

The Coventry Cat



Official Newsletter of the Jaguar Association of New England

March - April 2021

The "Fettling 'n' Fools" Issue

More Than Just a Car Club



Photo by Brian McMahon

***"A Rotisserie Makes Cooking Much Easier,"
Says Rich Hanley***

(see Page 14)

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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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An ad in The Coventry Cat currently reaches over 350 million billionaires with extravagant car collections, who will buy anything we recommend to them while paying top dollar.

The Coventry Cat, March/April 2021

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The Editor

April Is the Foolest Month

From the *Top* Of The Scratching Post

by Shakespeare, Wm.



Tomorrow I get my second vaccination. In two short(?) weeks I feel like I'll finally be able to go out and do at least a few things (Maguro, Hamachi, Kaibashira, O Toro, Unagi, a few others, perhaps a little sake to wash it all down) without all the grievous and deadly COVID risks. It'll be a great relief and I'm really looking forward to it!

As you can see in Dean Saluti's Events column, we are also looking forward to

an Honest-to-God Real Season, and I hope as many of you as safely can, will join us in the enterprise. Think of it this way: we need Marvin and The Wayside Inn as much as they need us!

Also in this issue, Daniel Graf regales us with Tales of the Tour de France, Tata Motors Announces An Exciting New Product Line, Brian McMahon describes the Joys of a Rotisserie, I share some thoughts on the importance of The Happy Hour, David Kellogg-Achin and I both provide book reviews (mine is on Margaret Caruolo's lovely new book of poems, other writings and photos), and then there are all the usual columns and general silliness. The funny names? Well, it is April, after all!

The President's Message, March - April 2021



From the President's Cat Garage

With spring in the air and vaccines being administered, we are positive that members are anticipating a glorious season of road tours, tech sessions, a renewed Concours, and other Club events, all under the continued but slowly relaxing COVID-19 safety protocols.

Daniel Graf, Russ Dennis and I are starting to plan the third Cape Cod

Road Tour, this time in the greater Falmouth/Woods Hole area. You may remember that several years ago, Tom and Mary Finan led the first tour through their hometown, Orleans, going all the way to the Outer Cape, up through the National Seashore area.

Last year, following Daniel Graf's lead and the success of his South Shore Tour, Tom, Daniel, Russ and I created the Route 6A Old King's Highway Tour from Sandwich to Chatham and back, ending at the Heritage Museum. The Old King's Highway has just received the rare National Scenic Byway designation from the Federal Department of Transportation. Such roads are chosen for their archeological, cultural, historic, natural and recreational qualities as well as scenic beauty. The Old King's Highway was the original route to the Cape, before Route 6, and was used by Native American tribes hundreds of years ago (thanks to Moira McCarthy for her excellent Boston Herald article, "A Regal Feast of Beauty and History").

The Falmouth/Woods Hole run will be just as exciting as the Route 6A tour. Hopefully, we can start or end at the Nobska Lighthouse in Falmouth.

Dave Moulton is also planning another road tour in June, to be announced, and Ken Lemoine is preparing a road tour to the Newport Auto Museum. I am hopeful that we can return to the Myopia Polo and Hunt Club grounds for the annual Jaguar Cup at Myopia in Hamilton. Meanwhile, Dean Saluti is working on a return to monthly meetings, both virtual and socially safe in-person meetings.

Daniel Graf is working intently on the JANE Concours 2021, at Longfellow's Wayside Inn in Sudbury, headquarters for Dean

and Margie's monthly meetings. We will also be reaching out to the JANE Concours Judges and recruiting new Judges to help with the rebirth of our Concours.

You should note, with a touch of 2021 reality, that JCNA, our North American parent Club, is experiencing a drop in membership and commensurate income, but the officers are working hard to keep JCNA stable in these challenging times. Our Club also is not immune to these times either, being challenged with preserving economic stability and viability. Our distinguished club officers and directors are all contributing their time to ensure we stay on even financial keel to support club activities and charitable giving. I'd like to thank all club members who sent charitable contributions to David's house in support of JANE's temporarily lessened annual contribution.

So, with no income for events or dinner meetings, we are instituting a \$25/car entry fee for the road tours, including the Myopia Polo event. The Concours will also have a slight uptick in the entrance fee. Please get your Concours Entry Forms in early so that Daniel can anticipate the Class layout for the August 21 event.

I will be calling upon all Concours Judges to work the event. We have suffered some loss of Judges together with JCSNE, so if any member wishes to learn about the hallmarks of Jaguar North American Concours judging, please contact me at Cipriani62@yahoo.com or by cell at 508-320-1679. We will be conducting a Judges Training Session this spring. A retake of the 2019 test will be part of this event, together with live judging on Club Jaguars. There will be no cost for this training session and it will include breakfast and lunch for the attendees.

A sad note reported by Judge Gus Niewenhou: We have lost a long-standing social club member, "Sir" Edward Cooke of Coventry, Connecticut. "Sir" Edward was a distinguished and colorful fellow whose British attire always enhanced our events. God speed, Sir Edward.

So, in the next four weeks, take off the battery tenders, check your tires and fluids, dust and polish your Cats and get them road tested for the exciting JANE event season which we want and need so much.

Cheers to a healthy, safe and successful 2021 Club season! Thanks! **Aldo Cipriano, President and CJ.**

WINES & CARS

By Daniel Graf

On a beautiful afternoon in September, 2018, Aldo Cipriano and I sat in Adiron-dack chairs, along with lots of other JANE Club members, on the front lawn of Lambert's Cove Inn on Martha's Vineyard, tasting and savoring the nuances of some fine wines. Aldo had brought a bottle of Châteauneuf du Pape and I brought a bottle of Château Aney, Haut Medoc 1981.

Savoring of fine wines can be associated with the appreciation and handling of fine cars, which is why we were there in the first place. Of course, doing both at the same time is not recommended, although there was a time, not too long ago, when drinking wine while dining and then driving home was considered reasonable . . . and not to be confused with guzzling and careening. In that context, I would like to share a bit of personal history of mixing cars and wine, which happened over 25 years ago. (Please note that Senior moments may occur.)

In both 1994 and 1995, I had the opportunity to participate in the historic "Tour de France." No, not on a bicycle, but sitting inside an aerodynamic box equipped with a reciprocal engine. A 1956 356A Porsche Carrera for the 1994 Tour and a Porsche 914/6 for the 1995 event. A Jaguar would have been more desirable, of course, but the Porsches were already in France, saving me from both transportation costs and the US/French Customs paperwork.

On July 16, 1899, the first official Tour de France (TdF) historic race took place, covering 2,200 km, three years before the famous bicycle race commenced. Organized by the Automobile Club of France with the support of a local newspaper called "Le Matin," the objective was the promotion and encouragement of mechanical locomotion. It was an ambitious international undertaking open to all, with three distinguishing categories:

- 1 - Automobiles,
- 2 - Motorcycles
- 3 - Voiturelles, which comprised all vehicles that did not fit in groups 1 & 2, such as the De Dion Bouton's Motor Bicycle.



