

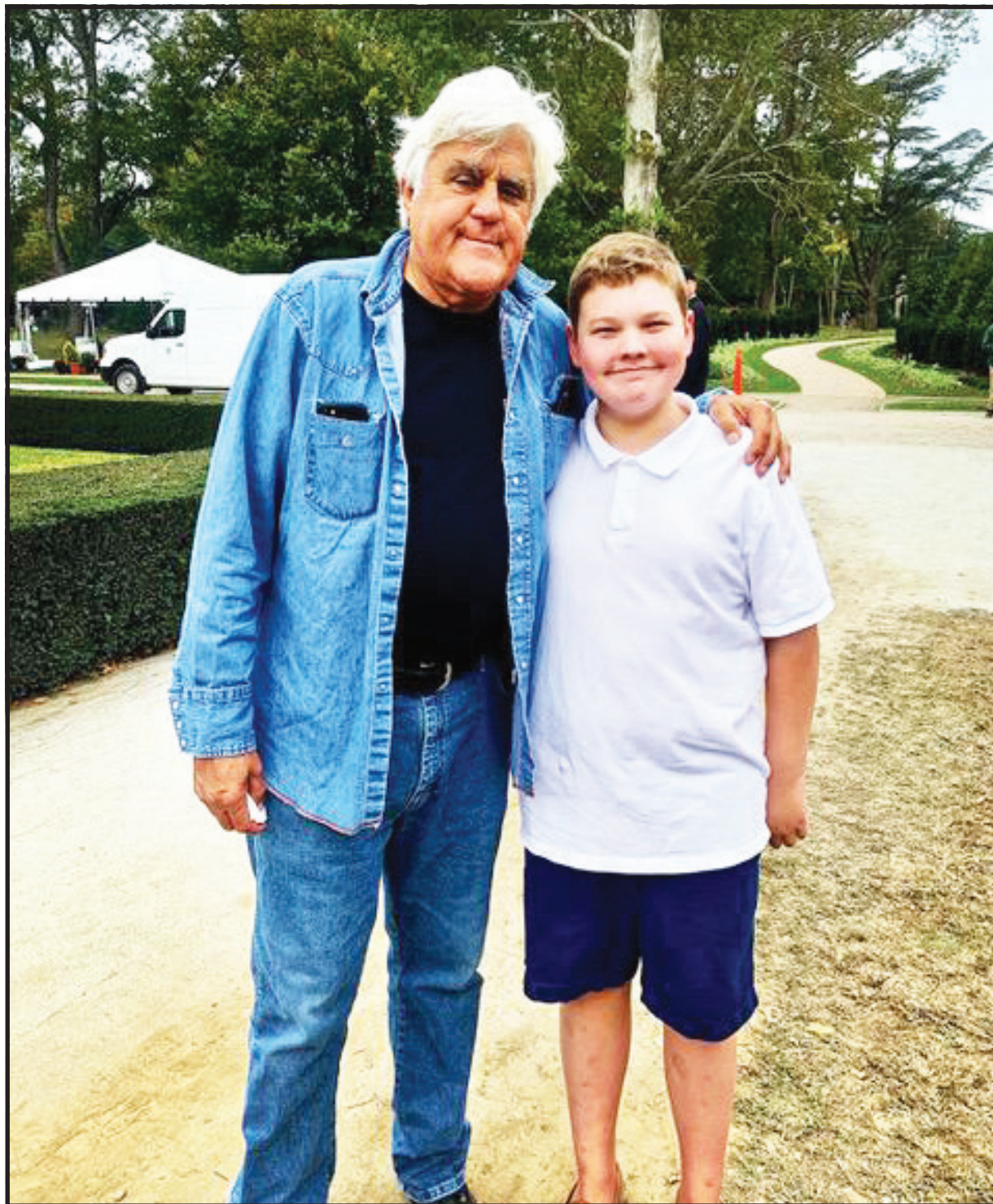
# The Coventry Cat



Official Newsletter of the Jaguar Association of New England

February 2020

*More than just a Car Club ...*



*Photo by Russ Dennis*

***Jay and Hans – Two Car Guys***

*(see Page 13)*

Keeping your  
**Jaguar**  
on the road



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# The President's Message, February 2020

The Coventry Cat is the official publication of the Jaguar Association of New England (JANE), a non-profit organization of Jaguar enthusiasts that is a regional chapter of the national Jaguar Clubs of North America (JCNA). JANE is incorporated in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

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An ad in The Coventry Cat  
currently reaches over 350 households  
with excellent demographics.



## Greetings Jaguar Friends,

I hope you are all dealing with this up and down New England weather. It's really interesting how a couple of 65-degree days bring

out the full complement of summer wear and accessories, like summer shorts, tee shirts, flip-flops and so on. Convertible tops are down, motorcycles are out and about, and even a few Jaguars are on the road again. We adapt so quickly. Even vintage cars are riding around on these beautiful days. For a brief period of time, it's summer again.

But we all know it's only temporary and the cold weather will be back with a vengeance. But, no worries, we keep these clothes and cars just off to the side, never really put away for the winter. I guess it's quite common – I know a fellow that wears short pants all year round in New England. Hardy soul!

As time goes on our weather may moderate even more. There may even come to be weeks at a time where we have really nice weather in January and February. Mostly, we will not be saddened by the end of winter as we have known it. I bet we'll quickly learn to enjoy our mid-winter summer. Just sayin'.

Meanwhile, I'm looking for another Jaguar and have set my eyes on the I-Pace. I usually go into a research mode when I am looking at something new, because there are lots of things to consider when making changes. What are the pros and cons of battery life in New England, working out the distance I can travel, the trips I can take and the trips I can't? How many miles will I travel in a year? Should I have a charging station installed at my home and what are the options to be considered? Why doesn't the dealer throw this in as part of the package? Can I negotiate that into the deal? The list goes on.

