



pantera
CLUB OF NORTHERN
california



news

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No Meeting Minutes...

Due to the fact that there was no monthly PCNC meeting in December, there are no minutes to report, and thus (hopefully!) no corrections that will have to be made in next month's newsletter!

The club's first event will be the annual Super Bowl party and tech session held at Brent and Bev Stewart's house in San Jose; see the flyer elsewhere in this newsletter for all the details.

Here's looking to a great 2012!

Membership News

New Members for January:

We have no new members this month.

January Membership Anniversaries:

We congratulate the following persons for the indicated years of continuous membership in the Pantera Club of Northern California:

Philip Miller: 19 years	Barry and Kimberlee Muller: 16 years
Steve and Linda Liebenow: 15 years	Curt Hall: 12 years
Lincoln Auperin: 9 years	Gerald and Carole McGinness: 9 years
Joel and Sheryl Montero: 9 years	Chris McAllister and John Dilena: 8 years
Jay Leone: 7 years	Greg Taylor and Diane Silven: 5 years
Richard and Beverly Traxler: 5 years	Chuck and Lori Banks: 4 years
Charles and Nancy Rosebrook: 3 years	David Downer and Sonia Aramburo: 3 years

The Pantera Club of Northern California Annual Membership Report December 31, 2011

Number of Memberships December 31, 2010	148
Number of Memberships received in 2011	6
Number of Memberships removed in 2011	< 6 >
Number of Memberships December 31, 2011	148
Net Membership gain in 2011	-0-

The Pantera Club of Northern California Annual Mailing List Status Report December 31, 2011

Out of the 159 mailings of our December newsletter, 148 were to members, seven were to suppliers (who have supported our Annual Christmas Raffle or the Track Event), two went to POCA chapter presidents (or assignees), one was to a POCA officer and one was "other".

Greg Taylor,
PCNC Membership Coordinator

PCNC's Awards Banquet and Christmas Party

by Russ Britschgi

December 9, 6:30 p.m., cold and clear, the Crowne Plaza Cabana Palo Alto Hotel. This was the night and the place for the annual PCNC Awards Banquet and Christmas Party, so let the party begin.

When Doris and I arrived, about half the attendees of the 50 or so PCNC members were already there. As a matter of fact, as we walked through the door and into the main lobby we were greeted by a grand procession consisting of Steve and Merry Dalcino, Garry and Sue Choate, and Randy and Linda Libician Welch making their way down the main staircase from the second floor. Soon we were in the dining area for the evening's festivities. Diane Dean and Tom Galli, and from the looks of things a lot of help from others, had the tables festively decorated. Trevor Fougere had a side room filled with raffle prizes. This was a time for greeting people from near and far, the often seen and the seldom seen. People like Patty Alveralo and Brett Santos who we see regularly at club meetings, and Jack and Judy DeRyke who only make it over the Sierras once a year. It was also nice to



Jack and Judy DeRyke made the long drive from Nevada to join the party

see Rod and Irene Pack this year as well as John and Cheryl Colombero, Ken and Darlene Levin, Steve and Kim Griffin, and Jim and Barbara Murch, all of whom missed last year's party. We also had time to talk with people we see more often like Kevin and Valerie Ab-

bey or Diane Silven and Greg Taylor.

After some chatting and talking and perusing the raffle prizes, it was time for dinner. We were entertained by mandolin music played by Al Fabrizio. Al played with a guitar and keyboard background track. There is something



The hijinks got off to a rapid start, as Lori Albino and Susie Melton got tangled up with Silly String, and Ken Levin and Chuck Melton were a two-man bubble machine

soothing and relaxing about an Italian mandolin, and Al has it down pat. I hope you were able to get one or more of his CDs. Or if you were Steve and Linda Liebenow, Mark McWhinney, Garry Choate or Forest and Judy Goodhart, you would have won one in the raffle.

The dinner menu was varied, offering choices of Roasted Chicken Breast with seasonal vegetables, apple blue cheese stuffing and whole grain honey mustard sauce; Prime New York Steak with mashed potatoes, grilled king mushroom, vegetables and brandy peppercorn sauce; Pan Seared Salmon Fillet with seasonal vegetables, rice pilaf and lemon cream sauce; or Grilled Seafood Trio (Bay Scallops, Tiger Prawns and Fresh Catch of the Day) tossed with Linguini and lemon citrus sauce. I thought I would include the entire menu selection in honor of Emilia Seiferling who really covers the culinary experiences for Capitol Panteras.

