

The Coventry Cat



Official Newsletter of the Jaguar Association of New England

July/August 2020 "The Grace, Space and Pace Issue"

More than just a Car Club ...

Smitten!



Photo courtesy of John Maccarone

" . . . one afternoon in 2011, as we strolled through the picturesque back streets of the Third Arrondissement of Paris, we happened to see . . . "

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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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The Coventry Cat, July/August 2020

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From the *Top* Of The Scratching Post

by Dave Moulton

Welcome to the Grace, Space and Pace Issue, another double issue, covering both July and August (we're slowly catching up – you can't rush these things). And thanks to everyone who was able to get articles in to me – there are some great ones here and more to come next issue!

The various Jaguar Mark models that we feature in this issue are at the core of Jaguar's character and success as a car manufacturer. They virtually established a couple of categories of car, such as the executive car and the sports sedan. They also challenged the performance and comfort of cars selling for much, much more money. They were

remarkable cars. They were beautiful cars. It is great to read about them in real life, in acquisition, restoration and use by our members.

Other contents include some thoughtful words from our president Chuck, a great letter from Frank Grimaldi, a book review, reports on our first motoring events of the year, as well as a Membership update. It turns out that, in spite of the pandemic, we've actually been doing stuff.

As always, thanks for reading all this. Enjoy, please! I beg of you!

The President's Message, July and August 2020



Chuck Centore

Over the years, there have been many ways to describe how our lives have been going. Headlines in today's newspaper, a tweet on Twitter, a song, a new dance and there have always been new styles in clothing – our bell bottoms gave way to new styles. Many of the car companies from our past are gone and there may be more departing soon. Our favorite restaurant has closed and a new one emerges from the space left vacant by its

demise. All through our lives we have experienced lots of changes and, in most cases, we've moved on in spite of them.

Today we face a lot of new challenges brought about by the changes in our world, including political, religious, diet, the car we drive, the boat we sail or motor, our hobbies, or even getting a haircut, going to church, as well as a long list of other activities we felt were just part of our life that would never change. As I mentioned recently, the COVID-19 pandemic seems to be affecting all of these things and is making our golden years more difficult to get through, every day.

So, I often wonder if we will ever get back to our old ways. Getting together is a critical part of our lives and not meeting with our friends for dinners each month is a big bummer for me and my wife Patt. We miss the camaraderie of our in-person get togethers. We miss seeing our friends and catching up on what is going on, where they have been and how the family is doing. By now, we have all gotten used to hunkering down in our own little worlds and we've been trying to follow the guidance our leaders have asked us to obey. We are alone. We try to connect when we can, but it is not the same.

But let's not dwell on the negative. Recently a hearty and healthy group of JANEIACs went on a road tour through central Mass and Southern New Hampshire for a 75-mile experience. Jaguars old and new participated and old members came out of hiding as did some newer members. It was not a big group, 10-11 cars and around 20-24 people. After the tour, we arrived at Dave Moulton's Groton Country Estate to dine in a fashionable Social Distancing protocol with boxed or picnic basket lunches, including everything from purchased Italian subs to champagne with cheese and other yummy fixins. A few hearty souls even ventured into David's Esther Williams-sized pool for a refreshing dip to cap off a beautiful day.

It's a beginning and a big thanks to Kevin and Diane Murphy, who organized our First COVID-19 Rally, with the help of Dave Moulton and Bonnie Getz. And guess what? We have another one coming on the South Shore in August (it will have run by the time you read this). This one will be a little bigger and will be more fun when we tour through the beautiful streets and byways of several South Shore coastal towns. It is being organized by our very own Concours Coordinators Daniel and Jeanine Graf.

Who will organize the next get-together? Why not you?

I hope this is a sign of our resilience and spirit, a spirit that makes JANE the number one Jaguar Club in North America

It is my hope and belief that the changes in our lifestyle and so-called New Normal are not permanent. We will move on and this is just the beginning. I am hoping that we can meet many more times over the balance of this year and into the years to come. That voice inside us will cry louder and louder for more events and more good times for JANE.

Let's get out there and get more local get togethers started. I bet that before too long we will be back at the Wayside Inn or some other great location to break bread and drink wine together again. **Be strong, be safe and drive those Jags!**

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A Member "Takes Care" of His Mark VII

by Adrian Curtis

My fourth Jaguar was an 1953 XK120, while the fifth is the 1955 Mark VII that you see in the photos. When I bought this Mark VII from Jack Little, an elderly gentleman in San Jose, California, he said "Take care of my car," so I've always tried to make sure it was used properly! I love it . . .

Both models have a rich competition history. The Mark VII, larger, heavier, and slower, can be just as much fun to drive in competition as the XK120. Its power comes on in a more linear way, making the car easier to control on a skid pad or slalom course.

The photos were taken at a BMW Skid School at the New Hampshire Motor Speedway in 2011. The goal here was to break loose the rear end, counter with steering, and learn to maintain that stance for a full circle. Way easier said than done!



Now I'm beginning to get it . . .

And below is my favorite photo. A little less dramatic, but it shows the car under control being driven by Ed Valpey, who was a BMW Instructor and a regular at NHMS. Ed and his Dad (deceased) were big into racing Studebakers, and he also owned and raced a Cadillac Allard.



Understeer!



More understeer!



A pro takes over. Ahhh!

A Member Brings a Mark 2 Back to Life

by John Maccarone

During the summer of 2011, my wife Rebecca and I were celebrating our tenth wedding anniversary in Paris. As we strolled through the picturesque back streets of the Third Arrondissement, we encountered a beautiful British racing-green Mark 2 parked on the street. For me, it was love at first sight.

That evening, with only a few hundred miles and the English Channel separating me from the Mark 2's origins in Coventry, I began researching the car, cementing my interest in both that model and in Jaguar history. Over the next few years, I picked up a square-body Austin Healey Sprite project and a 70 MG Midget -- all that my funds allowed for at the time. But the Mark 2 was what I really wanted!

Then, one day in the spring of 2016, while chatting with a local mechanic friend about the challenges I was having with the Midget engine, I mentioned my Mark 2 ownership aspirations. He told me about a friend of his who owned several E-types, and, as if on cue, his friend pulled up in front of us ten minutes later. And through a fortuitous twist of fortune, he had a Mark 2 tale to tell that would end up leading to a Mark 2 of my own.

I followed up on the friend's lead and found the car no more than ten miles from home. It was a black steel-wheel car, half covered by torn tarps and plastic taped over a broken window. And I wanted it badly.

I knocked on the door and introduced myself to a woman who I would learn was the niece of the car's original late owner, William Ronson. We walked back out to the car and I looked it over more closely. The car was an early 1960 3.8 4-speed, steel-sliding sunroof car, black with red interior. It was in tough shape, but it was all there and I figured it might be within my price range as a result.

After some more discussion and getting to know each other a little, the woman agreed to sell the car to me. I transported it home the following day with the help of a friend's AAA account and a very amenable tow driver. I had my Mark 2!

The Midget, the Sprite, and associated parts all went up for sale and would slowly disappear over the next several months to help fund my new pet project. As the Mark 2 seemed OK and mostly held together, my first goal was to get it running and driving safely, and then work towards a kind of rolling restoration as time and funds allowed.

