

The Coventry Cat



Official Newsletter of the Jaguar Association of New England

January 2020

More than just a Car Club ...



Photo by Chuck Centore

Christmas
at Vesper Country Club
2019
The JANE Membership
Enjoying Our Christmas Party

Keeping your
Jaguar
on the road



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January 2020 Volume 22 Number 1
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 President's Message, January 2020



Wow, the Millennium was only 20 short years ago.

Fears of such things as computers crashing and financial ruin right around the corner were all we talked about – remember?

We live in different times today but our computer worries continue. Who is watching us? Who is listening to our conversations in our homes? In our cars? Technology is still moving fast and shows no signs of slowing down anytime soon. The good old analog days of points, condensers and distributor caps are long gone, except for those of us who own classic British automobiles.

Owning a classic British car requires that you know about stuff like that. To keep in practice, each year I would buy a new set of points and a distributor cap and rotor. During the winter, when there was little chance of driving my car in New England, I would play mechanic and replace these components on my car. I also wired up a new set of ignition wires and installed everything as I had done many times before. To my amazement, every time I pressed the starter button, the car would fire up and run smooth as silk. That starter button is not something new. It is interesting how new cars tout it as a modern feature.

Members of JANE with vintage cars do not have to worry or be concerned about spying eyes in or on their cars, as we are locked into the 50s, 60s, 70s, and so on, for quite a while to come.

Some would say those were the best days of the automobile. Style and grace were always present – they were used to attract new buyers to the new cars being offered. Today it's different. From the ads I see on TV, you can get your car from a vending machine. Boy, that is just not the way I want to remember these experiences. I remember marathon negotiating sessions with the various Woburn Jaguar salesman, David Sensuolo and George Ward, who convinced me I could afford a 1989 Jaguar XJ sedan. They did it, and the rest is history.

Each Jaguar I drove after that was literally better than the one before, right up to the modern F-Type I currently drive, which is just a dream to drive in either mode, fast or slow.

JANE has changed over the years as well. I've found the club to be quite invigorated by the resurgence in trips and travels with our members. We band together almost like a family now, and enjoy our time spent together going to new and exciting places. These are one of many reasons for joining a club like JANE – and there are others. We are trying to make the experience one that is worth the price of admission.

We are at the beginning of another year, with many more journeys together being planned, and I am hopeful that more of you will participate in these adventures. We have quite a few old standards like our trip to Martha's Vineyard, and new day trips to places that are less than a tank away, as they say on Chronicle. New day trips will include a visit to David's House to see the operation and the work they do, assisting parents with hospitalized children. David's House allows the family to remain together during that high-stress hospital stay. These are wonderful people and getting to know them better will be good for our soul.

We also are looking at trips to Maine to partake in another Lobster Tour – a great tour and great food for those who enjoy the seafood idea. We are also planning a trip down to Rhode Island to visit the Newport Auto Museum. This is truly a magnificent operation and the 70-80 cars on display will blow your mind. There's going to be plenty to see and do and hopefully these adventures will not break the bank.

I hope to see many of you participating in these events. Our job will be to give you a good reason to get your car on the road and travel with JANE. This way, we can keep those Jaguars running for many years to come.

December 2019, as well as 2020 Events

Dr. Dean Saluti, VP of Events



Looking Through My Rearview Mirror . . .

Along with the holiday season come all the seasonal parties that Marjorie and I celebrate with the various clubs and organizations we are associated with. Some people may feel that it's boring to have the same type of holiday

event run by a club every year. Well, we don't feel that way – we consider it a wonderful tradition that we look forward to all year. And that's what the JANE AGM and Holiday Party is for many of us – a highlight of our year of fun and Jaguars.

This year, Diane Wells-Murphy and her husband Kevin ran a splendid event. As we walked into the function room, Diane taped photographs of classic cars on our backs, and we spent quite a bit of time getting hints from each other as to "what cars we were." I guessed classic T-Bird when someone gave me an *American Graffiti* hint and someone else started singing "Fun Fun Fun" by the Beach Boys.

Someone must have given Marjorie a hint regarding her Italian husband when she finally guessed Maserati, after passing through Fiat and Ferrari. It was a lot of fun, and a great way to spend time socializing, especially when combined with appetizers and cocktails.

AGM stands, of course, for the Annual General Meeting that follows the cocktails and precedes the dinner at the JANE Holiday gathering. This is when the Nominating Committee, led by John Brady, conducts the formal election of Club Officers. John is an impressive, professional guy who did an excellent job of making the election task look easy, while it is actually quite complex and very important.

Chuck Centore, JANE's "President of Presidents," ran an efficient meeting, moving easily through areas such as Events, Minutes, Membership, and Financials. A highlight

was Don Holden's accounting recap, as he pointed out the savings in events this year, something that we had all worked hard to achieve. Back to Chuck – our President ran the meeting so well that it was completed half an hour early, leaving even more time for drinks before dinner.

I would be remiss not to recognize the post-dinner Yankee Swap, which sent Marjorie and me home with a giant bottle of Bailey's Irish Cream. Life is good and about to be better!

