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MotorSpor Magazine



VOL. 29 NO. 12 [f] Gulf Coast MotorSports Magazine

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Publisher & Editor-in-Chief - Jas. "Jimbo" Perkins P.O. Box 2847 · Gulfport, MS 39505 Advertising & Production - 228 596-0664 E-mail: editor@dixiepress.com

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Cruizin' in the passin' lane

Can You Believe It's Christmas Already? The holiday season seems to sneak up on us every year, doesn't it? One minute, we're packing away the Halloween decorations, and the next, it's time to hang the stockings and trim the tree. It's hard to

Jimbo

believe that Christmas is already here, but as the familiar sights and sounds of the season surround us, it's impossible not to feel a sense of warmth and nostalgia.

For many, Christmas is a time to celebrate family, friendships, and traditions. It's when we gather together to share memories of days gone by—whether it's reminiscing about past holidays or creating new traditions that will one day be cherished just as much. From putting up the tree to hanging the stockings by the fireplace and driving around to see the Christmas lights, there's no shortage of joyful rituals that make this time of year so special.

But while Christmas has come to mean many different things to different people, at its heart, the holiday is a celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world. For Christians, the story of Christmas is not just about festivities but about the miraculous birth of Jesus in a humble stable in Bethlehem. The Gospel of Luke, chapter two, tells us how Mary and Joseph traveled to Bethlehem for a census, only to find the town crowded with travelers. With no room at the inn, they were offered shelter in a stable, where Mary gave birth to her son and laid him in a manger—a humble feeding trough for animals.

This simple, yet profound story reminds us that the true meaning of Christmas isn't in the presents we give or receive, but in the gift of love, hope, and salvation that was given to us all on that holy night. As we gather with our loved ones this season, may we remember the reason for the season and find peace in the message of goodwill and joy that Christmas brings.

So, as we approach this holiday season, let's embrace the spirit of togetherness, reflect on the true meaning of Christmas, and celebrate the warmth of family, faith, and hope. Merry Christmas to all, and may your hearts be filled with the love and joy of the season!

### Here are a few emails

Jimbo,

Here is an easy dip your readers could make for the Christmas holidays... This creamy, savory dip is always a hit at gatherings! Perfect for dipping chips, crackers, or pork rinds.

Cheddar Ranch Crack Dip

Ingredients:

16 oz sour cream

1 oz packet ranch dressing mix

3 oz bacon bits (use the packet, not the plastic jar)

1 cup shredded cheddar cheese

Instructions: Combine sour cream, ranch dressing mix, bacon bits, and shredded cheddar cheese in a bowl.

Mix until well combined.

For the best flavor, refrigerate for at least a day before serving. Serve with chips, crackers, or pork rinds and enjoy! This dip is sure to disappear fast!

Denice Perniciaro's post

### Jimbo,

A noted psychiatrist was a guest at a dinner party, and his hostess naturally broached the subject in which the doctor was most at ease. "Would you mind telling me, Doctor," she asked, "how you detect a mental deficiency in somebody who appears completely normal?"

"Nothing is easier," he replied. "You ask a simple question which anyone should answer with no trouble. If he hesitates, that puts you on the track."

"What sort of question?"

"Well, you might ask him, 'Captain Cook made three trips around the world and died during one of them. Which one?'

The hostess thought a moment, then said with a nervous laugh, "You wouldn't happen to have another example would you? I must confess I don't know much about history."

redrobin2000@

### Jimbo,

An older couple were lying in bed one night. The husband was falling asleep but the wife was in a romantic mood and wanted to talk.

She said: "You used to hold my hand when we were courting." Wearily he reached across, held her hand for a second, and tried to get back to sleep.

A few moments later she said: "Then you used to kiss me."

Mildly irritated, he reached across, gave her a peck on the cheek, and settled down to sleep.

Thirty seconds later she said: Then you use to bite my neck" Angrily, he threw back the bedclothes and got out of bed.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To get my teeth!"

JoeClem@

### Jimbo

I remember being broke for Christmas one year after food shopping and paying the bills and wrote a post dated check to make sure I could provide a good Christmas for my family. I've lived as high and as low as it's possible to go. There were times I'd put \$10 worth of gas in my tank and other times \$50. I've had \$5 to just feed myself and I've also had \$200 to go out to eat. I've had a house full of food and times I didn't have any. I've been in stores cashing out with no worries and I've also had to add it up and put things back on the shelf. I've paid my bills in full and I've had to pay them late too. I've given money and I too have had to ask for it.

We all have highs and lows in life. Some certainly more than others, but we are all just trying to make it.

No one is better than anyone else and my heart is sad for those people who think that they are. No matter how big your house is, how new your car is, or how much money sits in your bank account - we all bleed red and will eventually fade from this earth. Death has no discrimination and neither should your life.

Be kind to others. We are all here to serve. Stop the power tripping. Your oversized ego won't get you anywhere.

Be humble, Ethel Poillion



### Jimbo,

"As a singer I sing at many funerals & I was recently asked by a funeral director to sing at a graveside service for a homeless man. He had no family or friends, so the service was to be at a Pauper's Cemetery out near Lindale. As I was not familiar with the area, I got lost. Everyone that knows me knows I can be directionally challenged AND my navigation lost its signal.

I hate Sprint!!

Anyway, I finally arrived an hour late and saw that the funeral guy had evidently gone and the hearse was nowhere in sight. There were only the diggers and crew left and they were eating lunch. I felt bad and apologized to the guys for being late. I went to the side of the grave and looked down and the vault lid was already in place. I didn't know what else to do, so I started to sing. The workers put down their lunch and began to gather around. I sang my heart and soul out for this man with no family and friends.

As I sang "Amazing Grace", the spirit began to move and the workers began to weep. They wept, I wept, we all wept together. When I finished, I prayed a benediction and started for my car, my head hung low but my heart so FULL.

As I opened the door to my car, I overheard one of the workers say, "I've never seen nothin' like that before and I've been putting in septic tanks for twenty years."

Apparently, I was still lost....." .... tenornot@

### Jimbo,

My husband and I had been happily married (*most of the time*) for five years but hadn't been blessed with a baby. I decided to do some serious praying and promised God that if he would give us a child, I would be a perfect mother, love it with all my heart and raise it with His word as my guide.

God answered my prayers and blessed us with a son. The next year God blessed us with another son. The following year, He blessed us with yet another son. The year after that we were blessed with a daughter. My husband thought we'd been blessed right into poverty. We now had four children, and the oldest was only four years old. I learned never to ask God for anything unless I meant it. As a minister once told me, "If you pray for rain, make sure you carry an umbrella."

I began reading a few verses of the Bible to the children each day as they lay in their cribs. I was off to a good start. God had entrusted me with four children and I didn't want to disappoint Him. I tried to be patient the day the children smashed two dozen eggs on the kitchen floor searching for baby chicks. I tried to be understanding... when they started a hotel for homeless frogs in the spare bedroom, although it took me nearly two hours to catch all twenty-three frogs. When my daughter poured ketchup all over herself and rolled up in a blanket to see how it felt to be a hot dog, I tried to see the humor rather than the mess.

In spite of changing over twenty-five thousand diapers, never eating a hot meal and never sleeping for more than thirty minutes at a time, I still thank God daily for my children.

While I couldn't keep my promise to be a perfect mother - I didn't even come close... I did keep my promise to raise them in the Word of God. I knew I was missing the mark just a little when I told my daughter we were going to church to worship God, and she wanted to bring a bar of soap along to "wash up" Jesus, too.

Something was lost in the translation when I explained that

### LETTERS | Opinions expresses the views of its author.



### Bum Deal

Once in a while at Christmas time I catch myself complaining about little things, inconveniences, mainly. "I don't need this now," I mutter, and wonder, "Why does this have to happen to me? Is God mad at me?" Then my thoughts turn to Mary and Joseph. Face it. Their story doesn't center on sugar cookies and egg nog.

Joseph was off work for weeks because the government made him travel to a distant town to fill out some stupid registration papers.

You can bet the Nazareth biddies hounded Mary about her pregnancy. Have you ever been called "slut"?

Can you imagine taking a four-day donkey ride to Bethlehem at full term? Of course, if Mary didn't want to ride, she could always walk ... or waddle.

