

MILWAUKEE REGION

Drift



March/April, 2006

Are you bored at the track? Need something to do? Want to become more involved?

How about helping out at our trophy presentation table?

We're looking for some helpers to help hand out trophies to the drivers on Sunday afternoons after the first race of an SCCA Milwaukee Region National event, or on Saturday or Sunday (or both!) of an SCCA Milwaukee Region Double Regional event.

This job is **EASY**... all you have to do is hand out trophies to the drivers and post the race results and sound sheets on the bulletin board. We will make sure you are paired up with an experienced helper that can show you how it's done and be there to answer any questions.

This job is **FUN**... meet the drivers&&.hear their stories&&..work with really nice people!

Bring your kids or a friend along if you'd like – they can help too! You do NOT need to be an SCCA licensed worker or SCCA member to help at the trophy table!

Visit our table at our Open House at David Hobbs Honda on March 26th and say hi.... or just show up at the trophy table at one of our races. We would be glad to have you!

Our trophy table is located in the pavilion at Black Hawk Farms and in the gas station (AIR CONDITIONING!!) at Road America.

If you are interested in helping or have any questions contact Jackie Yahn at razerx@execpc.com.

CHECK THESE OUT

2006 CenDiv Road Racing Calendar

<http://www.cendiv-scca.org/03racing/01schedule/2006%20cendiv%20racing%20schedule%20060217.pdf>

Quad Regions Double Drivers School and Regional

http://www.scca-chicago.com/roadracing/2006/blackhawk_spring/images/entry.pdf

May 1, 2006 PDX Event

http://www.scca-milwaukee.org/RoadRacing/2006/SCCA_CLUB_RACING_Performance_Driving_Experience.pdf

RE View – Julie Komp

Hello and Happy March Madness!

Of course that has a different meaning when it comes to the race season. March is the month for the Divisional Steward and Worker training (held the weekend of the 4th in Indy). This was the last combined Area 4/Area 5 meeting and the focus was training. The drive went well and we actually had a chance to take in the Speedway Museum, a first for me and take a bus tour of the oval. Pretty neat stuff and almost satisfied my urge to be on a track over the winter.

March is also the region's Open House, on the 26th at David Hobbs Honda. See our web site or ad in this issue for more details. One of the main purposes of our Open House is to attract new folks to our club. We have a huge need for volunteers and each racing specialty will have a booth set up to answer questions and give out information about what they do at the track. Volunteers get in to each racing event free, get a guest in free, are provided a lunch, and a Saturday dinner party. Often deals are struck for worker camping at Road America, and at Blackhawk Farms camping is free. If you or a family member, coworker or friend would like to get more involved and see the action up close, please stop by the Open House and talk to us. We'd love to meet you. We can use folks from about 8 or 10 years old to well, let's say, AARP card carriers. Whatever your interest, I'll bet we can find a way for you to help out. The Open House will also have booths for Solo and Rally if you're interested in those activities, along with our summer schedules and a display of racecars. We will be providing Annual Tech for race cars and will have some vendors (including HANS) on hand.

March is also when the planning gets pretty intense for the season ahead. Contract negotiations, getting our entry forms together, applying for sanctions and insurance, planning events and lots more keep many of us busy now. Speaking of busy, Road America has been busy moving lots of dirt around. They have leveled a lot of the hill behind the medical building and have moved the dirt down between the Sargento bridge and turn 4, driver's right. They have also built a new building behind the Kohler pavilion that will house medical and the Steward of the Meet. I set up a blog site with pictures if you'd like to see the changes. You'll be surprised! <http://rachanges.blogspot.com/> Remember, don't put the www. in the web address.

Our first Road Race of the season is the double driver's school and regional at Blackhawk Farms on April 21, 22, and 23. This event is hosted by four regions, Milwaukee, Blackhawk Valley, Chicago and Land 'O Lakes. If you're interested in volunteering, it's another great weekend to come out and get your feet wet (hopefully not literally). For more information about the event, the track or coming out to help, contact Mark Troemel, our Competition Committee Co-Chair at mtroemel@earthlink.net or (262) 547-6089.

Well, enjoy the last few weeks of the off-season and I hope to see you at an event soon!