Coming Attractions

Now, let's rev up our Jags and head on down the road into January. We'll be back at Longfellow's Wayside Inn, our beloved unofficial JANE clubhouse. There, we will enjoy another fantastic buffet of beef and chicken or fish, as well as all the fixin's. And let's not forget the hot, deep-dish apple pie with fresh whipped cream for dessert. What a way to warm up on a cold winter night! Best yet, we'll be sharing good times and Jag talk with all our JANE friends.

Our speaker in January will be Dan Strollo, CEO of *In Control*. He will be talking about driving safety and crash prevention. As you know, we use the *In Control* driving venue for our JANE Slalom events, run by Rich Hanley and Glen McLachlan. This should prove to be a valuable and informative meeting, especially for those of us who would like to be able to drive fast with competence, safety, and dignity.

When Margie and I researched X-Types, we were fascinated with the All Wheel Drive feature. We viewed several period ad videos on YouTube, touting the X-Type's agility in snow, including one video of an X-Type travelling down a ski slope, following a skier and swerving around the slalom poles. Wow, was this impressive! I was sold, and this was the Jag for me and my winter driving. So, Jan and Dean will be bundled up in the back seat of my X-Type Vanden Plas on our trip to the Wayside Inn for our January meeting. See you there!

Jane's Calendar for Early 2020

2020

January 22 - Wednesday - 7PM JANE Monthly Meeting, Speaker: Dan Strollo, InControl Driving School Wayside Inn, Sudbury, MA

February 9 - Sunday - 5:30PM Annual Valentine Dinner Bullfinchs Sudbury, MA

February 26 - Wednesday - 7PM JANE Monthly Meeting, Speaker: Will Corr, Hagerty Insurance Co. Wayside Inn, Sudbury, MA

Membership Update

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

JANE membership renewal is in full swing!

By now, you have received your Constant Contact email reminder and a mailing to your home address. Please sign up for another great year of JANE membership. Let us repeat what our President, Chuck Centore, keeps reminding us, "We are more than just a car club."

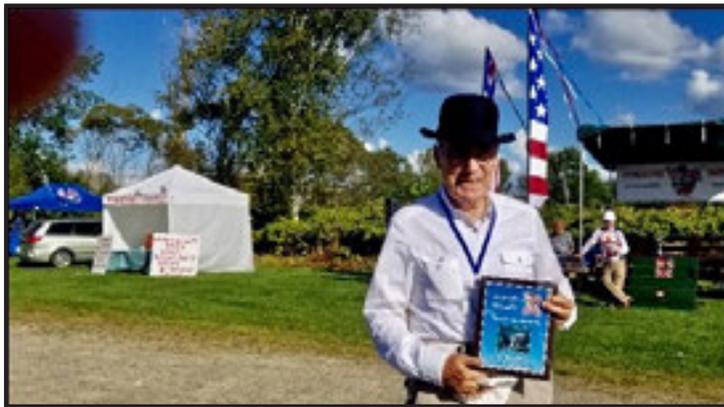
Member Spotlight – Ambassador Bob Gosende



Marjorie Cahn and Jeanine Graf

look Bob's remarkable professional background and how fortunate JANE is to have Bob and Mary Beth spend time with us.

Let's talk about Bob's career. We refer to Bob as "The Ambassador" because he was President Clinton's Special Envoy for Somalia, with the personal rank of Ambassador, at the height of that country's crisis – "Black Hawk Down." Here is a man of steel, courage and fortitude.



For several years, we have been sharing JANE happy times with a fellow Jag-enthusiast couple – Bob and Mary Beth Gosende. They are so warm and outgoing that it was extremely easy to become fast friends with them when we first met them, on the porch of the Green Mountain Inn in Stowe, VT, at one of Mike Gaetano's spectacular British Invasions. The Gosendes have a beautiful light blue Mark II sedan that is often recognized with awards. Bob is shown above holding his First-Place award at the British Motorcar Festival in Bristol, RI.

At JANE events, we often find ourselves talking Jags and restorations with the Gosendes, but we shouldn't over-

Bob's government career has been quite impressive. In addition to his service in Somalia, Bob has had State Department tours of duty in Libya, Poland, South Africa, and Russia, and he has received Presidential awards from both President Bush and President Clinton.

In addition to his government service, Bob has had a remarkable academic career as well. He was a Fellow at Harvard University, a Diplomat-in-Residence at Georgetown University, and the Edward R. Murrow Professor of Public Diplomacy at the Fletcher School at Tufts University. He later became the Associate Vice-Chancellor for the State University of New York. Bob has also served in the Army National Guard and retired at the rank of Full Colonel.

Bob and Mary Beth live in Guilderland, New York and have been members of the JCNA club for the Albany region. However, after spending time with JANE members, they joined JANE and regularly travel back and forth from upstate New York for our meetings and events. We are honored by their commute to be with us, and take great pleasure in their visits. They are part of what makes JANE one of the best Jaguar clubs in North America.

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

Jeanine – 617-959-8987
jeaninegraf@icloud.com

Bannister the Barrister on Cars, Places, and the Law

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

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

In Hawaii, by law, you must turn off your hazard lights if your vehicle is moving. Barry does note, however, that this

could be problematic if the hazard about which you are signalling is also moving. He offers no further explanation.

Thanks, Barry. We won't ask.