The car had been stored outside for many years, serving as a long-term squirrel storage facility – to this day I still discover the occasional vintage acorn. I began work on the car by draining and removing the fuel tank. It had some interior and surface rust but seemed very solid, so I gave it the thorough POR tank treatment process, sanded and painted the exterior, replaced the internal screen filter, and re-mounted it with new bushings.

Next up: the carbs. I wasn't quite comfortable with a full rebuild so decided to replace the washers and clean most components up as best I could without fully dismantling them. I also replaced the needle valve, stripping the threads on one of the float bowl's lids in the process and replacing those as well.

Finally, I was able to turn to the engine and other major parts. When I drained the engine oil into a screen, I was glad to not find any debris. In changing the fabric oil filter, I learned the hard way how important it is to take great care with the canister rings.

Then, with the installation of a new battery and a little ether assistance, my baby started up and the engine throttled to life for the first time in decades. I can't begin to describe my relief to learn that the engine was good.

Slowly, over the next year, I replaced the clutch and brake hydraulics, the brake booster, all the brake lines, rebuilt the rear calipers, replaced the handbrake cable, upgraded the front brakes with XK's Wilwood kit, installed a Bell stainless exhaust kit, and replaced one of the rear door windows that had been broken in storage.

Fast forward three years, and many receipts later, to the spring of 2019 and I finally got her out on the road for my first test drive. I had never driven a classic Jaguar and was surprised by the power of the 3.8 XK engine. While notching a few thousand miles on the odometer, I managed to get the Mark 2 tuned and running pretty well.

But when are these projects really done? I realized I really should take more time to replace some of the steering and suspension bushings before I drove it much more. Also, some of the exterior body work really needed attention too. I am currently working on replacing the jacking points on the driver's side, along with the outer sill. I have been having a tough time motivating myself to put in the work this year with all that's going on with

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Member Brings a Mark 2 Back to Life (Continued from page 7)

the pandemic, but my visits into the garage have been more frequent as of late. I also picked up another really nice '62 Mark 2, complete with a treasure trove of parts, that I'll write about soon. I promise the next installment of my Mark 2 adventures will feature the start of a full restoration of the '62 and further upgrades to the '60 with parts from this purchase.

Stay well, everybody!



The car as I found it



The car in driving condition in the summer of 2019



A sneak peek at the 1962 Mark 2 and parts.

Membership Update

by Marjorie Cahn and Jeanine Graf, Co-VPs of Membership

JANE membership continues to grow steadily, and we look forward to seeing our new members at upcoming events.

We are still in renewal mode, so if you have not yet renewed, do it today! You certainly don't want to miss this particular year of JANE membership. After all, as our President, Chuck Centore, keeps reminding us, "We are more than just a car club."

This month, we would like to introduce our latest new members:

Ted Alexiades lives in Kingston, MA and drives a 1954 Green XK120 Roadster

Jon Morgan lives in Newfoundland and drives a 1952 White XK120 FHC

Gretchen Anderegg lives in Carlisle, MA and drives a 1953 Green 1953 XK120M

Rose German lives in Plympton, MA and drives a 1994 BRG



Marjorie Cahn and Jeanine Graf

XJS C and a 1996 XJR Supercharged 6
Thomas Barraford lives in Bellingham, MA and drives a 1996 Red XJ6 and a 1963 MkII

Beverly Thomas lives in Brewster, MA and drives a 1966 Green E-Type 4.2 OTS

David Leal lives in Dudley, MA and drives a 2017 Silver F-Pace

Kenneth Rollins lives in Hampstead, MD and drives a 2005 Black X-Type Estate Wagon

Chris Hicks lives in Clinton Corners, NY and drives a 1953 XK120 FHC

Michael Follick lives in Providence, RI and drives a 1958 Yellow XK150 DHC and an E-Type Series I FHC

We welcome all of you. Plan to join us at some of our meetings/events. We promise you lots of fun and new JANE friends. After all, we all love Jags.

Letter to the Editor . . .

Dave,

I loved your observations about the Mille Miglia and Targa Florio in the last Coventry Cat, and especially the Targa video. FYI, I needed to go to YouTube and use the link address you supplied after stripping the http etc. (watch?v=kAk1rx8au68)

Anyway, the segment toward the end where the driver was chasing that little red car was neat and reminded me of some early morning 1966 rides to work in my brand new 1966 XKE Coupe. Unfortunately, that XKE was a horror from the start, and I put up with it for only about 18 months.

And yes, I regret that now!!!

Of the few really enjoyable times with it were some of my early morning commutes on the back roads from Medford to my job in Sudbury. They became even more interesting one summer morning when a brand new blue Corvette rushed up behind me.

Of course, I simply could not allow that rough, crude, plastic American V8 to pass my gorgeous thoroughbred monocoque British XKE, with it's dual overhead cam, triple carburetor, 6 cylinder engine.

Anyway, he was not interested in pressing really hard and I was not interested in just running away, so we simply blasted through the woods, nose to tail, having fun. When my turn-off appeared I waved and he flashed his lights and went on his way.

As if planned, this scenario was to repeat itself many mornings that summer. I would sometimes catch a glimpse of that blue Corvette up ahead and our little game of tag would begin again. On other occasions, I would see blue rushing up from behind and the chase was on once more.

There were seldom other cars and very few houses on this country road, so this was a pleasant way for us to exercise our toys early in the morning. Fortunately, no local police or states ever appeared on the scene to spoil our fun.

These rendezvous lasted throughout the summer, but come fall I never saw him again.

And I don't know why neither of us ever stopped to chat about our toys or why one of us never just followed the other to his workplace parking lot to chat.

I regret that and sometimes wonder where he and that blue Corvette are today.

Stay well! **Frank Grimaldi**



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Rolling Restoration

An Insider's View

by Norman Michaels

I love the look of the mid-60s Jaguar 3.8S. I love its big, shiny bumpers and classic grille. I love the interior, with its burl wood dash. I love the row of toggle switches and the leather seats with their pull-down armrests.

I fell in love with one I saw on the sales field at the British Invasion at Stowe, Vt., a dozen years ago. The baby-blue paint, the sun sparkling off the chrome, the classic interior. Ah, love . . .

The car was running and complete. It appeared to have had a reasonably well-maintained existence. The owner had driven it down from Canada. I thought the asking price was reasonable. I went to find my wife, Charlotte.

She was impressed when she saw it, but correctly pointed out that we needed another car almost as much as we needed a third armpit. Well, that might have been true, but I pointed out that, unlike our two MGs, the Jag was weathertight. And its automatic transmission made it reasonable for her commute to work. And it was beautiful. And we'd get lots of thumbs up when we drove it.

So, after that discussion wound down, I inspected the car and test drove it. All the gauges, instruments and lights worked. The horn beeped. There was no rust coming through the paint or that I could feel underneath the car. It had probably been hit, because one fender and the trunk lid had newer paint, but that was OK because the whole car needed a respray anyway. It pulled right on braking and had too much play at the steering wheel, but I thought that it wouldn't be a big deal to fix those things, and I'm supposed to know about these things.