How do I put a value on these things? I have driven the vehicle and love the way it drives, but am I seriously ready for a battery-operated car? I imagine this may be an easier decision for younger buyers, who

are not burdened by the 77 years of life's experiences that I am encumbered with. Those experiences include all the little things that make us who we are.

I also don't like changes from my particular rules of life. Little things like, don't buy a home with a double yellow line on the street in front of it or one at the bottom of a hill. Don't buy a red car; you'll attract the police and get tickets all the time. Wear comfortable shoes. Don't take a newspaper from the top of the pile at the news stand - reach underneath and take the one just below the top.

Some may not know what these things even mean, but we who know are in that special group of people that make up a dwindling part of our society. Another favorite truism from years ago was, always wear clean underwear so if you get into an accident, you will not be embarrassed. There's lots of wisdom out there and knowing all the things that may be important can be a handful.

While almost all of these have nothing to do with buying a car, our decisions are really born somewhere deep inside our being. The choices we make in buying a car may be cost-driven, budget choices at the time, ego-driven, or based on where our home is located. Then there are the cross-model comparisons, including how new the technology is, and who has chosen the best for this model year. Will I wait until battery technology matures a bit and can deliver 400 or more miles on a full charge? How soon will there be cars that can deliver 500 or 1000 miles on a charge? Will hyper-batteries prove viable? Where does all this end up and where will the cost curve take us over the next few years? Is it too soon to take the plunge? Will there be any going back? Not easy questions, but I am sure there is an answer out there somewhere.

So, as I study all of this, I really feel that I am letting the old man into my life. Do I put him away and make the move? Or do I rely on my proverbs to keep me cautious and deliberative about this major paradigm shift? Tune in later to find out. Meanwhile, keep 'em on the road.

# December 2019, as well as 2020 Events

*Dr. Dean Saluti, VP of Events*



## ***Looking Through My Rearview Mirror . . .***

We started off 2020 on a cold winter night spent with our warm-hearted JANE friends at our monthly meeting in the wonderful ambiance of the “JANE Clubhouse,” Longfellow’s Wayside Inn. What could be better? Drinks in the tavern (sitting in Longfellow’s seat) and a great meal of our favorites – prime rib and hot, deep-dish apple pie with freshly made whipped cream for dessert! Our speaker, Dan Strollo, from “In Control Crash Prevention” captivated us with his discussion of safe, fast driving. You know how we feel about this. We drive Jags because they are beautiful and fast – that’s why our slaloms are so successful. Dan gracefully and politely showed us how much we don’t know about speed and driving – we, who have been racing down city streets in our Jags since we were teenagers!

## ***Coming Attractions***

Now, let’s rev up our Jags and coast into February. Our first February event will be the annual JANE Valentines Dinner on February 9, 2020. We are lucky enough to return to Bullfinchs on Boston Post Road (Route 20) in Sudbury, just a few miles east of the Wayside Inn – a beautiful setting for our romantic JANE dinner over the years, where we will order from the special Bullfinchs Valentine menu. As always, JANE President and First Lady Chuck and Patt Centore will be our hosts. Don’t miss this chance to “share the love.”

I am happy to announce that we will then be back at our clubhouse, Longfellow’s Wayside Inn, where we will hear from our friend Will Corr, who is the Market Sales Manager for Hagerty Insurance. Will has become a regular JANE speaker due to the fact that the insurance industry is so competitive that requirements and offerings are literally changing non-stop. JANE is a club for classic car collectors, so keeping abreast with these changes is of extreme importance to us. I am always interested in the cost advantages of the classic auto insurance providers such as Hagerty. ***PLEASE NOTE THAT THE WAYSIDE INN WILL UNDERGO RENOVATIONS, SO OUR MEETING WILL BE ON TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 25, 2020.***

Looking up the road, the North American (JCNA) Annual General Meeting will be held in Las Vegas in March. This is a great excuse to spend a long weekend in Vegas, having fun while visiting with other “Jagophiles.” All are welcome to attend/visit. If you are interested, contact our President, Chuck Centore (978-201-9782), for more information.

Remind your Jag of our own JANE Evening On The Lawn at the Larz Anderson Auto Museum as well as our JANE weekend on Martha’s Vineyard, events that are now in the planning stages. There is much more to come. Keep an eye on our JANE calendar in the “Cat” and on the JANE website, as 2020 events fill in quickly. I will see you, with Margie in the passenger seat and Jan and Dean in the back seat of our Jag, singing “Dead Man’s Curve,” as we cruise to JANE events.



***Jaguar Association of New England  
More than just a Car Club  
Website: JAGNE.ORG***

# Membership Update

*By Marjorie Cahn and Jeanine Graf, Co-VPs of Membership*

JANE renewals have been trickling in after the big New Year deluge. About 150 of you have already renewed. It's still January and if you haven't yet renewed, do it today! We have a great year ahead of us with interesting speakers, great weekend trips, slaloms, and, of course, our memorable Concours. We have recently added 9 new members to our club and look forward to seeing them at upcoming events. Let us repeat what our President, Chuck Centore, reminds us, "We are more than a car club." Don't miss out.



*Marjorie Cahn and Jeanine Graf*

As you may know, Faith and Bruce own and have been publishing the "British Marque Car Club News" newspaper since 1990. This paper features articles and news from British classic car clubs around the country. Want to visit a Jaguar club while you're in Florida? Check out the British Marque for what's happening in a Florida club while you're there. And they themselves, Faith and Bruce, are active in a number of car clubs.

They have been board members of the Mini club, they are active in the Boston Area MG club, and they certainly are great supporters of JANE – you probably visited them at their table in the hospitality suite at our Concours over the last two years!