Milwaukee Region Calendar

April

5	Competition Committee
11	Board meeting
21-22	Quad Double Driver School
23	Quad Regional (Blackhawk Farms)
25	Solo Committee meeting
29	Solo drivers school
	Solo event #1

May

1	PDX at Blackhawk Farms
3	Competition Committee
11	Board Meeting
20-21	Mueller National at Blackhawk
	Solo Event #2
	Solo Meeting

June

3-4	Rennen Double Regional at BHF
7	Competition Committee
13	Board Meeting
17-18	Bonneau Double Regional at RA
27	Solo Meeting
	Solo Evolution Drivers School

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

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

Competition Meetings - 6:00pm, the first Wednesday of the month at the home of Bill and Ann Rudolph

2006 Solo Schedule

All events at Miller Park

Drivers school, Apr 29 - Saturday
(Kelly's Bleachers, 5218 W. Bluemound Road)

Event #1, Apr 30 – Sun

Event #2, May 29 (Monday, Memorial Day)

Evolution Driving School, Jun 29 – Thr

Event #3, Jul 1/2 – Sat/Sun
(National Tour Event, must be an SCCA member to participate)

Test n Tune, July 15 – Sat

Event #4, Jul 16 – Sun

Event #5, Aug 6 – Sun

Event #6, Sep 16 – Sat

Event #7, Sep 17 – Sun

Event #8, Oct 8 – Sun

2005 Incentive Program Adjustment

SCCA Membership dues have increased by \$5, meaning that for Milwaukee Region Members, an individual membership is now \$80. Because of this, the Milwaukee Region Board has decided that anyone who received the \$75 Incentive Letter can still use the letter to have his/her individual dues **PAID IN FULL** or have the equivalent amount (\$80) applied to a family/spouse membership. However, if you plan to use the letter for merchandise or Region events, the letter value remains at \$75.

Any questions, contact Chris Cwiklinski,
(414) 449-3862 or ccwikl@sbcglobal.net

Minor Waiver Reminder

Every minor (under the age of 18) needs a signed minor waiver in order to be able to enter the track premises. There is no longer a permanent waiver; a new waiver must be filled out each **CALENDAR** year.

The minor waiver form is a 2-part form. Only a parent or legal guardian can sign the form.

ANNUAL WAIVER: For an Annual Waiver, the form **MUST** be signed by **BOTH** parents or legal guardians. **The signatures must be witnessed by an SCCA licensed Registrar or the waiver form has to be notarized.** If there is only one parent/guardian or if a parent has sole custody, the appropriate box so attesting must be initialed by the parent/guardian. A yellow minor photo ID (valid only for the calendar year) can be issued after the new Annual Waiver is completed. There may be a charge for this yellow photo ID.

SINGLE EVENT MINOR WAIVERS: For a single event, the minor waiver must be signed by at least **ONE** parent/legal guardian. **The signature on this must be witnessed by an SCCA licensed Registrar or Steward whether at or away from the event site or it may be notarized.**

Please, please, please remember, and remind your guests and crew, if they are bringing a minor to the track and you or they are not his/her parent or legal guardian, the minor must have a waiver signed by his/her parent or legal guardian and witnessed by a licensed Registrar or a Steward or the form must be notarized **OR THE MINOR WILL NOT BE ALLOWED TO ENTER THE TRACK!!!!!!!**

If you have any questions or need blank minor waiver forms for your children, grandchildren, nieces, nephews, other relatives, friends, friends of friends, friends of your kids, etc. please contact the event Registrar or the Milwaukee Region Goddess:
Chris Cwiklinski, (414) 449-3862
ccwikl@sbcglobal.net

Please include your mailing address and the number of forms you will need.

HELP WANTED!

Sound Control Workers

What You'll Do:

Take sound readings on racecars using a dB meter.

Set up and calibrate the sound meter.

Keep track of weather conditions using a scanner.

Radio in 'over sound' readings to control.

Must be 18 or over.

Will provide training.

Work with a friend.

HELP WANTED!

Radio Tech

What You'll Do:

Work with the region radios.

Coordinate repairs and upgrades.

Keep track of inventory.

Organize radios before and after an event.

Store radio equipment over the winter.

Would be helpful if you attend each region race.

During the season the radios are located inside the region trailer.

For more information:

Contact Julie Komp
jules1333@charter.net
920-849-7626

The Continuing Saga of Patrick Danika

By Harvey Luginutz

Last you heard of Patrick, he had just purchased a pretty nifty 1956 Moretti 1200 Sport Vignali Spyder from a farmer just this side of Madison and was he having a ball with it. Then one day, when the leaves started to fall and the temperature too, I asked him where he planned to store it for the winter and he said, “Wadda ya mean, store it”. “Patrick, you dipstick, you can’t drive that thing in the winter. It’s Italian and those Morelli–Spumoni ignition systems won’t allow you to start the damn thing once it gets below fifty degrees. Besides, it would be colder than a sum bitch with those drafty side curtains and little more than engine heat to keep your tootsies warm let alone that big fat ass of yours.”