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

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

Our Annual General Meeting and Christmas Party

It's Beginning To Look Like Christmas

Text by Dave Moulton, photos by Chuck Centore and Bonnie Getz

A couple of years back, I remember driving over to the Vesper Country Club for our Christmas party in my F-Type. It was 65°, I had the top down, and I was admiring a couple of golfers as I came across Vesper's little bridge and down their beautiful drive, thinking that maybe this climate change stuff isn't all bad.

Well, that was then. This year, right after Thanksgiving, we got 15 inches of snow, and winter settled in with the kind of thump that you hear when the roof decides to shed a whole bunch of snow and ice all at once on your nice clean car parked in the driveway, just outside of the garage door where you moved it so you could fix your snowblower in the relative comfort and warmth of said garage! Ah! New England! Winter!

And yes, that also means Christmas Parties!

Verily, a hearty and convivial group of JANE members braved the snowy elements and showed up at Vesper Country Club this year for the very nice Christmas Party that Diane and Kevin Murphy laid on for us. Once again, there were plenty of adult beverages and many excellent hors d'oeuvres to keep us hydrated and nourished while waiting for dinner, while Kevin pasted pictures of cars on our backs, encouraging us to guess which car we carried by asking questions of as many different people as we could. Some cars were easy (an MGB), some not so much (the original Batmobile). And, with the help of the adult beverages, most of the cars were found out and a good time was had by all.



Our nominal hosts, Kevin and Diane Murphy.

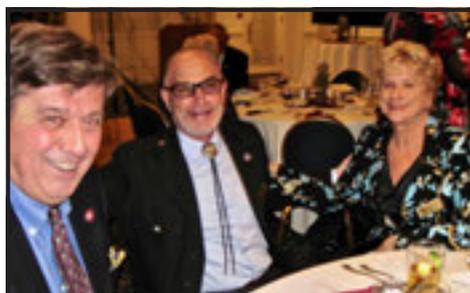
At some point, Chuck called our Annual General Meeting to order, thanked everybody publicly for helping out this year and then, once again, directed our Secretary, Bonnie Getz, to cast her single, deciding vote to elect *all* of said slate to their designated offices and positions, which she in fact did.

Time for dinner. We ate, we drank, we had a really good time.



John Brady, Paul Stasinos, Rich and Debra Hanley and Patty Stasinos all get ready for the salad!

Once again we engaged in that quaint pre-Revolutionary ritual that only Yankees seem to understand,



Aldo Cipriano keeps David and Ginger Zeller amused.



Margaret Caruolo brings her usual grace and dignity to JANE.



Tony and Kathy Fontaine made it all the way down from Yarmouth, ME!



Frank and Ann Grimaldi also joined us.



As did Sharon and Larry Hoffman.

(Continued on page 7)



Glen McLachlan mugs it up with Rich and Debra Hanley.



David and Donita Rardin are wondering what Phoebe would make of all this.



Marjorie Cahn and Dean Saluti are also contemplating their salads.



Here, President Chuck Centore tries to maintain order.



Don Holden and Chuck present our annual Christmas gift to Jennifer Riccio, of David's House in Lebanon, NH.



Dave Reilly and Chuck Centore get into a slight argument about who gets the up-and-coming young Christmas tree and the Edsel picture!

having to do with swapping, or not. This year it was mostly bottles of various adult liquid vintages of fermentation and distillation, but I actually ended up with an extremely handsome toy soldier named Vladimir, that has now taken up residence on my kitchen mantel, to keep an eye out for the occasional JANE member who might visit.

And as happens every year, all the swaps get done, the waitstaff begin to roll their eyes, we bid farewells to our fellow members, grab our gifts and tackle the Vesper parking lot, which is a little tougher this year, what with all the white stuff standing about.

See you next year! Ho Ho Ho!

Editor's note: Thanks once again to Vesper Country Club, as well as to Dianne Wells-Murphy and Kevin Murphy, for making this such a smooth, elegant, and satisfying event.



A Yankee Swap Awaits Us.

HONKU

by Aaron Naparstek

Stall, rust, ping, sputter
sleazy rat-faced dealer says,
"Yeah, they all do that."

*And remember:
Honku if you love Jaguars*

A Member Reports: It's Nice To Go Back In Time

Goodwood Revival 2019

By Marg Dennis, photos by Russ Dennis

Chichester, Goodwood Estate, West Sussex, September 13-16, 2019

"What do you like about Goodwood Revival?" -Marguerite Dennis.

"I can see cars racing today that I saw as a young man in the 1950s. It's nice to go back in time." -Paul Pickvance.

The September day dawned undecided whether to be cloudy or sunny. By mid-morning, though, the heavens had determined that it would not just be a sunny day, but also a very hot sunny day. (I have been informed on good authority that the Duke of Richmond, owner of the 12,000-acre Goodwood estate and organizer of the Goodwood Revival, paid a substantial extra premium for the good weather we encountered, for which we thank him.)

This year, the annual parade of mid-century British post-war nostalgia welcomed over 150,000 people as well as 500 journalists from all over the world, including JANE's own Tom Larsen and Nancy Monaghan as well as the authors.



