

The Coventry Cat



Official Newsletter of the Jaguar Association of New England

September/October 2020 The "Autum Leaves Too Quickly" Issue *More than just a Car Club*

Nice Car!



Photo courtesy of Tom Brady

" . . . and in the early summer of 2000 I had a beautiful restored MK IX that I have now been driving and showing for 20 years. It has received many honors and trophies but my main pleasure is to drive it, maintain it, and enjoy it."

– Tom Brady

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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, September/October 2020

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The Editor

A Refreshed F-Pace With A Really Refreshing New Motor

From the *Top* Of The Scratching Post

by *Dave Moulton*

It's Autumn in New England! The best season (except for maybe the last week of May).

As of this writing, JANE has run two more car events, and has one or maybe two more in the works. Also maybe a big inter-club Zoom Car Event in November (see *The Coventry Cat's Meow*). Plus, I'm looking forward to a couple more Zoom Dinner Meetings a la Saluti. We're getting so we can do this.

In this issue of *The Cat*, we've got Chuck, Dean, Marjorie and Jeanine keeping us up on club doings. Marg Dennis

tells us ALL about the South Shore Tour, Gordon Taylor recalls touring Europe in his very first car, Tom Brady recalls ALL of his more interesting Jaguars (including his first), while I provide another book review, some information about our upcoming AGM and elections, a write-up of our inter-club Tour to Mt. Wachusett, and some thoughts about the refreshed F-Pace with it's wonderful new high-performance hybrid motor.

Without any further ado, heeere's Chuck!

The President's Message, September and October 2020



Chuck Centore

Greetings for the Fall months.

We have now been home-bound or on limited JANE rations for over 6 months! Even so, we continue to work on new ways to stay involved with our members.

There seems to be quite a lot of interest in our one-day road trips. This was certainly evident in the Kevin Murphy/Dave Moulton debut COVID19 Rally and Repast to NH and back. Then our Summer South Shore

Extravaganza put on by the Grafs and the Turschmanns. And recently a joint venture with fellow British Car Enthusiasts from the Aston Martin Owners Club and British Cars of New Hampshire, with the help of Brian McMahan, our own Secret "00" Agent. We toured from New Hampshire's venerable Temple Mountain to Massachusetts' own beloved Mount Wachusett.

And again, not to be left behind, we are now preparing a Cape Cod Rally with able guidance from the Grafs and help from Aldo Cipriano, Tom & Mary Finan and Russ and Marguerite Dennis.

As is obvious, our club has some pretty broad wings and we cover a lot of the beautiful New England countryside. I hope we can convince our members and friends from Maine to conjure up, maybe, a Lobster Run or those in Vermont to take a shot at a Foliage Rally through the back roads of their favorite places.

In the meantime, we have transited the meridian and will be taking a ride on Santa's Sled before you know it. Hopefully, we can arrange these trips before all that snow starts flying again. All in fun and a good sign that we have not lost the spirit or the willingness to get out there and drive, drive, drive.

I am pleased at what we have done over the past two years, and how the club has continued to try to meet the needs of our members. Whether you go on these road trips or read about

them in our journals, *The Coventry Cat* and *The Coventry Cat's Meow*, we hope you have enjoyed them.

I also realize that many of you who have attended our regular events, such as our monthly dinner meetings at the Wayside Inn or the weekend in Sturbridge for our Concours or our Slalom Events, have missed them a lot. But I am sure you realize that in these times, those events were not safe enough for us to conduct.

I also recognize that many of you have been hunkered down and not traveling far from home or away from home at all. We all recognize this Virus can be a killer and we need to be as careful as possible.

As I look back, I realize once again that this club is pretty resilient due to those who continue to help organize events, write about our travels, or write about things Jaguar. Our Editor is a special person who not only writes about our journeys through the New England countryside but also helps plan events and participates in them as well. Thanks to our VP of Events for continuing to keep the club notified about our events. Also, the VP's of Membership for their work in actually producing these notifications and publishing them for the entire club to see. Even in this time of hunkering down, our team leaders are still at the ready to produce our Journals or Event Notifications in an effort to keep you all updated about JANE.

There are plenty more who work behind the scenes and we will be recognizing them in an upcoming missive in the months to come.

I recently was reminded of the Thomas Paine letter during our Revolution which starts out with a famous line which I am sure we have all heard, "These are the times that try men's souls." The rest of his writing that day mentioned the tough times ahead, which are somewhat like our own current day battle, against this Virus. Paine notes that the harder the battle the more glorious the victory. We have missed you all very much and trust as we move into 2021, we can meet again and celebrate that victory with our JANE members in person. Not to mention Marvin!

Be well and stay safe.

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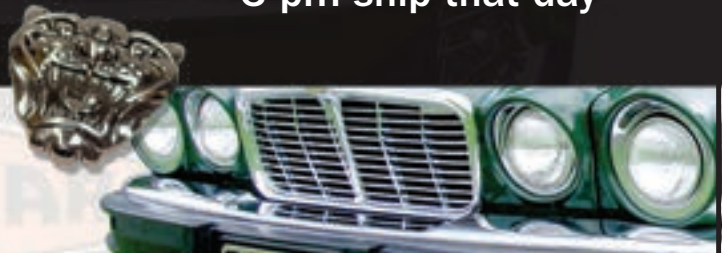
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The 2020 JANE South Shore Tour – August 1, 2020

By Marguerite J. Dennis

“Comparison is the thief of joy.” – The New Yorker



Three years ago I wrote an article, Sundays at 3:00 PM, about a group of JANE members who met every Sunday at 3:00 pm to work on their cars, exchange knowledge, offer advice and sometimes share a meal and possibly an adult beverage or two.



Last Saturday, a group of JANE members participated in a Saturday at 11:00 am Tour of the South Shore, an event organized by Daniel and Jeanine Graf, a joyful gathering despite the chaos and confusion brought on by the pandemic.

There can be no comparison between the two events, just as we cannot compare our former lives with the COVID-19 lives we are all leading now. As John Brady said, “This will probably be the best time I have all year.”