Well, he took my advice but not without hearing the same story from a couple of other gearheads over at the local Jiffy Lube who had been down that road before. “So, what do I do” he asked and wouldn’t you know it, once again I bailed him out and found some yahoo with a Quonset hut in Wauwatosa who agreed to let him park it over the winter. We pumped up the tires, pulled the plugs and put a little oil on the threads before replacing them, stuffed a rag in the exhaust pipe, checked the anti-freeze, filled the tank after adding a few ounces of Stable, took the six volt battery out and covered the carcass with a couple of old blankets. Who knows how many varmints will nest in it over the winter, but if I know Patrick he’ll stop by once a week to check on it.

For the next month, he was going through a period of serious withdrawal. With a long face and moping around, he kind of reminded me of how I felt when my first girlfriend, Mitzi Manifold told me I had to either get rid of my 1954 MG–TF without a heater or it was the checkered flag for our relationship. I really liked her a lot and often wonder whatever the hell happened to her.

One day, Speed Racer calls and says he’s thinking about joining a sports car club and wondered how does one go about doing that? Hmmm. I really didn’t know. I guess first you outta find one you like and suggested Badger Auto Racing Fans, or BARF for short. BARF has a lot of drunken parties and thought old DUI Danika would fit right in.

Then there is the big time SCCA group that, back when I joined going on fifty years ago, required each wannabe to attend several events, suck up a little and talk two mem-

bers into being sponsors. I went on something called the Dairyland Oleo Run Rallye down around the state line and on into Baja, Wisconsin and got so hopelessly lost that they had to send a posse out after me. Damn fools, it would have been less trouble if they had just followed the oil drippings coming out of my old Morris Garage mobile.

Then, I signed up to be a corner worker at a race over at State Fair Park and got the crap scared out of me when I was handed a yellow flag and told to go over and stand at the corner’s apex and waive it when the Corner Captain tells me to. He looked awful spiffy all dressed in white with badges all over and wearing a big straw hat but I couldn’t hear him with all the noisy cars being downshifted and Michelins squealing. And to make matters worse, driver’s were pitching their Morgans and Healeys right at me before drifting around the corner and my efforts, however poor they were, almost led to a bad accident in the hairpin between Augie Pabst in a beautiful, red, number seven 2.5 litre Ferrari Testa Rosa and some guy named “Honest “ John Kilborn in a big ass honker of a 4.1 litre Ferrari. I think the Pabst kid won.

After all that, I was surprised they let me join, but soon after I learned the secret handshake, was going to more rallyes, hill climbs, races, socials and even started hanging around the Grand Prix Cocktail Lounge talking about gear ratios and oversteer. Had a lot of fun, substantially increased my intake of PBRs, eventually learned how to rallye and to work a corner without soiling my skiveys. I also met a lot of friendly University and Country Day School type guys with nicknames like Chip, Barney and Rusty who had straight, white teeth and always wore cashmere sweaters and penny loafers. I felt a little left out because the only nick-name I ever had was back in school when a lotta guys called me Putz and I sure didn’t want to be called that by all these cool new friends.

Well, Patrick got the name of the Milwaukee Region Membership Chairperson and I guess he is going to see about joining up. I’ve got a strange feeling as to where this is all headed and guess I’ll just have to wait and see what happens next.

view

Bill Porter



This year marks the fifty-fifth year of Bill Porter's involvement with fine motorcars. It was in the spring of 1951 that his Dad Jim drove up to the family's Whitefish Bay home in a brand new, light green Jaguar XK120. Soon after, Jim and his brother Don joined the Milwaukee Region of SCCA and in September rallied on up to Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin, to take in the road races around the lake with young son Bill in tow. In 1958, Don Porter was elected Milwaukee's Regional Executive.

On that weekend, for the first time, Bill witnessed countless examples of the finest automobiles that Europe had to offer. Eastern sportsman Briggs Cunningham brought an entire stable of magnificent machines. Future Grand Prix World Champion Phil Hill was there in a Jag C-Type, all-time great Walt Hansgen in a Ferrari and Sherwood Johnson in a Jag Special but, it was a beautiful red, Chrysler-powered English Allard J2X, owned and driven down from Minneapolis by Eddie Jones, that caught Bill's eye. Jones blew the clutch, and many other attendant parts, within one hundred and fifty yards after his start so it certainly wasn't performance that impressed Bill, but none-the-less, many years later, in 1968, his wife Sue bought that very car for Bill at Christmas.