Fans enter the Goodwood tunnel from the grandstands to the infield

Begun in 1948 by Frederick Gordon-Lennox, the 9th Duke of Richmond, who was a racing car enthusiast, Goodwood is one of the few racing circuits in use today that is the same as it was in the 1950s. The circuit length is 2.37 miles and the fastest lap recorded back in the day was 1 minute, 20.4 seconds by Jim Clark and Jackie Stewart in 1965. Sir Stirling Moss competed at Goodwood and this year, his 90th, included a tribute to him and his remarkable racing accomplishments.

I had read so many excellent articles about Goodwood that I thought it impossible to embellish or add anything significant about the place or the event. Then, on September 13th, I stepped onto the Goodwood Estate for the first time, and realized that no matter how many articles have been written and read, Goodwood is so massive and so utterly unique that no one author could ever capture all that the Goodwood Revival offers.

Of course, there are the races and the cars. Most people attending Goodwood come for the competition and the thrill of first-class racing in historic race cars, and most of the people I met and interviewed have been attending the Goodwood Revival since it began in 1998.

But I saw other things at Goodwood, too. Believe it or not, Goodwood is a shopping mall, not in our American box-store sense of that word, but rather a luxuriant vintage shopping mall for the eyes. Most of the attendees were dressed in vintage clothing from the 1930s, 40s, 50s, and 60s. 400 actors from the Goodwood Actors' Guild roamed around the grounds, singing songs that many of

you reading this might yet recognize. (I truly expected the Andrews Sisters to appear on stage.) There were so many men in British World War II uniforms that several squadrons could have been fielded. Think Rosie the Riveter meets the Land Girls.



Land girls, Naval Officer, 1940 outfit



Emma in all her finery

(Continued on page 9)

January 2020



Emma shares with the Author

I interviewed Emma, whose first appearance at Goodwood included: a 1930s red squirrel fur, nylon stockings, fitted wool tweed jacket and ruby red lipstick. (I learned that nylon stockings were distributed by American soldiers during the war. I guess chocolate was only for children.) Emma's mother-in-law contributed hatpins and a vintage bag from Harrods to match her smart, 1940s fitted, two-piece suit.

I saw lots of ankle socks, pearls, polka dot shirts and dresses, lined stockings, crinolines, alligator bags and despite the heat, women walking around in their costumes wearing gloves. There were more men in Plus 2s and Plus 4s, silk ascots, tweed caps and mechanic overalls than there were men in "regular" clothes.

Back to my shopping mall comparison. Yes, Goodwood is a shopping mall for the eyes, as well as the eccentric, and in some cases, the weird. For example, among the too-many-to-count stalls, a booth selling turmeric capsules was pitched next to La Belle Epoch, selling vintage photos of planes and classic cars. Pure Extract

Botanicals was positioned next to a booth advertising GT Engineering.

Have a headache? No problem. Goodwood has a pharmacy. Have a more serious medical condition? No problem. Goodwood has a fully-equipped medical center. Run out of cigars? No problem. Goodwood has a tobacco store. Tired of walking? No problem. Goodwood has a movie theater. Feel like dancing? No problem. Goodwood has a rock and roll pavilion. Looking for vintage luggage? No problem. In the London Vintage Luggage booth, you can purchase Louis Vuitton "valises," tea travel sets, picnic travel sets, and "real" professor briefcases. Luciano, owner of the luggage store told me: "I like everything about Goodwood, but especially I like the people I meet from all over the world." Have a baby? No problem. But be sure to bring your proper British pram to move the little one around the Goodwood estate. No collapsible stroller will do for these children.



1960 Bikers



Duke of Richmond Pub



Some Swing Singers



Earl's Court Movie Theater



More Swing Singers hanging out with their George Harrison cutout



Some Swing Dancers



D type Jaguar pit area



A Ferrari about to head out onto the track



Even more Swing Singers



Hudson Hornet in the pits

To commemorate the 75th anniversary of D-Day there were a number of airplanes on display, including a Douglas C47 and a 1943 Supermarine Spitfire MkIX. I met Chris Firman, who jumped out of this Dakota on June 6, 2019, to commemorate the D-Day landing.

Getting back to the cars, it is important to remember that the centerpiece of the Revival is the schedule of 15 action-packed races run over the course of the week-end. As well as the 60th anniversary of the Mini – over 150 Minis participated in honoring that iconic car.

The Mini was created in response to the 1956 Suez crisis, which caused a gas (petrol) shortage and fuel rationing, Sir Leonard Lord, the head of BMC, tasked Alec Issigonis, the designer of the Morris Minor, to create a fuel efficient car. The rest is history. The front-wheel drive Mini was an instant success on the road and it also excelled on race circuits, scoring victories in the Monte Carlo Rally and numerous saloon car racing championships. The Mini was clearly a star at Goodwood this year.



A lovely 1965 Alfa Romero Giulia TZ1



1937 Cooper #1



The Austin Healey pit area. Check out their picnic baskets!



An Aston Martin driver awaiting the start of a race, just before pulling onto the track



Chris Firman, US Paratrooper, 101st Airborne Division. Chris jumped out of the C47 over Normandy on June 6th, 2019.



USAAC C-47 which was engaged on June 6, 1944 in Normandy



1940 USAAC pilot

Memories are powerful and the nostalgia displayed at Goodwood was, in my opinion, genuine. For three days, in the brilliant Chichester sun, we were all thirty, forty, fifty years younger. One might not be able to re-capture the past, but one can re-create it, at least for a brief moment.