Think about a camping trip with winter winds whistling through your tent. Or do you have a tent?

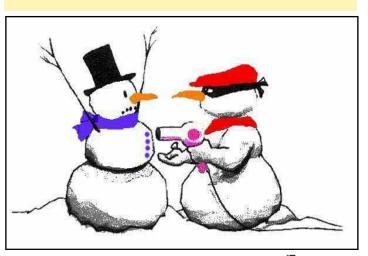
How about being in labor in a dirty cattle barn? One whiff was all Mary needed. And then, in the middle of the night after a grueling labor, there's a herdsman banging on the door

Why, of all things, did God let His own Son to be born under those conditions? Was God mad at Mary and Joseph? Of course not. Maybe God allowed the stable so we could see His glory backlit amidst life's humbling experiences.

Life does have its downside, its reversals, its annoyances. And where is God when we despair? He was with Mary and Joseph every moment, working out His plan, just as He is with you and me right now.

I guess Christmas reminds us look to beyond our aggravations. God is doing something. You know, if we'll lift our eyes above Bethlehem's hovels for a moment, we might even catch a glimpse of the Christmas star.

Dr. Wilson





God gave us everlasting life, and my son thought it was generous of God to give us his "last wife."

My proudest moment came during the children's Christmas pageant. My daughter was playing Mary, two of my sons were shepherds and my youngest son was a wise man. This was their moment to shine. My five-year-old shepherd had practiced his line, "We found the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes." But he was nervous and said, "The baby was wrapped in wrinkled My four-year-old "Mary" said, "That's not 'wrinkled clothes." clothes,' silly. That's dirty, rotten clothes." A wrestling match broke out between Mary and the shepherd and was stopped by an angel, who bent her halo and lost her left wing. I slouched a little lower in my seat when Mary dropped the doll representing Baby Jesus, and it bounced down the aisle crying, "Mamamama." Mary grabbed the doll, wrapped it back up and held it tightly as the wise men arrived. My other son stepped forward wearing a bathrobe and a paper crown, knelt at the manger and announced, "We are the three wise men, and we are bringing gifts of gold, common sense and fur." The congregation dissolved into laughter, and the pageant got a standing ovation.

"I've never enjoyed a Christmas program as much as this one," laughed the pastor, wiping tears from his eyes "For the rest of my life, I'll never hear the Christmas story without thinking of aold. common sense and fur." "My children are my pride and my joy and my greatest blessing," I said as I dug through my purse for an aspirin.

Jesus had no servants, yet they called Him Master. Had no degree, yet they called Him Teacher. Had no medicines, yet they called Him Healer. Had no army, yet kings feared Him.. He won no military battles, yet He conquered the world. He committed no crime, yet they crucified Him. He was buried in a tomb, yet He lives today. I feel honored to serve such a Leader who loves us...

GOD BLESS YOU ALL!!! Giff1500@.....

Till next month...

### I'll leave you with this ..

### Jimbo.

I said to my wife, " the guys at the club said that our mailman has slept with every woman on our street except one..." My wife said, "I bet it's Paula"

> Smile and Have A Great Day! Jimbo





This is Maria's story. Why she entrusted it to a hapless columnist like myself is beyond me. Either way, our story begins in a humble cafeteria, filled with homeless people.

They are all here for the free annual holiday meal. All who enter are given hand sanitizer and hot cocoa.

Maria volunteers here. She has been helping serve hot meals all week, and she volunteers here year round. This volunteering tradition started many years ago. It's a long story.

When she was a kid her late father was an alcoholic. But when Maria hit age 13, he got sober. Her father started attending AA meetings and won his life back. The main thing her father learned from these support group meetings was that (a) each meeting had donuts, which increased your pant size considerably, and (b) helping others is the only thing worth doing with your life.

Oh. how she misses him.

The mess hall is overrun with people who are dressed in ragged clothing. Some suffer from mental illness, some are addicted, others have breath that is 190 proof.

Maria stands behind the sneeze guard, dressed in facemask and hairnet. She serves them all steaming helpings. She is cheery, fun, and she flirts with the old guys because they get such a kick out of this.

One elderly man smiles at her. "Maria, I wish I were twenty years younger, I'd marry you."

She throws out a hip and says, "And just what would YOU know about marriage, Mister Dan?"

"Hey, I know a lot. I've had three very successful marriages."

She cackles. She gives him an extra helping of green beans and reminds him to behave.

Another old guy shuffles toward her. He wears a leather hat and a large backpack. His pants have gaping holes, he reeks of ammonia and body odor. She dishes his plate. The man's eyes become pink and wet when he sees all the free food. He is unable to speak, he can only mumble.

"Happy Thanksgiving, Roger," says Maria.

Next an old woman presents her plate. She is covered in scabs, she never stops fidgeting, and she wears a faded T-shirt. The woman won't let the staff wash this filthy shirt because it was a gift from her daughter. Her daughter currently wants nothing to do with her, so this is all she has left.

The lady says, "Where's your dad this year, Maria? He's usually back there serving the food."

Maria's father has been dead since August, but the poor old woman is caught in a mental time loop and doesn't remember.

"He's resting," says Maria.

"Good man, your dad. Helped me quit drinking. Five or six times."

Now it's Maria's eyes that pinken.

This will be her first Thanksgiving without him. And it has been the worst year ever. She's been a wreck.

But these people have it so much worse than she does. That's what her father would have reminded her. He would have told Maria that many of these people will sleep outside tonight.

Some will shelter in camps off the interstate, with American flags flapping from their tentpoles. Some will die from exposure this year. Or from alcohol. Or drugs. Or whatever.

This holiday meal could be their final one. This could be the last time a friendly face looks at them-really looks at them-and smiles.

After a few hours of work, Maria takes a break. She unties her apron and leaves the serving line. She joins a young man seated on the sofa in the corner. He is alone, watching the complimentary TV, holding his plate. The kid is missing all his front teeth. This is Brad.

Brad used to be in college before his mental illness got bad. Then his family cut him off because of a drinking problem that was ruining his life. A few years ago, Brad was sleeping behind a gas station one night when a few young men decided to take turns beating him. This is how Brad lost his teeth.

"Hi, Brad," Maria says.

Brad tries to suppress a grin, but fails. "We-We forgot to say grace," he says, positioning the paper plate on his lap.

Brad has been sober for two years. Maria's father helped him.

"No, we didn't forget to say grace. We said it earlier, before you got here. Where were you? You're never late for food."

"I was at the Dollar Store."

"The Dollar Store? Doing what?"

"Well ... " Brad digs into his pocket. He removes a small giftwrapped box with a frilly white ribbon and a notecard attached. The card has her name on it, in sloppy penmanship. She sees this gift and feels a prickling behind her eyes and nose.

"Oh, Brad, you didn't."

He nods.

Maria opens the present. Inside is a tiny ornament. A red plastic heart. And there is a small Band-Aid stuck to this heart. An actual Band-Aid, like the kind you get from drugstores.

The young man points to the ornament. "See? I put the Band-Aid on it because that's your heart, Miss Maria, and I just wanted you to know that I'm here for you if you need me."

She covers her mouth.

Although this kid has so little, and has been through so much, he gives so deeply. What would her father have said in a moment like this? He was always so good at this kind of thing. He always knew exactly what to say.

Then it hits her. She takes Brad's spindly hand in her own. She squeezes it and tells Brad to bow his head while she says grace.

"Dear God," Maria begins. "No matter what this horrible year holds for us, please grant us the serenity to accept the things we cannot change, the courage to change the things we can, and aive us the wisdom to know the difference."

"Amen," says Brad. "Amen," says Maria. Ditto, says the columnist.



### Name That Tune

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The following are clues to the names of well-known Christmas carols. Can you guess the names of the Christmas songs from the cryptic clues provided below?