The Tour was basically a high speed race, limited at the outset to 12.5 mph (20km/h) for safety! In different years, there were different routes, distances and, of course, speeds. interrupted by several wars, financial depression, etc. The TdF started back up in 1951 and ran to 1986 with more interruptions (specifically after the 1955 tragic accident at Le Mans, which led to the suspension of racing on French public roads). A retrospective TdF, in keeping with the spirit of the original, was restarted in 1991.

France is a large country with beautiful and scenic driving roads, chateaux, vineyards and at least 20 active auto race tracks. No two editions are alike. Eligible entries for the TdF are cars manufactured between 1951 and 1966, with minor exceptions to 1974. The 1994 Tour took the eastern route, ending in Nice.

The 1995 Tour, which I will describe here, travelled down the central part of France, driving through Wine and Brandy regions, passing beautiful old chateaux, long dormant volcanoes covered with thick vegetation concealing scattered quaint villages, and ending in Biarritz, on the Atlantic coast of France. It is the surfing capital of Europe . . . Basque country.

Both Tours are 1000 miles (1,600 km), last 4.5 days and are limited to under 200 cars. This translates into well over 600 persons, considering drivers and navigators, mechanic chase teams, every major U.S. and European car magazine and TV network reporter, race officials and staff, and, of course, the many sponsors. Although the retrospective Tour is less intense than the original event, it was, as stated by eight-time Le

Mans veteran Gunnar Jeanette, "No stroll in the Park for competitors," and "The coolest event I have ever done." There is usually a 300+ car waiting list. In view of the many prominent entrants (except for me), along with some extraordinarily valuable cars, the French Government assigned their Elite Motorcycle Squad to accompany the cars from start to finish, for safety and security. I don't have the numbers on hand for the '95 Tour, but the '94 event had 166 cars comprised of:

- 60 Porsches (23 911s, 8 356s, 2 904s, 1 550, 1 914 Group IV6);
- 40 Ferraris (19 250 GTs, 8 275 GTBs, 7 Daytonas, 4 250 GTO, 1 LM250, 1 212, this last Barchetta owned by Sherman Wolf and raced by Phil Hill in the US in 1952);
- 10 Jaguars, from Type C to Es;
- 7 Cobras, 5 Mercedes 300SLs, 3 Ford GT40s. 4 Lancia Stratos, et cetera.

It gives you a pretty good idea of car rarities, even then.

The event was extremely well organized, and efficiently managed. The Road Book was filled with approximately 114 pages of precisely calculated measured passages, accompanying a 7 page rule book.

Navigator vs. GPS.....
"No route recalculation"

(Continued on page 6)

Wines & Cars (Continued from page 5)

Hotels, dining and catering preparations, along with daily competition results and announcements were included in the arrangements.

In addition to the “Time and Distance” stages from start to finish, two other daily special events took place on various race tracks and hill climbs along the way. The big challenges were not on the tracks, but on small roads. It was not unusual to see cars up a tree or in ditches off the roads. There was no room for errors. Anyone who has participated in local rallies will understand the “Real test of Compatibility” between driver and navigator . . . is when both are seated in a moving car.

There were many highlights along the way, going through small towns and villages, whose local officials and towns people would welcome the parade of cars and proudly offer their award winning local varieties of specialty foods, (patés, foie gras, hams, salamis, cheeses and baguettes) to the sound of their local bands and, of course, accompanied by liberal quantities of their favorite local wines.

Actually, the wine tasting started the night before the rally, in Paris. My wife, Jeanine, flew in from Moscow and daughter Nicole flew in from London the day before, for a dinner celebration with my US TdF participating friends. There was Sherman Wolf driving the actual winning 1951 Ferrari 212 Touring Barchetta, along with his co-driver Phil Hill, Bruce Male with his co-driver, Road & Track Technical Editor Dennis Simanaitis, driving a 1956 Maserati A6G 2000 Zagato Coupe, my Cousin Gerard and I, who were driving a 1971 914/6 Porsche, and two accompanying (chase) mechanics. That made ten of us.

I chose the “Pub Renault” located on the Champs Élysées, for several reasons. It is (was) an actual Renault dealership with a restaurant crafted with classic-era tufted leather seats and lots of brass appointments. Sitting in their large booth was akin to sitting in a classic car with a table, only bigger. The second floor level contained a small Renault Museum filled with pre and post WWI and WWII autos



“Time to stretch our legs. Watch out for cow pies!”

and more recent successful competition cars. The restaurant management set up a private table for us, surrounded with portable dividers to accommodate our large group. It was a fun-filled kick-off night with great stories (particularly from Phil), lots of laughter and fond memories. Naturally, I can’t recall the names and type of all the wines we shared, but I do seem to remember quite clearly that no one complained.



The evening before the start, drivers & Tour officials affix their rally numbers, team names and blood types on their cars.

The next morning, under raining skies, 186 cars started out from the Fontaines du Trocadéro and drove through Paris on the way southwest, heading to Monthléry. The organizers go to a lot of effort to assure that the local roads chosen are not heavily traveled, and are often picturesque passages. Europeans love cars, and at 7 or 8 AM, the sides of the roads were filled with adults and children waiting to see the cars zoom by. In some cases, parents would move their children away from the road edges, fearing wild and crazy drivers with extremely fast cars (Moi? Moi?).



Starting gate sendoff (Au Revoir!!!)

In France, one can’t drive anywhere without going through different wine growing regions. A synopsis of some of France’s Jewel history, “Wine & War” by Don & Petie Kladstrup, is a largely unknown but compelling chapter of history describing what the French wine producers undertook to protect wines from the invading Germans. There are 27,000 wineries distributed all over France, with over 200 indigenous wine varieties, which is the reason they are labeled by region rather than grape varieties.

In 1855, Napoleon III brought in the classifications of wine to assure quality and proper provenance, and in 1937, those classifications evolved into 3 primary classification tiers:

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Wines & Cars (Continued from page 6)

- AOP: (i.e., Grand Cru): Very specific regulated regions with strict control on originality and assuring highest quality;

- IGP: (i.e., Premier Cru): Similar production, covering larger areas with more relaxed regulations;

- Vin de France: Grapes can originate anywhere in France, with no variety limits on grapes, zones or vineyards.

Different regions, different climates, different soils, different elevations and different grapes produce an immense variety of wines. Cabernets thrive in gravelly soil, well drained with the stones absorbing the sun's rays, reflecting the heat back to the vines. Merlots like clay and limestone, with cooler temperatures which delays the ripening of the grapes.

Similar to valuable cars (classic), proper storage of wine is very important. When it comes to wine, it is preferable to purchase a case rather than a bottle, so as to limit single bottle exposure to unstable environments while sitting on a store shelf. Just as UV light affects car paint and upholstery, it affect wines, particularly from stores' florescent lights. Red wines are in dark green glass bottles for that reason.