## **SPOTLIGHT – OUR "WEBMASTERS" FAITH LAMPREY AND BRUCE VILD**



It was 35 years ago (are we really that old?), when Dean Saluti and I were active in a professional association called "The Association for Systems Management" (ASM), the certification source for computer professionals in those days. Dean, as a Professor of Computer Information Systems, was President of the Massachusetts chapter of ASM, and through his work, we met the President of the Rhode Island chapter, Faith Lamprey, becoming good friends with her and her significant other, Bruce Vild. Little did we know that all these years later, we would find them in the classic car community, again in leadership roles.

Bruce initiated and published the first Larz Anderson Auto Museum online newspaper, working alongside JANE member Dick DeVito. Faith and Bruce received the Chairman's Award for their contributions to the British classic car hobby from JANE member Mike Gaetano at his British Invasion event in Stowe, VT. Most importantly, they designed and now manage our JANE website. They made our transition to the new website ([www.jagne.org](http://www.jagne.org)) almost seamless. They have built and manage websites for seven other organizations throughout the country.

Today, Faith and Bruce have a new model Mini, a 1967 Austin Mini, and are the original owners of a 1980 Special Edition MGB. Faith is a full-time faculty member of Accounting Information Systems at Providence College, and Bruce has built up their newspaper subscriptions at a fantastic rate. We at JANE are proud to have partnered with our friends who have helped JANE in so many ways.

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# A Member Remembers

By Brian McMahon

## The On-Ramp of My Road to Ruin



**The author with a restored Triumph TR-3A at Lime Rock, 2015**



**A 1957 Chevy Bel Air taking on oil**

Since 2005, I've enjoyed driving a succession of Jaguar sedans in daily service, including a 2004 XJ8, a 2009 XF, a 2013 XJL and my current 2016 XJR. Automotive life wasn't always this nice, however, and you could ask what got me started on my long strange trip behind the Left Hand Drive steering wheel of cars designed for Right Hand Drive.

Well, actually, it was my very first car, a 1961 Triumph TR-3A, which was a badly clapped-out 8-year-old roadster, purchased when I scraped together the required \$225, lifted from the Miscellaneous Expenses Account (actually, it was my only account, and it had, at the time, a balance of \$231.45) of my after-class college start-up business dedicated to the assembly and sale of used Raleigh bicycles to other students even poorer than I.

There had been other car-buying possibilities, like a 1957 Chevy Bel Air with a trunk containing a gallon jug of motor oil, which suggested a beyond-British level of oil consumption, as well as a 1963 Ford Galaxie 500XL 2-door hardtop with bucket seats, a 390 cubic-inch V8 and oddly logy performance for a 300-horsepower muscle car.



**A 1963 Ford Galaxie 500XL thinking about straightening out**

"It's not really a problem," claimed the Galaxie's owner. "I got T-boned and the frame is bent so there's 500 pounds of weightlifter's barbells in the trunk that help the car to ride level and turn corners." Oh ... At the \$200 to \$300 price point you might not find a good car but you certainly did find some good stories.



**The ultimate British sports car?**

Not limiting my search to Motown's finest, I also test-drove a 1962 Austin Healey Bugeye Sprite that was being sold by a divinity school student, who confessed that the clutch was slipping and he was trying to buy a more pastorally appropriate black sedan before the Sprite's drive-train failed. I had found an honest man but not a righteous car. "Go in peace ... "

Finally, I located my eventual first car, a British Racing Green 1961 Triumph TR-3A for sale in Lexington, and called the owner. At \$300 it was a little pricey, but there seemed to be some room for negotiation and the owner even offered to give me a ride to see the car. Too naïve to realize I'd be walking home if I didn't buy the Triumph, I accepted.

It was a frigid November night, and I made a brief walk-around, not seeing any rust but also observing that there were no side windows. "Isn't it cold driving around in the winter?" I asked. "Oh, yeah, there were these side curtain things but they blew off one rainy day and I never got around to replacing them," the portly middle-aged owner explained, and I realized that any British stiff-upper-lip that I got from this car would be caused by frostbite until I was able to find junkyard replacement parts.

"OK, let's see how it runs," I said, while reaching for the door handle. Except there wasn't one. "How do you get into the car?" I queried, and was told to stick my hand through the non-side-curtained space and feel around for a pull cord inside the door panel. "See? If you had those silly side curtains you'd be standing out

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in the cold trying to slide open a tiny window and poke around for a while before you could get the door open. And then the old Plexiglass windows would be so dull you couldn't see out," the owner brightly observed.

After popping the door open, he handed me the ignition key and I paused, as any 19-year-old would. This, I realized, could be the key to a new life – I'd no longer be some dork who had to beg his parents' permission to borrow their station wagon for dates – I'd now be a Dork With My Very Own Car. And not just a rusty Ford Falcon, either, but a hip, quirky, exciting British car. I'd throw on a turtleneck and sport coat, pick up a suitably impressed Martha (yes, there was a Martha in my life, even back then . . . ), and then wind out that exotic TR-3 engine on the way to a Muddy Waters performance at Club 47 in Harvard Square. Groovy, Baby!

After climbing in, I surveyed the dashboard: Smith's speedo and tach along with real gauges for oil pressure, voltage and coolant temp, and featuring the traditional huge British steering wheel jammed close to my chest. "Don't forget to pull out the choke," the owner reminded me. "What's that?" I asked. "It's that knob on the left. You pull it out, start the car, and then ease it back in as the engine warms up," he advised. Not wishing to display even more ignorance, I chose not to ask why. Now, for the moment of truth for a British sports car – will it start? If it didn't, I might have to walk home but at least I'd still have my savings intact.