1. APPROACH EVERYONE WHO IS STEADFAST.

2. ECSTASY TOWARD THE ORB.

3. LISTEN, THE FORETELLING SPIRITS HARMONIZE.

4. HEY, MINUSCULE URBAN AREA SOUTH OF JERUSALEM.

5. QUIESCENT NOCTURNAL PERIOD.

6. THE AUTOCRATIC TROIKA ORIGINATING NEAR THE ASCENT OF APOLLO.

7. THE PRIMARY CAROL.

8. EMBELLISH THE CORRIDORS.

9. I'M FANTASIZING CONCERNING A BLANCHED YULETIDE.

10. I OBSERVED MY MATERNAL PARENT OSCULATING WITH A CORPULENT UNSHAVEN MALE IN CRIMSON DISGUISE.

**11. DURING THE TIME OVINE CARETAKERS** SUPERVISED THEIR CHARGES.

12. VIRTUOUS ROYAL PHILANTHROPIST.

13. THE THING MANIFESTED ITSELF AT THE ONSET OF A TRANSPARENT DAY.

14. WHAT OFFSPRING ABIDES THUS?

15. REMOVED IN A BOVINE FEEDING TROUGH.

16. VALENTINO, THE ROSEATE PROBOSCIS WAPITI.

17. THE SLIGHT PERCUSSIONIST LAD.

**18. FATHER CHRISTMAS APPROACHES THE** METROPOLIS.

19. SERAPHIM WE AURALLY DETECTED IN THE STRATOSPHERE.

20. THE CREATOR REASSURES YOU, LIVELY FELLOWS. (Continued on page 17)

# SEND YOUR **VIEWS & NEWS**

By Email: editor@dixiepress.com



### The Innkeeper's Tale

They think I'm some kind of cruel, heartless landlord. Someone must have told them that. But they're wrong, just plain wrong, and it's time to set the record straight, once and for all.

People say I'm an innkeeper. I suppose you'd call it an inn. To us it's just a big house. My grandfather, Joshua ben-Yahoudi, built it back when his trading business was at a peak. And he built it big enough to fit all fourteen kids.

Well, a few years ago, the missus and I were just rattling around in that big house--kids grown up and all--and we were thinking, maybe we could take in a few travelers. Rachel has always been mighty good in the kitchen, so we just let out word that we'd take people in, and they started to come. Every night we'd have a person or two, sometimes more. People would always come back when they came to town again, intent on another bowl of Rachel's lamb stew.

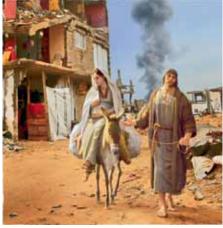
Then came that blankety-blank census the governor thought up. Taxation, pure and simple! People from all over the province flooded into town that week. Filled us clean up. Rachel and I slept in the main room where we always do, and we started putting guests in the other three rooms. They kept coming. Then we doubled up two or three families to a room. They kept coming. Finally, when we had filled the main room with four families plus Rachel and me, we started turning people away.

I must have gotten in and out of bed ten times that night, stumbling over bodies to get to the door. "No more room, sorry folks. No more room. Come back in the morning. We have a couple of families leaving then." They'd mutter something and head back to their party, and sleep somewhere next to a house under the shelter of a blanket. I just couldn't make any more room. That's the honest truth.



But I did make room for one more couple. Joseph was a burly man with big arms and strong hands, down from Nazareth, I think he said. He wouldn't take "no" for an answer. I would say, "No, I'm sorry," and he'd tell me about his "little Mary." Well, when I saw "little Mary" she wasn't very little. She was just about as pregnant as a woman can get, and awfully pale. While Joseph was pleading, I saw her grab her tummy in pain, and I knew I couldn't let her have that baby outside in the wind and sleet. **The barn.** That would just have to do, I told myself, and led them and their donkey out back. Now it was pretty crowded, so I shooed several animals into the pen outside to make room in one dry corner. Joseph said, "We sure are grateful, sir." Then with a serious look, he asked me, "Do you know where I can find a midwife in these parts? We might need her tomorrow or the next day."

That man didn't know much about having babies, it was plain enough to see. I ran to Aunt Sarah's house and pounded on the door until her husband came. "One of the travelers is having a baby," I told him. "I'll wait while Aunt Sarah gets dressed." I stopped a moment to catch my breath. "And tell her to hurry."



By the time we got back to the barn, Joseph had "little Mary" settled on some soft, clean hay, wrapped up in a blanket, wiping the perspiration off her brow, and was speaking softly to her as she fought the waves of pain. Aunt Sarah sent me to get my Rachel, and then pushed Joseph and me out of the barn. "This ain't no place for men," she said.

We waited just outside in the shelter of the barn for hours, it seemed like. Well, all of a sudden, we hear a little cry. "You've got a baby boy," Aunt Sarah was saying as we peeped around the corner. She hands the young-un to Rachel, and she wraps it up in those swaddling bands she had saved. Cute little thing, I tell you.



Well, Joseph goes over to Mary and gives her a big hug, and a kiss on the cheek, and Rachel hands Mary the baby, and then comes over to me and takes my hand. "Remember when our Joshua was born?" she whispers.

The lantern was blowing almost out, the cattle were lowing softly, and baby Jesus was asleep in his mother's arms. That's how I left them as I walked Aunt Sarah home. Chilly wind, though the sleet had stopped.

By the time I got back, Rachel was in bed, and I was about

ready to put out the light, step over sleeping bodies, and get under the warm covers, when I heard some murmuring out by the barn.

I'd better check, I told myself. When I peeped in, I saw shepherds. Raggedy, smelly old shepherds were kneeling down on the filthy barn floor as if they were praying. The oldest one was saying something to Joseph about angels and the Messiah. And the rest of them just knelt there with their heads bowed, some with tears running down their faces.

I coughed out loud, and Joseph looked up. I was almost ready to run those thieving shepherds off, when Joseph motioned to me with his hand. "It's okay," he whispered. "They've come to see the Christ-baby."

The Christ-baby? The Messiah? That was when I knelt, too. And watched, and prayed, and listened to the old shepherd recount his story of angels and heavenly glory, and the sign of a holy baby, wrapped in swaddling bands, to be found in a stablemanger.

My Lord, it was my stable where the Christ-baby was born. My manger he rested in. My straw, my lamp, my wife Rachel assisting at his birth.

The shepherds left after a while. Some of them leaned over and kissed the sleeping Christ-child before they departed. I know I did.

I'll always be glad I made room in the barn for that family-- that holy family. You see, I'm not some mean inn-keeper. I was there. I saw him. And, you know, years later that boy came back to Bethlehem, this time telling about the Kingdom of God. Oh, I believe in him, I tell you. I was there. And, mark my words, if you'd seen what I've seen, you'd be a believer, too.









We, Elizabeth and I are very happy in life. Our life is really good, the cherry on top has been our faith and our new church, Gulf Shores Methodist Church. We love our pastor, Rusty Hutson. Rusty grew up with one pastor in his life...John Ed Mathison. John Ed was the pastor for 36 years at Frasier Memorial Methodist Church in Montgomery, AL. He was a great man of God that built an incredible church, Rusty grew up in that church and as I told him, the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. My late wife Scotty and I really enjoyed John Ed's sermons while we lived in Montgomery, when I worked for WSFA TV. So it is truly great to expose Elizabeth to Rusty and his ministry. Our church has really opened its arms to us.



We built a two hour soundtrack for our church's Halloween Trunk or Treat. From a safety position, we feel it's important for the community children to have a safe place to go and get candy for Halloween. What

started out as a soundtrack for our Trunk or Treat car (Show Time our 34 Ford Coupe) got out of hand and I spent four days building this incredible Halloween soundtrack we used for the whole show to hear. It was a very successful event and we have some good ideas on taking Trunk or Treat to a new level in 2025.

I had to go to the doctor. My doctor in Foley, AL is Dr. Ben McDonald, a second generation young doctor, his Dad has a practice in Fairhope, AL he has really helped me with my health and we have built a nice relationship. So I ask Ben during our visit if his young family did anything for Halloween. He said we

do a big party for Halloween. I asked him if he wanted a Halloween soundtrack. I told him what I had built for our church and I told him I could modify it for the McDonald Family Halloween. He loved the idea. Took two days to revise it, but it blew him away. His family can now use this two hour soundtrack forever because Halloween music lasts forever; it's kind of like Christmas music in that respect.