Consistent temperatures between 55° and 62° F in a dark area is the most desirable storage. Wines age prematurely above 70°. Dry or humid cellaring has no bearing, except perhaps on labels. A quick look at a bottle shape will generally identify a type of wine, i.e., Champagne bottles have thick glass to handle pressure. Burgundy, gentle sloping shoulders with a wider body. Rhone is similar to Burgundy, but a bit thinner and taller. Reisling, tall and thin with a long neck. Bordeaux bottles have a short straight neck and high shoulders, and so on.

Serving temperature is more detailed than the standards: whites are chilled and reds are room temperature. For whites, the sweeter the wine, the cooler it should be. Reds should be on the low side of room temperature. Oxygenating (aerating) is equally important, particularly for reds, as it helps soften the tannins and expose its full aroma and color. Opening a bottle 30 to 45 minutes before serving is generally more practical. Pouring into a glass and swirling the wine can also help aerating. Decanting speeds up oxygenation and helps reduce or avoid the sediment that

may have accumulated at the bottom of a wine bottle. Aerating overnight or in a refrigerator is a no-no.

I'm far from a knowledgeable wine connoisseur, but I can usually tell the difference between a pretty good wine and a vintage vinegar.

After traveling approximately 25 miles out of Paris, the cars arrived at the 1st sector, the "Monthléry Race Track" (https://monthlery.com/autodrom_eng.htm), where a Gourmet's Delight Buffet Lunch was served after competing on the track. Early afternoon, we headed out 171 miles towards the city of Tours, taking the cars through the Loire Valley. The area is laced with vineyards all the way to the Atlantic ocean, offering wines for every palate, from Sauvignon Blanc to sparkling Vouvrais. In Tours, a grand gourmet dinner was organized, and naturally, Loire Valley wines were served.

The following morning, cars were released in different stages heading out 125 miles towards the city of "La Chatre." Shortly after departing, on a straight stretch of farm road, Bruce Male's Maserati took a flying stone in the windshield, which broke into a gazillion pieces. True to the sport, Bruce and Dennis continued on the Tour without a windshield, wearing only racing helmets and sunglasses. That's not a problem unless one sneezes. Fortunately, it didn't rain. Tour officials would take out their handkerchiefs to clean their imaginary windshield at checkpoints. High spirits never waned.

From there, we drove 57 miles to the next competition, which took place on a race track called "Mas du Clos," by invitation of the owner, Pierre Bardinon. Pierre built this track next to his castle, which (at the time) contained the largest collection of world-renowned Ferrari race cars and engines, along with some never released prototypes. This non-pretentious gentleman was a close friend of Enzo Ferrari, whose passion for collecting race cars and the enjoyment of driving them

led him to build his private race track, which eventually ended up with a length of 3 kilometres going through his farmland with cows and sheep grazing.



Green New Deal? Methane or Carbon Monoxide?

Pierre's invitation included dining inside his private dining room overlooking a section of the track. <https://en.masduclos.com/> This is not to mention that Phil Hill was also a personal friend of Pierre's. A visit to his collection inside his climate-controlled castle with the prancing horse floor tiles, was a delight. Details of his collection would fill a large book. This geographical area is in a location of France called "La Creuse," which happens to be where I was born . . . it seems not that long ago.

After that, the groups continued 57 miles south to Clermont-Ferrand (<https://www.racingcircuits.info/europe/france/charade.html>) where a dinner took place at the Michelin factory, after the track competition. Daily competition results were announced and awards presented. All the participants that I knew, and new ones that I met, were there for exactly the same reasons that we all enjoy JANE: the passion of classic car collecting/racing combined with the pleasures of being amongst friends and enthusiasts. Not to show off their cars or status. Sherman Wolf, who even brought along his own mechanic, never hesitated to get grease under his fingernails to resolve mechanical problems. Talking business is also taboo. This is one place where Captains of Industry feel comfortable and let loose.

The next morning, the group headed 164 miles towards Bozouls (<https://www.bozouls.fr/>), located 30 minutes from the

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Wines & Cars (Continued from page 7)

town of Rodez (<https://www.ville-rodez.fr/>), which was where our next hillclimb competition took place.

Due to time constraints, instead of a buffet, a picnic lunch basket filled with baguettes, ham, cheese and Petit Four deserts, and of course, wine, was provided. The hillclimb took place in a community called Moyrazes (<https://www.moyrazes.fr/>). Danger warnings were issued due to the various difficult tight bends with practically no barrier protection. We did well on that climb, beating out our friends in a Porsche 904. Our next racing competition was at the Albi race track (<https://www.snaplap.net/circuit-d-albi/>), where the Historical Grand Prix races started in 1933. The track surrounds the Albi airport runway (it's recommended to not watch a jet landing while racing).

Navigating a further 129 miles brought the Tour to the final race competition

and lunch in Nogaro. (<https://www.racingcircuits.info/europe/france/nogaro.html>).



Attempting to clock precisely our predicted time.

Nogaro is located in the Armagnac region, for those who appreciate fine brandy. After enjoying an exquisite lunch washed down with some excellent Bordeaux wines, we drove to our final rally destination, the City of Biarritz (<https://www.biarritz.fr/>).



Among the successful arrivals.

All the city's residents seemed to be out in the streets, welcoming the cars and drivers with exuberant cheers. TV cameras and reporters interviewed most of the drivers/navigators as they proceeded through the Finishing Portal.

The Grand Finale was a black-tie affair at the Casino of Biarritz, where final awards were presented. It was a warm and passionate evening, full of camaraderie with bon vivants who had participated in four and a half fun days of competition, sharing stories around tables laden with gourmet delights, laughing and toasting with superb varieties of some truly great wines.

No one is sure where or when the tradition of clinking glasses started, but there are some that would suggest that it serves to complete our four senses in the wine experience:

- 1 - Sense of Sight
- 2 - Sense of Smell
- 3 - Sense of Taste
- 4 - "Clink", the Sense of Hearing.

In closing, I would raise a glass of wine and toast

"To Life"



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HONKU

by Aaron Naparstek

**If, in fact,
DAVE RULZ
would he need to
announce it
on vanity plates?**



How To Make An Hour Happy

by Dave Moulton



This is one way to start . . .

It's a ritual that we all seem to enjoy, but seldom reflect upon.

I often think of it as similar to that moment, usually late in the day, when all God's creatures gather peacefully around the watering hole, setting aside their natural enmities and relative places up and down the food chain for a precious moment of tolerance. They are all there to share a life-sustaining sip of pleasure and relief.

So it is with The Happy Hour. The end of the working day is for us a time of peace, of relaxation, of sharing, and of setting aside stress, labor, competition and intensity of effort.

Happy Hour.

The sun is over the yardarm.

Looks like you're down a quart.

Time to take the edge off.

Ahhhhh . . . I needed that!

And so on.

We use alcohol, of course, as a catalytic agent for this ritual. It works quite well. And it can be a lot of fun!

As you also know, alcohol is a depressant that also relaxes our inhibitions, our guard, our focus. It needs to be constrained to safe places. And a significant part of Happy Hour is the safe harbor it offers.

Alcohol has the added benefit, in this case, of making it difficult for us to go back to work. It's an appropriate agent to ceremoniously formalize our daily termination of such work. After a suitable

tipple of Happiness, restarting the grind becomes all that more difficult, while tipping over into play gets so very much easier.