Forty people in twenty cars met in Rockland, MA to begin the 45-mile drive through the South Shore on a sunny, blue sky, summer day. We wore masks. We kept our distance from one another. And over the next few hours, we forgot about our isolation.



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September/October 2020



The South Shore is a geographic region stretching south and east from Boston toward Cape Cod along the shores of Massachusetts Bay and Cape Cod Bay. Nine towns make up the South Shore, including: Cohasset, Scituate, Norwell, Hanover, Marshfield, Pembroke, Duxbury, Kingston, and Plymouth. Nearly 542,000 people call the South Shore home.



Our tour took us through the small town of Cohasset, in Norfolk county, and Scituate, a seacoast town in Plymouth county, midway between Boston and Cape

Cod. Along the way we passed the Glastonbury Abbey,

the impressive Cohasset Historical Society building and the Scituate Lighthouse. We passed people on bicycles and people cheering us as we drove through red lights and four-way stop intersections. We passed people waving and taking pictures of the twenty cars in formation. And when we passed through the center of Cohasset, we were each treated to a bag of pastries and bread courtesy of the chef of the French Memories Bakery.



(Continued on page 8)



When I asked Linda Bicknell what she most liked about the tour, she told me simply, “the cars.” No matter how many international Jaguar events I have been privileged to attend and write about, I never get tired of admiring the artistry and the classic lines of these cars. Today’s Jaguars were no exception. At the tour’s completion, a procession of SS100, MKIV, XK 120, 140, 150, XKE, F-Type, XKR, XF, Type S, XK and X-Type met at 9 Tanfield Walk, the home of Margaret and Steve Turschmann, for a picnic lunch.



The course created by Daniel and Jeanine took us along winding roads with stunning views of the ocean. I had never spent much time in this part of Massachusetts and I must agree with Paul Tuhus who, when asked what he liked about the tour, told me: “I have never been to Cohasset or any of the coastal towns we passed through today. I was so impressed with the beauty and the landscape.” (Paul’s navigator, Rick Willets, when asked the same question, responded: “The best thing about the tour was the croissants. Very buttery.”)

It is no coincidence that this is the same venue for the Sundays at 3:00 meetings. I remember so vividly that Sunday three years ago and I will remember this day in the weeks and months that will come.

For me, the most outstanding car of the day was a 1948, midnight blue MKIV, owned by Andrew Comparetto, who purchased the car only a year ago. This is a car, in my opinion, that gives new meaning to the word elegant.

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A picnic table, groaning with food, provided by Margaret and Steve, allowed us, for a short period of time, to forget the isolation of the past few months and the uncertainty of the next few.

For a short period of time, we laughed, shared car stories, displayed engines, and had fun. When I asked Daniel to give me a quote for this story, he humbly said: "I want to thank all of the participants for making this a great event."

Daniel, I want to thank you and Jeanine and Margaret and Steve and chef Tom Brady for giving us an afternoon in time that will last long after this virus passes.

It's nice to realize that the threads of comradery remain tightly woven among JANE members.



September and October 2020 Events

By Dr. Dean Saluti, VP of Events



Every month a new JANE adventure

In my column last month, I “confessed” to the JANE membership that Marjorie and I have been staying indoors, keeping safe. However, it hasn’t been boring. For some strange reason, the three universities and two colleges at which I am

a professor have experienced a remarkable upsurge in student enrollment. Classes are filled with online students, who seem to be craving the new Zoom learning environment. So, Marjorie and I are spending our indoor time just trying to keep up with teaching classes and correcting case studies. I must admit that this is a poor substitute for our wonderful JANE dinner meetings, but it will have to suffice for now.

As my beloved Jags lie dormant, whimpering, whining and crying in my garage, I too long for our JANE adventures. I’m pleased to be able to point out that there seems to be one every month. Last month, Brian McMahon brought James Bond back into our lives with an inter-club event with the Aston Martin Owners Club and British Cars of New Hampshire. And, boy, did we shine! Were there more Jags than Aston Martins? Did James Bond ever own an XK8? Thank you, Brian, for all that you did to make this such an enjoyable and successful event.

Now, this month, on the first weekend of October, up stepped Daniel Graf again with “Graf JANE Adventures 2.”

After our JANE tour of the South Shore, where we munched on French bakery goods and ate hamburgers at the Turschmann’s, we were begging Daniel and Jeanine for more. So the day after the South Shore Tour, Daniel called to tell me that he wanted to do a JANE Cape Cod event. My only contribution was to suggest to Daniel that he create a JANE Cape Cod Team of JANE members who live on “the Cape.”

“Voila!” as Danial likes to say on occasion.

Daniel ran with the ball and created the JANE Cape Cod Team that included Aldo Cipriano, Tom Finan, and Russell Dennis. What a great job they did. Their Constant Contact flyer went out with a Graf design that included links to Google Maps with aerial views of the routes. The ride began at Sandwich’s Daniel Webster Inn. We drove our Jags through scenic Cape Cod towns, in which every police force knew we were coming and escorted us along. At a rest point, Tom Finan gave us the history of the town he lives in. At the next rest stop, Aldo Cipriano spoke on the history of the town of his new Cape Cod home. Then there was a picnic on the beach and finally a ride back to Sandwich to take in the historic Heritage Museum and Gardens with its classic car J.K. Lilly Automobile Gallery. Who could ask for anything more?

Well, for example, our President, Chuck Centore, and Patt stayed all weekend at the Daniel Webster Inn.

We cannot thank the Cape Cod Team enough for bringing this joy to our lives. By the way, numerous members checked out the 1962 Corvette at the Heritage Museum to see if Jan and Dean were sitting in it.



It's Time for the Annual General Meeting and Election

by David Moulton

As Chuck Centore advised us in the Coventry Cat's Meow a week or so ago, we are obligated to have an Annual General Meeting (AGM) each year. And, at that meeting, we elect officers and board members to run the club on our behalf for the coming year.