As some of you may know, I am part owner of a British car repair shop, Brit Bits, in Rye, New Hampshire. At the shop, we ALWAYS tell prospects contemplating restoration that it will cost MUCH more and take MUCH more time than they think. This is, essentially, ALWAYS true.

Turned out to be true for me, too.



Thumbs up!

On my lift, I found some play in the steering components, so I ordered and installed new replacements for the various bars, connectors and ends. The play at the steering wheel decreased from three inches to two inches. I then spent a lot of time and effort machining shims for the steering box that were NLA (no longer available). I got the play at the steering wheel as low as an

inch, but at that point the front wheels would not return to center on their own. Not good. I gave up and spent a few thousand on an aftermarket power-steering rack kit. It is a great addition. I wish I had just done it first.

Bleeding the brakes did not solve the pulling problem. To get to the rear brakes, the entire rear axle has to come out. Fortunately, it's a job we can handle fairly well in the shop, with the car on a lift, and appropriate jacks and several helpers available. Of course, while the rear is out, it made sense to replace the axle mounts and all the bushings, as well as fitting new springs and shocks.

Up front, I think some parts for the brake calipers were NLA. Rather than fudge things, I went straight for the aftermarket upgrade kit of XJ6 calipers and rotors. And of course, I replaced the ball joints, bushings and any other parts I hadn't renewed in the steering project.

Charlotte finally got to test drive the car. It went OK but she said she would like to sit a little higher, so I took the opportunity to have both front seats completely reupholstered, with extra padding in the driver's seat. Nice!

Next was the paint job. It only took about a year-and-a-half. They found much more bondo under the paint than we had thought, and rust bleeding out from under the bondo. It all had to come out and many panels just needed total replacement. Many.

In my first years of driving the car, I learned the auto-

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Rolling Restoration (Continued from page 10)

matic transmission didn't automatically switch down to first at a stop light. Consequently, it was slow to get underway, being in second gear. But I discovered that pulling up on the gas pedal with my toe while waiting at the light worked to get the tranny into first. I never did find what the problem was in the linkage. It wasn't a problem for me to drive it like that, but once the tranny started clunking and hesitating badly between shifts, it was time to do something.

After some research, I purchased a kit from John's Jaguars that adapted a 1980s four-speed-plus-overdrive General Motors transmission to the car. A local transmission shop sourced, rebuilt and installed the tranny. It transformed the car in a very positive way. It is quick off the line now, and cruises happily at 70 mph at 2,500 rpm.

That job finished the restoration. A week later we took it on the fabulous JANE trip to Quebec City in 2016.

Along the way, I also did an engine valve job, rebuilt the carbs, and replaced the exhaust system, the windshield wiper motor, and the two power brake boosters that failed. I consider these more like maintenance jobs than restoration work. The power brake boosters were funny problems. The original spewed huge white clouds out the exhaust when they failed. The replacement just locked the brakes when they failed. A lot of fun, that was.

I can't tell you how much all this cost. At my shop we advise our customers to NEVER add up the bills. We know before we start that they'll be financially upside down at the end of the job, so why torture themselves any more than that in the meantime? I took my own advice and didn't keep track of the parts bills or my labor hours. All of this took place over several years, so the work, spending and pain were spread out.

Since the Jag has been finished, it has won a third place at the British Invasion at Stowe, as well as a few firsts and seconds at other shows. I'm totally pleased.

Charlotte doesn't really care to drive the Jag. She prefers her modern Cooper Clubman, but she's happy to ride shotgun and knit. And I'm the beneficiary of a few of the scarves, socks and sweaters she's turned out on our vacation trips in the Jag.



Charlotte tends to her knitting . . .

It is a beautiful car. I still love the way it looks. And I was right: it DOES get a lot of thumbs up when I drive it.



Here's the way to go get ice cream . . .

Astonishing Past Predictions

Curated by Bonnie Getz

Here we encounter examples of why it is an excellent practice to NEVER predict ANYTHING, especially if you are well-known. You may become wrong! And feel really stupid!!

For July and August, the Astonishing Past Prediction is:

"Man will never reach the moon, regardless of all future scientific advances."

– Dr. Lee DeForest, "Father of Radio & Grandfather of Television."

Book Review: Why We Drive

by Dave Moulton

Every now and then, a real book that thinks reasonably seriously about cars, roads and people comes along. This is one of them. You might want to grab it. It may become a useful friend and reference on your bookshelf.

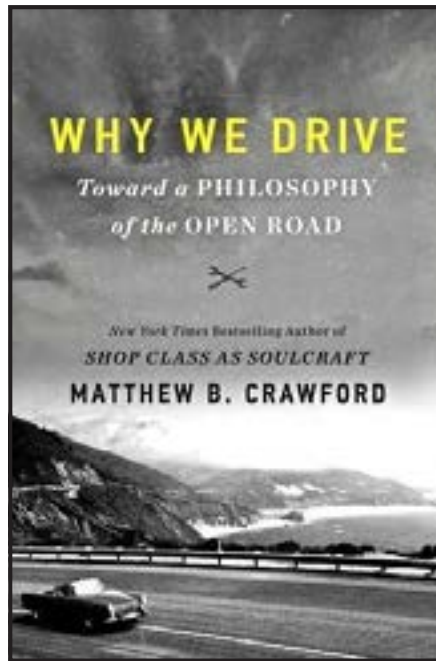
Matthew Crawford is an academic. He is also a car guy, addicted to older VWs (including highly modified home-built ones). And he's a bike guy (seems to prefer small and medium-sized rice rockets)! Interesting character.

None of this seems to go over all that well with all the *bicyclistas*, *urbaniacs* and *pedestrolls* whose reviews of his book I've read so far – they are doubtful about cars on the best of days. Here, they seem nonplused by the thrill of blueprinting an engine or the virtues of averaging 70 mph across a trackless desert. But for us car guys, Crawford makes perfect sense. We get it. He's family.

You may recall, years ago, a guy named Robert Pirsig wrote quite a good book called *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, which wasn't about either Zen or motorcycle maintenance. It was, however, a really interesting book about life as experienced on the open road by somebody who likes to think about (a) the meaning of life and (b) how meaningful life can be when you're out on said open road, dealing with both your angels and your demons.

Crawford's *Why We Drive* is that sort of book. A mix of reflections on what is right and wrong with the way we collectively do things, both in general and with cars, as well as how that all looks from the various vantage points afforded by driving, maintaining, restoring, struggling with, defending yourself in court about, understanding, whatever it is you do, with cars.

So what's the book about? Well, self-reliance, for starters. The benefits, emotional, spiritual and intellectual, that accrue from "doing it ourselves" and "taking responsibility for getting it right." Naturally, Crawford ties this to his life with cars, driving them, working on them, just thinking about them. Then, he considers the importance of play to humans for learning, cognitive and neurological development, as well as social development and integration.



This, of course, he associates with motorsports. Finally, he delves into a consideration of our recent tendencies to devalue personal independence and self-reliance in favor of state and institutional management of our affairs, as seen from the perspective of life on both open and not-so-open roads.

