

The Coventry Cat



Official Newsletter of the Jaguar Association of New England

November/December 2020 The "Party Time, ZoomZoom" Issue *More than just a Car Club*



More Than Just A Car Club President

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Jaguar
on the road



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

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The Editor

Scraping The Rust Off Your Driving Skills

From the *Top* Of The Scratching Post

by Dave Moulton

This has been a really weird year.

As of this writing, I have traveled almost 2,600 miles in my various cars. Shocking. Simply shocking!

JANE has embraced Virtuality and Zoominess with good grace and at quite a brisk pace, leading to a functional Board of Directors and several Meetings, along with our various Car Events. Because it's the end of the year, we have some new officers coming aboard and some old ones departing. Keep an eye on the masthead – it will change significantly next issue.

Also, it's time to renew our memberships, everybody, and get our show back on the road.

We lost some really good friends this year, and will miss you greatly. Bless you both, Glen and Judy.

Naturally, we are pretty much clueless about what the new year holds, especially for cars. On the upside, though, private cars are about the safest way to travel during the

pandemic. And Jaguars are, of course, among the most pleasant private cars to drive. Let's see: most safe, most pleasant - a win-win. No reason we can't keep having fun driving events.

Also on the upside, there is a reasonable possibility that we will be able to become safely and effectively vaccinated against COVID-19 in 2021, and revert to somewhat more casual and adventurous ways, leading to more interesting and elaborate car events and meetings.

So, it's time to be optimistic, everyone! Personally, I look forward to seeing you all (as well as Marvin!) this coming year. It may once again be time for drinks and cigars on the lawn, not to mention the occasional hammer down, as we used to say (and do) in West Virginia. Happy New Year, everybody!

Without any further ado, heeeeere's Chuck!

The President's Message, November and December 2020



Hello fellow Jaguar Enthusiasts,

As you know, 2020 has not been a good year.

There has been a haze over our lives and our ability to enjoy our friends and Jaguars. Very few of us have ventured outside our homes for social get-togethers – some of us have not left at all. We are certainly in the middle of the greatest paradigm shift of our lifetimes. Many of the things we took for granted are just gone, some possibly never to return.

But life goes on and I guess it will be what we make it. I've been trying, this past year, to get back to some hobbies that I've let go. I've been working on a stained-glass piece that Patt has been after me to finish for the past 30 years. You know how it goes: no time – too busy with other stuff – anyway, I hope to get it done for Christmas. I am sure Patt will be surprised and VERY happy it no longer resides under the pool table.

I used to do a lot of this stuff, along with woodworking. I made furniture for both our and our childrens' homes. These things were quite satisfying and kept me occupied for many years. I even had time to restore one British Car, my second one in 55 years. The first one I bought in 1963, while attending college in Boston. It ended badly when I totaled it on Storrow Drive – a Corvair crossed the median strip to avoid a traffic back-up going into Boston just as I was going home, and I hit him squarely broadside at around 40MPH, no seat belt. Kapow! It was over for the TR3A. Nice car but I moved on.

The second British Car came into my life in the late eighties, when I bought a wreck of a car from a fellow in New Hampshire and began a restoration that took several years. When done, I had an honest driver. Quite dependable and I drove it to shows and rallies and even

(Continued on page 5)

slaloms with JANE in the early 90s. I drove that TR for over 15 years and have great memories of the experience. Did some mods to personalize the car. No, I did not put Flames on the fenders but did hot-rod it up a bit. The car still resides in Massachusetts, not really that far away, and I met the fellow who now owns it (actually, he was at the Wayne Carini Evening at the Wayside Inn) and he has not driven it since buying it. He is planning a complete restoration when the prices rise again.

Near the end of my time with the TR, I was introduced to Ferrari by a friend Patt and I met in JANE. He had a beautifully restored JAG XJ6 which I envied greatly. But one time he showed up with a yellow Ferrari F355 GTS. After we had dinner, he asked if I would like to take a ride. I did and after driving this beautiful machine, I was hooked. Such a sweet car. I never imagined anything was that fast or sounded so good.