Gamely, I inserted and turned the key. K-r-r-r...r...r...VROOM! Oh, Baby, I'm sold: a British car that starts on the first attempt! I sophisticatedly blipped the throttle a few times, just for the sound of that lovely high-

performance 2-liter engine (how was I to know it was from a tractor?) and the sight of the tach swinging up and down. The owner huffed and puffed his way into the passenger seat, explaining that the original seat had been replaced with a seat from a VW Microbus that was now propped up with part of a railroad tie.

We took a quick tour around the neighborhood that was enough to let me enjoy the rifle-bolt gear shifting, engine roar, and gear oil aroma wafting into the cockpit, before we returned to the owner's driveway. Before shutting down the engine, I asked to see the inline 4-cylinder and was handed a tool "You stick that in the holes here and here and that releases the hood," so I did, raised the panel and then the owner deftly attached the prop. The engine could have been the atomic bomb from *Goldfinger* for all I knew, but I wasn't about to tell him that. Taking an outside night-time look at the Triumph, I asked why the left taillight glowed pink, and the owner responded "Someone crunched it and I couldn't get a new lens, so I painted the lightbulb red. It's legal – don't worry." Well, that was a relief.



**Either a Goldfinger Atomic Bomb or a TR-3 2-liter engine!**

He asked if I was interested in buying the TR-3. I wanted it, but was concerned about the cost of making the car into one that a Joe Cool such as myself could improve

and comfortably afford. "How about \$200?" I offered, "My girlfriend might get cold without the side curtains." "No, this car is a classic, you won't find another one at this price. Since you're a Boston College student like my niece, I'll let you have it for \$250." H-m-m-m .. now we were getting close. "Tell you what, we're both freezing out here. I'll pay you \$225 in cash and take the car home tonight." "Done" he said, a little too eagerly.

We went inside, his wife made coffee, and I peeled off \$5 and then a heap of 10s and 20s until there was the \$225 in cash on his kitchen table and \$6.45 remaining in my Miscellaneous Expenses Account, at the bottom of my pocket. He handwrote a bill of sale (no titles back then) and signed it. I asked "How do I get the car home without plates on it? The cops will pull me over before I get to Route 128." "Since you're a good kid, I'll do you a favor. I'm in the car business and have a couple of plates here. We'll wire them in place so you can drive home." Hearing what I wanted, I added "So, this is like dealer plates, right?" "Yeah, kid, sorta ..." From Driver's Ed, I dimly remembered the status of the operator of an unregistered, uninsured vehicle as being "An Outlaw on the Roads of the Commonwealth".



**Outlaws! On Commonwealth Roads! Is this the road to Swampscott?**

(Continued on page 8)

Sounded thrillingly rakish to me – wasn't the Registrar of Motor Vehicles trying to discourage this practice? But the seller, apparently a used car dealer who took his work home with him, said it was OK for me to drive back to Newton with the pair of mismatched plates he had in his garage that we had installed fore-and-aft. I chose to bow to his experience. After all, if you can't trust a used car dealer, who can you trust?

I burbled manfully out his driveway, down the street and headed for Route 128 in my new ride. Heading onto the entrance ramp, I wound it out in second and third gears, totally chuffed at my imagined ability to drive a sports car at its limits. At highway speed, there was an odd, burning smell that I attributed to spilled engine oil, but it persisted, even in a car without side windows. Suddenly, the partially enclosed cockpit filled with acrid black smoke and I knew I was in trouble. My mind flashed back to all the Battle of Britain movies I had seen: *Here's the dashing young RAF Flight Lieutenant nursing his badly mauled Spitfire down the Channel to the aerodrome in Kent after a nasty toss-up with Jerry ...*



***Our dashing hero, nursing his ...***

***Now, just a banking right turn over the White Cliffs of Dover and ... Snap out of it! Those are snowbanks on the side of Route 128!***

Pulling onto the shoulder, I hopped out and looked for the source of the smoke. A bare wire to the tail lights had set the carpet behind the seats on fire, and the blaze was closing in on the fuel tank. This was one of those fight-or-flight situations where you must make an immediate choice: run, and let the car burst into flames that will obliterate the ownership transfer, or stay and extinguish the fire. I made the wrong choice. Grabbing the railroad tie that held up the passenger seat, I beat the flames out. After drizzling some snow over the site, I got behind the wheel and slowly made my way to Newton. Now, where to park for the night?

Oh ... forgot to mention ... this car purchase project was a total Black Op. You see, my father was a college dean and had absolutely forbidden any of his six children to own a car while they were undergraduates. From his experience, he claimed that he knew for sure that car ownership led to carousing all night instead of studying Shakespeare, and that it could also lead to ... dancing.

Decades later, we found out that his own Irish immigrant father never had a driver's license, but nonetheless bought a used Studebaker touring car so that his sons could get out there and ... you know ... dance ... while also attending high school and, hopefully, college. And apparently, even the most ephemeral possible memory which might include the vision of my father, Uncle John and Uncle Jimmy cruisin' for babes in a Studebaker Big-Six was feared to be so injurious to our mental health that it was hushed up for virtually our entire lives.



***An immoral Studebaker Big-Six with no redeeming virtues, but with what could be interesting dancing partners in the rear seat, to say nothing of the driver.***

That said, parking my new prize a quarter of a mile away on a dead-end street seemed to be the wisest choice, where I would retrieve it in the morning and return it at night. This worked for a few days until an irate homeowner complained about having a vintage car street-parked overnight in violation of Newton city laws. "And by the way, your registration plates don't match!" "They're dealer plates," I shouted, before driving away to seek a new parking location. Fortunately, my friend Giles had moved in together with his girlfriend Kathy (Martha's friend, who had set up the blind date where Martha and I met) and they had plenty of parking spaces available at their apartment house.