Perhaps Lynette and Chrissy, who shared a luncheon table with us, put it best: "We just like the atmosphere." So did I.



Lynette & Chrissy sharing lunch with the author

Next year will mark the 22nd anniversary of the Goodwood Revival. Other writers sharing the press tent, with its Imperial typewriter, will have their own individual take on Goodwood. This was mine and the memories of my Goodwood Revival shall last a long time.



1994 XJS, 150,000 miles, maroon with beige int., six cylinder with unusual factory 5 speed standard trans, sport suspension, rear seat delete kit (I think the seat is in there), very good physical and running condition?? Asking \$15K.

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

FOR SALE

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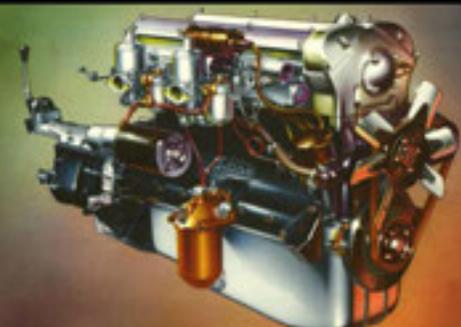
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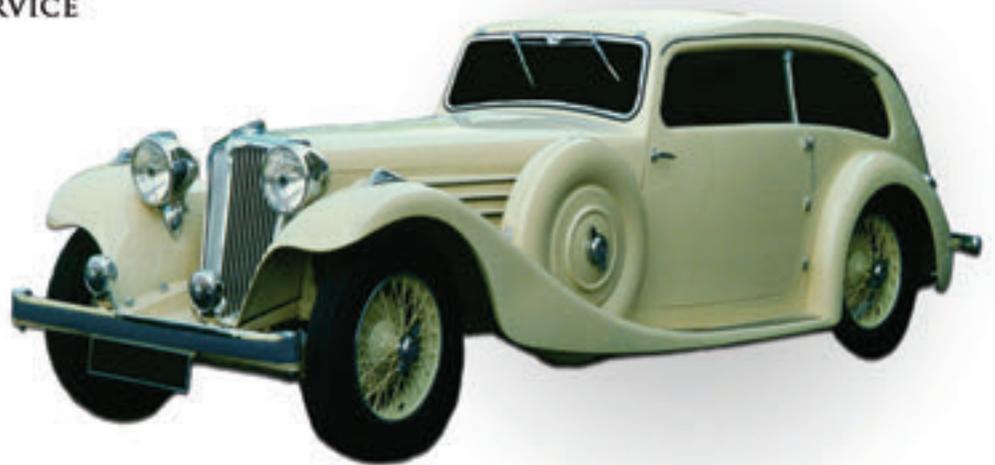


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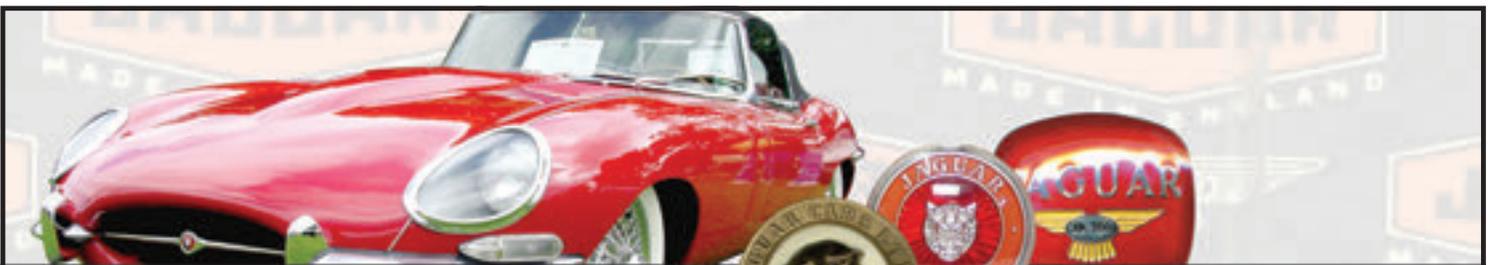
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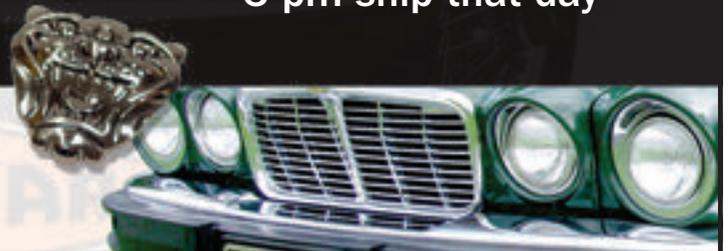
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A New F-Type? How Refreshing!

By Dave Moulton, file Photos from CarBuzz and Jalopnik

On December 2nd, Jaguar Land Rover announced a new (refreshed) version of the Jaguar F-Type, which has been around since late 2013, but has not been getting old at all.

The new version is, to my eyes, a little more rounded and smooth, especially at the front. Is that better? It's a matter of taste, I think. Minor improvements have been made to the suspension, as well as to the interior, but the car that we owners have come to know and love remains pretty much intact here, with the same array of engines and that lovely ZF 8-speed transmission. (The 6-speed manual transmission has been discontinued, sadly.) If you want the V8, you are also going to get all-wheel drive, which is not necessarily a bad thing. Not at all.