After dinner there were awards to be handed out, raffle prizes to be won, and the announcement of the election results. Let me start with the last item. The elected officers for 2012 are Forest Goodhart, President; Ron DeMaderios, Vice President; Tom Galli, Treasurer;



Brent and Bev Stewart accept an award from Diane Dean for hosting the annual Super Bowl party. They'll be hosting again for 2012

Greg Taylor, Membership Coordinator; and Mike Drew, Secretary. Congratulations, guys!

Each year a tally of members' participation in club activities is maintained.

This year the total number of members participating in club-sponsored activities and events was 111. Those 111 members served as officers, wrote articles, attended meetings and events, or worked in the club store at the POCA Fun Rally a total of 714 different times. From the points granted for each different activity, the three members with the highest point totals and thus the recipients of The Most Active Member awards were Jack DeRyke, Larry Finch, and Diane Dean. All were well-deserved as a lot of work went into amassing all those points.

Trevor did a great job handling the raffle. What may be considered the top prize in the raffle, an iPad, went to Jill Lee. I think everyone in the room wanted to get that, with the possible exception of Tony Blevins who probably has on his desk a handful of prototype versions well beyond what is being produced now. Brent and Bev Stewart took home a Williams-Sonoma espresso maker and a couple of wrench sets, as well as some other items such as a dolly for hauling everything away.

Aside from the previously mentioned CD, Steve and Linda Liebenow



Ron DeMaderios passes the baton to incoming president Forest Goodhart

won the GoPro camera, one of those nifty little portable sports cameras for recording everything from wiping out on a skateboard to dropping into the Corkscrew at speed on the Laguna Seca track. Brian Bernard won a pair of goggles and a Starbucks coffee sampler; now if he should splash hot coffee in his face, his eyes will be protected.

Connie Martin and Darryl Johnson took home a Silver Rabbit corkscrew (one of those mechanical bottle cork removing devices that saves labor and keeps you from spilling wine all over yourself, the table and your guests), a beauty set, and a table

centerpiece. (No, it was not the property of the hotel; it was part of the decorations set up by the event committee and was raffled off.) A 19.2 volt mini drill went to Charles and Nancy Rosebrook along with a Sephora makeup bag and gift certificate. Chuck and Susie Melton got a wireless inspection camera (and a lot of proctology jokes), a set of flashlights (batteries included), and a ceramic fish hand-made and painted by Merry Dalcino (nice catch).

Mike and Nancy Haney won a Turtle Wax gift pack. Tony Blevins's date took home a 1946 Silver Liberty



A rather surprised Russ Britschgi accepted the President's Award as "A True Icon"

Half Dollar, and Tony took her home. Bud Millard got a wireless speaker for an iPod or MP3 player. Ron DeMaderios got a set of dogbone wrenches, a Pantera flag and a set of Vise-Grip pliers; and with Forest taking over as Chapter President, Bobbie gets Ron back. Such a deal!

Though not in the raffle, as we all know Lori Albino won Mike Drew. The jury may still be out on judging the quality of the prize, but Lori is happy and that is all that really matters. Congratulations to you both.

Finally to close out the evening,

Ron presented the President's Award to none other than me! What a treat! I really like the label "A True Icon". After all, what is an icon? I either think of icons in Greek Orthodox Churches, which are pictures of very old men, or of icons on a computer screen, just sitting there doing nothing. What irony, what a pleasure. Thank you Ron, I really like it.

And with that done and the centerpieces on the table gone it was time for the after-party party. However, that is a different story, "but it's good though".

Happy New Year!



It was especially nice to see Rod and Irena Pack



Chuck Melton and Steve Liebenow had a deep ZF talk

The Dawn Patrol

Story by Markus Woehler

Photos by Markus Woehler and Mike Drew

It's Sunday morning and the dreams are swirling around and around, reflections of the beautiful rolling art that have been assaulting the senses every waking moment at the "Monterey Concours Week". The dreams blend together the blur of automobile events, crowds of like-minded car connoisseurs, historic personalities, motorhead conversations and just about everything in between. Not to mention the dinners, cocktail hours and the sheer beauty of the Monterey Peninsula as a backdrop for this pageant to automobile fanaticism.