Losing no time after cruising home in the Triumph, I let Martha know that on our next date we'd be taking my really cool new car. Arriving at her house one cold late November night, I revved the engine, shut it down, hopped out and prepared to bask in Martha's approval. She approached with a quizzical look. "I've never seen anything like this before," was her reaction to my triumphant arrival, and I chose to hear that as an awestruck compliment in reaction to my unique and exotic British sports car. "Let's go

(Continued on page 9)



for a ride,” I immediately suggested and I even managed to appear gallant by reaching inside the car to pop open the door, after she puzzled over where the door handle was. Climbing in, she searched for a window-winder and then asked where it was. “Um-m-m-m ... it’s a British car that uses side curtains instead of side windows. They might be in the trunk, but let’s just take it for a spin right now,” I replied and received the first of a lifetime of Stink-Eyes from Martha. (In fact, I came to remember this particular evening as “Night of The Stink-Eyes.”)

“Can you do something about the seat back? It’s almost vertical,” she then complained, so I told her “Lean forward and let me reach around and adjust the recliner.” Grabbing the baulk of timber that held the seat up, I shoved it around until it seemed to be better positioned. Martha leaned back, and both the seat ... and Martha ... collapsed backwards at a 45 degree angle. “This is *not* what I had in mind,” she shouted. I got Stink-Eye #2, even though I managed to restrain myself from affectionately purring, “Well, it sure is what I had in mind.”

A little more wrestling with the improvised recliner, not to mention Martha, and she was able to assume a more ladylike posture. Playing Lucas roulette with the ignition key, I won again, giving me the chance to dreamily take in the glow of the instrument panel lights and suavely blip the throttle. “Does this car always smoke so much?” she suddenly asked as the aroma from the fog of burned motor oil wafted through the open cockpit. “Heh-heh-heh, it’s what gave Jimi Hendrix the idea for ‘Purple Haze,’” I suggested, flashing my most winning grin. “It’ll go away once the

engine warms up,” and received Stink-Eye #3 in reply.

We hit the road and I made a good attempt at slap-shifting through the gears before Martha noticed another quirk in my TR-3. “There’s a hole in the floor! I can see the road going by!” “Where?” I urgently asked. “Right under the gearshift,” she said with exasperation. Yes, the rubber boot was missing and you could see both the car’s transmission and the road. “Oh, that ... It’s just the Ground Speed Indicator in case the speedometer fails,” I blithely asserted. Stink-Eye #4. We were now rolling down Commonwealth Avenue in Newton when I heard a persistent banging on the right side of the car. Looking around, I saw that Martha was either planning to bail out or trying to slam the door shut. “I can’t keep this stupid door closed!” was her angry explanation. “OK, don’t worry, just hold it closed until we get back to your home,” I coolly prescribed, earning Stink-Eye #5 in response. The sharp chill of the November night air didn’t nearly get down to the chill in Martha’s goodbye as I dropped her off at home.

Giles gave me a ride home after I parked the Triumph at his apartment. My parents were angrily pacing around the kitchen when I got home and opened the door. “DID YOU BUY A CAR? I TOLD YOU NOT TO BUY A CAR!” was my father’s affectionate and cheerful greeting, and the conversation rapidly deteriorated from there. The distant neighbors where I had initially parked the TR-3 were parishioners of the same church as our family, and they had ratted me out. There wasn’t much more that I remember from that parent-child meeting of minds other than that

I was “grounded,” and not in the favorable sense that the word can sometimes have today when you precede it with the word “well.”

**Situation Report: I’m not able to drive my parents’ car for an unspecified period of time. My first car has failed to improve my standing with Martha. The car itself is an economic, mechanical and social disaster, especially when I consider its miles per gallon of gas, miles per quart of motor oil, and miles per Stink-Eye from Martha. Time for a New Plan.**

Remembering that the junkyard I had called about replacement side curtains had a used car lot out front, I resolved to drive there and sell them my vintage classic. “Well, kid, you came to the right place with this hunk of junk. We own the scrapyards, too. H-m-m-m-m ... all the gauges work, and there’s a market for them ... I’ll give you 50 bucks. Take it or leave it,” was the owner’s assessment and offer. I knew that I had to take it, and called Giles to ask for a ride home.

When I told Martha that I had sold the TR-3, her mood brightened considerably. She gushed that her father had even offered us the use of his 1965 Ford Galaxie for future dates, since he didn’t want his daughter riding around during the winter in a car without windows. So, all was not lost, only \$175 of my savings. Over 50 years I’ve owned a lot of cars: four Ford Mustangs, five Chevy Corvettes, and I even stuck my head back in the beehive by purchasing a new 1976 Triumph TR-7 (talk about Stink-Eyes!), but my first experience as a car owner remains unforgettable. As with other important things in life, you always remember your first one.

# The 2020 JCNA Annual General Meeting, in Las Vegas, NV

By Dave Moulton (photos by Brian McMahon)



## ***Our home-to-be in Vegas, from March 19 to March 22, 2020***

This Year's AGM is being hosted by the Rocky Mountain Jaguar Club in fabulous Las Vegas, Nevada. While only two voting delegates are permitted from each JCNA affiliate club, there is no restriction, however, on the number of members wishing to attend all related AGM activities. Time for some fun!

So, this invitation is extended to all affiliated club members and their guests wishing to attend the 2020 AGM. Registration closes as of March 1, 2020, and availability of activities may be limited after that date. Please go to the JCNA website for AGM registration:

<https://www.jcna.com/annual-general-meetings/2020-annual-general-meeting>

Our host hotel is Harrah's Hotel & Casino.

To book your Hotel room please click on this link: <https://book.passkey.com/go/SHJAGO>. Or, phone reservations can be made at 800-214-9110 for an additional \$30. Be sure to say you are with Jaguar Clubs of North America to get the \$185 a night rate.