Occasionally, the book is a little obscure. There's an interesting foray into considerations of how humans and rats learn, and how moving about in space may enhance that learning. There are some very funny moments about the DMV, about folk engineering, and about the possible acquisition of automobile parts. There's a pleasant

takedown of some of Tesla's safety antics, and a fairly in-depth consideration of what could possibly be wrong with Google, with automotive autonomy, and with some of the widespread wishful wisdom embedded in the quasi-religious institutional fervor that Crawford cheerfully refers to as "safetyism." [Great term!]

Quibbles include: the sections on motor-racing were more about the sociological implications of car and bike competition and the communities such competitions engender, than about possibly more useful insights about (a) real safety, (b) being engaged with driving and (c) driving in emergencies. Also, Crawford is a little too gentle on the automotive safety community (the "safetyists"?), accepting their claims of effectiveness without a challenge, particularly a rigorous scientific challenge which might ask, "Are those claims really true?" and "How do you know they are true?" In many cases, of course, they are not. I wish he'd gone there. He has an excellent case to make.

All in all, this book is well worth your while. It may not fully explain to your satisfaction exactly why it is that we drive cars (well, we need to get there and it's fun, but we knew that!). Those reasons, just like Buddhism and certain maintenance chores, can be left in the background. Instead, there's some really interesting thinking about why driving is so special and different from most other contemporary human activities. What you've got here is a keeper for your car-book collection. Enjoy!

An Engineer's Mark 2

by Bruce Murray

This is the story of my 3.4 Litre 1967 Jaguar Mark 2, which has now been restored and also has been the beneficiary (or victim) of an engineer's kind attentions. It is a California car originally, and then resided in Pittsburgh for a few years before I bought it in October 2014. It was attractive to me since there was no rust or obvious collision damage (see later), it seemed to run well and the seller drove it over 100 miles for me to view it. The paint was pretty good and certainly suitable for the rolling restoration I planned.

The car already had some good modifications, having been converted to a manual/overdrive transmission from a 420G, Willwood front brakes, a negative ground system with alternator, and a steering rack from a SIII XJ6. A nice and very unusual feature was the pair of reclining front seats. A major blasphemy was the Weber carburettor setup with a custom manifold. Luckily the SU carbs were in a box in the trunk. There were also records and registration documents going back to 1993, which showed it was actually a mongrel conceived in California from a rust-free body and the running gear from a rusted hulk.

I mulled over driving it home to Winchester, MA, but sanity prevailed and it came via Intercity Transport. Just as well, as the fan belt tensioner was about to disintegrate, which would probably have happened on the George Washington bridge.

Over the next two years I enjoyed taking care of the myriad problems that happen with any old car, principally repairing the brakes, refitting the SU carbs with a semi-custom air cleaner etc. etc. A major complaint of the car's design has always been the poor performance of the heater system. I set about to design and build a better one, that basically uses a high-power motor, bigger fan, less restrictive water valve, and air flow guide vanes inside the heater box that improve the heat transfer. Why Jaguar made such a poor system I don't know, but I did find one clue that they recognized this. The internal ducting in the passenger space was biased so that more air was directed to the right hand front seat than being balanced for both sides. Since these cars were intended to be owner-driven, I guess they wanted to make sure the owner driving the Right Hand Drive version in England would get as much heat as possible. The whole of the floor was insulated with KOOLMAT to help in the summer.

Another mind-boggling feature is the electrical system, which has but two fuses for the whole car! Fortunately, it is quite easy to use the original harness and yet fit a more proportionate number of fuses. The circuits converge at two points and it is a simple matter to separate them, and I fitted a 16-way fuse-box instead. The car's wiring insulation was in poor shape and so a complete new set of harnesses was fitted: these were made by Autosparks in the UK and were of good quality. However, the wire ends are not individually labeled, thereby leading to nice puzzle laid out on the family dining table. In spite of the

changes made, the general wiring layout was kept as original as possible to ease any future troubleshooting.



On my dining table, a complex puzzle to be solved.

The car originally came with a hazard flasher control box, mounted under the dash board. This really looks like a poor effort and so I fitted a modern style switch mounted discreetly inside the newspaper tray.

Another minor mod was the fitting of a manual override switch for the electric enrichment device. What used to happen was that the engine would stall during warm-up before reaching the operating temperature. The manual switch could be used to keep the enrichment on until the car would idle properly. This was another example of a fix for a problem that wasn't really needed, since after the major engine rebuild in 2019, the engine no longer stalled during warmup.

A new aluminum radiator was fitted just to get the best cooling possible. However, it illustrated another well-known maxim: "When you buy an aftermarket part, you own both the part AND any problems that come with it." In spite of selecting a US maker over the Chinese ones on ebay, the radiator did not fit due to poor placement of the brackets. When the hood was closed, the radiator top impacted it so a pimple appeared on the outer surface. The vendor was not responsive, which meant that it had to be fixed in the home shop.

Having fitted a nice Motolita steering wheel with its large hub

(Continued on page 14)

13 The Coventry Cat

An Engineer's Mark 2 (Continued from page 13)

meant that the driver could not see the directional indicator or overdrive warning on the steering binnacle. So I mounted a little box with 3 LEDs on the dashboard.



Turn indicators and overdrive warning light where I can see them!

The interior wood had been refinished at some point in time, but looked rather bland. The winter of 2017/18 saw it all stripped and refinished. The original grain on the dashboard was a delight to reveal. My wife Jane thought it a pity to re-install that nice wood in such a tired interior, so after a few minutes discussion, we decided to go the Full Monty(!) and do a complete body and interior restoration, no holds barred.

Prior to sending it to the body shop, the interior was taken out completely and the sound damping material under the roof and in other areas was tediously stripped out. All glass was removed and the central instrument panel wrapped in plastic. In the engine area the ancillaries were taken off and the engine block was wrapped in plastic.

At Avenue Auto Body in Mattapan, Boston, the body was completely stripped of paint inside and out, using a blasting of water with recycled glass and sand. Mass Green Blast brought their truck to the body shop that removed about 90% of the paint in less than a day's work. This revealed the rust-free body shell with evidence of Bondo repairs to some dents but nothing major. The rear wheel spats were after-market and had to be scrapped. One interesting thing was that the gap between the hood and the left fender was not parallel, presumably as a result of a front end bump that caused the fender to arch up. Later, it went on the stretching machine to get sorted out.



Down to the Metal



Mass Green Blast at work

New rear wheel cutaway spats by Martin Robey were mounted but took quite some effort to get a good fit. An extra clip was fitted to each spat and instead of using a DZUS fastener at the front, a stainless screw was used to keep them in place permanently.

The doors, hood and trunk lid were removed and worked on separately, which allowed detail work on the hinges to be done

The paint used on the outside was a high quality single stage Glasurit product. We went for "single stage" since if scratches or defects occur in use, it is much easier to repair than if a "base-coat clear-coat" had been used. The inside was painted with a color-matched cheaper paint.



A Concours Paint Job

The bumpers and door handles went for rechroming to American Electroplating of Lawrence, MA, the cost being very comparable to buying new aftermarket parts that may or may not fit.