This takes some preparation, which is done by the JANE Nominating Committee. This Committee, currently chaired by John Brady, with Ray Binder and Rich Hanley serving as members, has been hard at work rounding up willing nominees for the Board, as well as other relevant nominations. These all need to be presented to the membership, for voting, in accordance with the JANE By-Laws.

The Events Committee is still working on how best to conduct the AGM in these COVID-19 times, and information about that will be forthcoming via The Coventry Cat's Meow and direct notices through Constant Contact.

With that said, I am pleased to present, for your information and voting pleasure, the 2020 JANE Board of Directors Slate, as presented by John Brady for the Committee. He writes:

Nominations are complete and 16 out of 17 of the members of the JANE Board of Directors are returning for 2021. Special thanks to all our club officers for continuing to serve in the top leadership positions. And thanks to Aldo Cipriano for stepping forward as our new president. I will be continuing as our editor for the *Coventry Cat* as well as the new "The Coventry Cat's Meow" members' blog."

The slate is as follows:

2021 JANE Board Members (Election TBD)

			TERM # YRS.	EXPIRES	ELECTION TBD
1	President:	Aldo Cipriano	1	12/31/2021	Elect for 1 year
2	VP Events:	Dean Saluti	1	12/31/2021	Elect for 1 year
3	Co-VP Membership:	Jeanine Graf	1	12/31/2021	Elect for 1 year
4	Co-VP Membership:	Margie Cahn	1	12/31/2021	Elect for 1 year
5	Treasurer:	Don Holden	1	12/31/2021	Elect for 1 year
6	Secretary:	Bonnie Getz	1	12/31/2021	Elect for 1 year
7	Past President	Chuck Centore	1	12/31/2021	Elect for 1 year
8	General Board:	Dave Reilly	1	12/31/2021	Returning for 1 yr.
9	General Board:	Richard Kosinski	1	12/31/2021	Returning for 1 yr.
10	General Board:	Gus Niewenhous	2	12/31/2022	Returning for 2 yrs.
11	General Board:	John Feng	2	12/31/2022	Returning for 2 yrs.
12	General Board:	Bob Doyle	2	12/31/2022	Returning for 2 yrs.
13	General Board:	Daniel Graf	2	12/31/2022	Returning for 2 yrs.
14	General Board:	John Brady	3	12/31/2023	New 3 yr. term
15	General Board:	David Moulton	3	12/31/2023	New 3 yr. term
16	General Board:	Ray Binder	3	12/31/2023	New 3 yr. term
17	General Board:	Ken Lemoine	3	12/31/2023	New 3 yr. term

Concours Chair:	Daniel Graf
Slalom Chair:	Rich Hanley
*"Coventry Cat" Editor:	David Moulton
"Coventry Cat" Advertising:	John Feng

The Swan Song Of My First Car

By Gordon Taylor

A drive to the French Riviera. Yes, we did visit Saint Tropez, but Brigitte Bardot avoided us...

Readers of "British Marque" will, no doubt like me, have been enjoying the adventures of the people that have been driving their old Lotus Elans to far flung parts of the globe. Then there has been the adventure of the guys that drove a Mini to Mongolia, yes it was a recent (by my standards anyway) first generation Mini, but no doubt it had the stalwart BMC A series engine. That prompted me to take a look at some of my slides from the 1970s. My first car was a maroon 1964 Ford Anglia. I bought it with 36,000 miles in 1970 at about the time I passed my driving test for cars.

The Anglia was one of the most popular cars in the UK during the early 1960s. It had the 1000 cc OHV 105E series engine and 4 speed transmission. It came on the scene in the late 1950s and was a big success until it was replaced by the first-generation Escort in 1968-ish. Like many cars of the time, it was a terrible "rot box" (or had "metal moths" as my mechanic cousin used to say); mine was no exception and at 10 years old the usual brown mark had appeared on the front wing where Ford had omitted to protect the body from water being thrown up from the front wheels into the car's structure. I had also been forced to have reinforcements installed over the Macpherson struts where rust had started to weaken the front suspension. If you don't know what these cars look like, you might have noticed the one in the Harry Potter movies flying off to somewhere or other.

Around this time, I had been starting my computer career at Univac Division of Sperry Rand (if you can remember them then you are getting old) in London. I shared an apartment with Alex Aronson, a French-speaking Jewish person with Anglo-Belgian parentage who had been a refugee from unrest in Algeria and had grown up in Marseille with British nationality! Alex's story is the kind of thing that would fill a long book with stories about the OAS and the resistance to French decolonialization in the early 1960s. He is still a good friend and still lives in England, but now his English is perfect. Anyway, after I left London in 1973 to join a computer development group in Manchester, Alex and I plotted to get together again for a trip to visit his family. His mother and younger sister still lived the south of France. Our trip was planned for 2 weeks in the summer of 1974.

The predecessor of the Anglia was a 3-speed side-valve (flat-head in America) engined vehicle that was the basis

of many models with a generic name 100E. Alex had a 15-year-old example of one of these that he had purchased for less than £20. It was held together by glass-fiber patchwork and had just scraped through its MOT (aka inspection in American). Of our 2 cars, my Anglia was by far the most reliable, even with its old age and rust.

Of course, in those pre-EU days, there were some requirements for Continental driving that were alien to us British. In order to use a RHD car on the right hand side of the road, one had to install some headlight deflectors. These were yellow tinted plastic and were held in place by some elastic arrangement (I forget the details). Also required was a "green card." This was not the green card of US immigration fame, but a certificate of insurance that allowed the car to be driven in Europe. Another legal necessity in France was a reflecting triangle to be erected as a warning to other drivers in case of emergency. (I still have mine and carry it in my current car). Finally, Alex needed to be a named driver on my insurance. I was also a bit concerned about breakdowns, so my mechanic cousin supplied me with a bag of useful parts in case of problems. In addition, we took out the reciprocal coverage option with the Automobile Association for roadside help in Continental Europe. While doing paperwork, I obtained an international driving license. I don't think it was necessary, but we were going to visit France, Italy and Switzerland and one should be careful in such places.