Mr. Porter got the competition bug and during the summers of 1952 and 1953 his family and a few friends campaigned the family Jag at Chanute Air force Base in Illinois, Wilmot Hills in Kenosha County and at the Janesville Airport. Formidable competitors included Jim Kimberley (Kimberley Clark) and Dan Parker (Parker Pen) in Ferraris, Chicago giant Fred Wacker aboard an Allard, Milwaukee Region, SCCA founder Carl Mueller in his big Bentley and another former Milwaukee Regional Executive Jim Feld in an exciting new Excalibur.

By 1954, Mercedes Benz was taking orders for its brand new 300SL Gullwing coupe and Jim Porter was third on

the list behind all time great road racer John Fitch and Carl Kiekaefer of AAA and Mexican Road Race stock car fame. At the time, Bill was back east attending Middlebury College and was given the task of picking up the 300SL in New York and driving it to Milwaukee but, shortly before, while skiing, he broke his leg and instead flew home in a cast. Worse yet, as his plane landed, he caught a glimpse of the Miller Brewing Company plane taking off with Fred Miller, son Fred Junior and another friend of Bill's on board. The plane went down with no survivors.

While a student at Whitefish Bay High School, Bill worked for Milwaukee industrial designer Brooks Stevens, partly on Mr. Stevens's fabulous automobile collection and also in the construction and maintenance of the Excalibur racecars. On occasion, he had opportunities to air them out and fondly recalls driving the collection's star attraction, a beautiful, black pre-war Mercedes Benz 540K, down to Racine and back. Also, high on his list of thrills, was delivering a Jaguar XK120 to Miller Brewing Company President, Fred Miller's house on the west shore of Oconomowoc Lake, at times reaching one hundred thirty miles per hour.

Bill joined the Milwaukee Region in 1954, dropped out while in law school at Cornell University and re-joined in 1957. Married to Sue in 1959, they have four children and eight grandchildren. He continues to practice law in Milwaukee. Herself, no stranger to motor sports, Sue Porter served SCCA's Formula Atlantic and Mini-Indy pro racing as series registrar during the eighties.

In 1973, Bill took to the track for the first time in a Bugeye Sprite and a few years later campaigned a Tiga S2000 in SCCA National and Pro competition. Time behind the wheel of Charlie Mollica's Alfa GTA TransAm car in the mid-seventies and a one time shot at the Road

America 500 in a Corvette were other highlights of his racing career.

He served Milwaukee as Regional Executive in 1983, as Competition Director from 1979 through 1984 and, in 1988, joined SCCA's Steward's Program. For his efforts, he received the Region's highest honor, The Herbert C. Wuesthoff, Sr. Award for Meritorious Service and was twice honored during the 2004 Annual Meeting, when named Steward of the Year and recipient of a seldom given Life Time Achievement Award.

And what of the beautiful Chrysler powered J2X that captured Bills heart at Elkhart Lake in 1952 and later to have as his own? After a ground up restoration over several years, and thanks to the efforts of many friends and family members, it returned to prowl the beautiful rolling hills of Wisconsin's Kettle Moraine during the touring session of the 2005 Road America Brian Redmond International Challenge in July of 2005. On that weekend, during Friday night's street concours for racecars, the venerable old Allard, the cause of countless visitors to stop by and the reason for a few eyes to tear up, was selected by the judges to receive an award as one of the best in class.

Updating Your Address with SCCA

Members can update their address information online at the National web site (<http://scca.org>). You can access the Member link from the front page to access a member register/login page that will allow you to view and update your information directly at the national web site. In turn, the Region will then automatically be notified of the change so that we can keep our region records up to date.

Members will also have access to discounts and other options via the national site. You can even sign up for email notification when the new FasTrack has been posted so that they can keep up with any changes that might affect you.

Eddie Weschler, 1921–2006

Eddie Weschler, one Milwaukee Region's big collector/racer/sponsors, passed away recently after a long battle with cancer

He lived for fine cars and at one time or another owned just about one of everything from an Amphicar to an Iso Rivolta to a 1955 4.9 Ferrari Mexico which was named best car at the 1956 Paris Auto Show. He raced a blown MG as early as the 1952 races at the Janesville Airport and in the sixties campaigned a beautiful 750cc twin cam Fiat Abarth Record Monza coupe. With Bill Wuesthoff as his driver, Eddie's Robert Bosch Special Elva Porsche won the 1964 USRRDC Under Two Litre Championship. He was one of four principals operating the Grand Prix Lounge and continues to lived on Pine Lake in Waukesha County where he looked after his stable of fine cars that included a recently purchased Ferrari V-12, several other Ferraris, a Porsche Turbo, two Aston Martins and various other cars that he enjoyed to the end.