On our vacation trip to England in April 2018, we visited Aldridge Trimming, met their staff, had a plant tour and selected a complete new interior package. The front reclining seats were complex and quite a challenge to rebuild as there is no documentation that I could find. These were not Reutter seats but in fact must have been of Jaguar manufacture since there were BD part numbers on several pieces.

(Continued on page 15)



At Aldridge Trimming, in England



Carl Hanson and Eric Kriss helping with the challenging job of installing the headliner on its bows.

The whole restoration process took from April to September 2018, and, unfortunately, was not ready in time for the British Invasion that year.

The car was entered for the JCSNE Concours in June 2019 and placed well in the driven class. However, on the way home, smoke started to come out of the exhaust, much to my chagrin. The investigation revealed that one cylinder wall was scored deeply by the end of the wrist pin. Clearly an engine out situation and it is difficult to find a shop to do this work in a timely manner, so I had to buckle down and do it myself. First get the engine out, then strip it and send it to a machine shop for the block to be sleeved and rebored.

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Entering the JCSNE 2019 Concours

Carl Hanson and Dennis Eklof both highly recommended J & M Machine of Southborough, MA and, indeed, they were right. The service provided was absolutely excellent, extremely prompt, and each day I received an e-mail with what had been done. As well as the re-sleeving, the internals were statically and dynamically re-balanced. This revealed that the mid-90s rebuild had not been well done: for example the con-rods were mis-matched, resulting in a rather rough-running engine. The home rebuild went easily, with the assistance of the JCNA tool loan program for the rear main seal sizer.



Engine Ready to Fit

Eric Kriss has a great garage/workshop and I was able to remove and install the engine there. All parts were supplied by SNG Barratt, who were very responsive and their promptness plus the rapid work done by J & M meant that the total rebuild time took eight weeks from first smoke to running again.

(Continued on page 16)



Waiting for the engine at Eric Kriss's Garage

The failure mechanism leading to the wrist pin movement into the cylinder wall is a mystery since the retaining clips had been in place. It looked as though the wrist pin had been hammering back and forward until it broke the aluminum away from the clip grooves in the piston, thus allowing its contact with the cylinder wall. Only one explanation has been offered, which is excess crankshaft end float. Before the failure, the end float was about 9 mils instead of the specified 6 mils maximum – did not seem too bad: the rebuild was set to 5 mils end float.



Number 4 cylinder Wall Gouging

The engine now ran well but was still to suffer some engineering attention!

A Ford distributorless ignition system was installed because I had heard good reports for this when it had been fitted to E-Types. It is basically a Ford EDIS system with a control module named Megajolt that is used to program the centrifugal and vacuum advance using a laptop PC. The hardest part is fitting a toothed trigger wheel to the crankshaft pulley. Since I have a machine shop in the basement, I was able to design and make the parts to fit within the cramped space between the fan belt and timing gear. The system offers much more precise timing than can be achieved with a distributor. It has certainly proved to be an exemplary system and as an example the engine can idle at 250RPM steadily during the warm-up phase.

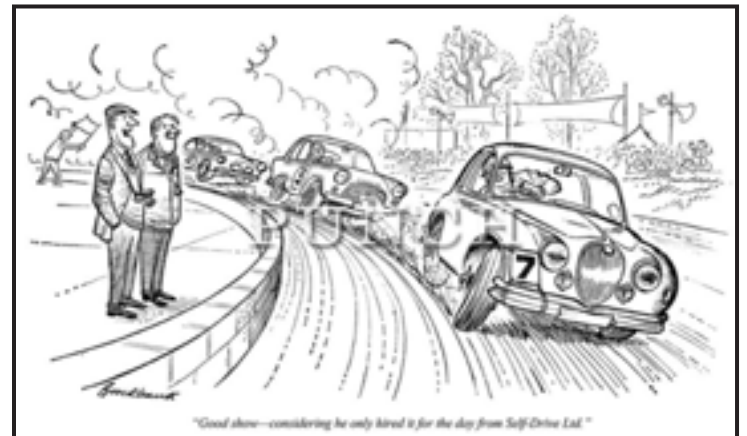
The final modification to date is the fitting of a wiper pause control. This uses an extra microswitch on the Lucas motor and an electronic delay module in the newspaper shelf area.

With all the non standard work done, it seemed prudent to write up a supplement to the user's manual in the interest of future owner(s). This was done in the same format, using a self publishing website – lulu.com



If All Else Fails . . .

And to wrap it up, here is a cartoon of the day (it is actually a Mark 1, but you get the drift).



Russell Brockbank's take on the Small Saloons

HONKU

by Aaron Naparstek

**Defrost or AC?
difficult to decipher
dashboard hieroglyphs**

How to Mark IX, Greenwich Style

by David Kellogg-Achin, photos by Bonham and Kellogg-Achin

In 2019, an opportunity arose for us to attend the Greenwich Concours together for the first time. Nancy and I jumped. Almost couldn't get hotel reservations, but got that and my press pass sorted, courtesy of long-time rallyist Judy Stropus, publicist for the event.

The Greenwich Concours was begun in 1996 by Bill and Genia Wennerstrom. I remember meeting Genia at the short-lived concours at Castle Hill and being completely won over by the unpretentious charm in her invitation to attend that fledgling event.

The family focus continued while the next generation of Wennerstroms owned the Greenwich Concours – many of the entrants, attendees and sponsors were drawn from family friends. 2019 proved to be the last year of Wennerstrom stewardship, as Hagerty Insurance will run the 2021 show, with new plans to attract young people. Hagerty's strategy bears watching: if effective, it might prove useful to JANE as a way to draw in new, younger members.

The Greenwich Concours offers a tripartite delight: on Friday there is an entrants' driving tour; Saturday has Classic American vehicles on display, while International Classics are shown on Sunday. On both weekend days, Bonham's big top is open to preview over 100 auction lots, the sale taking place on Sunday, all day. Automotive memorabilia — signage, master quality scale models and exceptional hood ornaments were on offer, along with cars.

Nancy and I took great pleasure in seeing so many rare and various American icons. Among our favorites were a stunningly restored 1926 Rolls Royce Springfield Silver Ghost, a largely original 1916 Stutz Model G, and a 1953 Arnolt MG coupe. Saturday featured Wacky Arnolt's Bristol sports models. Where else can you see 13 of these cars side by side? One of Sunday's stand-outs was a Jaguar XJ15 prototype race car — perversely in Porsche Speed Yellow. An added dimension of Saturday's delight was that a few cars for the morrow's auction were being driven



photo copyright David Kellogg

in for preview during the day. We couldn't know it at the time, but one driven right by us on Saturday would become ours.

The Greenwich Concours sets a high bar for the quality of its entries. Complementing its caché, the event is set in Roger Sherman Baldwin Park, near the mouth of tony Greenwich Harbor. Another layer of interest lies in

exhibitors being encouraged to dress in costume matching the period of their cars and to interact with spectators as if bridging the years between their car's 'then' and our 'now'.

Many distinguished cars awaited us as we arrived on the lawn. Lincoln KA Series, Packards with flamboyant wing nether colors, a crimson Stanley Steamer (one of my favorites), the odd early Hupmobile and brilliant examples of many other makers graced the harborside park. AmeriCare, the Wennerstroms' chosen charity, received excellent exposure, and auto-related merchants' tents ringed the exhibition field, showcasing exotic marques, restoration, insurance, even car jewelry.