Our plan was for me to drive to Alex's home in London after work on a Friday. Then we would head immediately to Folkstone on the south coast and get the night car ferry to Boulogne. Campgrounds were common in France and family camping trips were extremely popular, so we took my tent. Mostly we would cook for ourselves, but would also use restaurants and cafes. We would not do any advance planning, but stop for the night wherever we ended up. Alex's perfect French was going to be very useful.

The 90-minute night ferry was always a tough experience, leaving England at about 1:00 am and arriving in France at about 3:30 (there is a 1-hour time difference). Then one had to drive off the boat, through customs, etc. and get away from Boulogne as quickly as possible. The town was known then for its smell of fish; in fact, after the trip, a friend of mine's first response when I mentioned where we had been was "Does it still stink?"! On that first day, we were hardly awake, but made it to the town of Beauvais via Abbeville where we had stopped for refreshment and a break.

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Beauvais



Somewhere in central France

Our route was chosen to avoid busy traffic, staying away from the Paris area. Somewhere west of the city, we camped for that first night. It could have been near Beauvais because the next day saw us doing some sightseeing in Chartres. I remember noting that we were not too far from Le Mans. Somewhere on this day, I made my only accidental wander over to the left-hand side of the road – fortunately there were no other vehicles around. Alex kept me under control.

From here we headed south to the Loire Valley and Chambord, then on south to Nevers, where we spent a night. The French autoroutes were in their infancy in the 1970s, although several had been constructed. Cheap as we were, our plan was to avoid them and their tolls. Also, there was always a sort of romantic air about

National 7 – the old road from Paris to Italy. British students used to hitchhike along it and in France it was known derisively as Route des Vacances (The Holiday Route). Of course, I wanted to follow it for a while. It's largely been upgraded or replaced by the A77 now, but then it was our best choice. This road had been the subject of several songs. The one I knew had been recorded by John Renborn (folk fans of the Pentangle might have heard of him).



Somewhere in the Rhône valley

The car was behaving superbly and our journey took us on to Marseille via Saint Étienne (a must for Alex because he was a big fan of their soccer team) and the Rhône Valley, stopping at Montelimar (yes that's where the candy comes from), Avignon and on to France's second city, Marseille.

Alex's mother lived in a small apartment on Rue Paradis, a very busy street with a Ricard drinks factory nearby. Her landlady would not allow her to have visitors so we were forced to find a campground. Alex suggested a place called Carry-le-Rouet, very close to the Camargue (the Rhône delta). We stayed there for about four nights and commuted in to the city making a regular trek past the big new port and seeing the large cargo ships. Marseille still had its reputation for drug smuggling, the Mafia, etc.

and it was very seedy in parts, but the Vieux Port was (and still is) trendy. It had strong North African influences, including very spicy food. Alex was a big fan of some hot sausages called "merguez," lamb based and eaten like hotdogs.

There are tourist attractions in the region and plenty of opportunities for sightseeing. There is Château d'If just outside the harbor, famous because it's the location of the prison for the novel "The Count of Monte Cristo" by Alexander Dumas. One day we drove out to Arles (Van Gogh fans will know of it). On another day we visited Alex's sister Rosa, an English student at the University in Aix en Provence.

A feature of this part of France is the Mistral, which is a nonstop wind that blows from the Alps down the Rhône Valley to the hot climate in the Mediterranean. In Carry-le-Rouet the Mistral was very annoying, so we eventually took our sleeping bags to Alex's mother's apartment and illegally slept on the floor in the sitting room for a night or two. Then we were off eastwards in our loyal Ford Anglia towards the Riviera, then on to see Alex's older sister, Sandra, and family in Crans sur Sierre in Switzerland via Italy.

Those were the days of topless beaches and Brigitte Bardot in St. Tropez, so of course we had to stop and take a look – we saw neither. Our next stop was in Nice and we chose to sleep in the car because it had been a long day - we did not want to pay international jet-set prices for hotels and searching for a campground felt like a chore. Of course, on the following day, we stopped to take a look at Monte Carlo on the way and no, we did not visit the Casino – far to classy for us. Nor did we see Grace Kelly in her Sunbeam Alpine, although we kept an eye out.

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Swan Song (Continued from page 13)

The next stage of the journey was over the border to Italy via Briançon. The old Ford was struggling up the winding roads over the pass, but it made the trip to our next stop just outside Turin (no, we did not visit the Fiat factory). The car was a good friend indeed. I have few memories of this stopover other than a very nice campground and a first-class meal in the city. Then off through the spectacular Aosta Valley to the Grand St. Bernard pass to Switzerland. This was before the tunnel had been built and the Anglia really struggled over the 8100' high route that dates back to the bronze age. There was no room for overtaking on this narrow winding road, so we had a train of much more powerful cars patiently following us.

When we reached Crans, Sandra was very welcoming and looked after us for a few days including taking us on a hike. Then we were off towards home through Northern France. I'm pretty sure that we camped for a night at or near Besançon, or maybe it was Amiens, but in general we just kept going because we had to be back for work on the following Monday. The most memorable event was near Reims when our dear old Anglia just stopped.

It seemed to be an ignition problem. I looked in the distributor and thought "I wonder if it's that capacitor?" There was one in the box of spare parts from my cousin – it worked! While we were there, a sporty and wealthy sounding Englishman with his girlfriend in a Triumph Vitesse 6 (remember those cars?) with a GB plate stopped and offered us help, but by that time all was sorted out.

We arrived in Boulogne very early for our night ferry and we were just waved aboard the next boat that happened to be loading. This got us to Folkstone too

late to consider driving any more that day and after taking Alex to London, I would have had to spend another 4-5 hours travelling back to Manchester, so we just stopped in a layby next to the A2 and slept in the car again. Sleeping in a car is never comfortable and the Anglia was no exception. This time we were wakened up by a police officer who told us to move on, so on we went, dropping Alex in west London, and I had to continue another 200 miles home.

There's a feeling in America that French people are standoffish to outsiders, but in my many visits there I have never seen this – all my memories of France are good, especially away from the tourist areas. On this trip, Alex's perfect French probably helped a lot, but I have been there many times since, and my impressions are still the same.

