



**Meet the Magnolia PCA Officers:**

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 Treasurer: Rusty Williard  
 Secretary: Gretchen Haines  
 Newsletter Editor: Gary Myers  
 Membership Chair: David Stewart  
 Safety Chair: Julius Ridgeway  
 Driving Event Chair: Julius Ridgeway

**Announcement:**

Chattanooga Choo-Choo  
 Second Annual Winterfest  
 Feb. 16-18 2007

Registration Details: [www.tr-pca.org](http://www.tr-pca.org)

**Join the Magnolia Region PCA**

Register at the following address and receive email, announcements, tech, event news and much more. All Porsches are welcome.

[http://autos.groups.yahoo.com/group/magnolia\\_pca/](http://autos.groups.yahoo.com/group/magnolia_pca/)

Return:  
 Alice Van Ryan, CPA  
 Suite F  
 321 Highway 51  
 Ridgeland, MS 39157

Stamp

Winter

Gary Myers, Newsletter Chair, [glm1@ra.msstate.edu](mailto:glm1@ra.msstate.edu)

December 2006

**Glove Box Chronicles  
 1963**

My first girlfriend had a scar across her knee; it was from the glove box door of her father's '56 Porsche. He was an actor and lived in Coconut Grove – how cool! I had never seen a Porsche in Jackson; the only foreign car dealership in Jackson was the "VW" dealership.

In 1970, I went to the VW dealership to buy one, and something happened...I bought a new Porsche 914 right then and there. Well, having one of the first Jackson Porsches, I had no one to talk to about the car. In 1971, my first 911 and 356 came home to join the 914. I realized I had a problem, and needed to find fellow sufferers of my addiction...

The SCCA was the only car club in the state of Mississippi. They were great, and delighted to welcome me into the club as a Porsche owner. I found an ad for the PCA in the back of Road & Track magazine. I wrote in for an application and began to search for other Porsche owners, my family members. Fewer than 10,000 members nationwide; none in Mississippi.

Thinking that Alabama was closest, I joined the "Heart of Dixie" Region to get on the mailing list for "Pano" in 1971. Pano was the only Porsche publication period. It was specially sized to fit into a 356 Porsche glove box. Later, I joined the "Swampland" Region in New Orleans because they found my telephone number and actually called and invited me to a Porsche event. This was my first live encounter with Porsche fans.

At that time, in the Jackson area, I knew all the other Porsche owners' names, phone numbers, and what they drove. It was easy; there were seven of us. When we saw an "unknown" car, we called each other to see if anyone knew anything about the car the owner...Fellow Porsche owners, those in town and those traveling through, would all flash headlights at one another. It was a thing we did. We often stopped by the side of the road for a little Porsche conversation. To non-owners, Porsches were fancy VWs.

One of the political issues with the club was, why did PCA allow 911 owners to join a club that was formed for 356 owners – the purists. The 356 was the car actually breathed on by Dr. Porsche – the 911 was an upstart and a pretender. Sound familiar? This theme continues today – the waster cooled group, the mid engine group, the (OMG) SUV.

My theory on that is – if it says Porsche on it, open the door!

--Tony Santangelo

**ACHTUNG**

**Holiday Social  
 Saturday December 30th  
 3 PM start time  
 at**

**B • R • A • V • O !**  
 I-55 North, Exit 100  
 Northside Drive  
 Highland Village Shopping Center  
 South Plaza, Upper Level  
 Jackson, Mississippi

**Great Cars!! Great Friends!!**

The Magnolia Region's Recent Trip  
 to the **Windsor Ruins**



(cont'd)





Ageless Porsches by the Windsor Ruins



Video record of the Event? Yes, proof to PCA that we exist and are having fun!!



What a beauty! Targa's not too shabby either!

***My First Club Race: My journey from DE novice to club racer in 4 short years***

So, here it is, November 18, 2006, and I'm about to take the track in my first PCA Club Race. As I suited up, strapped on my helmet, secured my harness, pulled on my gloves and awaited the grid marshal's signal that it was time to take to the track, I caught myself thinking, "Am I ready for this? Do I have any idea what I'm doing? How did I get here?" The first two answers would only be revealed through the course of the weekend, but as to how I got here, my journey from mild-mannered Porsche enthusiast to Club Racer may serve as inspiration for some, perhaps a warning for others.

I am not one of those people who grew up with motorsports in his blood. I did not own or race motorcycles or go-karts as a kid. I didn't work on cars as a teen. The notion that I would ever race was as foreign to me as the idea of going to the moon. The point I am making is this – if it could happen to me, it could happen to anyone!