After some searching, I bought my own and have been taking it to tracks all over the Eastern coast - from Daytona, Sebring, Watkin Glen, Lime Rock Park, Summit Point, Savannah, Hutchinson Island and others for over 15 years.

Today the car is a little tired, as am I, and I like to drive it a little more sedately, enjoying those less dramatic drives around the New England countryside.

Through all of this, I've managed to drive new Jaguars since the late 80s. I have driven XJ Sedans for work for years and an XJS, XK8, 2 XFs (one supercharged), S Type and a new XJ Supercharged as well. Then on to two F-Types, and now a new F-Pace sits in our garage. Jaguar has been my favorite marque for over 30 years.

My time with JANE has been filled with more than just cars – the special and very special friendships that Patt and I have made along the way are much more important. Also,

my two years as President have given us an even better appreciation for the marque and its fans. In Italy people who follow Ferrari are referred to as “Tifosi.” I hear words like Jag Nuts or Jagophiles. But either way there are many enthusiasts who follow both the heritage of the marque from its beginning and its racing history. Some have even taken those sacred journeys to Coventry or Browns Lane to see where it all began. Others, like Harry Parkinson, would travel to England regularly to pick up British Bits for his restoration of his Mark IV. We lost Harry a few years back, and a few more along the way these past two years. We will miss you all, Glen McLachlan and Judy Picariello. God Speed.

As we end this year of COVID-19, we are still blessed by having the kind of membership who feel strongly about helping the club function. Our Board is made up of such people and I thank them all for putting up with me, participating in Zoom Board meetings and all being present. Even our Treasurer, while traveling to California, was able to join our recent meeting. I also need to thank those who kept our events safe, along with all of you who contributed to our *Coventry Cat* and *Coventry Cat's Meow*. You are the club's true champions. Thank you all. And finally, our advertisers, who are here for JANE in times of need. Buy a lot of their stuff! And remember to thank them for what they do.

So, as we look to next year and our new President, we should also look forward to meeting again soon. I trust you all were able to enjoy our Thanksgiving Holiday and are ready to celebrate our Christmas or Hanukkah Season as well!

Hope to see you all again soon around the water fountain . . .



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

JANE'S AUTUMN 2020 CAPE COD TOUR

By Marg Dennis (photos by many of us)



Aldo Cipriano dedicates our Tour to the memory of Glen McLachlan

– In memory of Glen McLachlan –

*I'd like the memory of me
to be a happy one.*

*I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles
when life is done.*

*I'd like to leave an echo whispering
softly down the ways, of happy times
and laughing times and
bright and sunny days.*

*I'd like the tears of those who grieve
to dry before the sun
of happy memories that
I leave when life is done.*

We did all the things you recommended, Glen.

Forty JANE members and guests gathered on a sunny, October morning for a club road trip. We dedicated the rally to you, of course, and we followed your advice and laughed a lot. And from the very beginning you were with us in spirit, sipping a glass of your beloved scotch.



Getting ready for the road



Aldo Cipriano, Steve Turschmann and Daniel Graf check out Steve's Corvette



Russ and Marg Dennis' beloved "Anthony"



Ted and Angelina Alexiade's XK120 OTS

We traveled, caravan-style, 43 miles on Route 6A from Sandwich to Chatham and even though autumn had knocked on summer's door days before the rally, we had a day that was filled with the green leaves of summer, not the coral or gold foliage of fall.

We drove through Barnstable, to Yarmouth, to Dennis, to Brewster, to Orleans to Harwich and eventually arrived at Oyster Pond in Chatham for a socially distanced picnic. Our rally masters did a good job of plotting a course that was both easy and interesting to follow. We passed homes dating back centuries. We passed farm stands bursting with fruits that will later be turned into pies and vegetables that will find their way into casseroles. We passed salt marshes. We passed majestic Pleasant Bay and the elegant Chatham Bar's Inn. We passed people waving and smiling at our car caravan. Who knew Route 6A could be so interesting?

You would have enjoyed the trip, Glen. You also would have enjoyed the information that Tom Finan shared with us about Orleans and what we learned about Chatham from Aldo Cipriano.