Nice Kitty!

To give you a little perspective on this, here's what Andrew Collins, of Jalopnik, had to say about the F-Type in August:

"The F-Type is not the freshest or most technologically impressive modern car, but I'll be damned it doesn't hit the spot every single time. At this point, I've driven almost every version of the F-Type. And if you're into cars, you've probably already read a dozen reviews. Perhaps you've even bought one by now. The only real excuse I could think of to revisit this vehicle was to answer the question of whether or not, in 2019, this is still a car worth worshiping. Or, if you have

the means, to actually plunk payments toward its substantial list price.

"I can say unequivocally that, yes, the F-Type is such delight on so many levels that I'm actually convinced its mere existence helps keep car culture rolling. The bodywork is physically incapable of going out of style. The cockpit is as close to sports car simplicity as you can get right now. The sound, well, I'm not exactly smitten with the V6 exhaust note, but strife over that and any other onerous situation that might be weighing on your mind melts away immediately as you step into the throttle and start linking turns together in one of these. It's too stiff to be a road trip car, too small to be practical for any purpose outside just driving, and it's too pretty to fly under the radar anywhere. God bless the F-Type."



Amen, brother!

My own personal experience with the F-Type has been utterly delightful. It is fun to drive just about anywhere, including on the slalom course. It still gets tons of attention wherever I park it, and the silly but delightful exhaust system is far more pleasurable to drive with than it should be. Oddly enough, it can help your driving, too: leave it in hooligan mode and try to drive softly, except, of course, for those on-ramps with an underpass or tunnel coming up, where, if you're

like me, you drop the car into third gear, give the throttle a firm but not quite floored boot and let the little dear wind up to 5,000 rpm, snap into fourth without lifting to encourage the exhaust to make a sharp crack as it instantly drops 600 rpm into fourth gear and keeps winding up. (Please note: you were doing about 70 mph when you made that shift, and if you continue to 5,000 rpm in fourth gear, you'll be happily climbing past 90 mph as you hit fifth gear with the same whip-cracking effect. Don't do it, however, if you value your license!) I must say, it hasn't gotten old yet!

Anyway, as I was trying to say before I got distracted, you can drive it softly around town, keeping the car in "nice kitty" mode with your throttle foot, even when the console switch says "Hooligan!" It's great practice, and the burbling purr is quite seductive. Also, it burns hardly any fuel when you do that.

Add to that the great brakes, really roadworthy handing, lovely and VERY comfortable interior and all the heated thingamabobs, allowing you to keep the top down from well before April Fools Day all the way to Thanksgiving.

Anyway, welcome to the lineup, refreshed and refreshing new F-Type. We'll love ye just as much as we love yer older brother.



It's still a really handsome car. It goes, too!

Member Reminisces

How I Tamed the Prancing Horse

By George Parker

I WAS STUNNED WHEN I SAW IT ON THE SHOWROOM FLOOR! It was the most exciting car I had ever seen! The showroom in question was at the foreign car dealership of Gaston Andrey in Framingham, Massachusetts, and on the floor was a, I mean, THE most gorgeous 1954 Ferrari 250 Europa Berlinetta with a body by Vignale. It had been on the Ferrari stand at the 1954 New York Auto Show. I didn't know it at the time, but it was one of a kind. Vignale was vying for the contract to build coachwork for Ferrari road cars and had built four of these cars, but only one of them was a 3.0 liter Europa!

I was smitten! What followed couldn't really be called negotiation—the salesman just set the hook and reeled me in! The only thing that gave me pause was that I would have to give up my present ride, an Aston Martin that I loved, to be able to afford the Ferrari. But I bit the bullet, the deal was done, and I was suddenly the owner of a fabulous Ferrari.

It would prove to be a decision that would give me lots of fun, but lots of troubles as well!

The fun part was immediately obvious – motoring around the beautiful countryside near my home in Rome, New York with the sound of that V12 at 7000 rpm in my ears was more fun than anyone has a right to ask for. But I was soon to learn that the beautiful Ferrari had some design deficiencies as well.

For instance, the louvers on the sides of the body, aft of the front wheels, were quite functional, and vented lots of hot air out of the engine compartment. The catch was that, if the car was driven on a rainy day with the windows cracked open (since, of course, there was no A/C), the aerodynamics were such that the hot air from those louvers entered the cockpit, causing a case of nearly total asphyxiation! It was a deficiency that I soon learned to cope with, through perspiration!

Then there was the annoying

characteristic that the rear tires scraped against the body when forced up into the wheel wells on a hard bump! It was clear that those workmen over in Modena were more interested in aesthetics than mechanical clearances!

So, there may have been problems and deficiencies, but the name of the game was still fun! But then the troubles began. One day I noticed a ticking noise in the engine. Not very loud, but a ticking, nonetheless, something that I hadn't heard before. It was soon obvious that it was something in the valve train. But hey, this should be a piece of cake for a guy like me, who's done lots of wrenching while building hot rods in the past.