Alcohol also usually makes us a little more sociable, a little more friendly, a little nicer to be with.

And if we're lucky, the effects of alcohol reveal the humor in many things, sometimes even with some riotous hilarity, which can be an immense release and a great pleasure for us all.

In addition, it makes us hungry, a great prelude to dining.

So, we love and look forward to our Happy Hours, some of the most pleasurable times we've got, as we transition from trying to survive the rigors of our day to enjoying some of the fruits of that survival.

Ahhhhhhh . . . life is good, once again.

Naturally, there's more to it.

Because Happy Hours relax the standards we normally use to survive, it becomes entirely too easy, and quite tempting as well, to overdo that lovely Happy Interlude. After all, if Life is Good, wouldn't Twice as much Life be Twice as Good? As in: *Bartender, get me another one of those Big Bad Boys. I'm still down a quart* (much assorted laughter)!

However, moderation in Happiness, as in many other things, is Good.

This is especially true as we age, and our capacity for what might be called alcohol-fueled Happiness diminishes. The three martinis we could toss back in our twenties and still walk steadily toward the rest room just don't leave us with the athletic headroom we need now, as we try to wobble our way out through the Lobby of Elder Humor and into the Rest Room of Retirement.

So, sadly but yes. Moderation.

In this Groundhog Day Period of Pandemia, where every day just seems to be yet another boring replay of an earlier boring replay, we need to resist the temptation to shake AND stir things up with a little, well, maybe more than a little, excess intake.

So, settle back. Gently sip our libation of choice for the day. Relax. Sip slowly. Let the buzz settle pleasantly down behind our eyes, hopefully still roughly between our ears (if it reaches down to our knees we're gonna have a problem). Think funny thoughts. Relax. Chatter away. Laugh along with others' chatter 'n jokes.

Become mellow. Best NOT TO GET HAMMERED BEFORE we light the Barbie, set out the good crystal and start in with the carving knife (uh-oh!).

Happy Hours should not end Unhappily with yet another foolish, stupid and, shall we say, impaired move, as in: *"Hey, I'm fine. Really! Watch This!"* After all, soon it will be time for dinner. Much better to dine than entertain the nice folks at the ER.

Then, perhaps a little wine with said dinner, perhaps a night-cap later? Relax some more. Enjoy and savor what is good in our life. We might even give thanks occasionally. Tomorrow morning we will go back to once again to trying to assure our survival for another day.

After that, it's time for our next Happy Hour, as the sun once again passes beyond the yardarm, we realize we're down a quart and we need to take the edge off – what a magical time when once again we can celebrate all that is good in our life.

Sláinte!



Membership Update

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

We would like to report that JANE is slowly moving into live meetings on the lawn at Larz Anderson and at the Wayside Inn, but a lot is still up in the air. However, we've gotten our COVID shots, so Jeanine and Margie will finally get together in person with all our JANE friends and new members in the near future.

Again, we have to remind you that you can still and really should renew your JANE membership if you have not already done so. You should have received a Constant Contact email with renewal information. Also, our JANE website, www.jagne.org, has a renewal link. You can always call or email Jeanine or Margie if you need help renewing.



Marjorie Cahn and Jeanine Graf

Let's welcome some of our new members:

Stephen Gordon, Red 1958 XK-150, Worcester, MA

Mark Massey, Blue 1997 XK8, Wakefield, MA

Thomas Mauser, Blue 1964 3.8 Series 1 E-Type, Hollis, NH

Herman Wiegman, BRG 2017 F-Type, S. Burlington, VT

Joe Mastromarino, Black 2020 SVR F-Pace & Red 1978 XK8, Waupaca, WI

David Rosenberg, Blue 2006 XK8, Andover, MA

Dana Schwehr, Expert Jaguar Repair and Restoration, Upton Foreign Motors, Upton, MA, 508-529-4040

Welcome all!

Margie – 617-285-6564; marjoriecahn@aol.com


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by Sir Kevin "Francis Bacon" Murphy and Shakespeare, Wm.

Mumbai, Maharashtra, India, March 15, 2021

Tata Motorworks is proud and pleased to announce the creation of a new marque to complement Jaguar and Land Rover in the Tata Motorworks Group. The new marque will emphasize extreme efficiency, combining surprisingly low weight with a variety of possible power plants, including, of course, electric ones. Production has already commenced at Tata's new Research and Production facility in Puddleby-on-the-Marsh, Swampshire, England, whilst the first units for sale are already being shipped, even as we write.

The early units are bespoke monocoque unimonoposto units that are distinguished by their extreme flexibility, as well as the wide array of bi-wheel power units that can be bolted to either the left or right side of the monocoque. Power outputs of the prototype bi-wheel petrol units

range from 14.3 hp (175 cc.) to 714 hp (1498 cc. – please note that this latter unit calls for nitromethane and has a service life of approximately fifty-one seconds between rebuilds, while also providing what might be described as delightful acceleration during its all too brief periods of service). The prototype electric bi-wheel unit uses a 317 kW motor supplied with current from a 1400 kiloAmp battery (1.4 megamps). The unit has a range of 17,000 yards (15.69 km), not including coasting.

Each monocoque is custom fitted for the client. Full air-conditioning is standard, of course, as is a translucent air turbulence diverter. Units come in a wide range of British Racing Green colour choices, whilst the interiors are lined with Biscuit, an extremely popular shade of leather as well as intermittent source of nourishment. Binaural communications are standard, as is a beautifully finished curly-maple grab bar to assist with safety and comfort. The entire monocoque unimonoposto structure, including the Biscuit leather interior, the air turbulence diverter, the air conditioning and the grab bar has a weight of 37 metric pounds (18.5 kilos).

Hrundi V. Bakshi, Executive Vice President of Marketing for Tata Motorworks, addressed a news conference this morning, saying "We are extremely pleased to expand the range of vehicles in our Motorworks Group, attracting a new class of creative and vibrant young customers while they are still candidates for the prestigious Darwin Award, thereby also helping to reduce population density, climate change and pollution, as well as through the use of biodegradable materials in extremely modest quantities. We are convinced that this new marque will usher in an entirely new era and paradigm of mobility enhancement, revolutionizing how we all think about our needs and desires to zoom about the countryside.

"At present, the exact appearance of the new and exciting monocoques remains confidential. However, on the next page is an extremely hush-hush photo we obtained of a company transporter leaving Puddleby on its way to shipping depots throughout England. Each transporter can carry sixty sexy monocoques, further enhancing efficiency while also making significant strides in repurposing."

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(Continued on page I2)



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March/April 2021 Events

by Dr. Dean Saluti, VP of Events



Our Beloved "Coventry Cat" Needs a Little Help

We just shouldn't take for granted the "joys of our lives" – those things that give us happiness, much-needed fun and, of course, put a smile on our faces. During these tough times, I feel strongly that JANE's "Coventry Cat" has become such a joy. We do so look forward to reading every article and very carefully examining every picture that immortalizes our

Jags or a recent JANE event where we had such a wonderful time.