Eddie served his country in Europe during World War II serving with the Military Motorcycle Police. His pride and joy in life was his collection of cars. He always enjoyed a good car challenge and also had a soft spot for human kind and for his animals

Eddie Weschler was 84.

Remember This?

Its Mark Daniels C-Jag in front of the old
Road America Pagoda.



Poetry Corner

Spring has sprung.
The sun has riz
I wonder where
The flowers is

Happy Easter
Happy Spring
Happy, happy
Everything

Let's go racing

Fame and Fortune Awaits You

OK, now that I have your attention, here's a plea for assistance:

Have an idea for an article for the Drift?

Want to contribute photographs?

Have any interesting tidbits to share with the rest of the membership?

Interesting in reporting on a Milwaukee Region Race event or Solo event?

Your contributions are needed.

Unfortunately, there is no fortune and very limited fame involved, but you would have the eternal gratitude from the Editor.

Contact the Editor,
Chris Cwiklinski
414-449-3862
ccwikl@sbcglobal.net

What you don't see on TV - My experience at the Mexican World Rally Championship March 3–5, 2006

By Joellyn Key

Let me first say that having the opportunity to experience a WRC race in another country was an experience of a lifetime.

I was invited to attend the race by Ruth - don't know if you remember her, the little Mexican gal that was with us last summer for a couple of events at Road America. She worked a couple of corners with Mike and me. Anyways, we traveled from Queretaro, where I am working, to Leon, Mexico, to spectate the Mexican World Rally Championship.

It was late, and we got lost finding the correct road into the mountains. Ruth's friend, Pepe had to ask several times for directions. It was about 11pm when we finally found the road to turn on. In Mexico, unless it is a major highway, nothing here is marked with signs. We drove down a long road and suddenly the asphalt ended and the dirt began. I was convinced we were still lost, but I said nothing. We drove about 30 minutes along the dirt road - nothing in site for miles, at least I couldn't see anything, because it was pitch black out. We came upon Chichimequillas, a little village, which looked deserted. It was one of the most pathetic looking places I have ever seen. I don't know if I can describe it accurately.

In Mexico, most all the buildings are walled off with bricks, blocks, stones, or cement. Inside the walls, the main buildings are made of the same materials with corrugated metal roofs and for most, ornate wood doors. The roofs are held in place with old tires or blocks. The houses are stacked on top of each other, side by side, with tall walls to divide and protect the possessions. Here, possession is 9/10ths the law. Either you have possession of it or it is available for anyone who can carry it off. Laundry lines flapped in the wind on the rooftops. Old cars sat on blocks, with no tires, no doors, and no seats - just the skeletons.

This little village was in deplorable condition. Abandoned

structures leaned everywhere. Everything abandoned had graffiti on it. There were emaciated dogs searching for food and water. There were barefoot children huddled together and watched us drive by. There were gangs of boys/men that called to us, (wanting to help us find our way?) - what exactly they said, I have no clue and Ruth wouldn't translate it for me. I felt for the door lock in the dark to make sure it was locked and reached to the front seat to do the same with Ruth's door, hoping she didn't see me or know that I was scared. The streets in this little village were very narrow and I was thankful we didn't have to back up for any cars coming towards us.

We made it to the other side of the village, it was a miracle by then that we still had an intact car to travel in. The dirt road was so rutted and full of rocks, I thought either my fillings or every nut/bolt in the car would fall out. We continued to drive along the dirt road for about another 30 minutes. It was a miracle we found our way to the rest of Ruth's friends we were to attend the rally with.

I had been told we were going to camp for the night. Well, you all know what my idea of camping is. Roughing it means the generator isn't working, or the TV reception is bad, or we are on an incline and can't get level. This was really rough primitive camping. We had two tents that should have fit two people in each cozily. Instead, one tent had 4 and my tent had 3. At first, the women were going to sleep in one tent and the men in the other, but for our protection, it was decided to have a guy with us.

There was no place to go to the bathroom. I know, you say, "Joellyn, you are a corner worker, you are used to going behind a tree or behind the barn at BHF if working turn 5." No, this was different. It was pitch black out, in a mountainous area, and all the green vegetation was either dead or a spike-laden cactus. There were at least

a hundred Mexicans also camping - mostly all men. All peeing freely into the wind, all were getting very drunk on Tequila, and Corona, all very happy to be hollering at the any nearby chicas. I asked again, to Ruth, what were they saying, and she still wouldn't tell me.