It had been a great adventure and as things turned out soon afterwards, I sold the Anglia to buy a brand new Mini. It was a sad day when my loyal first car left to a new home, but at least the new Mini was not falling apart! Nevertheless, the Anglia was a great first car and I always remember it with affection.



**Arles with its Roman Coliseum
(I'm on the steps, by the way)**



A sunny day somewhere in southern France



**Promenade des Anglais, Nice.
Thanks to COVID-19, I'm going back to that hairstyle.**



Monte Carlo

(Continued on page 15)
September/October 2020



Crans sur Sierre, Switzerland



Might be Italy,
France or Switzerland



Maybe the Lausanne area

Membership Update

Our Newest Members

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

Yes, even in these difficult times, JANE membership continues to grow. Since our last report, we have added nine new members!

We welcome the following people to JANE:

Christopher Richards lives in East Sandwich, MA and has a 2001 Silver XK8.

Michael Dallaire lives in Forestdale, MA and has a Platinum XJS V12.

Warren Morrison lives in Salem, NH and has a 2012 Blue XK.

Ernest Bleinberger lives in Smithfield, UT and has a 2002 XK8 Sapphire Blue XK8 and a 2001 Vanden Plas.

Paul Vercollone lives in North



Marjorie Cahn and Jeanine Graf

Marshfield, MA and has a 1967 Tan E-Type.

Garry Weiner lives in Wayland, MA and has a 2015 Red F-Type R.

Stephen Kuznetsov lives in Marlborough, MA and has a 1963 Maroon MK2, a 1971 E-Type (ask him

about his other Jags).

John Kafalas lives in Lynn, MA and grew up with a Series I Roadster.

David Geanacopoulos lives in South Yarmouth, MA and has a 1964 Opalescent Silver Blue E-Type.

We welcome ALL of you. Plan to join us whenever we can meet in person, maybe at one of our “socially-distanced” rallies around scenic New England. We promise you lots of fun and new JANE friends. After all, as our President, Chuck Centore, reminds us, “We are more than just a car club.”

Margie – 617-285-6564;
marjoriecahn@aol.com
Jeanine – 617-959-8987;
jeaninegraf@icloud.com

Astonishing Past Predictions

Curated by Bonnie Getz

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

For September and October, the Astonishing Past Prediction is:

“The bomb will never go off. I speak as an expert in explosives.”

—Admiral William Leahy, US Atomic Bomb Project

BOOK REVIEW

by Dave Moulton

Automobile racing, at the very top levels, where one “earns a living” at it, is a really hard, difficult sport. Except for a very few standouts (Fangio, Andretti, Schumacher, maybe Hamilton), to be really successful in automobile racing is to fail regularly, perhaps 90 to 99% of the time!

Worse, such failures often involve serious, sometimes permanent, injuries. Most successful racing drivers are also, as a matter of course, walking wounded. Plenty of pain. Nothing easy here.

When Will Buxton, a motorsport journalist and pitlane TV reporter, decided to write a book about such failures and difficulties, it clearly touched a tender spot in the drivers he spoke with, allowing them to open up in ways that professional athletes hardly ever do. The result is one of the best books about sports and competition I’ve ever read.

My Greatest Defeat: Stories of hardship and hope from motor racing’s finest heroes is a series of in-depth interviews with twenty extremely well-known (and retired) racing drivers, from Andretti to Zanardi (including such notables as Fittipaldi, Franchitti, Hakkinen, Loeb, Prost and Stewart along the way), exploring the places where, for each of them, things went most wrong, and exploring how they moved on from such disasters, how those experiences affected them, as well as what they learned from them. I found their stories to be deeply moving and compelling.

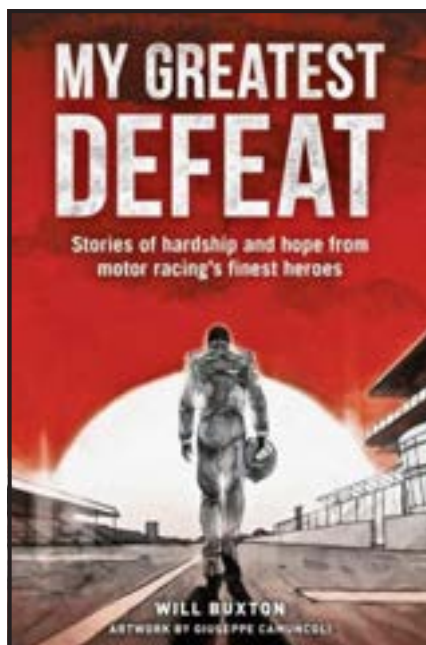
Tolstoy wrote that “All happy families resemble one another; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.” Reading this book, it seems to me that racing is similar; victories are all pretty much the same (as in “I won! It was great!”), while it is the failures and losses, in their rich profusion, that are so very different and also so interesting and illuminating for us.

For Bobby Unser, it was the racing death of his brother Jerry.

For Jeff Gordon, it was a bad marriage and personal estrangement from his family, at the same time he was becoming successful in NASCAR.

For Niki Lauda, it wasn’t his fiery, near-fatal crash at the Nurburgring in 1976, but years later, when one of his passenger aircraft crashed, killing all 222 people on board (Lauda was a stockholder and General Manager for Lauda Air after his retirement from racing).

For Carlos Sainz, it was both personal and professional. As he tells it, “The personal side has been the worst and I had two moments that were so difficult that they really hurt me. If you can imagine how difficult it is to be talking with [a friend who



is also a competitor] before a special stage of a rally. . . . Then, 30 minutes later, you get the news that this person . . . has died. . . . For sure this is really the lowest moment you can reach. It really hurts.”

Ari Vatanen, a Finnish rally driver, was very badly injured in a crash in 1985, with injuries that took more than a year to heal. Worse, during his convalescence, Vatanen, in great pain and under massive medication, became first convinced that he had cancer, and then further convinced that he had also contracted AIDS from all the blood transfusions, and had infected his entire family! And that he would never recover. Madness!!