Suddenly, the alarm clock sounds and the dreams rapidly retreat as the reality of waking up at four in the morning rushes in. The dread of waking up and moving this tired body, battered by a week's worth of car shows, is quickly replaced by the sheer excitement of being there when the grandest car show in the country springs to life. We are waking up to attend the "Dawn Patrol" at the Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance.

Each year, Monterey welcomes what has clearly been anointed as the premier automobile event in the country, if not the world. The week has become a confusing list of must-see events that are now so numerous and scattered throughout the Peninsula, that the car aficionado must seriously consider skipping some in order to take part in others. Everybody has their favorites and has a carefully scripted plan of when to be where and what the

budget will allow. But almost everyone regards the Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance as the queen of the week's events and the culmination of what each year is arguably, the most incredible selection of cars in one place at one time.

Although some of the entered cars have been seen on tours or parked on the streets of Carmel, Sunday is the last day of the event week and the only day that the Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance is held. The Concours d'Elegance is unquestionably in a class by itself, featuring 30 different categories, with 229 entries including automobiles, race cars and motorcycles. Every classic time period is represented. In this year, for example, the Concours entrants spanned from the only known existing 1894 Benz Victoria to a 1972 Ferrari 365 GTS/4 Daytona Spyder which might well be the most modern car on the field besides the ubiquitous golf cart. The cars are assembled from collections around the country and as

far away as Europe, Lebanon, Argentina, Australia and Hong Kong. The uniqueness and variety of these cars is simply stunning when one realizes that they are often the only remaining examples in existence today.

A quick shower, some warm and water-resistant clothing and out the door to drive to the Del Monte Forest and the Pebble Beach enclave. The roads are mostly deserted which seems so strange after the crush of daytime traffic throughout the entire week. As is usual, the fog hangs low over the Peninsula and windshield wipers are necessary to see through the heavy mist. Up towards the Carmel Hill, the mist becomes even thicker and as expected, the few other cars on the road all take the same Pebble Beach exit...another batch of fanatics while everyone else enjoys their sleep.

Fumbling for the required gate pass, the bemused guard at the entrance to the Del Monte Forest community gives a friendly wave knowing full well



A pristine '63 Ferrari 250 GT/L (Lusso) driver checks in with the event authorities



A 1937 Frazer-Nash BMW 328 leads a Ferrari 250 GT) past the ever-growing crowd as dawn breaks

that you are one of the fanatics coming to see the show and not someone that security needs to worry about amongst the million-dollar homes. Now, you just follow the small group of cars deep into the dark forest with no street lights and so curvy that you lose all sense of direction. All you see are the brake lights in front and the fog misting heavily onto the windshield and you wonder why anyone would live in these kinds of conditions in the middle of the summer and pay enormous sums of money for the privilege!

Finally, you arrive at a clearing in the forest and you begin to see groups of young volunteer security guards directing traffic as well as hundreds of small amber lights clustered together on the empty fields between the trees. As you get closer, you realize the lights are from an incredible number of shiny automobile transport trailers all lined up in neat rows surrounded by men quietly talking or working to unload their precious cargo. You quickly realize that this entire part of the forest is covered with commercial tents, trailers and event structures but with very few people around.

Being here at 4:30 in the morning ensures that most guards or parking directors are either not yet at their stations or too sleepy to care. You find a nice dark spot in one of the designated VIP

parking lots and hope that no one catches on and finds that your vehicle is in fact not authorized to be there. You wrap your warm coat snug against the heavy drizzle and start to walk downhill towards the Pebble Beach Lodge and the famous 18th Fairway of the Pebble Beach Golf Course. It's not an easy walk in the dark since there are not many signs or lights and the fog obscures the way down the hill, but the few other fanatics are all going in the same direction and you just quietly fall in behind them.