It was 3am before the drunks passed out and I was finally able to relax - thank God I brought my own pillow. Of the seven of us, I was the only one with a pillow. I swear I wasn't going to fall asleep but I woke up about 6:30am to find a little Mexican girl crawling into our tent to either sing us the "good morning" song or to steal from us. She was a very brave little girl. I hollered at her and crawled out of the tent to many surprises.

Camping next to us was a local family who had brought grandma, mom, dad, aunts, uncles, kids, nieces, nephews, etc. - the whole family was going to cook and to sell what they were fixing. The two "grills" they were using were old institutional metal bed tables - missing the drawers and tops. The screen on top with the cooking food was a piece of chicken wire. There were open bowls of green and red stuff, mostly dried to the sides and to the wooden spoons. The grandma was frying tortillas on the lid of an old oil drum and using her bare hands to turn them. In the daylight, I could see that there still was no place to go to the bathroom and could see that there were cars, tents, people and food vendors, similar to our neighbors, for as far as I could see.

About 11am we all hiked to the spot we would wait for the next hour and half for a rally car to appear. It was hot and very dusty. My sunscreen only seemed to collect the dirt and dust. I couldn't believe the numbers of people who had found this remote site to watch from. I couldn't imagine all these people had driven through that depressing little village and had found their way to this spot. If you saw any coverage on TV, we were near the "Red Bull" balloon arc that stood over the road. The stage was Derramadero 1 & 2.

Finally, the first rally car screamed by. Blink and you missed it. The crowd was wild, screaming, whistling and generally acting like they had never seen a racecar before. There were security men with surgical face shields and holstered guns along the roadway. Many people were up in trees watching and many were pushing to get as close to the boundary markers as they could. I hesitate to call the markers a fence because it was made out of the same

kind of webbing potato sacks are made of and only about 24 inches high. People were pushing the webbing down to get closer to the roadway.

There was anywhere from 2-7 minutes between rally cars and people would break free of the webbing and run across the road. The crowd would hoot and holler and cheer them on. There were dozens of people who ran out onto the road surface. The security people did nothing to stop them. I wondered what the holstered guns were for? At one point, a small, terrified perro (dog) ran out on the road and people threw stones at the poor little thing. Fortunately, it was so frightened that it ran up into the brush before another car came.

The crowd was ecstatic when the cars landed from the jump and threw up dirt and rocks into the crowd. Some people were cut and scratched from the debris and kept right on toasting the cars with their Coronas. I kept thinking, what if we had crowds like that at Road America. I could just see Carson riding up on the 4-wheeler, with that big grin of his, pulling out his pistol and shooting it up into the air and Angelo shutting the session down&..

Besides the armed security people, there were "marshals". They wore yellow vests with the word "MARSHALS" printed on them and most of them were pretty teenaged girls. They had no clue what was going on. Each was armed with a whistle - no flags, no headsets, no fire bottles, no gloves - just a whistle and a pretty smile. Their job was to blow the whistle when a car went by. This all added to the ambiance of the cheering crowd and the toasting of Coronas. One car, as it landed from the jump, came down hard on the front end, ripping the bumper off and shattering some parts. The dust was still thick in the air and the crowd was swarming the area to claim souvenirs. The dust and dirt in the air was so thick that at times you couldn't see across the road. With my many allergies, I was sure I was going to spend the rest of my life blowing black snot from my nose and my eyes were going to be permanently scarred.

I stood there for the next two hours with my camera and took pictures of the cars that passed in single file, every 2-7 minutes. I have to say that after the intensity of working a road course like Road America, this was too slow a pace for me. The only adrenaline rush I felt was for the people playing "chicken" as they ran across the

road during the session. This was their sport; their form of fun, their adrenaline rush and I was terrified for them. Later, I heard that the cars only hit a cow, a dog and some sheep.

After the session was over we went back to where our cars were parked. The others napped and I watched all the people while waiting 3 hours for the next session to start. All I could think about during this time was - how I wished for a "blue room", how my "skinny" jeans might fit when I get home and if I should wash my clothes or just throw them away. The next session was a repeat of the last only the crowd was a bit drunker and moved a bit slower as they played "chicken".

As we drove out of the mountainous area at the end of the day, I was awestruck by the beauty of the area and very thankful the car had stayed on the narrow dirt path the night before. I can call the dirt road a path now because that is really all it was. We had to maintain our distance from the car ahead of us so that we could see the "path" and not drive off into Never-never land. Unfortunately, the car we were in did not have any working a/c and we had to travel with the windows up just so we could breathe. I would have loved to have one of those racing cool-suits, or a cold bottle of pure water, or hey - a working air conditioner.