Let's go back in history just a few years. Our long-term "Coventry Cat" volunteer editor and our publisher decided that they would no longer dedicate their time to the publication. We were in trouble. How would the "Cat" survive?

And then came Dave Moulton, who immediately stepped up to plate to take on the editor's role (no coercion was required!). The results are obvious. Under Dave's leadership, JANE's "Coventry Cat" has built a reputation of being one of the best car club publications in the nation.

Let's look at the facts – about half the other JCNA-affiliated Jaguar clubs distribute a small number of printed copies of their newsletters

to their membership (about a dozen copies, in most cases). JANE prints and distributes about 140 copies of each edition of the "Coventry Cat." Why so many? It's demand – they are so beautifully done that they are considered "collectables." Thank you, Dave Moulton!

We also have to acknowledge the support that Dave gets in the design, layout and printing of each issue from Pam Donnaruma. Pam is the third-generation owner/publisher of Boston's famous weekly *Post-Gazette* newspaper.

So, where do we need your help? We have cut publication costs to the bone and upped the "Cat's" printed copy surcharge a little bit. We still have a shortfall to cover the cost if we want to keep up the quality and size of the publication. We have decided to establish a "Sponsors' Page" in the "Cat" to acknowledge help from JANE members and friends who graciously have decided to make a small donation to help defray the "Cat" costs. Please give me a call to make a donation (617-285-6565). Of course, the amount of donations will be kept confidential. I thank you for your help. (Just so you know, several members have already chipped in and raised more than \$500!)

Lastly, I have been talking to Larz Anderson about our annual Jags on the Lawn evening at the museum. They prefer pushing the event to a June time frame, but there are still many unknowns at this point. What is certain is that Jan and Dean will be played by our DJ and I will join them on "Dead Man's Curve."

Events in BOLD are pretty much definite. Other events are still looking for dates, approval, people to chair them and/or people to help. If you are interested in helping, call me to talk things over (617-285-6565). Thanks in advance for whatever help you can give. You have no idea . . .

We'll try to keep you up-to-date with the Cat's Meow - *BYOP/B* means "bring your own picnic/beverages"

SD/M means the event will require "social distancing and masks," per guidelines at the time

Ltd. means "limited" entries, per guidelines at the time

| Month, Event, Type | Weekday, date | Possible Features? |
|---|--|--|
| April, Zoom mtg? | Wednesday, 4/21/21? | Zoom: Guest Speaker set? |
| May, Zoom mtg ? | Wednesday, 5/26/21? | Zoom: Guest Speaker set? |
| June, Newport Cruise?? | TBD | BYOP/B, SD/M, Ltd. \$25/car? |
| June, Tour to Dave's Place | Sunday June 20th (27th rain date) | BYOP/B, SD/M, Ltd. \$25/car |
| June, Jags On The Lawn at Larz | Wednesday, June 23? | BYOP/B?, SD/M, Ltd. \$40/person? |
| June, Slalom? | (Saturday tbd) | SD/M, Ltd. \$30/car? |
| July, South Cape Cod Cruise | Saturday July 10th (11th rain date) | BYOP/B, SD/M, Ltd. \$25/car |
| July, Misselwood Car Show | Saturday July 17th | Unknown rules |
| July, Myopia Picnic?? | Sunday, July 25th?? | BYOP/B, SD/M, Ltd. \$25/car? |
| August, Concours d'Elegance | Saturday, August 21 | Wayside Inn, Rules not set, \$\$\$? |
| August, Possible Tour/picnic? | Sunday tbd | BYOP/B, SD/M, Ltd. \$25/car? |
| September, Slalom | (Saturday tbd) | SD/M, Ltd. \$25/car? |
| September, Zoom or dinner mtg? | Wednesday, 9/29/21 | Live speaker set, \$40/person? |
| September, British Invasion? | not JANE wknd 18th, 25th? | Overnight, Unknown rules, \$\$\$? |
| October, Fall Foliage Tour/picnic? | Sunday tbd | BYOP/B, SD/M, Ltd. \$30/car? |
| October, Zoom or dinner mtg? | Wednesday, 10/27/21 | Zoom: Guest Speaker? \$40/person? |
| November, Thanksgiving at Wayside | Wednesday, 11/17/21? | SD/M, Ltd. banquet \$40/person? |
| December AGM Holiday Party at Wayside? | Sunday, 12/5/21? | SD/M, Ltd. banquet \$90/person? |

“What’s Cooking on Paul’s Rotisserie?”

by Brian McMahon

A 1968 Jaguar E-Type Coupe that should be very tasty when complete



Over-and-under accessibility is possible with the help of an adjustable rack

Over two years ago, Paul Stasinos found the ideal project car he had been searching for, in Hopkinton, from a listing in Hemmings Motor News. Having completed restoration of a 1969 E-Type roadster in the past, he was eager to get his hands dirty rebuilding another classic Jaguar. The 1968 Fixed Head Coupe had deteriorated over the 40-year ownership of the seller, who had dragged the car all across the U.S. over his working career before realizing that he lacked the time and skills to rebuild the XKE. There were only 50 miles added to the odometer in all this time.

Paul found that the Jaguar was reasonably complete, with boxes of parts strewn about the interior and the boot.



As the old joke goes: “I know there’s a pony in here somewhere!”

Some would need replacing, others would need rechroming, but this E-Type had good “bones,” since it was a numbers-matching survivor.



Ads for similar cars gamely promote “mostly complete,” “rolls easily,” and “engine turns over”

However, the most useful accessory that arrived with it was JANE’s late restoration guru Glen McLachlan (at left, with Paul at right), an experienced automotive restorer.



Automotive visionaries Glen (l) and Paul with his diamond-in-the-rough E-Type

Along with other JANE members like Rich Hanley and Max Paronich, there was a depth of talent available to make the project a success. In fact, Glen helped bail out Paul’s floundering 1969 E-Type roadster restoration, with the help of Glen’s father John and brother Jack.



“I get by with a little help from my friends”... and Paul will enjoy the memories of rebuilding his new E-Type with Glen, Rich and Max.

Looking ahead to his goal of bringing the 1969 Coupe to a high “Driver” state, Paul plans to make some modifications that may have JANE’s Chief Concours Judge shaking his head. Since a lot of bodywork is needed anyway, Paul plans to modify the hood to accept Series 1 enclosed headlights because the earlier E-Types were simply more attractive that way. He’ll replace the twin Stromberg carburetors of the 1968 vintage with the triple SU carburation of the earlier model, too. Realizing that many E-Types have cooling problems, Paul is replacing the radiator with an aluminum one, and swapping out the existing heater for a brazed plate heat exchanger. Electrical updates planned include electronic ignition and replacing all lights with LEDs. And he’ll change the color scheme.

As the 1968 XKE left the factory it was finished in “Sable,” a mousy, non-metallic brown, but Paul wondered why he’d want his Cat to masquerade as a mouse, so he has a different idea.