And so on!

But here’s the thing. In the movie scripts we are entirely too familiar with, heroes succeed (exciting drama) or they fail (sad

tragedy). Story over.

Not so in real life.

What makes this book so good are the stories about what happened next, after the failure, or the loss. What happened after the world came crashing down, the dealing with adversity, the greater understanding of what is important in life at any given moment, and how we move on, as we must and do in real life. Our story does not end with the disaster. We have to go on, live with it.

And this is where the stories lie. These are real people, functioning at very high levels, trying their hardest to survive in a very harsh, not very reasonable world. They are illuminated by their adversity and their struggles. And they offer inspiration and wisdom for all of us.

Damon Hill writes about what it feels like to be leading in the Formula 1 World Championship points race by a healthy margin in the best season of his career and to find out, indirectly, that his team had already decided not to renew his contract. Derek Bell talks about how awful it felt to fail at Formula 1 and, even after driving F1 for Ferrari, sliding down back into Formula 2 toward what looked like the discouraging end of an unsuccessful racing career. Tom Kristensen tells about driving a mobile bank van for a living as he dreams and wonders how he is possibly ever going to succeed in racing. Alex Zanardi tells about what it’s like to wake up in a hospital with both legs amputated. More positively, Rick Mears talks about hearing his car talk to him, telling him where its limits are as he reaches them.

Great stories. All of them.

Enjoy!

Thanks, Will.

My Jaguar Marks

By Tom Brady

1954 Jaguar MK VII



My first car

In the summer of 1967, the year I graduated from high school, I saw an ad in the local paper for a 1954 Jaguar MK VII. It was black with a brown leather interior and had an automatic two-speed transmission. The price was \$450. I asked my father to look at it with me and to test drive it, which he did, a bit reluctantly. After the test drive, I liked it and made the arrangements to buy it. We headed home and I got the money from my checking account and we returned and I bought it. I became the proud owner of a very stately MK VII, my very first car. I knew absolutely nothing about Jaguars or their engines, and would soon prove it.

The motor was pretty well worn out, as were the suspension, tires, and lots of other items on the car. It would barely get out of its own way. However, it polished up incredibly well and really looked nice. I remember the aroma of the leather and the look of the burlled walnut dashboard and interior trim. The blue under dash lights were spectacular and provided a

nice blue hue, but did nothing to make the instruments readable. But they were so cool! I used the car sparingly throughout the summer, because there was always something wrong.

One day in late summer, I thought it would be a good idea to take it up on the highway and give it a good run to blow out the cobwebs and really hone the bores. A friend and I took it up on Route 3 in Quincy and I put the pedal to the metal. All was good up to around 65 mph, and then something happened. The engine power was cut dramatically, speed dropped, and clouds of blue smoke emanated from the tailpipe like a town mosquito fogger. It was really incredible how much smoke came out. I limped the car off the highway and back home, knowing I had done a bad, bad thing. I parked the car behind my father's garage and covered it with a tarp, where it sat for the next five years until I graduated from college.

After college, in the fall of 1972, I rekindled my interest in the car. I had tested the compression sometime during the year after parking it and had found there was none in the front three cylinders. I repeat none. That could not be good. I knew the motor had to come out. A friend offered me the use of his garage and I took him up on that offer. I removed the front bumper and bolted on a tow bar that I rented from U-Haul, and towed the car about 12 miles, behind my 63 Ford Galaxie 500. You could do that kinda stuff back then, and it sure beat using a rope or chain, which is usually tragic. I remember that drive clearly, the grille of the MK VII filling the rear view mirror of the big old Ford. After

reaching the destination, I was able to back the Jag into the garage and all was well. Break out the Schlitz, I thought. We did.

I rented an engine lift and with the help of some friends we removed the engine. I removed the automatic transmission and took the engine to a local rebuilder where it was disassembled. The front three pistons had holes blown through the sides of the pistons, better known as holing a piston, and the rings were in pieces. Thus, the reason for the smoke and no compression had been found. My front carburetor was set so lean that holes were blown through the top ring lands, the weakest area of the piston. Mystery solved.

I bought new pistons and valves and chains and all bearings, etc., and the engine was rebuilt. I painted the block Ford blue. That went well with the cast iron exhaust headers and the horns I painted red. After all, it was a Jaguar and had a racing heritage. As I look back on it now, I cannot help but laugh hysterically.

I rented a pressure washer and blew off inches of grease and crud from the engine compartment and cleaned and painted the engine compartment. Then the day came in the spring when I got the motor back from the rebuilder and my brother and a friend helped me refit the transmission and install the motor. This was in 1973.

We got it running after a few hiccups and I was back on the road. I found that 15" Buick rims would fit the Jaguar bolt pattern and I bought beautiful recap tires from Stillman's Tire in Brockton. The tire width was far wider than the standard 16"

(Continued on page 18)

MK VII tires, and added to that racy look. I'm sure people were terrified when they saw the car with those new skins and ran for cover. I made other improvements and upgrades to the car as time went on, replaced front end bushings and reconnected the booster that had been bypassed, requiring far less effort than the iron leg required when it was bypassed.

In 1978, I had the original 16" rims blasted and painted and I installed bias ply nylon Sears Allstate wide whitewall tires, truly a joy to drive in cold weather. It's akin to driving on square wheels until they eventually warm up, round out and settle down.



Yup, still got my first car!

I still have the MK VII and have recently started driving it again. It kinda took a back seat as a career and other life events unfolded, as well as the restoration of two other MK IXs, another Galaxie 500, and a 1952 XK-120 FHC. Now is the time to bring the MK VII back to its original glory. My first challenge is to get the original master cylinder and booster to operate properly, and I'm working on that now.

Not a lot of people can say they still have their first car. I'm one of them and it started my lifelong love affair with old Jaguars. Is that so terribly wrong?

