



On My Mind: Burnell Curtis, President

ners have already been set up. The Formula 1 dinners are scheduled on the weekend that a Formula 1 race is being held. In addition, the restaurant chosen is the same nationality as the country in which the race is being held. We therefore get to try out different kinds of food. Actually, these dinners are just an excuse for Lone Star members to get together, have dinner, and shoot the breeze. We usually have about ten people attend. At both of the dinners that I attended, new couples came and fit in perfectly. Talking about your Porsche will do that. You should try one if you have not done so.

It is a cold January day and it is raining and I have writer's block. Maybe something will come to me as I write about the plans for the coming year.

Last night we had our first board meeting of 2007. We decided to try and find ways to attract more of you members that do not come to any of the activities. Our vice president, Dave Abmayr, is compiling a list of ideas on this subject. If you have some, send him an email at dabmayrsr@swbell.net and he will put them on the list. One item on the list has already been put into action. We are having the "Horses and Porsches" again in late January. By the time you read this, it will have already passed. I hope you got my email and came because the last time we had loads of fun. I am sure there will be an article on the event in the March PorscheNaut. The Formula 1 din-

On a personal note, I thought I was going to be involved in selling a Porsche. No, No, do not get alarmed; I am not talking about my 993. Some of you that have known me for a long time know that I bought a 18 volt Porsche Turbo for my grandchildren, who at the time were seven months old and not born yet. See the attached picture. The picture was taken in 2005. Now the grandkids are growing like weeds and their legs are too long for the car. They have other battery-powered cars so they do not need this one. The car is in North Carolina and I have encouraged my daughter to sell the car. We were riding down the freeway over the holidays and my daughter told me that a friend had young children and that he was interested in buying the car. I mentioned that I thought they should sell it. A little voice (my four year old grandson) from the back of the van spoke up. "No! No sell the car. Me like the car, me want to keep the little white car." Guess he inherited some of my genes.



See you at an event.

Burnell