The original “Sable” color of Paul’s E-Type

A previous owner had repainted the coupe in black, but Paul wants to spray his Jaguar in either “Opalescent Silver Grey” or “Opalescent Gunmetal Grey”

(Continued on page 15)

March/April 2021

What's Cooking on Paul's Rotisserie? (Continued from page 14)



How about this "Opalescent Silver Grey?"



Or this "Opalescent Gunmetal Grey?" A tough choice.

and install a new red leather interior. What a beautiful E-Type it will be!

The car has been disassembled and is ready for both mechanical work and bodywork now,



With the right tools, mechanical disassembly is much easier

while the 4.2L double overhead cam engine has been removed awaiting rebuilding by Paul and Glen after the bodywork has been completed. The block and head will be Magnafluxed to detect any tiny cracks, and the cylinders

might be bored out and then resleeved, depending on their condition. The usual piston ring, bearing and valve seat replacements will follow, along with a new oil pump to protect all this work. With his previous 1969 E-Type rebuild, he scrimped by reusing the original pump and learned to regret his decision. During a full-power test run up RT 93 to New Hampshire, his oil pressure suddenly dropped to zero, but he was able to limp off at the Derry, NH exit, pull into a Mobil station, and arrange for a tow back to Plymouth, MA. He observes, "I learned the hard way, some areas should not be cut to save a few bucks."



The heart of the beast, ready for tear-down

Once all of the major body pieces were removed, they were media blasted inside a temporary tent in front of Paul's garage. Plymouth Rock Dustless Blasting has a unique process in which finely-crushed glass beads are mixed with water and blown in a spray that strips off all the paint, old body putty repairs, and rust. The process is quick and clean, since the beads mix with the material that is removed and fall to underlying tarps, which can then be rolled up. There's a lot less paint dust in the air so it's a fairly "green" system. Paul bought the tent just to be on the safe side, and the Plymouth Rock three-person team got the work completed in a few hours. Paul and Glen were then able to see what metal work needed to be done on the car.



Nope, not a Covid-19 ward. This tent restricted the spread of all the dustless blasting particles.

On E-Types, the front fenders attach to the bonnet, and service access to the engine components, steering, and front suspension is excellent because the entire bonnet and fender assembly is hinged at the front of the car and opens at the cowl.



The top section of the E-Type's clamshell hood

Then the monocoque Jaguar's "tub" was set in place on the rotisserie, which can rotate the tub 360 degrees and will allow easy access to Paul and his volunteers to repair it.



Right side up and ready for work

What's Cooking on Paul's Rotisserie? (Continued from page 15)

By temporarily removing the doors, they were able to access the rocker panels and see what panels needed replacement. The area under the door sills is a frequent location of rust.



Talk about really getting into your car restoration project!

This Tin Man didn't need a heart (even though Glen really had a big one); he only needed a grinder to get the job done. Glen worked on the left rear wheel well after the tub was rotated upside down in the rotisserie.



Our late and much-revered Tin Man

It's much easier this way than lying on your back on a concrete garage floor. Glen said that almost any panel is readily available as a replacement part, so the old, rusty sections of the tub can be torched off, and new sections grafted in place. Following current automotive manufacturing techniques, the replacement sections aren't simply welded on; a combination of tack welds and new 3M automotive adhesives designed to endure heat, cold and vibration are used. Colin Chapman was a strong supporter of adhesives for car construction, and his agile Lotus F1 and sports cars prove that a vehicle can be both strong and lightweight.



The goop that holds everything together

This adhesive sets quickly, so they will have to move quickly. To install the new floorboards and doorsills, a three-man team is needed, along with two sets of custom-made 36"

long welding tongs. Each of the two floors has two sections needing 24 to 36 spot welds that will be performed by Paul, while one helper lies underneath the car pushing up on the panel, and the other helper works above the car pushing down on the panel.



The dark panels are grafted-in replacements of the old rusted ones

Here, you can see work done on the driver's inner door sill.



The inner door sill



And the outer sill

Paul said "If it had not been for Glen, teaching me all he did, I'd be sunk. Glen's friendship will be dearly missed, his knowledge and experience is irreplaceable."



Dedicated craftsman and steadfast friend

Although not strictly necessary, Paul and his crew primer-coated the bottom to add an extra layer of protection to the new sheet metal



(Continued on page 17)



Primer coat

and then added two coats of POR-15 to the E-Type's bottom. This thick coating works as a chip guard, extra rustproofing, and provides some sound insulation.



POR-15 rustproofing and sound deadening coating

When friends ask Paul "When will the car be finished?" his canny answer is "In the spring," not mentioning what year.



Ah ... it's all coming together now ...



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BOOK REVIEW

Faster

by Neal Bascomb

**Reviewed by David Kellogg-Achin, © 2021.
Heroes. Speed. Romance. Politics. And Sex ...
Cars.**

That's what *Faster's* flyleaf notes claim for this most recent release by Neal Bascomb, author of *Higher*, *Hunting Eichman*, and *The New Cool*. Something to look forward to, certainly a challenge – even for an established author. Can he achieve this ambitious aim?

The subtitle clearly sets the stage: *How a Jewish Driver, an American Heiress, and a Legendary Car Beat Hitler's Best*. What could be simpler?

But it's more than a matter of who and what. Cultural and political circumstances cause unforeseen twists during this portentous and unprecedented period in history, and those twists and turns should make for a memorable read.

By the time-period of this novel, from May 19, 1932 to April 10, 1938, automobile racing was past its brass and hand-crank infancy. Something Bascomb does very well from an historical perspective is time-stamping the significance of the dates he describes, placing them in context. He is a trained historian, after all.

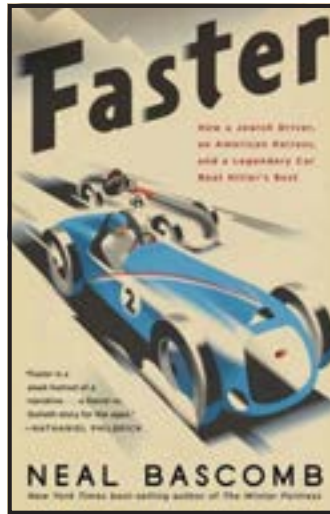
The most historically notable example of this is the importance Bascomb rightly ascribes to April 10, 1938. This is both the date of Germany's rigged vote on the Anschluss, the involuntary annexation of Austria by the Nazi regime, and the day of the first Grand Prix under the new racing formula for 1938. This lends a crafty overlay of contextual awareness, pinpointing Grand Prix races clearly on an international timeline, tying them to contemporary events of far greater historical impact.

... But we are getting ahead of ourselves.

Bascomb's characterization of René Dreyfus is thorough, in some places quite insightful. Bascomb describes Dreyfus's maturation as a racing driver after his first win in 1935's Grand Prix de France.

Part of that ripening process was bouncing from one team to another; part was awakening to Europe's manifest destiny of the 1930s. The former meant he drove for Bugatti, Mercedes, Ferrari, Maserati, and Talbot before settling with Lucy Schell as his sponsor and Delahaye his mount. The latter, sadly, was a loss René suffered as the result of options that anyone with a Jewish last name suffered: doors previously open to him were now closed based upon his name alone.

