toast to “fast cars and fast women, and not necessarily in that order.” And then on a clear and beautiful day at Road America he would look off into the distance and say, “ What a great day to take a tramp in the woods, or a nice girl too.”

I remember one night after the races, a bunch of us were sitting on the porch of the old Schwartz Hotel drinking beer, when a young guy pulled up in a VW next to Augie's bright red 1959 Studebaker tow car, went straight to it, stole the paddock sticker off the windshield and then went into the bar. I mean cripes, right in front of us. Well Tom took care of that right then and there. He went to the rear of the hotel, came back with a garbage can and dumped it's contents in the VW's open sunroof and then threw in a dead raccoon for extra effect, AFTER he had recovered the paddock sticker. Now I bet your wondering why Augie towed his beautiful red two-litre Ferrari Testa Rosa with a Studebaker station wagon. Well that wagon, with it's snub nose, was really a pretty neat looking car and Studebaker, at that time, was the Mercedes Benz distributor. Augie of course was the local MB dealer on Oakland Avenue.

Eddie (Barney) Weschler had a really neat garage on Arlington just off of Brady Street, on Milwaukee's East side. Schelble fixed up a couple rooms for entertaining, compete with a leopard skin couch, stereo system, wet bar, shower-room, air-conditioning, trophies, local racing pictures on the wall and more.

In the back was Eddie's collection of Ferraris, his 300SL Gull Wing, the one Augie now owns, assorted racecars stored by others and any number of cool cars. This was definitely the place to impress a young lady after closing the Grand Prix or Buddy Beek's on Downer Avenue. A real den of iniquity.

For two years running, on Thursday nights before the June Sprints, Ike Uihlein would play to host several hundred gearheads at his family's estate in Grafton. He'd pitch a large circus type tent, bring in an outstanding rock band, serve up the usual brats, burgers and beer and we'd party well into the night before heading to RA the next morning.

Well I could go on and on, but you've got better things to fill your paper with, so keep up the good work and I'll see you at the races, or at Hooligan's if you ever get over to the East side. Ciao.

Harvey Lugnutz, Lotus II # 15

.....And Another Thing

Previous issues of the Drift listed the Annual Meeting on November 6, although it was listed as tentative. Because the CenDiv Roundtable is November 5–6, the Annual Meeting was moved to November 13. Watch your mailbox for more information and when you get your invitation, please respond as soon as you can. Hope to see you there.

Speaking of the Annual Meeting, due to the venue – and thanks to Steve Forrer for allowing us to use his facility – we cannot accomodate walk–ins.

If you would like to see some pictures of the infield course at State Fair Park, Jeff Cashmore has pictures posted at:
<http://www.cashmo.org/2004/04statefairpark.html>

The Michael Rose Production company was at Road America for the Elkhart Lake Vintage Festival (aka VSCDA) Sept. 17–19 to produce a show for his series,

Great Cars on PBS. He was here to shoot film of the featured marque – the Morgans. The first airing of this show is slated for December 3, but check your local listings.

FRED REDISKE: Passed away early in October after his battle with cancer. “Fearless” Freddie was among the many, truly nice guys that helped build the Milwaukee Region in the mid–fifties and early sixties. He served on the Region’s Board of Directors and Chaired several committees. Starting in a Triumph, Fred moved on to the ex–Pabst A.C. Bristol, a Porsche 550 Spyder and finished his career in Dick Vogel’s Lister–Jaguar. Fred was one of the four men who operated the Grand Prix Cocktail Lounge where night after night, year round could be found USAC car owners and drivers, Milwaukee Region members and just about anyone with an interest in motorsports.

2004 Central Division Roundtable November 5–6, 2004

Hosted by The Ohio Valley Region

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7007 North High Street
Worthington, OH 43085

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More Roundtable information see:
http://scca-milwaukee.org/MISC_PDF_FILES/2004RoundtableBrochure.pdf