The next event, all part of the WRC, was the "Super Special". (Camping and watching beside the racing stage and breathing in all the dirt I could handle were free.) The "Super Special" was \$300 pesos (~\$30 USD). In Leon, we traveled to the local short road course for the Super Special. Let me describe their road course. (And, We had trouble with Milwaukee Mile and safety concerns?) The track is about 1 kilometer for the inside track and 1 kilometer for the outside track. There is some curbing but mostly just dead grass and very old cactus plants - I was told that at one time they harvested the cactus to make tequila. To prevent a car from cutting the corner thru the dead grass, there are large pointed rocks "planted" in the inside of the corners. There were two abandoned pressurized welding canisters lying in the grass too. There is a single row of tires on the outside of the corners to cover up the crumbling brick wall. Oh yes, I should mention that there were also "MARSHALS", the same pretty teenagers from the stages but here, they got to sit on the ground.

One lap included both the inside and outside with a crossover. The surface was a combination of packed dirt and asphalt. There was a jump and a water feature to drive thru. The racing involved the same identical rally cars with the pilots and co-pilots (they call the drivers here pilots). They would start only two cars at a time. One started on the inside track and one on the outside. Who ever gets to the crossover first gets to change lanes. They raced for a combination of two inside laps and two outside laps. I suggested that they put all the rally cars out there at the same time to make it more interesting. Anyways, everyone was still enjoying the cars and even more Coronas.

That night we went to a place to stay arranged by one of the other members of our party. Since all the hotel accommodations were full inside Leon, we went to a refugalio - meaning a refuge. We passed through two armed guards to get to the facility. Two levels of concertina wire surrounded the refugalio. When we signed in we had to sign a statement that we would not use a camera or a camera phone. Oh boy&. Don't think I slept too well that night either but at least the marble bathroom had that glorious sound of a flushing toilet.

The next day we returned to the SuperSpecial to watch more rally cars on the road course. We got there early so I could do some souvenir shopping. (The Cramer's know all about my "souvenir shopping".) Much to my surprise, the only souvenirs that were available to purchase were NASCAR items, probably because the Busch Race was that weekend in Mexico City. Well, true to the sponsor of the event, Corona was offering hats and t-shirts. But the catch was - for two cervezas and your picture with the Corona girls, you could have a free hat. And for three cervezas and your picture with the Corona girls, you could have a free hat AND t-shirt. So, by 10am, Ruth and Pepe had consumed 5 beers. Thank you guys! I really, really NEEDED some souvenirs, and we found out that during the closing ceremonies at Poliforum Parque in Leon, the WRC merchandise area would remain open.

So, off we were to find hats, t-shirts & jerseys. (Did I mention that in Mexico you must pay to park your car, pay to get your car from the parking lot, and pay the little boy who watches your car?) We found a place to park that wasn't too far (3km) from where we wanted to go. Parking was difficult because the area was adjacent to the

main soccer area with a match going on.

We walked into the park area just as the rally cars were making a parade lap to the ceremonies. A Mexican television crew overheard me talking to Ruth and ask to interview me, since obviously, I was not a Mexican. They wanted me to say that my favorite driver was the Mexican pilot, Ricardo Trivino. I don't think my interview was broadcast&

As the cars took their parade laps, people demanding autographs swarmed them. Towards the end of the parade, a silver car #63 came by and I saw that a woman's hand was waving from the co-pilot's seat. Cool, a woman co-driver! AND the USA flag was in the window. Interestingly, not many people were swarming this car. I went up to her door and shook her hand and told her I was from Wisconsin and she told me she was from Detroit& How cool is that?? She gave me her autograph and wished me a safe trip home. (Little did she know what the last 48 hours had been like for me.) Her name was Cindy Krolkowski and the driver was Weyth Gubelmann, both from the USA. They were driving a Subauru Impreza. Thank you Cindy - you made my day.

Well, we finally found the souvenir tent and went shopping au'plastico. \$1,125 Pesos later, Mike has some hats, pins, patches, shirts and an official rally map. On our way back to Queretaro, with the hot dusty wind blowing through my dirty hot dusty hair, I was thinking, "What an adventurous weekend, Thank you God for sending my guardian racing angels to Mexico", as I lifted my Corona to the sky.