René was not, and had never been, religious, nor had he ever practiced Judaism. He would, nonetheless, be struck from the roster of possible Mercedes drivers, simply for the happenstance of his last name, as Hitler's horrific racist hate choked



the soul out of prewar Germany. Due to Fascist alliances, neither would Italian makers take on a driver of Jewish ancestry.

Hitler leaned heavily upon both Auto Union and Mercedes as instruments of nationalist propaganda, granting vast financial support – windfalls, really – to each company during the Depression, while pitting them against each other in a pitched battle for ultimate performance on the high profile, international stage of Grand Prix racing.

Supremacy was the goal everywhere, whether in the automotive industry or eventually on the battlefields of war. Adolf Hühnlein, one of Josef Goebbels's propaganda goons, pronounced the

Nazi position: "Racing is and always will be the highest embodiment of motorsport and thus the highest achievement of the nation in any international competition."

In the blazing but blinding light that was Nazi self-promotion – think of Lenni Riefenstahl's filmic spectacle, *Triumph of the Will* (*Das Uberkamm des Willens*) – it was unthinkable that Hitler would countenance a man of Jewish origin sharing the starlight of his country on the Mercedes racing team, his freshly minted, gleaming weapon- symbols of German industrial supremacy, aptly, pugnaciously named the Silver Arrows.

Each team experience broadened René's perspective. He learned how to thrive as part of a family team at Maserati, what it's like to drive for a prima donna under Enzo Ferrari, what winning was like, as well as crashing, for team Bugatti, and later, not to drive at all because of the politics of his era. All this before coming into the good graces of Lucy Schell, who herself had been a very successful racer, particularly in the Monte Carlo Rally.

Lucy Schell, and her husband Laury, feature in the story first as racers in their own right, climbing very close to the top of the Monte Carlo Rally in the early '30s. Lucy financed their efforts, holding a long-standing fixation with race cars. She was also nimble-minded: she didn't stay with a car maker that didn't produce wins. It was she who offered René "a ride" when he thought his career course might already be run.

In her final Monte Carlo entries, Lucy had driven Delahayes, having developed a working financial partnership with Jean François, the principle designer at Delahaye, who developed and built a 3 liter car, primarily on Schell's prodding and predicated upon her financial support.

There are still people around who knew René, as well as considerable written material about him and about the Man-

(Continued on page 19)

Book Review - *Faster* (Continued from page 18)

hattan restaurants he founded with his brother Maurice. The impression left by those accounts are simply not as dry and two-dimensional as Bascomb's portrayal of Dreyfus.

One of my friends frequented René and Maurice Dreyfus's Le Chanteclair restaurant as an early member of the Madison Avenue Sports Car Driving and Chowder Society. His recollection is that René was anything but a cold fish; rather, he was an unusually warm and welcoming host at the venue he and Maurice opened as their second restaurant in Manhattan. René just happened to be a retired racing driver of world-class standing who adopted fine cuisine as a second calling after his racing career was ended by World War II and his homeland, France, was left in economic ruins after the war, both at Hitler's hand.

Neal Bascomb captures several aspects of the inter-war era very well. And it is an era replete with redoubtable racing names: Giuseppe Campari, Prince Bira, Achille Varzi, Count Trossi, Tazio Nuvolari, Bernd Rosemeyer, Hans Stuck, Manfred von Brauchitsch, Sir Malcolm Campbell. Bascomb captures poignantly the closeness between these team-leading drivers, the veteran Louis Chiron, Mercedes' wartime champion Rudi Caracola, Bugatti's Jean-Pierre Wimille, with Dreyfus among them, swapping japes and jokes like family.

Several times, Bascomb manages to capture the whiff of that rarified air and curious camaraderie of the devil-may-care high-risk crowd: rivals but friends, or at least friendly *when not at speed*. First, at the Roxy Bar in Berlin, where they were letting their hair down, but also after Dreyfus flipped his Type 51 Bugatti at the Comminges Grand Prix in 1932, at the hospital where Wimille also landed after crashing his Bugatti in the same spot as René did.

Bascomb's most colorful, dimensional rendition of René Dreyfus was in these gatherings, where he is shown as an accepted and respected, if quiet, member of the best there were, even while keeping himself largely to himself, in the company of his beloved wife ChouChou.

This more intimate level of relationship, unfortunately, most often stops at the factual and fails to bring the characters into three-dimensional relief. The book and its characters, real people whose passions were much like our own, in this way falls short to me – a shame, given how much work was invested in this worthy endeavor.

The extent of this effort was made clear this winter when Neil Bascomb graciously made an evening's virtual presentation under the auspices of the Larz Anderson Museum of Transportation lecture series. Bascomb spoke for half an hour, discussing details of his research that ended on the cutting room floor. They were interesting and fleshed out the impression left by reading the book.

This window on the work showed an author whose vitality and charm seems not to have translated to the pages, whether from editing or from his training as an academic historian. The story is imminently worthy and the effort is there. What kept

the final form from transcendence? I can't say. The pieces are there, starting with the enthusiastic account of riding in and then driving one of the surviving war-era Delahayes. The whole, however, doesn't have the dimensionality that would result from sustaining the passion that informed the description of that Delahaye drive.

While *Faster* is thoroughly researched, competently written, and proficiently packaged, there are hints of its being propped up here and there, particularly in its promotion. Virtually all the back-cover kudos are from writers affiliated with the *New York Times* – a whiff of insider trading. The book disappointed me, perhaps because I had an expectation for a memorable read, and also because I wanted the privilege of knowing this racing great, René Dreyfus, more intimately.

What is this book? As much as anything, I would call it "third person historical non-fiction." Moments of historical awareness are insightfully revealed; the unusual camaraderie between the European drivers is captured richly, albeit fleetingly; the climate of Nazi influence is drawn clearly as an ever-darkening cloud, but as a whole, the effect of the book doesn't fulfill the promise on its cover or in the dust jacket endorsements by other authors.

Perhaps *Faster* tried to be too many things at once, perhaps it went on too long, or possibly it tried to make more of a story than was really there. More likely, it missed the opportunity for a more intimate characterization of the players and their scale of events in the author's attempt to depict the larger sweep of history. Whatever the cause, the result fell short of a win, though there were moments of true interest and insight.

There is a category of book in which you need only see the title to get the message. One notable example: *Do What You Love: the Money Will Follow*. Does Bascomb's effort fall into this category? I think not: there are too many dimensions to Bascomb's text, notably its historical awareness and the depth of original documentation. They, however, do not make for a compelling tale well told; this seems a noble effort at an elusive goal, sadly missed.