NOTE: YOU must also fill out and submit the JCNA Delegate/Proxy Form located on the JCNA website.

### **PRELIMINARY SCHEDULE**

#### ***Thursday, March 19th***

Daytime activities on your own (transportation will be available to many of the activities)

Possible amusements include: Hollywood Car Museum, Fountains of Bellagio, Las Vegas Neon Museum, High Roller Ferris Wheels, Nostalgia Street Rods Museum, Hoover Dam Tour, The Mob Museum, shopping at the Venetian Mall, the Las Vegas Motor Speedway and, of course, the various casinos.

Evening activities on your own include:

The Beatles Love, Cirque de Soleil - Mystere, Penn & Teller, Rat Pack, Tenors of Rock, Michael Jackson One,

David Copperfield as well as dozens of other great shows. There are so many options you'll probably have to look and see what you would enjoy. If there is something or someone you would like to see, we suggest you make those reservations in advance. We will have a 7-passenger van available and club member drivers to transport you to off-site locations during the day on Thursday and Friday.

Tentatively, there will be a Board of Directors Dinner on Thursday.

#### ***Friday, March 20th***

Daytime activities on your own (transportation will be provided to many of the activities) – similar to Thursday.

Tentatively, there will be a Board of Directors Session

#### ***Saturday, March 21st***

Tentative AGM Agenda

|             |                                |
|-------------|--------------------------------|
| 7 – 8 AM    | Attendee Breakfast             |
| 8 AM – 3 PM | Business Meeting               |
| 3:15 – 4 PM | Seminar 1                      |
| 4:15 – 5 PM | Seminar 2                      |
| 6 – 7 PM    | Cocktail Hour                  |
| 7 – 9 PM    | Dinner and Awards Presentation |

#### ***Sunday, March 22nd***

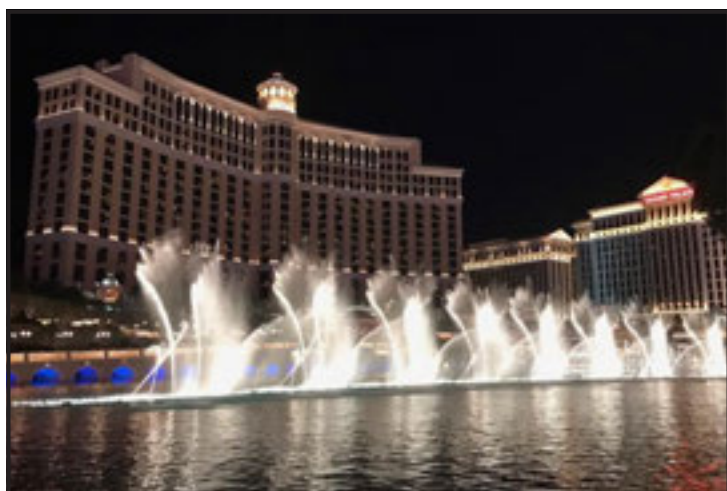
Tentatively, there will be a Board of Directors Planning Session.

Here are some scenes provided by our Tour Guides, Brian and Martha McMahon, taken during their reconnaissance trip.



***JANE Members and Tour Leaders Martha and Brian McMahon, checking in at Harrah's, with Martha making clear who's got the credit card (no, wait, they're actually at the Mob Museum! – my mistake).***

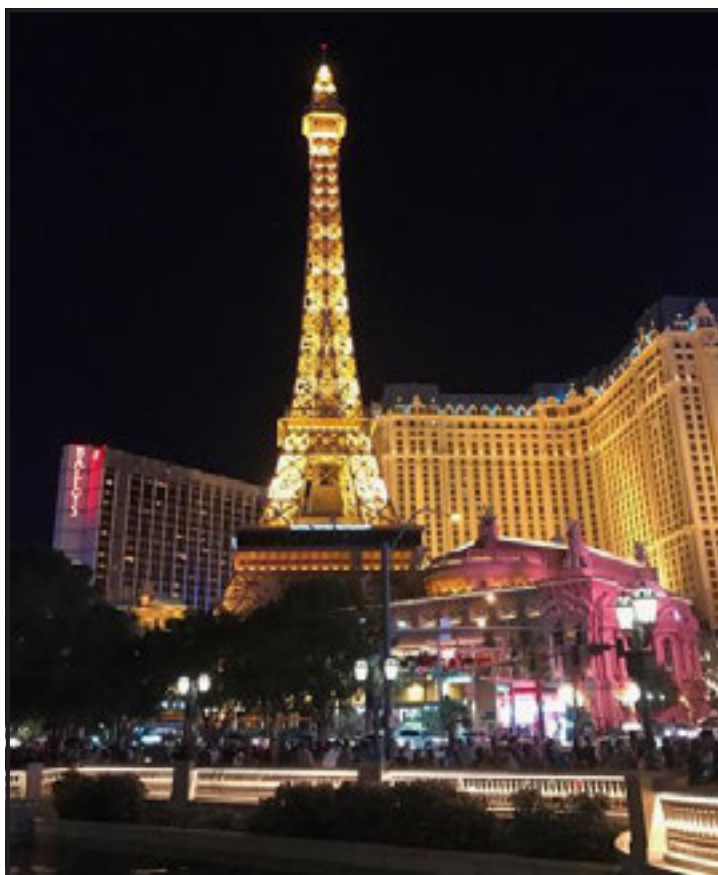
(Continued on page II)



The Fountains at Bellagio.



Martha McMahon catches up with "Ayul-viss."



Mais, oui! Paris Las Vegas! Tres bon!  
See you all there!