2006

Board of Directors

Regional Executive & Treasurer

Julie Komp*
(920) 849-7626
scca_milw_re@yahoo.com

Vice Regional Executive

Jim Roemer*
(262) 650-7904
lola540@hotmail.com

Secretary

Roy Rogers*
(262) 369-0782
Rrogers695@sbcglobal.net

Board Members

Mike Alexander*
(847) 746-8466
mike@alexandersautocare.com

Jeff Cashmore*
(262) 784-9670
cashmo@hotmail.com

Niki Coello
(414) 940-8846
Ncoello@wi.rr.com

Mike Cudahy*
(414) 351-1003
mike@prototypecomposites.com

Jim Dentici*
(414)333-6776
dentici@aol.com

Tony Machi
(494) 423-0867
usguys96@aol.com

Jason Miller
(920) 946-1001
jason.miller@kohler.com

Bill Rudolph
(414) 771-1437
sccats@wi.rr.com

Bart Wolf
(920) 876-4091
bwolf28@yahoo.com

*Denotes Executive Committee

Chairpersons

Activities	Tony Machi	USGUYS96@aol.com	414-423-0867
Election Committee	Bob 'Honda' Clark	jskrclark@aol.com	414-351-1465
Novice Licensing	Bob 'Honda' Clark	jskrclark@aol.com	414-351-1465
Regional & National Licensing	Bob Lybarger	lrefv2@earthlink.net	815-344-2447
Competition Co-Chairman, Admin	Mark Troemel	mtroemel@earthlink.net	262-547-6089
Competition Co-Chairman, Drivers	Mike Cudahy	mike@prototypecomposites.com	414-351-1003
Marketing & Public Relations	Jim Dentici	dentici@aol.com	414-333-6776
Merchandise	Joellyn Key	key822000@sbcglobal.net	920-832-0568
Membership	Susan Schuster	flag.n.nag@bigfoot.com	414-416-4011
Solo Liaison	Jeff Cashmore	cashmo@hotmail.com	262-784-9670
Solo II	Sam Karp	karpsam@hotmail.com	414-975-0846
Rally	TBD		
Pointskeepers			
National	Andy Weldon	andyweldon@sbcglobal.net	317-297-5474
Area 5 Champ Series	Jack Kolpack	kolpaks@ticon.net	
Region Counsel	Atty. William Porter		262-241-3867
Newsletter Editor	Chris Cwiklinski	ccwikl@sbcglobal.net	414-449-3862
Co-Webmasters	George Kofman	scca.webmaster@motorsports-exchange.com	
	Jeff Cashmore	cashmo@hotmail.com	

Road Racing Regional Administrators

Course Marshal	Dennis Kay	dennis.kay@med.ge.com	262-338-2081
Flagging & Communications	Toby Schuster	tobin.j.schuster@gmail.com	414-416-2371
Assistant	Randy Langer	rclanger@wi.rr.com	414-570-9794
Grid	Dan Soiney	dansoiney@hotmail.com	414-899-2637
Assistant	Gary Soiney	pdsges@aol.com	262-895-2238
Medical	Dr. Jeff Gaver, MD	jpgaver@execpc.com	262-965-2914
Pits	Dick Gmach	rlgmach@bytehead.com	920-467-8655
Registration	Chris Cwiklinski	ccwikl@sbcglobal.net	414-449-3862
Paddock	Joyce Johnson	jajapiinc@yahoo.com	414-545-8929
Rescue	Eric Fairfield	eric.fairfield@charter.net	608-846-2062
Sound Control	TBD		
Starters	Wayne Wasylko	wwraccoon@juno.com	847-623-0583
Steward	Mike Engelke	meng@charter.net	920-849-7626
Assistant	Angelo Gazzola	agazzola@charter.net	715-823-4533
Tech Inspection	Dennis Troemel		262-547-6089
Timing & Scoring	Jamie Kipp	jlkip@wi.rr.com	920-893-5860
	Pete Klinger	tnsguy@gizex.com	414-351-1775

Committees

Competition Committee, Administration: Mark Troemel (Chair), Tim Burns, Chris Cwiklinski, Jim Dentici, Tracey Gauper, Pete Klinger, Chris Cwiklinski, Ann Rudolph, Sue Schuster, Toby Schuster, Steve Tupper, Jackie Yahn

Competition Committee, Drivers: Mike Cudahy (Chair), Mike Alexander, Bob Clark, George Kofman, Bruce Lindstrand, Lawrence Loshak

Solo Committee: Sam Karp (Chair), Jeff Cashmore, Dan Kimber, Tony Machi, Amir Mahmoud, Marshall Moore, Jon Peccarelli, Tim White, Steve Wynveen