When Elizabeth began working from home in her accountant business, I gave her my office, gladly! So I have been working on my laptop... from the sofa, and that was fine. We had a game room that just pretty much sat there. So, I got the idea to sell my bumper pool table and build an audio studio/office in that space. I love projects, audio projects are my favorite. Building Terry Mason's Hot Rod Show is so much fun. I have built over 6,000 pieces of audio over the last decade for the show. I love building individual classic car events. I will work on a show for months to make it come together. My show is all about the very best communication, sponsorship recognition and entertainment for the cruisers at car shows. So I drove 420 miles roundtrip to buy the right desk. Next will be desk chair, chair mat, a Shure 55

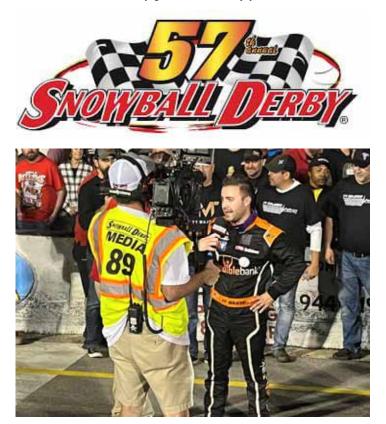


microphone, boom mic hanger, a desktop PC, amp & mixer. I get excited about projects. I'll work with the basics I already have for the moment.



DOR PRIZES GRAND PRIZE DRAWING GRAND PRIZE DRAWING CHRISTMAS MUSIC SHOW Right now I'm utilizing my new studio to build a Christmas Music show for the North Pole Rod Run, a Cruise-In to benefit kids for Christmas, Saturday December 7 at Edgewater Mall in Biloxi, MS from 10 am to 2 pm. We have never performed a Christmas music show before, so a lot of work will go into building four hours of Christmas music. Registration fee is a new unwrapped toy for a child for Christmas. There will be Door Prizes, Top 10 Awards and a

Grand Prize drawing. Powered by Motorsports Magazine and Auto Zone! This is a very good event every year!



We will get up early, 5 am to go to Biloxi and set up the Christmas show, then we'll hurry back home, get a few hours sleep and get up early to go cover the 57<sup>th</sup> Annual SNOWBALL Derby at Five Flags Speedway in Pensacola, FL on December 8. The winner of the SNOWBALL Derby will win \$50,000! Four days (begins Dec 5) of incredible racing featuring the greatest drivers in the USA in Super Late Model and Pro Late Model Racing

divisions, along with many other local divisions. It is the Super Bowl for these racers. Win any race during that four days of Derby racing and you have made a huge accomplishment. This race began in 1968 and they have had incredible storied drivers in the field over those 56 years. Be sure to buy a program and review all the drivers that have tried to win that Tom Dawson trophy. Last year's SNOWBALL Derby winner, Ty Majeski, just won the 2024 NASCAR Craftsman Truck Series Championship.





The average person in a 200 mile radius of Pensacola has no idea how important this event has become. You can now watch all four days of SNOWBALL Derby racing on TV with Flo Racing; however the best seat is at the track. Ticket packages allow you access to the pits, drivers and all four days of racing. Call (850) 944-8400 for tickets and ticket packages. It is so frickin cool.

Merry Christmas from E and I...Next we cover the 57<sup>th</sup> Annual SNOWBALL Derby...see you there!

May the good Lord bless and keep you til next month...

## Terry

terrymasonbarfield@gmail.com

Facebook: Terry Mason's Hot Rod Show Hear a demo of Terry Mason's Hot Rod Show on **Facebook** by searching for Terry Mason's Hot Rod Show" and "**Like Us**" while you're there or search for "Terry Mason's Hot Rod Show" on **YouTube.com** for the show demo or contact Terry @ 228.669.8122



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### SOLD FOR DIAPER MONEY -

41 years ago in 1983 a man named Earl learned that his young wife was pregnant with his first son. Knowing the financial needs coming he made the decision to sell his beloved 1967 Marina Blue Camaro. That son ended up being me, and I learned the story when I was a teenager. Dad would always joke that he had to sell his Camaro for diaper money. There has always been a twinkle in his eye when he talked about this car, and even though he would never admit it I knew deep down he loved that car more than any other he had ever owned.

Dad would recall the very specific details of this car so much that I had them burned into my brain. 1967. 350 V8. Marina Blue. White Stripes. Automatic. Crager aftermarket wheels. White letter tires. Dual exhaust. I could close my eyes and see it.

The moment I heard about this car I dreamed of one day somehow finding a way to give it back to him. Tonight I finally did it. I gave dad back his car. Fully restored. He had no idea. Mom had no idea. Nobody had any idea.

I've owned the car for years and been working on it secretly this entire time for this moment. Somehow I was able to really keep a true secret. The reveal was absolutely perfect.

With some searching and pure luck I located the car in 2022 nearly in Oklahoma. The car was rough, full of wiring problems, had engine issues and questionable wheels. But it was intact.

The past couple of years I have slowly worked to tastefully update many parts, correct every issue, test every function, and even found a brand new set of period correct 15" crager wheels, identical to the set dad had on the car in the early 80's! Tonight on his 65th birthday, I handed him the keys.

I've only seen my dad cry two times in my entire life. Dad only smiles, laughs and selflessly gives his best effort in the service of others. Tonight I saw him cry a third time, as he realized the car in parking lot that looked just like his old one, was actually his after all. He was shocked. He threw his arms around me.

And it was one of the best moments of my entire life.

I love you Dad. Thanks for the diaper money.

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Jared Guynes

### Friends we haven't yet met



There are no strangers here, Only friends you haven't yet met. — William Butler Yeats (1865 – 1939) Irish poet

© Leon Aldridge 2024

Friends come from everywhere. Some we have for a short time, some for a lifetime. And a few, it takes a little longer to meet.

I used to ride motorcycles. I used to fly airplanes. Both have taken me to many places where I've met many friends.

Like the time about 1978, give a take a year. I left out of Mount Pleasant, heading south on a motorcycle. Harlingen in the Texas Rio Grande Valley was the destination. To an air show. Not just any airshow, but the annual October event staged by the Texas war plane preservation group known today as the Commemorative Air Force. Their trademark was, and still is, a realistic reenactment of the 1941 Japanese attack on the U.S. Naval fleet at Pearl Harbor. Flying authentic 1940s vintage combat aircraft.

At the Harlingen airport, I dismounted my bike and walked toward the entrance gate, camera bag over my shoulder. I saw a small portable building off to one side bearing a sign simply saying, 'Press.' So, I pulled out my Texas Press Association card. I was not preregistered for credentials, but as my grandmother always told me, "It doesn't hurt to ask, all they can say is no." In this case, the young lady at the desk said, yes. "What publication are you representing?"

"The newspaper in Naples, Texas ... The Monitor," I reported. Then waited for questions.

"Here's your credentials." She shoved a lanyard across the table and added, "There's a golf cart outside. Someone will take you to the media bleachers." I was disappointed that she didn't ask, "Where's Naples, Texas?"

The cart stopped at a grandstand on the flight line and center stage for the show. "Take any seat not marked VIP," instructed the driver. From where I stood at the moment, it all looked like VIP to me.

Spotting an empty seat just aft of the designated ones, I settled in as a black 1941 Lincoln convertible pulled up. "Ladies and gentlemen ..." the PA system blared. "Featured announcer and celebrity guest, Tennessee Ernie Ford."

Ford, popular singer and television host known in country and western, pop, and gospel musical genres from the 1940s through the 1970s, served as a navigator and bombardier in World War II leading to his involvement with the CAF from 1976 to 1988. He was seated in the VIP section. Right smack dab in front of me.

I would attend many CAF air shows in the years to come, but that first time was memorable for several reasons. Sitting near Tennessee Ernie Ford. Meeting Greg "Pappy" Boyington, the World War II fighter pilot Ace portrayed by Robert Conrad in the 1970s TV show "Baa Baa Black Sheep" about Boyington's wartime service. And learning the perks of a press card. I also remembered the Pearl Harbor dramatization. Fighters, bombers, pyrotechnics, smoke, sirens blaring. And that pause in the middle of it all clearing a Southwest Airlines commercial flight for landing.

That trip, and the events of that day, I would remember for a long time. Some 30 years later, in fact, when I was at the EAA Air Venture air show in Oshkosh, Wisconsin watching the CAF reenactment again. Working an outdoor trade show at the largest airshow of its kind in the world. Where every July, aircraft take-offs and landings total 21 to 23 thousand in 11-days. This time with, working with Portacool colleague, Jim Altom.