We saw fewer of Sunday's International offerings because we were both beneath the Bonham's big top, watching cars go across the block. There didn't seem to be any supremely high ticket items at this sale, though there were a Red Label Bentley 4 liter car and a Porsche Speedster on preview for a subsequent sale. Two lots in black caught my eye: a resto-modded Sunbeam Tiger fetched \$76,000, and a 1961 E-Type FHC brought \$123,000; neither was in standout condition, reflected by these selling prices.

Nancy particularly liked a different black beauty, a 1934 Pierce Arrow sedan of elegant bearing. I had stepped away for a moment during the auction action and learned upon return, that the car almost came home with us... but I'm jumping ahead.

Just a little later, a pair of Jaguar Mark Nines were on offer. One, an automatic in brilliant black over screaming scarlet coves, had been the personal favorite of race driver

(Continued on page 18)

Bob Grossman, and was in show condition; the other was something unexpected. When the second lot came up, Nancy and I looked at each other and decided to have a go.

The RHD car wore white-circled numbers on its doors, and sported numerous unusual features from its preparation for rallying. This car, solid Sherwood Green over Biscuit leather, featured a console and bucket seats custom fabricated for competition, and had been the property of a Gentleman of the Connecticut Concours Aristocracy, John Shuck.

Mr. Shuck was one of two founders of the other high-end Connecticut Concours at Fairfield, which started, as did Greenwich, in 1996. The other founder was John's friend, Bill Sheffler. Fairfield became so successful that it outgrew two venues, but wobbled in transition when a suitable setting for further growth could not be found. Fairfield's show has been reimagined as the one-day Spring and Autumn Concours de Caffeine, aimed at socializing and driving in Westport, while Greenwich retains its annual one-weekend format. When John Shuck died in 2016, his Mark IX naturally went to his close friend Bill Sheffler, the man who modified the car for competition, rallied it and offered it at auction.

A replacement 3.8 liter engine drives a Tremec 5 speed gearbox with the tallest Hurst shifter I've ever seen —think Munster Car shifter in a class Jag; seemingly incongruous until you drive it and find the shifter falls perfectly to hand. There were features that the catalog entry missed, too, like powder coated suspension, stainless braided brake lines, Konis at all four corners, and a brake biasing knob, along with a high-end Sirius stereo hidden in the console. Perhaps the most endearing visual feature of the car is the conversion to twin Daytona style aluminum filler caps on the rear deck, which complement the neckless, gangsta look the lowered car displays.

There was a single bid ahead of us, and then ours. And that was it: Sold!

Despite the better paint finish on the Bob Grossman Mk IX, and its success in local car shows, I prefer this car. It, too, has provenance, but hasn't the many miles of the black over red automatic example and is smartly modified, in the spirit of Jaguars through the years, for competition. I've only recently learned that the large saloons were often used in competition and despite their heft, did well, due to superior engine performance and, in the case of the Mark IX, the superior braking afforded by being the first production car with all wheel disc brakes. Jaguar made the

most of this innovative development, their engineering breakthrough co-developed with Dunlop.

Bonham's catalog showed photos of the car with Owners Manuals and other paperwork, which was not present at the sale. Though it took some persistence, I was able to secure those items, among which is the treasure of a copy of "Practical Classics," a British magazine, featuring this car on its cover, with an article about its restoration while still in the UK. The article shows the car in a bicolor livery, with Mint Green coves beneath the side trim, and provides the name of the owner in the late 1970s.

The Heritage Certificate lists purchase from Coombs Garage by the original owner, R. W. Lowe of Windsor, England. It's rather fun that Coombs were known for their race preparation of Mark 2 Jaguars used by Roy Salvadori and Stirling Moss, and that this car has been 'given the business' now, too. The only part I've bought is a period-correct decal from Coombs' Garage, which the car will proudly wear when next it takes to the road. The car runs and drives remarkably well and will provide suitably luxurious transport for our favorite navigator, Esmé, on future Jaguar events, where we hope to see each of you, healthy and reinvigorated for safe social gatherings around our favorite marque.

David Kellogg-Achin, Copyright 2020



photo copyright David Kellogg

One of the Dual Daytona Fillers

(Continued on page 19)

July/August 2020



photo courtesy of Bonhams

The Schuck Sheffler Mk IX – Elegance Preserved. 2nd UK registration.



photo courtesy of Bonhams

Gangsta stance: dual Daytona fillers with car lowered for rallying



photo copyright David Kellogg

Honkin' Hurst Shifter: size sometimes matters



photo courtesy of Bonhams

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At home, ready to rally

An Honorable Man

by Daniel Graf



Glen McLachlin, 1945-2020

Glen's passing is a true loss.

I've known Glen for decades, and during that time, we shared Jaguar mechanical challenges and solutions, and projects, along with many other topics . . . usually over Scotch Whisky.

I was never a whisky drinker until I met Glen and his brother Jack. While we were sitting in my barn one fine afternoon, Jack mentioned an accident he had on his

sailboat, when the sail boom struck him in the head. Months later, he suffered a mild stroke and a brief hospital stay. When checking out of the hospital, the nurse asked for the name of his primary care doctor, to check-out his personal medical file. "I don't have one, and I haven't seen a doctor since I left the army when I was 20 years old," he answered. She looked surprised and told him that he had the arteries of a twenty-year-old! At that point, I asked what he attributed this excellent condition to? Simultaneously, Glen and Jack lifted their glasses . . . and in harmony sang, "Scotch Whisky!!"

Glen was a true connoisseur. He never went anywhere without his portable bar containing Scotch Whisky and Glencairn glasses, ready to share with friends. I once made the unforgiveable error of offering Glen an aged bottle of whiskey which

Glen McLachlin passed away after a long illness on Thursday, August 13, 2020. He was born in Kilwinning, Scotland and emigrated to the U.S. with his family in 1952 at the age of seven. He graduated from Braintree High School in 1962 and received his Journeyman 1st Class Machinist certification from General Dynamics in 1969. In 1970, he enlisted in the U.S. Army, served in Vietnam and was the proud recipient of the Bronze Star.

Glen was a self-employed auto mechanic and co-owner of Caledonian Motor Works in Kingston, as well as a letter carrier for the USPS in Brockton, MA

for over 20 years. He belonged to Rural Lodge AF + AM in Quincy, MA, and was a life member of the VFW, DAV, NRA and the American Legion. He was a member of JANE, Cold Spring Club in Plymouth, as well as a life member of the Scottish-American Military Society and Clan McLachlan. Glen's greatest passion was restoring and driving his beloved Jaguars.

Dean Saluti & Chuck Centore also write:

"Glen McLachlan was a loyal and beloved member of JANE. He was indeed a Jaguar aficionado and an expert mechanic. But, most of all, he was there for all of us whenever we needed him.

I had brought up from my cellar. He held the bottle away with extended arms and loudly declared, "This isn't Scotch Whisky! This is Irish Whiskey!" . . . and gave it back to me with a grin.