## Bannister the Barrister on Cars, Places, and the Law

*by Barry Bannister, Barrister (say it ten times, quick!)*

Barry Bannister, our kindly, if expensive, Barrister, gently explains to us the law as it exists in various places to which JANE members and their automobiles may or may not travel. Why? Well, just in case . . .

Anyway, in the City of Idaho Falls, Idaho, Senior Citizens over the age of 88 are forbidden to ride motorcycles in town. In Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, police officers must honk their horn or flash their lights and wait at least three minutes before interfering with any parked in-car romantic activity. Barry offers no further explanation, but he does roll his eyes. That such civility is mandated by law as well as exhibited by the local constabulary is quite remarkable. Put Coeur d'Alene on your list of possible places to visit! Thanks, Barry.

Anyway, now we know. As always, we look forward to next month and more interesting laws we need to abide by in more interesting places.

Adapted from the website AutoWise: Crazy Traffic Laws From the U.S. and Around the World by [Nikola Potrebic](#) Updated on June 1, 2019.



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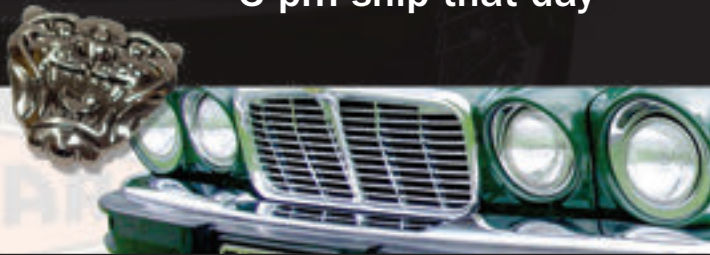
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# You Are Never Too Young To Love Jaguars

By Marg Dennis, photos by Russ Dennis



**Hans Jacobson enjoys an XK 120 at Audrain's Newport Concours Motor Week.**



**And an E-Type!**

For the past two years I have had the privilege of traveling around the world attending Jaguar and classic British car events. I have always been struck by three things: the enthusiasm, the knowledge, and the "advanced" ages of the people I meet. Let's face it, most of us have more yesterdays than tomorrows. I have often wondered who will take our places when we are no longer here to enjoy our cars. Who will attend classic car events? Who will have the interest and knowledge to continue to explore the inner workings of the XK engine? Who will love these cars as we do?

Well, on October 8, 2019, my mind was put at ease. On that day I met and interviewed Hans Jacobson, a 13-year-old middle school student with an encyclopedic knowledge of cars. I interviewed Hans and learned that at the age of 12, Hans began searching the internet for information on classic cars, beginning with the Art Deco years. During the summer months Hans spends two hours a day researching cars, while during the school year he devotes just one hour a day.

Did I mention that Hans has a photographic memory? My husband Russ showed him several cars and asked Hans to identify each car, including an Avions Voisin, Citroen Traction Avant, Jaguar XJ 220, and a Delahaye. Hans identified all of the cars correctly and then also described in detail an Aston Martin DB4GT Zagato. Needless to say, Hans' encyclopedic knowledge and research is nothing short of amazing, and it has already served him well.

This middle schooler's love of cars has spilled over to the entire family and so, in October, the family attended Audrain's Newport Concours Motor Week festival in Newport, Rhode Island.

Did I mention that Hans wrote a letter to Jay Leno asking about a car on his TV show? Well, Jay actually called Hans back while they were en route to the show. When Jay learned they were coming to Audrain's, he invited Hans to be his guest and then personally escorted Hans (see our cover) and his family into the tent area populated by the most expensive cars (and presumably by the wealthiest people?). Hans was also introduced to Wayne Carini, host of Chasing Classic Cars, and spoke with authority about Wayne's Pierce Arrow.



**Wayne Carini and Hans talk classic cars.**

Hans singled out two of his favorite cars in Newport: the first, a Ballot with a camel belly leather interior; the second a Hispano-Suiza, made popular by the British series, Miss Fisher's Mysteries as well as a favorite of Edwina Mountbatten. (Also one of my favorite cars.)

Stopping by a Bugatti Type 13, Hans engaged the owner and so impressed her with his knowledge of the car that he was allowed to sit in the Bugatti.



**Here, Hans is in a Bugatti Type 13.**

When I asked Hans what he most enjoyed about Audrain's Newport Concours Motor Week he told me that seeing the cars in person, not just on a computer screen, was thrilling for

(Continued on page 14)

13 The Coventry Cat

him. He also enjoyed a ride in our 1958 XK 150 S and knew more about the car than its owner.



**Hans hangs out with Russ Dennis in Russ's XK 150 S and gives Russ a few tips.**

Hans is also a fan of the cars displayed at the Larz Anderson Auto Museum and has attended several Cape Cod British Car Club events. Hans especially enjoyed visiting the Audrain Auto Museum in Newport where the General Motors concept cars made a great impression on him.

When it was time to end the interview Hans said "You are intrigued by me, Marguerite, because I am not even 20 and I am so interested and know so much about classic cars." That certainly was true. But I was also more encouraged to realize that long after we are no longer riding in our cars, a younger generation will continue in our steps. That is the legacy of Jaguar and all other classic British cars.