A guy stops and greets Jim as a longtime friend. Jim turns to me and says, "Leon, meet Randy Henderson ... best pilot you'll ever meet."

We quickly became acquainted as airplanes buzzed overhead. I learned that Henderson was a championship aerobatic pilot flying airshows worldwide and a captain for Southwest Airlines.

I related to my newfound friend, that first CAF event down in Harlingen, where the show paused for a Southwest flight to land. "I couldn't help but think," I laughed, "what an experience it must have been for passengers looking out the window and seeing WWII "war birds" and a full-scale "battle" underway.

"You were there, too," Randy smiled? "I was a rookie pilot on that Southwest Flight. And I remember that day."

Sometime after that simply by chance meeting, Randy performed his Texas T-Cart flying skills at a Center, Texas airshow on a Spring Saturday afternoon. We visited again, laughed, and talked about Jim Altom.

Randy is retired from Southwest now, but still dazzles spectators with airshow performances. I haven't talked to him since our mutual friend, Jim Altom, passed away three years ago. Maybe I'll catch Randy at a show. Soon.

I don't ride motorcycles anymore. I don't fly airplanes anymore, either. Both activities best left to those who keep their skills sharp.

But I do still believe that God sends people into our lives, turning strangers into friends. Some we meet right away. And some we come close to, but have to wait a while for the meeting.



# RBB Photography & Design





Ryan Berg - Gulf Coast MotorSports Magazine

During the week of Cruisin there are so many things to do. Sometimes you have to look away from the

to do. Sometimes you have to look away from the official schedule to find some unique automotive events that are happening locally.

On Wednesday we love to attend a local shop in the evening time. Soulless Innovations out of Gulfport holds their open house cruise in during this week. They open their shop to the public to see what they are working on while serving some amazing red beans and rice. There was also a young man there selling some amazing home made lemonade to help raise money to send things to those affected by a recent hurricane. I won't lie that was the best 20 dollar cup of lemonade I've had. Love seeing young ones trying to help where they can.

Another one of those events is Truck 'N' Tacos in Long Beach at the beautiful town green during the day on Thursday and Friday. During this 2 day event there are lots of beautiful trucks and vendors. Everything from on site artist laying awesome pinstripes to amazing local food. This is always a fun event to swing through.

Last event I want to mention was a first year one called Supper at Sullys at the Richburg Hall. This was a unique event of live music, food and amazing vehicles from the Southern Muscle Car Club all inside one gorgeous venue. I will be apart of this event again next year for sure.

These are just a few of the amazing unofficial events going on during the week of Cruisin. There is so much to do for everyone.

Now that we are in December I want to encourage y'all to get out to one of the awesome toy drive car shows that are going on. One thing I love about the car scene here on the coast is there really isn't ever an off season for us. There is always something going on year round.

Special thank you to all the supporters and want to wish yall a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. We will see yall next year at an event somewhere.









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## **Mississippi NSRA** Safety Update.....



Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to everyone from your MS safety team!!

**Thomas Yates** 

Our Safety year runs November to October, as a

team we conducted 75 inspections last year, and we would love to double that this year so please find one of our team members and let them inspect your 1995 and older vehicles

Remember that we can work with you on club days to get inspections done so that we're all ready to get out and enjoy our cars safely. If your club wants to do a club meeting inspection day, please get with me ASAP as dates are filling up.

Safety inspections are at no cost to you, you don't have to be a NSRA member & the inspector might point out something you need to know about your vehicle. We aren't criticizing your vehicle, we are looking for safety Items only. Even if your vehicle doesn't pass, you just had a nice conversation with a fellow enthusiast who appreciates your vehicle and interest in the hobby.

Please note that all Safety Inspectors are volunteers, we do this for the safety of the car enthusiast, plus we get to meet new car people and visit with our fellow car enthusiasts.

Just a reminder to check your tire DOT dates, we are noticing and talking with folks that didn't know your tires need to be replaced every 6 years. It doesn't matter if they look good or not the tire will come apart from the inside.

We still need some volunteers for the Safety Team in North MS. Please let me know if you are interested or have any auestions.

Please carry an automotive fire extinguisher in your vehicles.

Monthly Safety Tip - Self Aligning rod ends

Check for cracks And fractures in the housing. Check for wear, sloppiness, or binding of the inserts. This check will also include checking tie rod ends for fractures and excessive play. All rod end bearings that have any misalignment should have 1/8 to 1/4-inch spacer on each side of the ball. Misalignment should not exceed 10 degrees. Rod ands and 4-bar parallel radius rod system rubber bushed rod ends should have a safety washer at least the same outside diameter as the housing or larger.

STAY SAFE OUT THERE! .... Thomas Yates

### Current NSRA Safety Inspector team members.

MS Gulf Coast Area Jerry Cuevas - 228-326-7489 Thomas Yates - 601-832-9646 Terry Poore - 228-216-1259 Steve Kanter - 228-832-8262

Jerimy Powell - 601-720-3196

Jackson Area

NSRA Safety Inspector for Mississippi

Thomas Yates - Ph 601-832-9646

Mississippi NSRA State Rep. -

Johnny Knochenmuss - 601-938-3060





I am constantly hearing opinions of folks telling me and others, this hobby/sport is dying off. Or we need younger folks to get involved. I have apparently a different set of eyes as well as some ideas so buckle up folks. Instead of complaining actively do something about it.

For example, take your grandchildren with you to a car/truck event. Who knows something out here in hotrod land just might peak their interests. Take them for a ride in your prized possession, better yet get up early enough to bring one to school. Another good idea is to go participate in any event that the younger crowd is having, be an old timer ambassador. Encourage the younger folks where ever you go. These young folks today are doing some mighty fine craftsmanship on lots of varieties of cars and trucks, I always look at the work that was involved in building their rides.

But I don't like their music, is another big complaint by many of the more veteran enthusiasts share, get past that, its not forever when you attend a younger crowds' event. We can endure this easily; our parents did the same with most of us. I don't know how they accomplished that feat but they did, try as you might to emulate your parents' ability to ignore your music choices.

Get your kids or grand kids involved at a young age, by this I mean get them safely under or in your car to help with some minor repairs, or cleaning up your ride of choice. Get them to help with washing or waxing your machine, its time well spent for both the young and old.

I can only expand on how I got my two teenage sons involved with fun with cars. I figured there are many things teenage boys could get involved with so, I helped them buy a project car and the three of us began working towards a goal of getting it running as well as looking nice, it kept them busy for quite a few years and our youngest son still has that project. Our oldest son, in his mid-20s had quite a stable of projects to be completed, two fox body mustangs, a jeep, two Chevrolet mini vans, and his daily and show worthy S-10, as well as a motorcycle prior to his passing in 1997.

At present and for the last several years I have successfully got my oldest grandson involved in this fun with cars stuff, and his younger brother is my next target. I have taken them both to some Scrappin the Coast events, several local shows and even brought them both to school when I had my 32 roadster, lots of infectious vehicular moments and memories we shared. I even exposed them to riding with me on a couple short bike rides.



Just be more encouraging with the youngsters coming up behind us, you may never know how a positive comment about their skills or ability can make a lasting impact on some of our future builders or wrenches. It is becoming their future; we just need to try to encourage and welcome them along their way.

The Queen and I would like to wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy & Prosperous New Year.

From the Carriage House, Later Gizmo.

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Name That Tune from page 7	
1 - O Come All Ye Faithful	K
🕵 2 - Joy to the World	
😓 3 - Hark, the Herald Angels Sing	2
😵 4 - Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem	8
🐧 5 - Silent Night	ŝ
⊱ 6 - We Three Kings of Orient Are	
🛜 7 - The First Noel	-
🔇 8 - Deck the Halls	Č.
😓 9 - White Christmas	
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Original Painting "Christmas on the Rappahannock" by Ray W. Forquer

### A Christmas Story

Granddaddy placed me on his knee, he fuzzed my hair and smoked his Bing Crosby pipe. The world smelled like Prince Albert in a can.

"The year was 1862," Granddaddy began his story. "The day was Christmas. The place was eastern Virginia."

East Virginia. God's country. Where the Rappahannock River traverses the Blue Ridge Mountains, then dumps itself into the Chesapeake like a pitcher of ice tea. The War was on. The landscape was torn up from war.