So, unfazed, I removed the cam covers and soon found the problem. There were about a half dozen broken valve spring retainers on each bank. These early Ferrari V12s used hairpin valve springs – like the end of a safety pin – with a hook-shaped retainer on the valve stem. But the geometry is such that there is motion of the spring under the retainer, without much lubrication, which in turn causes the retainer to wear through and break off!

And that's what had happened! So, all I had to do was replace a few valve spring retainers. Simple! . . . But wait, how do I compress the springs? Ferrari had a tool to do that, but since it levered the springs with a long arm, it couldn't be used with the engine in the car. *Mamma mia!* The only option was to design and make my own tool using a screw mechanism to do the spring compression.

It took me several weeks just to design and make the tool. But there was more! I had to modify a spark plug to use as a fitting to apply compressed air to the combustion chamber to hold up the valve when I compressed the springs. It was a long job, much more than I had anticipated, but after a month or more of work I finally got it done! *Molto bene.*

Now it was time to enjoy the fruits of my labor and get that Ferrari back on the

road where it belonged. After checking everything carefully, I hit the starter button and the engine burst quickly into life. But my excitement soon turned to consternation! Wait! – Do I hear a noise in the engine? Yes! The same noise that I had worked so hard to fix was still there? Yes! All my work had been for naught? Yes!

So, now I knew that although I had had a problem with the valve spring retainers and they had needed to be fixed, it wasn't the source of the noise that I had been hearing. What to do now? At that point it was clear that I needed professional help.

Since there were no Ferrari dealers in those years, the only place to get such help was at the importer, Luigi Chinetti in New York City. So I did the only thing I could do, what all Romans would do – I drove the car from Rome to Chinetti's shop in New York. There I met the Service Manager, a man by the name of Manoni, who spoke very little English. Since I knew no Italian, we communicated via sign language and rather badly broken English. After driving the car into the shop, Sr. Manoni listened to the engine for no more than five seconds before asking me, "Do you have any water in the oil?" When I replied in the negative, he responded, "You will have!"

Then he explained why. It turned out that the noise I was hearing was due to a stretched timing chain that was slapping against a steel pipe that conducted coolant through the timing chain housing. Eventually, it would wear through, dumping coolant into the oil! With that knowledge in hand, and having few options, I asked if he could fix it for me. "Sure, park it over there" he said, pointing to a corner of the shop. "When can I pick it up?" I asked. "In about three months," he replied.

I made it clear that was unacceptable. He waved his arms expansively. "Look at all these race cars. It's the racing season. I have to work on all those before I can

(Continued on page 15)

A Member Reminisces (Continued from page 14)

get to yours," he said. We were at an impasse.

So I drove the car out of his shop and headed home, all the while wondering what I was going to do next.

Although this was a much more sophisticated engine than what I was used to working on, I felt I could do the job myself, if necessary. But, in the end, I decided to seek additional professional help. Fortunately, the local foreign car dealer where I lived in Rome, New York had an excellent mechanic by the name of John Kirk. I asked John if he was willing to tackle the job. He agreed immediately.

But there was no documentation, no shop manual, nothing in writing. So we agreed that John would fly to New York City and interview Sr. Manoni to get all the technical information that he needed. And that's how it played out – John flew to New York, interviewed Sr. Manoni, flew back filled with new Ferrari

knowledge, dismantled the front of the engine and replaced the timing chain.

And when we fired it up it ran like a Ferrari should, and I was happy again! *Molto, molto bene!*

Soon it was 1959, a momentous year in my young life. I got married, and we left the reception, driving the Ferrari and heading for our new home in San Diego, California. And there was more adventure ahead.

When we arrived in St. Louis, Missouri, the oil pressure suddenly dropped to near zero! Luckily, we were near a gas station and I immediately pulled in. There I found that I was pumping oil onto the ground from a leaking gasket on an external oil line at the front of the engine. So I crawled under the car and tightened the nuts on each end of the line as best I could. And I loaded about a dozen quarts of oil into the trunk and got on my way. All went well until we were

about 50 miles into the California desert west of Needles, when it happened again. More tightening reduced the oil flow enough to limp into LA at the rate of 50 miles per quart of oil. But we made it to a friend's house there, where we made a more permanent repair. Then it was on to San Diego, where the Ferrari was sold the following year due to a growing family. What an adventure!

I'm sure glad I was young at the time!



The Author with 0313EU in 1958

A Report On the Coventry Cat in 2019

By Dave Moulton

In 2019, as some of you may have surmised, we published twelve issues of "The Cat" (after all, it is a monthly). In those twelve issues, we published 79 regular columns and club information notices/articles. We also published 44 normal articles. Interestingly, there were only 29 humorous bits. We may need to increase the humor quotient!

We had 18 authors contribute the articles, and I'd like to thank them all: Marg Dennis, Gordon Taylor, Ken Lemoine, Frank Grimaldi, Bonnie Getz, Brian McMahon, Aldo Cipriano, Larry Baitch, Jeff DeMarey, Les Hamilton, Paul Bicknell, Doug Chadwick, Cliff Lewis, Larry Shields, John Brady, Gary Hagopian, Kevin Murphy, and Tony Fontaine, as well as myself.

Meanwhile, we had seven Humorists: Rowena Fenstermacher, Sue Hagopian, Tom Larsen, Aaron

Naperstek, Nikola Potrebic, and The JANE Member Who Wishes To Remain Anonymous (aka TJMWWTRA), as well as myself.