Silently, we walk over the wet grass near the sponsor's tents and the smattering of new model cars that the sponsors are unveiling to the public. Nobody stops to admire the cars, nor does anyone go into the sponsor tents since the only goal is the 18th Fairway. Most venues are still closed and the cleaning crews are feverishly working to have everything ready by the time the ordinary spectators arrive.

Eventually, the elegant turn-of-the-century (last century) lodge comes into view as we scramble off the makeshift grassy walk onto the pavement surrounding the cluster of buildings that make up the Lodge. Real police officers and Lodge security are already patrolling the entryways as we continue to walk towards the water. The elegant porch and warm entry lighting are beck-

oning us to get out of the wet chill of the foggy forest, but protocol will not even allow you to step in unless you are one of the chosen few, correctly badged patrons. Instead, we trudge onward and downward along the unlit side of the Lodge, heading down the service vehicle access road, away from the reception entrance of the Lodge.

And just as we begin to wonder if maybe we had taken a wrong turn and in fact, see maids bustling into side entrances with piles of towels and sheets, we round the corner and see the first signs of the real purpose for this crazy early-morning adventure. Several classic cars are already forming a line with their motors cut off and people standing around them in hushed silence. The cars are standing in the dark as there are no utility lights on this side and the people walking are all just blurry shapes, huddled against the drizzle or walking down the unlit driveway.

Now there is a distinct increase in the volume of voices and chatter. A few steps past the front car and a small registration tent, we suddenly find ourselves walking onto the wet grass of the Pebble Beach Golf Course 18th Fairway and as our eyes adjust to the fuzzy darkness and the gathered small crowd, we realize that we have arrived just in time for...the Dawn Patrol.

As the scene slowly comes into

focus and the eyes adjust, you begin to see the lay of the land. Predominant on the scene are the eerie lights dimmed by the thick fog and façade of the spectacular Lodge now above us over the green. You can make out the awards stage centered on the front portico of the Lodge and you see the roped-off car path from the end of the access road, leading towards the dark distance of the fairway and the show grounds. You also immediately see a line forming around several tables filled with gigantic commercial coffee pots, boxes of donuts and all the requisite accessories to wake people up.

As your eyes adjust to the darkness, more and more people appear in small groups, quietly talking amongst themselves, enjoying their coffee and the quintessential camaraderie that these events bring out amongst the fanatics of the hobby.

The hospitality is provided by the Hagerty Group of specialty automobile insurance. They are clearly in their niche at this event which they have co-sponsored for many years now, and they have always provided for the early risers on the Dawn Patrol.

The air is convivial with a mish-mash of fabulously rich entrepreneurs who own or trade car collections, automobile magazine reporters from around the globe, automobile enthusiasts/fanatics, and guests or significant others that were somehow coaxed out of bed to attend, and a few other oddballs mixed in between. Many have known each other for years and greet each other like long-lost cousins despite not being able to make out any distinct faces in the dim and dreary light. Hagerty personalities in their signature blue jackets circulate throughout the crowd, greeting new people and recognizing their customer base. People, who would normally not give you the time of day because you don't belong to their social group, talk to you with a familiarity as if you are one of them with no apparent hesitation.

It is difficult to recognize faces but



A 1910 Daimler Limousine succumbs to mechanical maladies and grinds to a halt before the expectant crowd. Fortunately a sensitive mechanic is able to coax it back into motion

eventually you recognize them from the pages of magazines or even a television car show. The CEO of Hagerty comes up and hands you the coveted "Dawn Patrol" ball cap that is so much sought after each year and asks how you have enjoyed the week in Monterey. If you indicate that you are insured by Hagerty, he might even ask what you own and how it is running whereupon another bystander may overhear the answer and suddenly you find yourself in a crowd of interested car guys, asking about your respective rides. You tuck your precious ball cap into your pocket and with renewed confidence; you get back in line for more coffee and donuts because now you feel that you are part of this medium and a member of the Dawn Patrol crowd. You're in!

Ever so slowly, the drizzle starts to disappear and the fog lifts perceptibly. It is still completely dark but your stomach is filled and your blood has been warmed and thinned by the coffee. Slowly you begin to see the water and in the distance over Stillwater Cove, the shimmering lights of Carmel. The number of people becomes more distinct and you can begin to see their attire. The photographer-types are dressed for work and the drizzle while the players are wearing blazers and their

significant others are wearing what would be perfectly appropriate inside the Lodge. The event stewards and judges are increasingly more active and can be easily picked out in their blue and grey ensemble with straw hats. More and more official golf carts begin darting around as the visibility gets better and there is a noticeable migration of people staking out their territory along the roped off car path.