"And it was so cold," said Granddaddy.

Paralyzingly cold. The winter of 1862 was brutal. You could break a tooth eating a bowl of soup.

Eighteen-year-old privates were sleeping on barren earth, huddled together like puppies beneath woolen blankets. Grown men—military men—spooned together, just to survive.

But this cold snap was nothing compared to the hunger. Some soldiers were so hungry they were eating their tobacco. There are stories about soldiers eating their own shoe leather.

Christmas morning came with fresh misery. A wet snow had fallen overnight. Gaggles of army boys awoke with frostbitten noses and frozen earlobes. Others were coughing themselves to death.

The opposing armies were camped on opposite sides of the river. Gray coats on one side. Blues on the other. Before evening, these countrymen would probably be killing each other. "It was a hell of a time to be a soldier."

I interrupted my Baptist grandfather. "Grandaddy, you can't say 'hell."

My grandfather, the grizzled veteran who spent his youth dodging shells in Anzio, Italy, said, "Son, there is no other word for war but hell."

That morning, a few young soldiers were on patrol near the banks of the Rappahannock. They stopped patrolling when they saw the enemy on the other side of the river, also patrolling.

Both groups halted.

Soldiers on both sides of the river were skin and bones, with sunken eyes and the pallor of cadavers.

It was a stare down between adversaries. But nobody reached for their rifles.

Instead, in a moment of pure instinct, one patrol soldier waved at the enemy.

His partner punched his shoulder. "What are you doing?"

"What's it look like I'm doing? I'm waving."

"At THEM?"

"It's Christmas," said the man. At which point he cupped a hand to his mouth and shouted, "Hello, over there!"

"Hello, yourself!" came the reply from across the river.

"Merry Christmas to you!"

"Same to you!"

"Say, you got anything to trade over there?"

"Not much! We got parched corn and tobacco-that's about the size of our Christmas!"

By now hundreds of privates from opposing armies had gathered on opposite shores. They were all eyeing each other. Grays and blues. Capulets and Montagues. Sharks and Jets.

"Let's trade gifts!" someone shouted.

In a moment, the groups of men started gathering items to trade with the enemy.

The men grew suddenly cheerful. There was even laughter heard on the banks of the Rappahannock. It felt like Christmas.

The soldiers built makeshift toy sailboats, pieced together with sticks. They used handkerchiefs for sails, then placed the tiny boats into the river and sailed them to the opposite shore.

Each boat was filled with whatever gifts the soldiers could find. Trinkets, pocket change, carved figurines, folding jackknives. Parched corn. Roasted persimmons. You name it.

When the first fleet of boats arrived, the soldiers on the opposing side were thrilled with the gifts. They whooped and hollered. Then they refilled the boats and sent a return fleet to the opposite shore.

The enemy rafts drifted across the current toward the starving soldiers, who chased the little boats along the banks like schoolchildren.

Each boat was found packed with bags of coffee, sacks of sugar and salt pork.

"You sent us REAL coffee, Yank!" said one soldier. "Thanks!"

"We sent you sugar, too!"

"Thank you, Yank!"

"Thank you, Johnny!"

"Merry Christmas to you!"

"Same to you, fellas!"

They ate. They drank. They smoked their pipes. They offered thanks. They hollered jokes across the river. They sang songs of home.

And one of the soldiers from that fateful day wrote this:

"...We were brothers, not foes, waving salutations of goodwill in the name of the Babe of Bethlehem, on Christmas Day in '62. At the very front of the opposing armies, the Christ Child struck a truce of us, broke down the wall of partition, became our peace. We exchanged gifts. We shouted greetings back and forth. We kept Christmas and our hearts were lighter of it, and our shivering bodes were not quite so cold."

My grandfather finished telling the tale. Tapped his empty pipe against his thigh.

And as he walked away, he said, "You can figure the moral of this story out for yourself, son."

And I pray I never forget it.

Merry Christmas. SEAN DIETRICH







### Six Were Built In 1952 And Four Remain



I am talking about the 1952 Packard Pan American Convertible that was a concept car produced in 1952. The Pan American was one of several sports car ideas that styling consultant Richard Arbib doodled up for the Henney Body Company of Freeport, Illinois, a long time supplier of Packard based hearses, ambulances, and other professional cars.

A successful industrial designer since the late thirties, Arbib had also worked for General Motors and, after the war, the Harley Earl Corporation. When a falling out with Earl prompted him to go freelance in 1949, Arbib contacted a previous employer, industrialist Charles Russell Feldmann. Feldmann had just purchased the Henney Body Company (for the second time) and wanted help with redesigning its professional coachwork to Packard's new 1951 "high pockets" styling.

Arbib became a Henney consultant and one-man styling

staff. Feldmann desired to expand Henney's business by "doing something in the sports car area" as the designer later recalled. Arbib drew up a two-seat sports convertible based on John Reinhart's 1951 production design. Arbib named it the "Pan American". Feldmann was so impressed he ordered a car to be built at a reported cost of \$10.000.

Arbib's design was based on a Series 250

Packard convertible that was cut in half horizontally in order to remove a four-inch strip of body thus reducing the height. To lengthen the car, Arbib drastically extended the rear quarter panels while the windshield was cut and lowered for a sportier look. The lengthened appearance was accentuated by a Hudelson -Whitebone continental spare tire, placed behind a shortened rear lid. The bumper was moved slightly to the rear and a splash pan was utilized. Modest chrome fins were placed over special round taillights. A wide functional hood scoop was customized, and a rear deck lid, Arbib's design called for removing the rear seat stating that it was unsuitable for a sports car.

The headlight bezels and the inner grille section were colormatched to the body's magnificent gold-green paint. The grille was standard, with its outer bars shaved and mesh inserts added The concept car sat on wide white walls on chrome wire wheels for a stunning finishing touch. These were made out of used wheels, as new ones were unavailable at this time after the war.

The upholstery was top grain oyster white leather on the seats, dash, door panels, sun visors, and steering wheel, with contrasting leather on the steering wheel spokes, door trim





panels, door handles, pleated seat sections, and rear panels of seat backs.

Packard's intention was to create far more than a concept car. The Pan American signaled that Packard was assertively claiming a position in the luxury car market. The automobile won a top award in March, 1952 at the New York International Motor

> Sports Show in New York City. The Packard Pan American Convertible went on to win again at the Petersen Motorama auto show in Los Angeles, California. The car was featured in magazines and newspapers worldwide It was even featured in the Rose Parade.

> This car was believed to be a "one-off" for a long time, but actually six were built. Due to the interest and popularity expressed by the

first car, Packard agreed to have five more Pan Americans built at the Henney Motor Company.

Packard management struggled to believe there was a viable market for a convertible projected to cost at least \$18,000.00 during a time when the top of the line Lincoln Capri six passenger convertible cost \$3,665.00 and the eight-seater Cadillac Series 75 Fleetwood \$5,643.00. Packard's most expensive production model, the Patrician 400, was only \$3,767.00.

The project was not totally in vain as the Pan American inspired the 1953 Caribbean production car.

My Uncle Ezra was a school teacher. He told me that a classroom is like a Model T. Its got an old crank in front and a bunch of loose nuts in the back.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

"Gotta Cruise!"

Greg "Cubby" Hole

trunktalesbycubby@yahoo.com

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This Month we headed to The Knights of Columbus Annual show at Annunciation Catholic Church in the Kiln. Was a nice show as always with a good turnout of support for their benefit. Got to see and hang with a lot of friends as the carshow season starts to wind down for a few of the Winter weeks.

The rest of our Month Me/Glenda had several Trunk-r-Treat events we attend. Started these events at the Pearlington Library annual event, what a way to start the candy month off with around 600 kids coming past us.

On Saturday I headed to Slidell for the Coastal Cruisers Camella city 27th Annual Car Show along with their Trunk-r-Treat. They had full parking lot. Good music playing, lots giveaway prizes and some great silent auction items. They also had several food vendors like Eggrollin Hut (The best around). And of course we had kids coming through the show getting their candy bags filled.