Finally, we had five columnists: Chuck Centore, Marjorie Cahn, Jeanine Graf, and Dean Saluti, as well as myself. These are the people who each knock out a column every month and make our beloved Cat a real magazine. Thanks. You guys rock!

Our most important contributor was our proofreader, Marjorie Cahn. Without her efforts, you would not have been able to understand what we wrote in the magazine. Yes, our typing IS that bad!

Our gift from God this year was John Feng, who took over as Advertising Manager. Thank you, God!

Pam Donnaruma and the Post-Gazette published the Cat. Without her, none of this would have happened. Thanks, Pam!

My wishes for next year, just so you know, include: more technical articles (restorations, problem-solving, etc.), more historical articles and more racing articles. We are also planning to try to feature various models in various issues, including galleries of members' cars, funny, cute and/or interesting stories, and historical overviews.

Also, I'm looking for someone to share the editing/production load, starting no later than the beginning of 2021 – a co-editor who at some point may become the lead editor. Fame and fortune can be yours! (Also, the travel and alcohol budgets are really amazingly generous! Who knew? See the April issue for details.) Call or write me to talk it over if you're even the slightest bit curious.

As always, thanks for reading this stuff!

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From the Top Of The Scratching Post

By Dave Moulton



Your humble editor trying to become a legend in his own mind! (“My name is Fangio.” (pause) “Juan Fangio.” (another pause) “And this is my Jaguar.” – most of the women promptly swoon, while all the men bow. Nice. Very nice! Why is that alarm clock ringing?)

“2020. TwentyTwenty? The Twenties?”

A new year, a new decade, all at once, stretching out in front of us like a lovely beckoning two-lane highway winding way up into the Hills of the Future, promising beautiful vistas, welcoming and rewarding destinations, and exciting adventures.

They’re here, or maybe it’s just that, like Arnold used to say, they’re back! Think of it – maybe we’ll get a reprise of the last century, some “Roaring Twenties,” perhaps another “Jazz Age,” or even what the French referred to as the “Années folles” (“Crazy Years”)!

Unfortunately, we could also get, once again, what happened at the end of those crazy years, on October 29, 1929. Not our beloved post-Thanksgiving Black Friday, but another actual honest-to-God Black Tuesday (actually, it’ll be Black Monday, this century). Gulp!

Not to worry just yet, however. We’ve got what could very well be a great decade before us that might (or very well might not) happen. A decade with the probability of an immense number of car-related adventures, particularly with our Jaguars and Land Rovers (don’t forget the Landies).

Our whole electricity adventure, learning how to peacefully co-exist with BIG batteries. A resurgence of really interesting hybrid vehicles, employing the best of gasoline and electric technologies, cleverly integrated to yield some really pleasurable and fun sedans, SUVs, roadsters and off-roaders. Maybe we’ll even get into hydrogen, finally! Who knows?

Also, we’ll get to see more about how autonomy and AI play out on our public highways, at all of their various levels (not to mention other levels that haven’t even been envisioned yet). Our first encounter with real robots in real public spaces. Will they talk to us? If so, what sorts of things will they say? Will those things make us happy? And what

will those robots do? I mean, really do?

We’ll also have to worry even more about our privacy and anonymity, our much more complicated trips (such as: walk, scooter, private car drive and park, more scooter, Lyft, walk, tram, moving sidewalk, elevator, we’re there! – try that with a suitcase AND a 3-year-old). A whole new level of congestion. Much greater difficulties with parking.

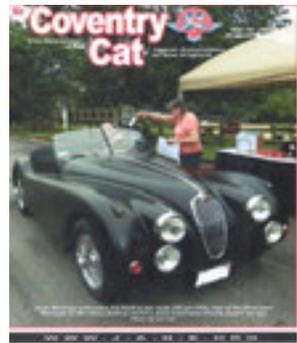
But, this still is New England, and we’ve still got the Cape (at least off-season), the Berkshires, the Green and the White Mountains, Down East, way, way Down East, as well as the rest of that huge plot of ground, granite and bog called Maine, bordering on that much larger territory called Eastern Plus Maritime Canada. Lovely driving country, most of it, IF you have (a) a sense of humor about the distances involved (“You’re driving me HOW MANY miles just to buy a lobster?”) and (b) a car that is realistically equipped to deal enthusiastically, without damaging itself, with the physical world it may encounter. And that huge region (the Land of JANE, plus our various neighbors to the north, west and, to a lesser extent, southwest, simply IS NOT going to get filled up with cheap tracts of housing, Franchise Strip Malls and what we like to call Sprawl, anytime soon. Not even close. Our beloved open roads are safe for the foreseeable future.

We may just have to drive a little ways to get to them.

I expect the next decade, our Twenties, to be an absolutely fascinating time, particularly for cars and mobility. And we’re in a great place to enjoy it. So climb aboard, stuff the hamper and the champers in the boot, set the car to sport mode, full manual and no WAZE, thank you, and get ready to boogie. We’re JANE, and we’ve got places to go, things to see and people to meet!

Thanks for reading this. And have some crazy years, I mean, nice decade!

Oh yes. Once again, Prince Lucas has missed his deadline. It’s hard to get good electrons these days! They’re all so negative!



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