Glen's lifelong knowledge of Jaguars and other British cars was enhanced by his cleverness and a gifted technical aptitude. He was always able to not just fix, but improve the quality over and above the factory designs. If occasionally something failed, he simply attributed that to "Murphy's Law."

Perhaps Glen has joined his brother Jack in the Highlands, but he left a hole in our hearts. He was an Honorable man, and certainly enriched my life.



Hard at work . . .

Let us all raise a glass: "To Glen!"



Hard at play . . .

He was a strong force that kept our club on a steady path forward.

He was a quiet guy who shunned the limelight. When we found out that he turned down enlistment in the Black Watch to volunteer for Vietnam with the U.S. Army, Boston's Historic Association of the First Corps of Cadets honored him with its Distinguished Veterans Award for his Vietnam service. He was allowed to wear his Scottish headgear in country with his U.S. Army uniform because of his dual citizenship status. He was a proud American and a proud Scotsman. He will be dearly missed by all of us."

(Continued on page 21)

July/August 2020



Just hangin' out with Barb and the Mark 2



Happy roads, Glen, and God bless you!

July and August 2020 Events

Dr. Dean Saluti, VP of Events



The JANE benefits package.....

OK, so maybe Marjorie and I are a little over the top on this “staying safe” thing. We just haven’t gone out of the house since March. We’ve become real professionals when it comes to ordering our groceries online, now from various sources – Star Market, Roche Brothers, and our latest, “Amazon Fresh.” For the

last few years, I have had my MBA students analyze the Harvard Business School case on the Amazon-Whole Foods merger, and I hadn’t really thought about the merger’s repercussions. Now that Amazon owns the Whole Foods supply chain, they have mastered the groceries delivery game with the very best quality and prices, i.e., “Amazon Fresh.” Well, we had to do something besides continuously cleaning the Jags.

After a very successful Zoom JANE Board Meeting led by Chuck Centore, we pledged to come up with innovative ways to hold JANE events with social distancing and masks. Dave Moulton and Kevin Murphy piloted a “Road Rallye” in July on the scenic back roads of “Western” Massachusetts (anything west of Newton is Western Massachusetts to me), and it was a great success. The event “sold out.” Thanks, Dave and Kevin, for a job well done.

Using this safe Road Rallye model, on the first weekend of August, the Grafts, Daniel and Jeanine, held a JANE South Shore

Tour. It, too, was a social distancing and mask extravaganza. Starting in Hingham, the Jag lineup headed toward Cohasset. It was a scenic drive along the coastline, until they reached Cohasset Center, where people were in the street waving, as 20 of our JANE Jags drove by. Naturally, since this was a Daniel Graf event, there was a stop at the French Memories Bakery, where each car received a special goody bag, which included the bakery’s famous croissants. They proceeded around the Hingham lighthouse, and drove through Scituate, Marshfield, and Pembroke. The ride ended at the home of Steve and Margaret Turschmann in Pembroke for a social distancing and mask BBQ. Daniel allowed removal of masks for cheeseburger consumption, beer drinking, and cigar smoking (the Bradys attended) for over 40 JANE members and friends. Thank you, thank you, Steve and Margaret. You, as always, are wonderful hosts.

Coming Attractions

We had planned to do a virtual journey through the 2019 Concours Jaguar display, but John Romano, JANE photographer, had a serious hard drive accident and lost all our pictures. So, we are now planning to share the South Shore Tour, using pictures that the Graf’s daughter, Nicole, took for us. We will use Zoom and pretend that we are at the Wayside Inn, while we eat dinner at home and listen to the presentation by Daniel Graf. You will see me, with Margie on Zoom, eating an Italian dinner with our friends Jan and Dean, who plan to join us and promise to sing “Dead Man’s Curve.” ***Stay tuned!***

A 2020 COVID Rallye and Repast

by Marg and Russ Dennis. Photos by Bonnie Getz

*"We shall never again be as we were."
— Henry James, The Wings of the Dove*

A Navigator Tells All: by Marg

I know I have used this quote before in other Jaguar articles, but I think it aptly describes the isolation and confusion brought about by COVID-19. Will we ever again be as we once were?

The virus will decide when it is spent, and when we can hopefully resume what was once our normal lives. But, for one day, Rallye Master Kevin Murphy and Co-Rallye Master Dave Moulton organized a 75-mile tour of country roads and a private picnic at Dave's house, which allowed us to forget for a day the pandemic and its grim impact on our lives.

I had forgotten how good it felt to feel wind playing havoc with hair. I had forgotten how joyful it was to see mustard-colored and vermillion-green doors framed by historic houses. I had forgotten the beauty of stone walls.

But more about the Rallye. We met at Johnson's Drive-In on Route 119 in Groton, MA on a picture-perfect, blue sky Sunday and ended three hours later at Dave Moulton's house, also in Groton.



At the start, even the cars tried to practice social distancing.

Rallye instructions informed us this was not a competitive event, and nobody should get lost, or get even slightly confused. The roads were chosen for scenic and driving qualities. I think the instructions were also sent to the rows and rows of bright orange tiger daylilies that lined the route, a cause of serious distraction for this navigator.

In addition to the numerous twists and turns Dave and Kevin outlined in their instruction sheet, drivers and navigators were directed to find covered bridges, lighthouses, a lawn, a restaurant, treasures, a Souhegan, who puts the corn where and who had a hammer.

Roads with sharp turns. Cars with no power steering. Three pages of detailed instructions including 10 no street signs? Even with our glasses on we missed most of the required turns. A sympathetic farmer and an amused MGB owner helped steer us in the right direction. I kept telling my frustrated driver that this was not just a competitive run but a fun Rallye and a time to celebrate getting out of the house. The driver, who will celebrate his 50th wedding anniversary with his navigator next week, informed the navigator that we may not make it to 50. *[Editor's note: Hey! Congratulations, you two!]*

The Rallye Masters did not deceive. Even though this navigator and her driver defied instructions and got lost, and were confused, and came in last [Editor's note: For the record, the Dennises did not come in last despite their efforts] and they (we) arrived at Dave's house long after most other drivers and navigators, in spite of all those failings, we had a wonderful time!

A "fairly nice prize" (a bottle of good champagne) for correctly answering the questions was awarded to Joe Hill and Alison Chase, who placed first. Pat and Chuck Centore came in second, while Richard and Jan Gill were third.



Joe Hill contemplates the thrill of victory, as well as a good lunch.

I can only imagine the ghosts of Browns Lane smiling and cheering us on.

And once again these cars that have ignited the imagination of a post-WWII generation gave us a respite from the long months of isolation. Jaguars are still magical cars and this gathering is a testament to their durability.

In Alice in Wonderland, Alice asks: "How long is forever?" The White Rabbit responds, "Sometimes just one second." The seconds that passed during the 2020 Rallye and Repast will continue to tick long after we return to what has become our normal lives.

And Now A Driver Tells All: by Russ

This is the third time this driver and navigator have participated in a road rallye together. We had looked forward to seeing some of our JANE friends and making some new friends after a shortened driving season in Florida with the Jaguar Club of South West Florida. We hadn't driven our XK 150 since April 7th, when it was shipped back north for some minor paint work and commissioning for the summer driving season in New England.