Tom Finan (light blue shirt, left) talks about the history of Orleans



Aldo Cipriano (standing, left) tells us about Chatham

I learned that many JANE members take picnics very seriously, and packed lunches that included wine, cheese, lobster rolls and savory chocolate peanut butter desserts all spread out on tables covered with linen cloths and, of course, Tom Brady smoking a cigar!

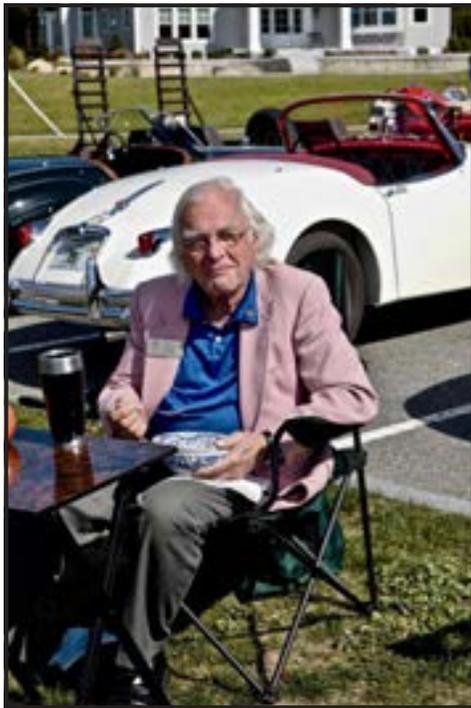


Tom and Mary Finan enjoying lunch



Bill and Adelaide Braun enjoying lunch

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Graham Briggs enjoying lunch



Barb McLachlan, Debra and Rich Hanley enjoying lunch



Russ and Marg Dennis enjoying lunch



Everybody enjoying lunch, including Tom Brady

The picnic was more than just a time to pause for a midday meal. It was a time to re-connect and forget, for a little while, our isolation caused by the pandemic. Someday we will share a meal together, but I will not ever forget our Oyster Pond picnic.



Even our cars, actually, enjoying lunch

But the day's event was not over. Next stop: Heritage Museum and Gardens in Sandwich and the opportunity to see the 44 cars in the Heritage Museum Auto Gallery and the 22 cars in the exhibit: How Automobiles Transformed America.



The Heritage Museum Auto Gallery

The 1913 Pope-Hartford Model 33 on display is a distinctive automobile. This is a large car, seats five, with an elegant tan leather interior and wooden tan wheels. The cost, in 1913, was \$3,250 (the annual income then was \$621!).

Next to the Pope-Hartford car is a 1915 Stutz Bearcat that cost \$2,000 in 1915, or \$50,932 in today's dollars.

The 1911 Stanley Steamer Runabout, manufactured in Newtown, Massachusetts, cost \$1,000 to buy, and required 17 steps to start – a steam-powered car that could run for only 35 to 45 miles before needing to be “re-charged.”

Electric cars are not a 21st. century invention. A 1917 Milburn electric car, manufactured by General Electric, and powered by 6-volt batteries, cost \$1,885 (\$37,878 in today's dollars).

A 1930 Duesenberg Model J car cost Gary Cooper \$14,000 to buy. In 2020 dollars it would cost \$215,623. One of the most striking cars in the exhibit and certainly one of the longest cars I have ever seen, is the 1936 Cord Westchester. It was considered one of the most striking and innovative cars in its time and was the first mass-produced car to offer front-wheel drive.



From the Museum Corvette display

This JANE event wasn't just about Route 6A, a picnic, or a car exhibit. The day was filled with memories of you, Glen, especially about your generosity in sharing your knowledge about the cars we all cherish.

No day shall erase you from the memory of time.



Our Outgoing President

By Various Members



Young At Heart?

**From
JOHN BRADY**

Just a few words of thanks to our outgoing JANE president, Chuck Centore.

Chuck has served for the past two years as our president during some extremely difficult circumstances. JANE flourished during his first year with many excellent events, the Concours, and many popular and successful meetings. Monthly meetings at the Wayside Inn have had record attendance and been very enjoyable. We've had great speakers (remember Wayne Carini?) and the

dinners have been fantastic. The camaraderie of our members at these meetings keeps bringing members back – they are lots of fun.