1961 JAGUAR MK IX



In 1997, I found three Marks, two IXs and an VIII, for sale in Wisconsin. I bought all three as a package deal. I had to buy the three of them in order to get the one I really wanted, a 1961 MK IX in British racing green. On the day after Thanksgiving, my wife and I took off for Lone Rock, WI with trailer in tow to pick up the car, just ahead of a snowstorm. We made it out there, picked up the car, and made it back home by 8 PM on Sunday, in time to go to work on Monday morning. [The Editor wants to know: What happened to the other two cars you bought?]

I worked on recommissioning the MK IX for the following winter and had it running and driving by spring of 1998. I went through the fuel, brake, ignition, electrical and cooling systems and got everything up and running. I registered the car and was driving it by May. I proceeded to put around 3,000 miles on it during the summer and early fall and then took it to a restoration shop to be totally redone. That took about 18 months, and in the early summer of 2000, I had a beautiful restored MK IX that I have now been driving and showing for 20 years. It has received many honors and trophies, but my main pleasure is to drive it, maintain it, and enjoy it.



1959 JAGUAR MK IX

In the summer of 2001, I was showing a friend how easy it is to use eBay and, as a lark, put a bid in of \$650 for a 1959 MK IX located in Rochester, NY. I was the high bidder. Oh well.

The next weekend I took the trailer out to Rochester with my brother, and we picked it up. We had to drag it out of the weeds, and snakes crawled out of it as we did. How charming is that, you ask? We stopped at a rest stop later on to get a sandwich and watched another snake drop out of it as I backed out. Unfortunately, it met its demise under a trailer wheel.

I was undecided what to do with the car in the fall of 2001, so I put a wrench to the crankshaft and it easily turned. So I decided to see if it would run. I went through the fuel system, cleaned the carbs, put a battery in it and it fired right up and ran very well. I did the logical next step and

(Continued on page 19)

Jaguar Mark's (Continued from page 18)

went through the brakes and steering system and put a new exhaust system on it, and had a drivable car. One Sunday morning, I took it to the industrial park where I worked and drove it around until a security guard threw me out. It shifted fine and the motor ran well. So I decided to restore that one as well.



overflow bottle on the radiator. One of the reasons I restored this car was because the engine was so strong. I proved that fact by winning the event, First Place among many of my fellow racer-type club members. Yes, it was bracket racing, and the final (winning) heat was against a Lingenfelter Corvette that spotted me about 5 seconds, but at the end, the green light went on in my lane. I had won! That was a great night and I had a nice cool ride home from New Hampshire to Brockton with a First Place trophy riding shotgun in my car.



Back to the same restoration shop for almost two years. This car had major rust issues and it was a real challenge to find or make repair panels. I bought three more engineless MK IXs from Bill Bassett and took what I needed from them to replace or repair panels. It all worked out beautifully and I picked up the car late in the fall of 2004. I have driven and enjoyed and shown the car since then.

I continue to drive and enjoy these cars. I drove the 1961 car around 2,200 miles last year, the 1959 one around 500 miles, and my newly restored 1952 XK-120 around 1,200 miles. I try to rotate using the MKs, alternating which one I take each year to the British Invasion in Vermont. The best way to enjoy these cars is to drive them as much as possible, sharing their unique character with everyone around you.

In 2007, I participated in the JANE Jag Drag Night at New England Dragway in NH with this car. Preparation consisted of removing the rear seat and hubcaps and installing an

HONKU

by Aaron Naparstek

Scalding pleather seat –
no problem. I'll drive myself
to the burn unit

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Our BCNH, AMOC and JANE Tour from Mt. Temple to Mt. Wachusett

by Dave Moulton



From the top of Mt. Wachusett, we can actually see Ireland! (Just kidding!)

On Saturday, September 19th, JANE collaborated with British Cars of New Hampshire (BCNH) and the Aston Martin Owners Club (AMOC) for a very pleasant driving tour from Temple Mountain near Peterborough, NH to Mount Wachusett, just west of Fitchburg, MA. All told, I estimate we had maybe twenty-five cars.



A high-class Aston Martin Welcome Wagon and escort await us at the Temple Mountain parking lot. They also had doughnuts and coffee!



An E-Type, an F-Type. In alphabetical order. Nice!

The weather was gorgeous, with just a slight zing in the air to let us know that autumn is nigh. Sunny, crisp, a light, but firm breeze. Enough breeze, actually, that our naval authority, Brian McMahon, said that hardly anyone would be out sailing for fun today.



Two BCNH cars set out from the start at Temple Mountain



Our soon-to-be President-Elect Aldo Cipriano also sets out, in hot (?) pursuit

The organizers sent us off in lots of five or six cars at a time. No competition, very clear route instructions, fun driving. The artfully chosen route took us eastward down off Temple Mountain on Route 101 and then south on 45 to the hamlet of Temple, NH, where we dived off into the woods for a pleasant stretch of rural road heading southwest to pick up 123, which in turn led us into New Ipswich, NH. From there we headed south on 123A, a really pleasant, lightly traveled and curvy road toward Ashby, MA, and then, with a quick jog, south to the more substantial town of Ashburnham, MA.

(Continued on page 21)

JANE Tour from Mt. Temple (Continued from page 20)

Just south of Ashburnham, we plunged back into the woods on a variety of what I think of as “our kind of roads,” leading us south past Route 2, to finally pick up 140 going south and then into the Wachusett Mountain Recreation Center, where we had reserved parking lots for all three clubs, with enough space that even our cars themselves were able to maintain respectful social distancing, although they were not required to wear masks the way we were. All in all, a pleasant, scenic and enjoyable drive. Nothing not to like!



BCNH cars at Mount Wachusett



And all those oh-so-lovely Aston Martins! (sigh!)



And the JANE lot, featuring Patt Centore’s brand new F-Pace.



After hanging around our cars, with the obligatory stretching of legs and telling of lies . . .



. . . and toasting of old friends we miss . . .



. . . it was time for waffles, if Kevin Murphy could just get us to pay attention . . .



. . . and then, it was time for the chair lift, which didn’t scare Bonnie Getz at all . . .

(Continued on page 22)



. . . or Bill and Deb Richardson . . .



. . . but Chuck and Patt Centore appeared to be entirely "at ease."