(Continued on page 23)

A 2020 COVID Rallye and Repast (Continued from page 22)

We pick up the car only two days before the rallye. We reposition ourselves in the Groton area the night before, so as to be as alert as possible for Sunday morning.

Sunday is a beautiful morning and a short drive to Johnson's Drive-In. It is great to see some old friends again and meet other members. When the straightforward instructions are handed out we go over them together. Everything seems fine to me.



"If there are no further questions, . . . "



The Rallye Master tells the Centores where to go.

We depart early in the pack, figuring if we get lost I can follow a car that started behind us. That is our first mistake. I have now learned that what I believe is straightforward may not be straightforward to someone else (I'm not naming names here). I have now learned to not assume anything.

The course was well laid out by the rallye masters but we are not as clever as they were. We miss signs that were hidden by trees or don't read all the signs on telephone poles – once we spot one street name, never thinking two roads may come off the same intersection. We backtrack numerous times to find other participants going in the same or opposite directions. Distances do not add up for the turn point clues. The navigator strongly expresses herself on increasingly frequent occasions. By now we are the TEC (Tail End Charlies) and seek help from a gentleman farmer tending his flower beds and again from a local couple out in their MGB, who sense our dilemma.

We finally cover the entire course minus the last few miles back to Johnson's Drive-In, where we stop to pick up a lunch of Lobster Rolls (which turn out to be one of best lunches we have had this year). We finally arrive at the Moulton Estate long after many cars had left for the day. It is a perfect day, though, driving through northeastern Massachusetts and southern New Hampshire, taking in the beautiful scenery and weather.



Chuck and Patt Centore, Nancy Monaghan and Tom Larsen relax. No pain.

For three hours we were 30 years old again and having fun. Thank you to Dave and Kevin and Diane and Bonnie for all the work you put into making this a wonderful experience.

Our takeaways from this event: I learned patience. The navigator learned how to work under pressure and have fun at the same time.



Our baby takes a breather.

Bannister the Barrister on Cars, Places, and the Law

*by Barry Bannister, Barrister
(go on, 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 . . .

In Maryland, it is a misdemeanor to swear while inside a vehicle. This suggests that those of us with Tourette's Syndrome need to keep the windows rolled up and hope the cops can't lip-read. For the rest of us? Oh, well, it happens . . . Thanks, Barry, as always.

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.*



Jaguar 2.4 Mk I that may be the best available, for the combination of overall condition and components: full Webasto sunroof, wire wheels and partial spats, steel wheels and full spats, end of run disc brakes all around, complete original tool set, four-speed o.d. Of course numbers-matching, original colors and configuration, Heritage certificate. 40,000 original miles. Best of Show NE Jaguar Concours) and wood refinished.

Few hundred miles from 2019 engine overhaul. Detailed maintenance records from 2004.

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From the *Bottom* Of The Scratching Post

by Dave Moulton



Your humble editor, pulling into his driveway after another tough commute.

My own experience with Jaguar Mark models is confined to one thoroughly exhilarating 7,300 mile drive in a Mark 1, back in 1963.

I had a college friend named Harry, who owned said Mark 1. Harry was a skilled enough mechanic that he worked for a couple of summers in the shop operated by legendary Jaguar racer Walt Hansgen, and, as a consequence of that acquired skillset, had his Mark 1 running very nicely.

We decided, over beers and tequila of course, that during our college's Winter Break (6 weeks) we would drive the Mark 1 to Mexico City and back – your basic upper-middle-class college-buddy spur-of-the-moment driving adventure. 4-speed with overdrive. New Pirelli Cinturatos. New Koni shocks. Driving lights with special switches. An Abarth exhaust system that sounded gloriously sophisticated and, er, loud. Lots of tools 'n spares, some camping gear, two books of Travelers Checks (remember those?), indestructible digestive systems and a contact in Mexico City. At our age, what could possibly go wrong?

Some day, I might write the whole thing up for *The Cat*. Here's a brief itinerary (remember, we had almost no interstates or 4-lane highways and it was a particularly nasty January): Start in the Hudson Valley, fettle at my father's machine shop near Washington, DC, then on to Roanoke, VA, Lawrenceburg, TN, Little Rock, AK, Shreveport, LA, San Antonio, TX, cross into Mexico at Roma TX, overnight in Monterrey, Ciudad Mante, climb the mountains and go west across the high central desert, descending into Guanajuato, and then on into Mexico City (all right, get those maps out, everybody!). Take some deep breaths for two weeks and learn to love mole sauce et cerveza. A day trip to Puebla and Orizaba (some serious mountain driving). Some fettling.

Then west from Mexico City through Morelia to Guadalajara. On to Tepic and then San Blas, a little beach town on the Pacific coast. Relax on the beach for three days. Quick run north to Mazatlan, then east over the Sierra Madre to El Salto (some really serious mountain driving) and on to Durango, then north to the border at El Paso and on to Roswell, NM in one remarkable day (845 miles on two-lane roads in about 12 hours including stops and border customs, for a 70 mph average – I managed to average just about 100 mph for a couple hundred miles in the vicinity of Chihuahua, open high desert highways, hammer down – those were the days, and that was the place!). On to Oklahoma City, then to Chicago (to see my mother, who knew almost nothing of this adventure), and then a final quick blast back to the Hudson Valley, ready for classes to resume. Whew! College kids!!!

Yes, we had misadventures. Start with snow. Add ice and -9° F overnight in Tennessee (kitty does NOT want to play in the morning). We meet two Texas Rangers and an elderly judge. We turn the car into a boogie board by arriving at a blind but water-filled arroyo at, er, speed (we hadn't yet learned to take nothing for granted on Mexican roads). I graze a cow. Harry manages to spin the car when encountering (at speed, again) a blind turn that improbably and suddenly crosses a set of railroad tracks. The driving lights fail, taking out the entire electrical system one dark night in the desert, at speed, of course! We tear off the front pipes of the Abarth system on a rough stretch of a suddenly rocky dirt road. At speed – we're slow to learn, And so on.

But!

The car was great! A LOT of fun to drive. Comfortable, fast, and it made friends for us everywhere. Hilarious, on occasion. Memorable. It turned out to be the drive of a lifetime.

And that's what I know about Jaguar Mark models. They rock and they ROLL!



Relaxing roadside somewhere in Mexico, hydrating and checking the oil, which we did A LOT!

Thanks for reading this.

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Vehicles Shown: 2017 Jaguar XE R-Sport, 2017 Jaguar XF R-Sport, 2017 Jaguar F-PACE First Edition. European license plates shown. †Claim based on number of new Jaguar vehicles sold in the U.S. from January to December 2016 as compared to number of Jaguar vehicles sold during calendar year 2015 (+116%), and compared against reported U.S. sales figures by automobile manufacturers for the same time periods. *Class is cars sold by luxury automobile brands and claim is based on total package of warranty, maintenance and other coverage programs. For complete details regarding Jaguar EliteCare coverage, please visit JAGUARUSA.COM, call 1.855.JAGUARUSA / 1.855.524.8278 or visit your local Jaguar Retailer. © 2017 Jaguar Land Rover North America, LLC

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