Faster by Neal Bascomb. Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 2020



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Joe Mac Phee, 1937 - 2021

Adapted from an email from Francisco Silva-Tulla by David Moulton

Joseph V. Mac Phee, of Wellesley, died at age 84 on Saturday, March 13, 2021. Joe grew up in Jamaica Plain and attended St. Aidan's High School in Brookline. He earned BS and MS degrees in Electrical Engineering from Northeastern University and worked at a variety of tech start-ups in the Boston area before joining the research staff at MIT's Lincoln Laboratory. He enjoyed a long fulfilling career working on computer and satellite design, and after retirement, continued to participate in MIT activities through the Quarter Century Club and Retirees Association. After graduate school, Joe married his wife of 56 years, Carol (Dooley), and raised two children in Wellesley. An avid sailor, he was a member of the Bristol Yacht Club and the US Power Squadron, where he held leadership positions and taught



boating safety and celestial navigation. His love of cars led to his involvement with the Jaguar Association of New England, where he proudly owned a 1973 Jaguar E-Type Series III OTS, as well as with the National Woodie Club, and most recently, the ROMEO car club of Natick. He was a patron of the New Hampshire Highland Games, the Celtic Colors music festival, and the Harvard Gilbert and Sullivan Society. His family and friends will dearly miss his kindness, generosity, and tireless help with fixing things.

Private Funeral Services will be held at the George F Doherty & Sons Funeral Home, WELLESLEY. Donations in his honor may be made to a charity of your choice. There is an online guestbook at gfdoherty.com George F. Doherty & Sons Wellesley, 781-235-4100.

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BOOK REVIEW

Buffalo Faces The Wind

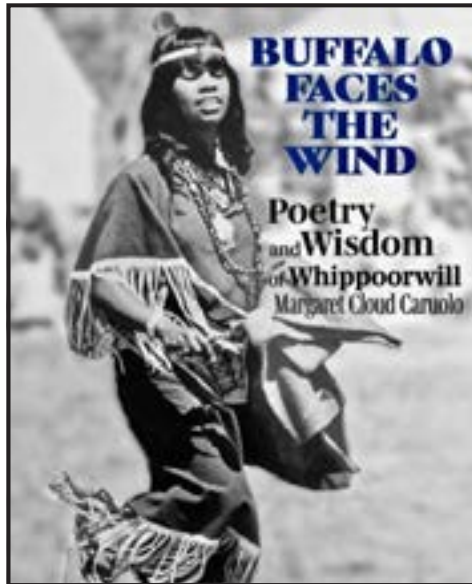
by Margaret Caruolo

Reviewed by David Moulton

"My name is Margaret. In my Native America World I am known as Whippoorwill. The Spirits have also given me the name of Buffalo Rider – a warrior's name. I have also been spiritually given the names Morning Eagle and Jaguar of the Night."

So begins Margaret's book, *Buffalo Faces the Wind, Poetry and Wisdom of Whippoorwill*, by Margaret Cloud Caruolo. I have found this graceful, modest and quite beautiful book of her writings to be a great pleasure.

In any case, I always feel honored when I'm in her presence and I love her wonderful spirit, not to mention her humor. I would like to say she is JANE's own wise and delightful Margaret Caruolo, but that would have it backwards. We, the members of JANE, are fortunate to be in Margaret's Car Club. We are blessed. Thank you, Margaret.



It's all in the dancing!

(The beginning of her Naragansett origin poem Native Roots)

*"By the restless ocean waters
In the shelter of the bay,
Lived a dauntless tribe of Indians –
'Nahigansett' hear them say.*

*Dark complexioned, raven haired,
Sloed and keen of eye;
The children of Cantantowit,
Who rules the south-west sky.*

*Tall and straight and strong they stood
Five Thouand warriors bold;
Bay and sound and wood they ruled,
Way back in days of old."*

* * *

(Her poem April)

*"It's poetry month
Let your mind run free
Expression is in you
Let it out and you'll see*

*Write what you feel in your soul
And your heart
We all have the gift
Write a poem – take part!"*

(from her poem Jus' Ramblin':)

*"Saved my money and bought my first car
My beloved (original) Mini
Traveling now to Indian pow wows to dance
And be with my people my soul to enhance
I was a Fancy Dancer
The Cree poeple of Alberta called me
A Spirit Dancer – I could fly!!*

*Married late (I was thirty eight)
to a MicMac man*

*Taught him to dance – it was new to him
But he took to it for it was in his soul
A natural role
Passed on now – Navy – WWII illness –
Wildcat"*

* * *

(From Concours Aftermath Jaguar People)

*"It's Saturday eve, the judging's done
We know who won
And then we dined – al fresco dined
Beside the lake as yesteryear
Good food, good folks, good cheer
And didn't we dance?!
Oh yes we danced!"*

* * *

From her talk

A Vision – A Talk At Kalpulli Chaplin)

*"We need time to sit and think. That's some-
thing we don't do too much of today. There's
always pressure – I have to be here, I have to
be there. The radio's going, the tv's going. We
need to make time to just sit with the silence."*

Simple. Straightforward. True.

There are perhaps a hundred poems of Margaret's life here, interspersed with interviews and her stories, accompanied by a lovely array of photographs of Margaret, her friends and her life. Once again, I feel honored to be in her presence.

Thank you, Whippoorwill!

*You can (and I believe you should) purchase
Margaret's book for \$30 from*

*Bert Gunn
18 Bedlam Rd.
Chaplin, CT 06235*

Jaguar XK8 Coupe For Sale

Medical issues force me to sell my beloved 1997 XK8 with 70,900 original miles. I've owned it for 6 years and stored it from October to May, never driven it in the rain.

This may be the most mechanically perfect early XK8 available. Extensive tuning and maintenance (\$3,500) in December 2019. Carnival red with ivory leather interior. Comes with many extras - drilled and slotted rotors with red Jaguar caliper covers, new Hankook Ventus ZR-98Y (186mph) rated tires, custom wheels, car cover, recent new battery.

Car has been fitted with a British custom-made type 304 stainless steel exhaust system which is straight-through behind the catalytic convertors - it growls like the big cat that it is. Car was given a high-quality respray roughly 8 years ago, but the color coat was sanded with the improper grit and the clear coat was applied before this was caught. Visible at the right angle in the sun, otherwise not noticeable. No hint of rust anywhere. Properly priced at \$10,000 cash. Shipping can be arranged, or simply drive it home. Contact Joe Mastromarino at 603-661-5542 or 715-942-2649 afternoons and evenings. Email: emergncymd@aol.com for more photos



And from the *Bottom* of the Scratching Post

by Shakespeare, Wm.



I hope you enjoyed this issue. April issues are always fun to work on, thanks to our seasonal license to make up anything we want. You have no idea how much fun it is to be, for a brief little period, completely unfettered by truth.

I also hope you'll find it within your capacity to join our "Sponsors of the Cat," as Dean Saluti has suggested. Until we're back to normal club operations (and cash flow!), the Cat can use all the support it can get. Thanks in advance for whatever you can . . .

I saw this morning that Sabine Schmitz, Queen of the Nürburgring, has just died of cancer, at the age of 51 (wildly unfair!). That a "taxi-driver" specializing in hot laps at the Nürburgring should become a world-renowned autosport personality tells you all you need to know. Sabine was very special and we shall all miss her. (Getting a ride around the 'Ring with her was still on my bucket list.)

Finally, RIP Joe Mac Phee. And thanks for everything!

And thanks, everybody, for reading this. Believe it or not, I had fun writing it, and don't call me Bill!

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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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