However, the past year with the COVID-19 crisis has been a whole different challenge that none of us have ever seen before.

Chuck has taken it all in stride, encouraging virtual events plus club driving tours with proper guidelines and restrictions for the times. We have had several Zoom board meetings and they have proven effective under his leadership. The Cat's Meow, edited by Dave Moulton (thank you Dave!), as an interim communication by the club, has also been created during Chuck's term. It has served nicely to keep members in the loop by reminding them that the club is still there and ready to get back in business as soon as practical and safe.

I also want to recognize the support and hard work by Chuck's wife Patt. She has been at all of the monthly meetings with her cheerful greeting checking in members and collecting money. She has been there helping Chuck every step of the way. She even hosted full dinner BOD meetings at Chuck and Patt's home in Concord! Thank you, Patt! Well done!

We all look forward to putting 2020 behind us and welcoming in 2021. We look forward to bringing back our dinner meetings and special events, the Concours, dinner at the Larz, AGM/ Christmas Party and special events like we have regularly had in the past, as time allows. Several virus vaccinations look very promising as of this writing and we have high hopes to put this dreadful time behind us.

We welcome our new president, long-time member and chief judge, Aldo Cipriano and look forward to working with him. I am sure he will do a great job. All of the leadership of JANE are volunteers. A lot of work goes on behind the scenes. However, the burden of being president is the largest and should be recognized and appreciated.

Hang in there. The future looks bright for JANE! 2021 will be a Happy New Year!

From DEAN SALUTI AND MARJORIE CAHN

A Tribute to Our President, Chuck Centore

Chuck Centore has been a fabulous JANE President and leader. We can always count on him to be level-headed, fair, and caring. But of the many things we admire about Chuck, none can compare with his role as Grandfather to Tricia. Tricia is lucky to be living with her grandparents, Chuck and Patt, along with her mother, Erin. But we know that Chuck thinks that HE is the lucky one to see Tricia's smiling face every morning, as they have breakfast together before she starts school. He marvels at her curiosity and dedication to her school work, as she tackles her homework every night.

An image that has stayed with us for several years is one we



want to share with you – it is of Tricia at the Museum of Fine Arts with her grandparents, her mother, and us on a group trip that we organized. She was transfixed by the “Blind Woman of Pompeii” statue and the story that went with it. As we mentioned, she is curious!

So, here's to Chuck – our leader and our nominee as Grandfather of the Year!

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Our Outgoing President (Continued from page 8)

From ANDREW BASS

An Ironic Race!

Chuck and I used to go to the Watkins Glen race track with our Ferraris every Labor Day weekend with the Ferrari Club. Chuck became a safe, quick race car driver real fast. We both had identical giallo/yellow Ferraris. Giallo means yellow in Italian, and is on Chuck's license plate. We used to get to over 150 MPH on the track! As for me, racing as fast as we could go was the most fun I could have with my clothes on! As Chuck would say, "We sure drove the piss out of our cars!

On Saturday nights there was always a Ferrari car show for the locals in Corning, NY, and we all displayed our Ferraris. The Corning police chief came over to us, took a liking to our two identical twins and he made friends with us. His name was Sal Trentanelli, Italian like Chuck, and they really hit it off. Sal gave us his card saying if we ever needed help....call him.

So on Labor Day Monday, we are driving home on a back road to get on to the New York interstate. We were driving about 60mph, I think, in a 45 mph zone. Hiding in the woods was a state policeman....well, when he saw TWO Ferraris.....we were toast! We both got speeding tickets. So we called our NEW police chief friend, Sal, and he said he would take care of the tickets....NO problem. We thought we were golden!

Well, our police chief friend couldn't fix the tickets! Those tickets followed our insurance surcharge for years. And the ironic thing is that we had just been driving over 150+MPH on the track...as fast as our cars could go...perfectly legally!

I really value Chuck's friendship!



Old Giallo

From ALDO CIPRIANO

Greetings all!