**Hans befriends a Land Rover 109.**

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*For more information, please call John Hall at 774-551-6837.*

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**1964 Jag MKII**, 62,000 miles, silver blue with original dark blue int., automatic trans., very good looking, running and driving condition. Asking \$30K. Negotiable. **For more information, please call John Hall at 774-551-6837.**






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# Jane's Calendar for 2020

## Here is what JANE has planned so far, for 2020

|                                |  |   |
|--------------------------------|--|---|
| February 9 - Sunday - 5:30PM   | Valentines Dinner  | Bullfinchs, Sudbury   |
| February 25 - Tuesday - 7PM    | Dinner Mtg. Speaker: Will Corr, Hagerty Ins.                               | Wayside Inn, Sudbury<br><i>(Note that this is a Tuesday, not our normal Wednesday!)</i> |
| March 19 - 22, Thurs. - Sun.   | JCNA Annual General Meeting (AGM)  | Las Vegas   |
| March 25 - Wednesday - 7PM     | Dinner Meeting, location TBA ( <i>Wayside may still be in renovation</i> ) | Speaker: Boston bank on classic car financing/refinancing                               |
| March/April, TBA               | Maple Syrup Run  | Parker's Maple Barn, Mason, NH  |
| April 22 - Wednesday - 7PM     | Dinner Meeting, Speaker: TBA   | Wayside Inn, Sudbury  |
| April -                        | Tech Session, TBA  |   |
| April, TBA                     | Trip to "David's House," one of JANE's favorite charities                  |   |
| May, TBA                       | JANE Concours Judges' Training, location TBA (Aldo Cipriano)               |   |
| May, TBA - Wednesday - 5PM     | Jags on the Lawn   | Larz Anderson Auto Museum   |
| June 24 - Wednesday - 7PM      | Dinner Mtg.  | Bay Pt. Waterfront Restaurant, Quincy, tentative  |
| June, TBA                      | Spring Slalom location and date TBA Rich Hanley/Glen McLachlan             |   |
| July TBA - Sunday - TBA        | Myopia Polo Matches (Aldo Cipriano)  | Myopia Polo Club, Hamilton  |
| July 22 - Wednesday - 7PM      | Dinner Meeting, Jags on the Lawn   | Wayside Inn, Sudbury  |
| August 14 - 16 Friday - Sunday | JANE Concours d'Elegance, Daniel Graf Chairman                             | Sturbridge Host Hotel   |

### Other Events in Planning – Post August 2020

Deerfield Valley Trip, Dave Moulton  
 Bi-Annual Martha's Vineyard Weekend, Dean Saluti  
 Fall Slalom, Rich Hanley/Glen McLachlan  
 September, October, November Dinner Meetings  
 December 6 - Sunday Holiday Party and AGM

# HONKU

by Aaron Naparstek

Four-wheel-drive pickup  
 I remember his last words –  
 "Hold my beer, watch this . . ."

And remember: Honku if you love Jaguars



When your Jeep is just as upset as you are about the weather



Here, in Coventry Cat County, we are just as pleased as peach pie to introduce our newest humorist, who wishes only to be known as a Good Ol' Southern JANE Boy. And, yes, he does truly live in the South (of our beloved Land of JANE).

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# From the Top Of The Scratching Post

By Dave Moulton



*Your humble editor pausing briefly along the open road to drop stuff off*

**A New XJ?**

**Electric?**

**Oh boy!**

**I've always wanted an XJ.**

**Actually, an XJL.**

**Now it all makes some sense.**

To me, a luxury sedan, a limousine if you will, is the most sensible kind of electric car. Such cars are intended to carry their occupants in great comfort for reasonably modest distances, often driven by someone else (Pyotr, for instance, or perhaps Lionel or Gaspard, sometimes Samantha). Range, handling and back-road utility are comparatively unimportant. Substantial weight is an acceptable given, even a plus. Quiet and smooth operation is an essential virtue. Reliability is a very, very good attribute to have in a luxury car. Price is generally not much of an issue. If you gotta ask . . .

According to Steph Willems, writing on January 15th for *The Truth About Cars* blog, "A new Jaguar flagship is on the way. . . . While the sedan itself is quite familiar, what's underneath seems all-new. The long-running XJ, for decades the loftiest model in the Jag stable, ceased production back in the summer. . . . Jaguar Land Rover boss Ralph Speth took time during the September launch of the Land Rover

Defender to talk up the coming car. 'Our engineering team is in full swing to deliver the world's first, full-electric luxury sports saloon, the flagship of Jaguar, the all-new XJ.'

"The XJ's replacement by an electric — or more specifically, electrified successor — was long predicted by British publication Autocar, which tipped off the world to the XJ's demise. . . . Jag's XJ will make use of the new MLA platform (Modular Longitudinal Architecture), which can incorporate a variety of powertrains: fully electric, mild hybrid, and plug-in hybrid. With MLA, Jaguar can tailor the vehicle to specific markets."



**A public relations teaser shot of the rear of the new XJ**

Steph concluded by writing, "While the EV realm is still a scary place for automakers (the I-Pace suffered diminished sales and bloated inventories last year), EU lawmakers have given companies little choice in the matter. Makers of big, prestigious vehicles need eco-conscious siblings to lower their fleetwide emissions footprint, lest they face hefty fines. The next-gen XJ is expected to roll out of Jag's overhauled Castle Bromwich plant in the UK before the end of the year."

What an attractive idea. Silent, smooth, really comfortable and roomy, for an easy ride into Cambridge, down to Quincy, maybe out to Wayland for

a nice dram or two with the lads. Just so you know, Bonnie Getz has politely informed me that (a) she doesn't do driving for someone else reclining in a back seat and (b) she will never wear a chauffeur's cap. Oh, well, nothing goes perfectly. Maybe I can prevail upon Glenn (the guy who takes care of my property, not to mention me) to drive me around as needed or desired.

Silent, smooth, comfortable and roomy. That works!

This could be a beautiful addition to the fleet. As I said, I've always wanted one. Now I can do it ecologically!

Thanks for reading this. And, continuing our voyage through the twenties, have some crazy years, I mean, a nice decade!

Oh, yes. Once again, Prince Lucas has missed his deadline. Makes me wonder what an electric car by Lucas would be like. Hmmm.

**1956 XK-140**- around 62,000 miles, black with beige int., four wheel power disc brakes and power steering, alternator, five speed, chrome wire wheels, This car has a MC Series head and up rated.  
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