Left Slidell event and headed over to the Misfits 26th Annual Trunk-r-Treat in Bay Saint Louis at the Train Depot. Glenda met me there with candy refills from our house. Was a fun night of another several hundred kids crowding through the depot grounds for their sugar rush. The Misfits had hotdog/Chilli/chip plates and also drinks. They also had their yearly kids costume contest with prizes for the different age classes.

Then on Halloween night we headed over to Coleman Avenue in Waveland for their trunk-r-treat. As always this event has a lot of kids walking through. This one was one of the biggest Trunk-rtreats that we've ever done. Somewhere around 2300/2500 kids.

We always start out these events with 4500/5000 pieces of



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candy in the old truck. We ended the night with about 40/50 pieces of candy left in Glendas bowl, she said she had a sugar rush just from the sugar residue on her hands. Hahahaha

It was a fun time with friends at each event and great times as always.

Several toy/food drives coming up in the next few weeks hosted by our local car/bike clubs. If you can head out to their event and drop a toy or non perishable food items off to them.

Thanks and remember to watch for our friends out riding their bikes. ..... Allen





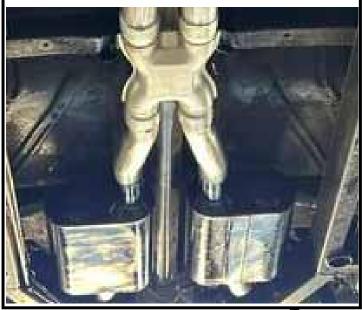


"You know that song, 'Grandma got run over by a reindeer?" Well, I'm that reindeer."





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You Could Win This Fire Truck Pedal Car at the North Pole Rod Run December 7 Edgewater Mall - Hwy 90 - Biloxi, MS.



Dear Mr. Jimbo,

My name is Bradyn Cuevas and I am 9 years old. I have attended many local car shows with my family for a few years, and have helped my dad on our 1966 GMC pick-up.

When my parents packed up my John Deere bedroom and asked me what I wanted, I told them a "Rat Rod".

I wanted a old truck to be my bed. After my dad and I sanded and painted a old truck bed, this is what I got.

I wanted everyone to see the "Coolest bed in the World".

Sincerely, Bradyn Cuevas

PS: before you get any ideas.. that's my sister Jadyn sitting next to me...

Bradyn, how kool is that! Man your dad is the best. I showed this to my wife but she just shook her head No!!! and said " I don't care how cool Bradyn's bed is, your are not going to take our bed out and put a truck in the house!!!"

Maybe when your

ready to build your first 'Rat Rod' you can take the ol' truck out of the bedroom and put it on the street..... Jimbo .... Oct 2011



### 13 years later



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# Edward's Discount Drugs · 103 W Frontage Rd. · Lucedale, MS



As I write this rticle, our country is

celebrating Veterans Day. Thank

By: Joyce & Mike Lachaussee

you for your service and sacrifice doesn't seem enough.

We should all be grateful for a democratic election without any strife. We have this right because of those who went before us and many gave the ultimate sacrifice, their life.

### THANK YOU, VETERANS!





7:30 am. - 10:30 am.

Ray and Gladys Hanser from Perkinston made their second trip to the Breakfast Cruise In with a different car this time. They arrived in style in their 1972 Cadillac Coupe DeVille in all of it's 22' of glory.

It's original brown with darker brown vinyl top with 472 cu, 4bbl. It gets all of 13 miles per gallon.

Ray and Gladys say that doesn't matter because they are enjoying the comforts this iconic car provides.

I sat behind the driver's seat and was forced to get out. It's so plush and comfortable. We were glad to see you and a piece of beauty from our past.

Join us next month at Edwards's Discount Drugs in Lucedale with or without a vehicle.







expires 12/31/2024

24

### **Christmas Memories The Christmas Coat**

An old boy was fumblin around one day In a women's clothing store. He'd found his wife a Christmas coat and was headed for the door, when he bumped into a little boy that looked like he was lost.



And he said "Mister can you help me find out how much something costs? Here it is almost Christmas and the nights are gettin cold, winter time is on us and my mom don't have a coat. I've been workin for the neighbors and saving for a time" And in his tiny outstretched hand was a dollar and a dime.

His gaze went from that big eyed boy to that pretty Christmas coat and he finally cleared away the lump that had gathered in his throat.

He said "Son that's just what this coat costs we're lucky that we found 'er", and he turned around and gave a wink to the lady at the counter. She put it in a pretty box and wrapped it up just so and went off in the back, and found a big red Christmas bow.

He said "I thank you for your help sir and I kindly thank you ma'am I hope y'all are gonna have a big Christmas, cause now I know I am"

Well the old boy walked home busted except for the dollar and the dime thinkin he'd just have to buy the coat another time. He told his wife that Christmas this year wouldn't be much fun and he gently took her in his arms and told her what he'd done.

She said " why you old softie I wouldn't trade you for a farm I've got two or three old coats and your love to keep me warm

" She put that money in a matchbox And placed it beneath their tree and said "that is the grandest gift you've ever given me"

The years went by like years will do when people are in love their marriage was a golden bond that was forged by God above. Then one day came some bitter news that filled his heart with fright. The doctor told the old man's wife that she was going to lose her sight. He said "there's an operation we can do but it puts me on the spot cause it's a quite complex procedure and it's going to cost a lot"

The old man said "doctor I'm a failure I've made no preparation we don't have the money for that kind of an operation "

The doctor got the strangest look and he sat there for a while and then he slowly nodded and he broke out in a smile.

He said, " why sir you can't fool me you're a very wealthy man You long ago invested in the world's best savings plan, I'll see she gets the best of care She's going to be just fine, and the total cost to you old friend is a dollar and a dime"

The old man stared in disbelief then he recognized that smile the one he'd seen those years ago on a loving thoughtful child. He said "what you gave to me that day was more than just a coat, you gave me the gift of giving and you gave my mother hope. My mother been mistreated, neglected and abused but she gave life just one more chance, and it was all because of you. Now every year she takes that coat and lays it beneath our tree it represents to us the things that Christmas ought to be.

She says that when we leave this world for a better home someday the only things that we'll take with us are the things we gave away "





# TO POST YOUR EVENT Email: editor@dixiepress.com



### DONATIONS: 228-392-8281

### **EVENTS & SHOWS**

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### DECEMBER

December 1 Kiln, MS ASGARD Motorcycle Club Presents The 40TH Annual Toy Run Charity Motorcycle Ride. . Rain or Shine! EVERYONE WELCOME. Ride to Gulfport Dragway, Leave Dragway at 11:00am Leaving Sidelines, Hwy 57 Exit 57 11:00am., Leaving Home Depot, Cedar Lake Rd, Exit 44 at 12:00pm. Ride to Knights of Columbus, Water Street, Biloxi, MS. 2:00pm Party after the ride at Harley Shop, Cedar Lake Rd., Exit 44. Food, Beer and Music at the Harley Shop. Toy Drop Off Locations... The Kiln Flower Shop, Sidelines Bar & Grill, Broke Spoke, J.R.'s Lounge. Run info and Donations: 228 392-8281

**December 7 Biloxi, MS North Pole Rod Run** 10am-2pm. Door Prizes, Terry Mason's Christmas Music Show, Top 10 Awards, Grand Prize Drawing. Dash Plaques first 50 vehicles. Registration fee: Donations of New unopened Toys & Non-perishable food items. Collected items will be distributed to Toys For Tots, & Feed my Sheep here on the Mississippi Gulf Coast. Info "JR" 228 314-4405 or Jimbo 228 596-0664

**December 13 Lucedale, MS 2nd Friday Breakfast Cruise-in at Edward's Discount Drugs,** 103 W Frontage Rd., Lucedale, MS. Cruise by and join us on the 2nd Friday of the month. Begins around 7:30 am till 10:30 am. Enjoy breakfast or just a cup of coffee, check out the cars/trucks, and shoot the breeze. For more info call Mike Lachaussee 228-369-1431

### January 2025 February 2025

February 27 Gulfport, MS Gulfport Dragway 5th Annual. SDPC Raceshop Great American Bracket Races Red, White and Blue BOGO 100K and Moser Engineering 40Ks will invade Gulfport Dragway Feb 27- March 2, 2025!!!!!

The main Event, \$100,000.00 to WIN, will be the highest paying bracket/drag race in Gulfport Dragway history!!!!!!