I remember a Concours event in Sturbridge about a dozen years ago. The fire alarm went off around 3:00am. I stood outside in the back courtyard with Chuck. He was in his PJs, with a definitely adolescent design. The truth always comes out, eventually! *Photo deleted - Editor*

From THE EDITOR

The Coventry Cat's Annual Presidential Caterwauling

Degree of difficulty of Chuck's job this year:

10 (on a scale of 10)

Quality of execution:

Beyond all reasonable AND unreasonable expectations.

Quality of food at meetings at Chuck's house:

Awesomely good. (Patt, would you stand up, please?)

Quality of wine at meetings at Chuck's house:

Awesomely good. (Patt, would you stand up again, please?)

Number of meetings at Chuck's house:

Not nearly enough.

Quality of Chuck's ideas:

Excellent.

Effectiveness at getting other people to implement Chuck's ideas while thinking they were their ideas:

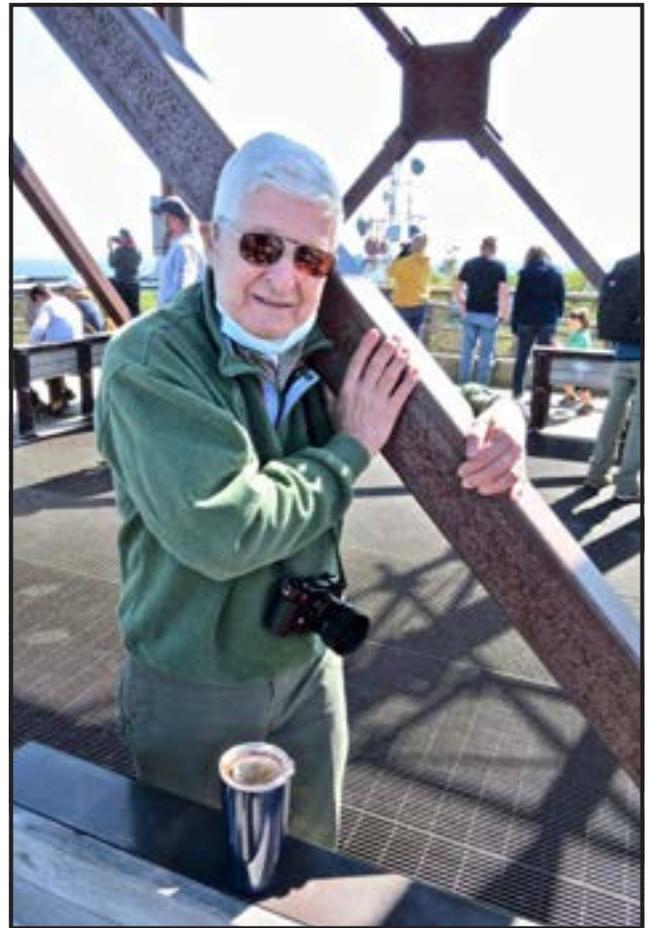
Really excellent.

Chuck's Diplomacy:

Really, really excellent.

Chuck's Ability To Hang In There:

"He Goes To Eleven!" (on a scale of 10!)



Thanks, Chuck!



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If The Year 2020 Were A Car, Would It Be ...

By Brian "The Carcurator" McMahon (photos by numerous elves and muskrats)



The hellacious 1958 Plymouth Fury from Christine?



Or maybe some treasured relic from the Concours d'Lemons like a steam-punk Jaguar XK-120?



Maybe, if you felt lucky in 2020, well then, a 1987 Jaguar XJS "Gambler 500" off-road rally entrant might be your choice,



or, on the other hand, if 2020 left you feeling battered and abused, this MGB might seem appropriate.



For Francophobes, I recall that there was a book titled The Year of the French, which they would find eerily appropriate for 2020, as exemplified by this Citroën Deux Chevaux



Or, you could imagine a 1961 Panhard Tigre: ugly, shabby and underpowered – a great 2020 choice!



But wait! Perhaps your taste runs to domestic iron, such as this 1985 Chevy Corvette stretch limo. Great for taking some socially-distanced friends to a New Year's Eve party celebrating the end of 2020.



At least one Ford Pinto owner escaped disaster in 2020 by adding an after-market accessory that was actually connected to a fire extinguishing system.



The flagrant cheesiness of an AMC Gremlin restyled in Excalibur excess would be a good choice, too.