The first light of dawn is starting to break and photographers become increasingly agitated and territorial while onlookers are beginning to cluster together according to their affiliation or simply in their attempt to find "the perfect spot" to view the parade of cars with a guaranteed unobstructed view. Now the silence and low murmurs of the crowd are occasionally punctuated by the loud rasp of an unmuffled race car or a motorcycle making its way down from the trailer parking area to line up on the fairway access road and await its turn to enter. Slight currents of air in the windless, foggy dawn, bring tiny whiffs of burned gas or kerosene from the cars that are now lining up and testing out their motors to insure they will perform the required field entry.

Most cars in the competition must be able to drive themselves to their des-

ignated parking spot. For some of these trailer and museum queens, this is one of the few times they are coaxed to perform their designed task, which is the entire point of getting up at four o'clock in the morning to see this spectacle.

More people are now crowding the ropes. A young photographer sets up his equipment inside the rope line and is immediately verbally assailed by numerous spectators who insist that he move. Some unexpected rudeness breaks out. Beautifully dressed women can be heard berating their distinguished-looking gentlemen escorts about why exactly did they have to get up this early in the morning. Event coordinators firmly apply the rules for proper spectating and with good humor and gentle persuasion, prepare the entry path for the celebrated participants, because after all, it is all about the automobiles.

The fog has lifted higher. The air is completely still. The sea air has just a slight whiff of seaweed mixed every so often with the scent of perfume from a passing lady. This year, as in every

year since its inception in 1950, there is an excitement in the air as this gala event is about to unfold and everybody is ready to capture the moment that these beautiful rolling art forms grace this fairway.

It is 6:15 sharp and a cheer and applause break out at the Fairway entrance. All heads turn to the first car making its grand entrance. A sleek, long and low-slung, green 1954 Bentley R Type Sports Saloon is the first one on the field. It has come from the Principality of Monaco and is the only one in existence in the world. Everybody applauds the occupants as it slowly and silently drives by with only a small plume of white condensation exiting the almost silent exhaust pipe. The parade is on and almost every car elicits an approving nod, cheer or polite applause. Some owners are in period costume, enjoying the admiring crowd while others simply stare straight ahead and show nothing. Some are hired drivers, most are proud owners; proud to be at the pinnacle of their hobby and even more proud to have

been invited to show their baby at such an exclusive event.

For some, the parade does not go completely smoothly as the cars are ancient and require skill and some coaxing to navigate the fairway and the slick wet grass. Motorcycles cannot stop or slow down for the admiring crowd as their throttles must be continually rapped and speed maintained to keep the rear tires moving. Racing cars have particular problems with the slow pace, wet grass and trying hard to keep rpms in check and not spin the tires on the delicate greens. Others have age to contend with and they simply stall out at the entry and block the path for the cars behind them, whose drivers are all eager to get to their designated parking spot and begin final detailing before the judges start their tasks.

An enormous 1910 Daimler Limousine acquired by King George V, loses its battle with the clutch and comes to a halt in the middle of the path, its owner unable to restart it. The crowd gasps and a genuine pity pervades the worried onlookers, having sensed a



Early risers are rewarded with unfettered access to the finest automobiles in the world, such as the legendary 1955 Mercedes 300 SLR driven to victory in the Mille Miglia by Stirling Moss and Denis Jenkinson. This is arguably the most valuable car in the world; although Mercedes will never sell it, pundits place its value well north of \$50 million!

clear underdog and rooting for the owners to get it started again. Some quick cell phone calls and a short wait while the ropes are realigned to allow the next cars to pass the giant limo; an elderly mechanic arrives who is clearly very familiar with the old Daimler motor. A giant puff of blue smoke, some popping noises and the motor fires to life to the wild cheers of everybody along the sidelines. The Daimler lumbers on down the path with a few salutes from the horn and all applaud. Everybody will make it to the Fairway. That is the rule.