. . . or Monique and Bob Doyle . . .



Martha and Brian McMahon seem pleased to be at the summit . . .



. . . while Paul and Linda Bicknell seemed just a mite concerned . . .



. . . while Chuck Centore seemed to be barely hanging on!

(Continued on page 23)
September/October 2020

One closing bit of background trivia regarding the event: in honor of the Aston Martin Owners Club, we (JANE) devoted considerable attention in our event promotion to Aston Martin's fortuitous patron saint, the character named Bond, James Bond, whose use of an Aston Martin in the film Goldfinger made the marque absolutely indestructible forevermore.

However, the "real" story (as conveyed in the original paperback novels by Ian Fleming) of James Bond and "his" Aston Martin is somewhat more tenuous. According to Fleming, Bond "actually" owned a 4.5 Litre Bentley and then a Mark II Continental Bentley (and, much later, a Jaguar XK8, among other cars).

In the most recent issue of Octane magazine, a letter from one Peter Hill, of Kent, England, explains it a little more fully: "Bond started with a Bentley but graduated to an Aston Martin [in Goldfinger], whereupon a regular correspondent sent Bond an Aston Martin Owners Club membership card. Ian Fleming replied, 'Since neither Bond nor his biographer are owners of an Aston Martin,

I can do no more than pass your invitation to the head of admin at the Secret Service, from whose transport pool the DB MkIII was drawn.'"

Fleming had characterized Bond as "a neutral figure – an anonymous, blunt instrument wielded by a government department." It sounds to me like he was extraordinarily lucky to have drawn the DBIII from the pool – I suspect Moneypenny regularly used it on weekends, as she did all the motor-pool assignments. Such are the vagaries of automotive marketing history.

Whatever. A good time was had by all. Thanks to the Mount Wachusett Recreational Center for being so welcoming. Thanks to Brian McMahon for getting JANE involved. And thanks to BCNH and AMOC for being so inclusive and sharing. I hope we will do more of these inter-club events. Whatever we can do to blunt the evil forces of SMERSH and SPECTRE (not to mention COVID-19) will be good for world peace, healthy dining and more enjoyable motoring!



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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 might (or, then again, might not) travel. Why? Well, just in case . . . Actually, in this case it's The Baked Bean State, so most of us are definitely at risk. Listen up, kids!

In Massachusetts, it is illegal to drive with a gorilla in your back seat.

Again, Barry rolls his eyes and looks very tired, but says nothing further. Anyway, now we know. Look sharp, people!

As always, we look forward to next bimonth and ever more interesting laws we need to abide by in interesting and/or uninteresting 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.

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From the *Bottom* Of The Scratching Post

by Dave Moulton



A message from your humble editor

The headline said: Jaguar Land Rover Brings Back The Inline-Six With Twin-Charged Hybrid Power.

That was a year ago. You may recall that I wrote about this new engine at the time.

Well, Land Rover got it first. But now it's about to be available in the 2021 Jaguar F-Pace. I suspect it may turn out to be a worthy addition to Jaguar's stellar array of engines created over the years.



And the 2021 F-Pace, as powered by this new engine, may turn out to be a remarkably good car. I'm certainly considering getting one! The engine alone got it on my short list, even though I don't really need a new car!

Car Magazine published a nice write-up about it, which you can peruse at this link:

<https://www.carmagazine.co.uk/car-news/tech/jaguar-land-rover-straight-six-engine/>

The engineering described certainly floats my boat, and, after driving the new Mercedes inline 6 mild hybrid, I'm pretty sure the new F-Pace will be an awful lot of fun to drive, yielding excellent performance plus great smoothness and quite good economy (it IS a hybrid, you know), in a really high-tech package that addresses many of the problems inherent to internal combustion engines.

Thanks to both the super- and turbo-charging, with suitable software management of same, we can have superb torque at very low engine speeds (I'm estimating around 200 ft./lbs. at 1,000 rpm – the factory claims 406 ft./lbs. of torque across a band from 2,000 to 5,000 rpm. They also claim 395 horsepower at something like 6,500 rpm, from the inline 3-litre 6-cylinder engine). Couple that to Jaguar's beautifully engineered 8-speed close-ratio ZF transmission, and we should have an extremely sweet,

smooth and responsive car, with no powertrain irritants. It should be fun to drive either shifting manually or in auto mode (and note that my current F-Pace goes back and forth between manual paddles and auto-shifting more easily and effectively than any other vehicle I've ever encountered).

Jaguar claims this particular F-Pace will get to 60 mph in 5.1 seconds, should you be so inclined. I just hope they include the switchable active exhaust similar to what is available on F-Types. That would REALLY float my boat.

What else does the new F-Pace have?

A much nicer interior than the original. I found the broad expanses of plastic in my original F-Pace to be unfulfilling, and I look forward to a nicer, more luxurious upper-middle-class interior, which the new F-Pace claims and appears to have.



Also of interest to me, being in the audio/acoustics business, is the claim of "active noise cancellation." I'd love it if it actually works. We shall see (er, hear!).

They've also redone the information/instrument/communications package again, with dual monitors (one of 'em about the size of an iPad), and there are minor tweaks to the exterior styling, which you may or may not care for. I'm fine with them, but I'm fine with the original F-Pace too.

The F-Pace, currently Jaguar's best selling model, is a very nice, extremely competent mid-sized SUV. Mine has run flawlessly and is both comfortable and pleasant to drive. The new version should be a VERY very nice, utterly competent and quite quick midsized SUV with a luxurious, quiet and comfortable interior.

What's not to like?

I'll keep you posted as things progress. Anybody interested in a gently used F-Pace?

Thanks for reading all this stuff!

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THE ART OF PERFORMANCE

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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INVESTMENTS OFFERED THROUGH REPRESENTATIVES OF LINCOLN FINANCIAL SECURITIES CORPORATION, MEMBER SIPC. LINCOLN FINANCIAL SECURITIES CORPORATION AND KALEEL INVESTMENT ADVISORS, LLC ARE NOT AFFILIATED

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