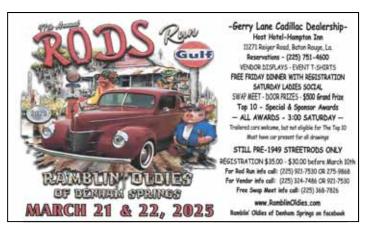




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March 15 Monroe, LA 4th Annual Full Blown PINK Car Show, Downtown Monroe River Market, 316 South Grand St. Info: Full Blown Pink Car Show — The Muffler Shop

**March 21-22 47th Annual R.O.D.S. Run.** Great awards, door prize for just about everyone, good food, vendors and a free swap meet on site, \$600 in cash prizes. Plus, we raise money for Hospice of Baton Rouge and Mary Bird Perkins Cancer Center each year... Looking forward to putting on our pre-1949 rod run again, and hope everyone can make it. And if you have a street rod, please register! Bobby Spann Secretary, Ramblin' Oldies of Denham Springs



March 22 Gulfport, MS Gulfport Dragway's 2nd Annual Gulf Coast Show-Stopper Car Show and Swap Meet. Saturday March 22nd at Gulfport Dragway. Car Show Registration - \$25 (No Pre-Registration Required) Free to Public. Gates Open at 7:30am or sooner. Registration 8am-11:30am. Judging 12 noon-2pm. Awards Approx 3pm. Live Band 11am-3pm. Classes pre-40's, 1940-1949, 1950-1959, 1960-1969, 1970-1979, 1980-1989, 1990-1999, 2000+ & Rad Rods Awards Top 3 in Each Class. (Top 5 with 15 or more in class) Overall Top 10 to include the "Show-Stopper Best of Show." Best Paint, Best Engine Bay, Best Interior, People's Choice. Full Throttle Grill Concession Stand Open. -50/50 Raffle. -FREE Kids Bicycle Show. -FREE Swap Meet (Automotive related ONLY PLEASE) More Information? Phone-228-323-7325 Emailracegulfportdragway@gmail.com Facebook/ Instagram- Gulfport Dragway Gulfport Dragway is located 1 Mile South of I-10 on Canal Road. Look for the Gulfport Dragway sign.



March 22 Biloxi, MS Buggin the Beach 30th Annual Charity Car Show. \$25 preregistration \$30 day of show. Spectators Free. Raffle, 50/50, Awards, Music, Auction, Shirts & more... at the Beautiful Beauvoir, 2244 Beach Blvd., Biloxi, MS. Presented by: Mississippi Gulf Coast Volkswagen Club. For more information Email msgcvwclub@gmail.com

March 22 Hazlehurst, MS Join us at the Copiah County Airport for the Car & Truck Show, presented by: Sardis Baptist Church Youth Group. \$25 registration fee. Shine your ride and come on out! Top 20 Awards - judged by our youth group starting at 12:30. 50/50 Raffle, Door Prizes, Silent Auction. \*\*We will have Smyrna Youth selling pulled pork parfaits\*\* there will also be fresh lemonade! Copiah County Airport at 1001 Airport Ln, Hazlehurst, MS 39083. Info: Joanne 601-623-7272 or Jason 601-421-5890

March 29, Mobile, AL., 15th Annual Shirley Looney Memorial Car Show, a benefit for the Adam Looney Foundation, 8AM till 3PM. Located at Langan Park, 4901 Zeigler Blvd, Mobile, AL, and is Hosted by the Deep South Antique Automobile Club of America.



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April 5 Meridian, MS 3rd Annual Return of the Classics Returns with our third annual spring car show which will be held at The Precast Group 6261 Hwy 145, Meridian, MS. 39301. Entry \$25 Registration 9am-12pm. VIP Entry \$40. As we return we will be doing everything possible to continue to grow the show as the first year we went from 55 cars to the second year 89 cars. This spring we are hoping to once again grow the show. We will have Custom engine part trophies, and we will continue our engine block coffee table giveaway. We will also have our live music, 50/50 drawing, and food vendors better than ever. We will also continue our upgraded V.I.P spots. (Please note: All V.I.P registrations MUST be pre-paid and we only have limited spots) Other assets we will be adding to our show is outside judging, and we will be donating a portion of the proceeds to east pleasant grove church. So as me and my team of sponsors are working diligently to make this show better than ever we ask that you all come out and support us whether you bring a car or just come to enjoy a great time. Thank you all and can't wait to see you Info: 601-934-9902

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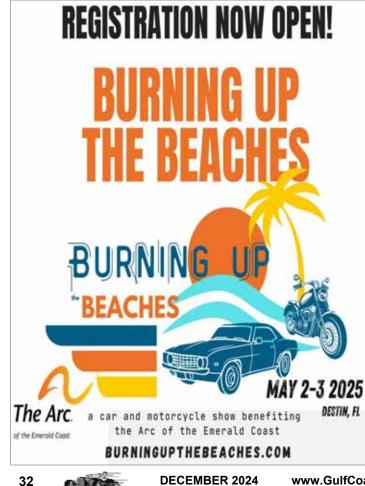


April 12 Gulfport, MS 10th Annual Cruisin' for Missions Car, Truck, Bike Show & Family Fun Day. 9:30 am to 2:00 pm. 15046 North Swan Road, Gulfport. mycrosspoint.org

April 25-26, Mobile, AL., MoparFest 2025, at the Battleship Memorial Park, 2703 Battleship Pkwy, Mobile, AL 36602. Big Easy Mopar Association and Hazzard Motor Sports will be teaming up for MoparFest & Jeep Invasion at The Battleship Park in 2025. This show benefits the Women's and Children Hospital in New Orleans. This is a Mopar only show and this year they are having a Jeep only class. For more information, call Eric at 504 512-0367.

### May

May 2-5 Destin, FL Burning Up the Beaches 2025 Itinerary Beach Bash Theme Thursday, May 1st. 2025 3-6 p.m. - Early Packet Pickup and onsite registration at The Island Resort Lobby Friday, May 2nd, 2025 8:00 a.m.-4 p.m. - Cruise stops (additional information in driver's handbook) 6-9 p.m. - Beach Bash theme dinner party at The Island Resort (Entertainment by Flash Flood) Saturday, March 3rd,







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1950 Studebaker Commander, 2-Dr 6-cylinder, 3-on-the-tree, rebuilt flathead motor, starts well, newly re-upholstered. New Mexico family-owned car (no Rust!), VIN: 17A-F3, 2822; ODO: 82359.8 as is, (currently stuck in gear, offers considered). \$8000 cash Contact Charles Crane at (601) 497-2807 and leave a message. in Clinton, MS 11/24



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1925 T-Bucket. Spirit body and frame. SBC 350 with a choppy cam, holley qft brawler 650 dbl pumper carb, built turbo 350 transmission with a 2300 stall converter. Disc front brakes, drum rear brakes. Obsidion jet black paint with clear. Frame and miscellaneous parts powder coated. I built 'er so I can answer any questions you have. A head turner for sure. Titled as a 1925, in my name. Located in Gulfport, Mississippi. \$22,500. Call Jimmy at 228 365-5609 10/24



1939 Oldsmobile. Complete project car. Everything is there. Engine was rebuilt 20 years ago, just never did anything with it. Make it your project for only \$1000 OBO call 228 697-1439 10/24



1999 Grand Cherokee, complete, needs head gasket. Car in great shape, too good to part out \$1200 OBO 228 697-1439 10/24



1953 Ford Victoria, 1994 Thunderbird engine, AOD transmission, new gas tank, new aluminum radiator. Texas title. A cool running car. \$12,000 Call Ken 432-466-3192 12/24

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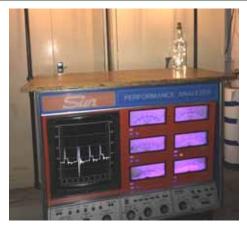


# GOT SOMETHING FOR SALE? BUY - SELL - TRADE

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**1941 Ford Sedan.**Body, floor and<br/>chassis are very nice. Front fenders and<br/>hood only fair. Lots of good parts. \$2000.Call Craig at 256-565-71969/24



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**2003 Honda VTX 1800** 17K miles, kept inside, very detailed. \$5000 OBO call 228 697-1439 10/24

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