I purchased my first Porsche in December of 1999. It was a 1990 911 Carrera 4. Blue over blue with full leather and every available option. 30,000 well cared for miles. And best of all, I didn't have to search it out. I was friends with the family who had owned it since new (first Bud Robinson, then his son, Barney). I'd admired it since the day they got it and had told them I wanted it when they were ready to sell. When that day came, I wasn't sure I could really afford it, but I couldn't let the opportunity pass. I became a Porsche owner.

The hobby was innocent enough for a while. My C4 was used for spirited weekend drives, the occasional commute to work, a few road trips and "date nights" with my wife Susan. I took great pride in washing and detailing it. Then I joined the PCA and started reading the Panorama, with tales of activities such as "Drivers Education" (DE) events and "Club Races". Most of these were held at venues far away from Jackson, MS. "Cool", I thought, but surely too ambitious for me.

In late 2002, however, a series of events transpired which set the wheels in motion for my yet-to-be-discovered passion. First, my friend and neighbor (and Magnolia PCAer) Alex Manning bought an older 911, because, according to him, seeing mine come down the street tormented him. Shortly after, we noticed in the Pano a club race and DE scheduled at No Problem Raceway in nearby Belle Rose, Louisiana, hosted by the New Orleans-based Mardi Gras region. Hey, we thought, that's close enough to check out!

Cautious sorts as we are, we decided to drive down and just check it out. We watched the race (the 1<sup>st</sup> annual Blastin' the Bayou, as it turned out), but were equally interested in the

DE. We found folks ready to answer any of our questions about what we needed in terms of safety gear, etc., and we decided that maybe DEs weren't too ambitious after all. Alex signed up for the very next DE, and I, being the more cautious of the two, decided I'd observe one more time. After buying a used helmet on eBay, my first time came a couple of months later in April of 2003. I was psyched and nervous as I sat through classroom instruction, awaiting my first laps around the track. I met my instructor (who would turn out to be my first of several), Will Bates, and took to the track. My first session did not go as I hoped. I was scared and clueless and extremely uncomfortable with the speed and traffic! When my first session was over, I got out of the car and said to Alex, "I don't know if I'm cut out for this." Fortunately, I got back on the horse, so to speak, and continued to progress as a driver.

It wasn't long before I became a certifiable track nut, and I decided to sell my beautiful street stock C4 in favor of a track car. I settled on a 1987 944 turbo, red over black, with some sport/track improvements. The proceeds from the C4 covered the track car, an extra set of wheels, a trailer, and my first few sets of race tires. Fortunately, I already had a tow vehicle! I can assure you that having a dedicated track car with proper rubber only served to accelerate my passion and interest in track driving. I moved into the advanced group at my adopted home track in Louisiana, and started doing DEs at other tracks like Memphis Motorsport Park and Barber Motorsport Park. With three nearby PCA regions hosting DEs, not to mention BMW CCA events, by 2005 I was up to about 10 weekends a year!

By the way, one of the main attractions of these events, which I really should have mentioned earlier, is the people. They are friendly, helpful and patient. Novice students come and go, but once you've gone to enough of these things, the regulars (mostly instructors and advanced drivers) start to recognize you, and before you know it, they treat you like you're part of the group. This was probably key to the final step in my downfall. You see, these new friends, mostly instructors, are also mostly racers. And the more events I attended and the more time I spent with these people the more I knew that sooner or later, I would have to try it.

Even though I knew I aspired to race, I still never would have guessed this time last year that I would be racing this year. But once I got the idea rolling around in my head, it just sort of snowballed. I starting asking questions about what I'd have to do to the car, what the licensing process was, etc. and before long I realized that, while daunting and overwhelming, this was attainable. So I set things in motion (I'll spare you the details, but you can call me if you're interested), and lo and behold, before I knew it, I was gripping the wheel in anticipation of the green flag.



So, that's my journey, the answer to the question, "How did I get here?" As for the other questions (Was I ready? Did I know what I was doing?), the jury is still out. I got credit for three races over the course of the weekend. I retired early from the enduro but finished the two sprint races, all without incident. Nobody is mad at me, and my car is still intact. By most accounts, that is a successful first race. As for the finishing order, the only reason I wasn't last was that some cars didn't finish. I was slow and got lapped multiple times by the leaders. Based on the results, I probably should have waited until I was faster and/or more experienced, or until the car was better prepared, but you know what? I had fun and I survived and I wouldn't trade the experience for anything!

I could not have made this happen without the help of a long list of people, some of whom I will probably fail to mention, but here goes: the entire Mardi Gras region, especially Chris Wilken, Lois Wilken, Paul Tellarico, Ken Laborde and Scott Foremaster; Susan Shire, PCA Club Race licensing coordinator; Randy Greff at Greff Motors; Dan Blumenthal, Magnolia region president, for his instruction and counsel; and last but not least, my patient and understanding wife, Susan.

--Julius Ridgway



Hey, everyone, here's my 1963 356 B T6 that I just got. Dreams come true! --G. Myers