They all make their way down the path and disappear

into the far reaches of the rapidly filling show area of the Fairway. Not all 229 cars roll through as some are already in place or are not actually being judged but are simply there to support the theme of the show. Mercedes is this year's celebrated marque and the company is well-represented by several museum cars shipped from the factory. Sir Stirling Moss and his incredible journey through automobile history are part of the celebrations and quite fittingly, he is to be reunited with his great Mille Miglia-winning Mercedes Benz 300



Judges carefully scrutinize an 1894 Benz Victoria Vis-a-vis, still in perfect running condition!

SLR race car which is also prominently featured on display.

There are always surprises and historical benchmarks at every Concours. But the fanatics stay at the ropes until the very last car comes through. There is no fanfare, no announcement...just the last car coming down the path and then suddenly the crowd along the ropes melts away and everybody streams down towards the display area.

We follow the crowd which has gotten much larger now as more and more people are waking up. We enter the display area where the last cars are still being precisely parked in their designated group and most have owners, friends, or employees, furiously polishing the morning mist off the exquisite hoods, fenders and chrome. Somebody is usually seen picking the wet grass blades off the tires and polishing the slightly darkened exhaust pipes. The judges are huddling together for last minute instructions and the owners are showing the strain and nervousness of the moment. They are about to be judged by the most prestigious and competitive Concours event in the world.

The crowd gets bigger with people

trying to take photographs of the cars, the open motor bays, the hood ornaments and everything else that is never seen other than at events like these. As the judges descend on the cars, one can follow the judging process as owners are asked to prove that everything is in working condition and often explain the particular heritage of the car or significant aspects of its design. Fascinating stories are told with great pride and with patience to anyone that would listen.

Soon, the serious nature of the judging becomes apparent as people are hushed around the cars being judged so as not to disturb in any way. Very rapidly now, the crowd fills in between the rows of displayed automobiles and it becomes impossible to take a photograph without catching another spectator. Again, some unexpected rudeness breaks out.

Within a half hour, the magic of the early morning hours has completely disappeared, and been replaced by the exclusive but crowded festival known throughout the classic automobile world as the Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance. The 18th Fairway is awash with people and it is time for the genuine aficionados to leave.

You turn and walk up through the stately Lodge portico and up towards the surrounding grassy fields. You glance back for just one last look over the colorful fairway and the thousands of excited guests pouring in. Now, one can see that breathtaking backdrop of the California coast behind the secluded waters of Stillwater Cove and it is without question, a spectacular event.

The way back to the parking lot in the forest is now much easier. The path in the grass is already well-worn and the large sponsor venues are open and full with interested customers and eager salespersons. You feel like a salmon swimming upstream against the crush of crowds descending down toward the Lodge. There is one last moment of trepidation as you round the corner of the parking lot in the hopes of seeing your car still there with no nasty note from the parking police for unauthorized parking. Whew, the car is there and all is well. Now all you have to do is find your way out of the Del Monte forest maze. You now have experienced and been part of the "Dawn Patrol." It is an unforgettable experience; do it once and you will want to do it again, year after year....

Super Bowl Party, BBQ and Chili Feed

When: Sunday, 5 February
2:00 p.m. to ??????

Where: Brent and Bev Stewart
7232 Glenview Drive
San Jose, CA 95120
(408) 927-9272

Bring: Drinks, a side dish to share.



The game starts late in the afternoon, but guests are welcome to come early. We may have a friendly wagering session, so come early to get your favorite spots in the pool!



There will be several different types of chili available. Please bring a side dish to share, and bring your own drinks.

The BBQ grill will be ready if you want to grill your own meat.

There will be reserved parking available for those who bring their Panteras!





Greg Taylor
730 Walnut Ave.
Burlingame, CA 94010

NEXT CLUB MEETING

**THURSDAY, January 26, 2012
8:00 P.M.**

**COCO'S RESTAURANT
1209 OAKMEAD PARKWAY
SUNNYVALE, CA
(Take Lawrence Expressway South Exit off Highway 101)**

UPCOMING CLUB EVENTS

February 5 ----- Super Bowl Party (Brent Stewart)

REMINDER — NEWSLETTER ARTICLES DUE BY 15th OF EACH MONTH