2020 was such a disastrous dud that we simply have to include an example of FoMoCo's worst failure, the short-lived Edsel Division, like this Op Art 1960 Edsel wagon as a 2020 exemplar.

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Or, what about this 1995 Nissan Altima, a 2020 Mad Max version renamed "Altimatum," which is ready for an Apocalypse.



2020 was enough to make some of us suicidal,



Wasn't 2020's COVID-19 pandemic bad enough? If not, how about some Teutonic Plague like this VW Karmann-Ghia?



For the Concours' Swedish Meatball contest, one 1962 Volvo PV544 entrant figured his car could use a boost. All of us enduring 2020 are running on Empty, too.



although the driver of 2020's original Mom-Mobile would insist: "Don't make me come back there!"



And finally ... 2020, I'm outta here! Even if it's in a mini-Microbus.



Arriving from the planet Tralfamadore in a spaceship disguised as a Kustomized 1950 Packard, this alien demanded, "Take me to your leader!" and came away disappointed. Just like many of us in 2020.

So, Dear Reader, which of these cars best describes, to you, the year 2020?

Send your selection to Dave.

He'll select a random winner

who gets to ignite a bonfire of 2020 calendars.

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A Virtual Tour To Help You Get Get Some Holiday Necessities, From Scotland, Of Course

By Dave Moulton (photos courtesy of Dave and Google Maps)

In this most difficult of years, we've had to make up new ways of amusing ourselves.

In this case, to help you acquire some of The Christmas Spirits I'm sure you are going to need, I'm going to share with you a virtual tour of nice places to visit in Scotland, where you can obtain said spirits while also having a nice driving vacation, if you are so inclined. Time to get the maps out, kids.

We'll pick up our Scottish tour passing through the Cairngorm Highlands, as we proceed north from Edinburgh through Perth toward an area known as Speyside (where there are many, many spirits being distilled, even as we speak), driving our beloved Jaguar F-Type (hey, this is MY tour, remember) on what passes for a beautiful, crisp, clear spring day in Scotland, the kind of day they like to call "soft."



Through the Cairngorm Highlands



The first place we encounter is The Glenlivet Distillery.

Glenlivet is one of the best-known single malt whiskies. Glenlivet makes very smooth, light and graceful scotches. I really like their 15-year-old French Oak, as well as their Nadurra First Fill. A great start to our tour!

And after that, we are on our way to The Malt Whisky Capital of the World, which, not surprisingly, is quite nearby. Imagine that!



To The Malt Whisky Capital of the World!



Dufftown, pronounced "Dewfton."

And so we arrive in Dufftown, The Malt Whisky Capital of the World. We are also entering what is known as the Speyside region, due to the River Spey flowing through said region on its way to the North Sea. The river is famous for its salmon and the region for its concentration of really accomplished whisky distillers.

(Continued on page 14)



In the heart of Dufftown is, of course, “The Whisky Shop Dufftown” (www.whiskyshopdufftown.com).

The Whisky Shop Dufftown will, I’ve found, do online mail-order sales to Massachusetts, bless ‘em. Since the pandemic, unfortunately, shipping costs have gotten quite high per bottle, so now they are mainly useful for REALLY good whiskies that you can’t get here. Mike Lord is the proprietor. You might mention, if you buy something from him, that “Dave sent me, and says hi.”



You can also go down the street a few blocks to peer at the Mortlach Distillery. One of the best!!!!

Ahhh, Mortlach! They call it “The Beast of Dufftown.” This moniker doesn’t really give an appropriate sense of the remarkably rich, smooth, honeyed depth of Mortlach whiskies. I particularly enjoy their 16-year-old whisky. After a tough week spent fighting off the pandemic, I sometimes reward myself with a moderately full Glencairn glass of the glorious stuff. Nothing beastly here.



And, as you head north out of Dufftown on Balvenie Street, you immediately come to The Glenfiddich Distillery.

Glenfiddich is another well-known single malt standby. Their 14-year old Bourbon Cask Reserve whisky is rich, warm and, well, friendly. Their 15-year-old Solera Fifteen whisky is really flavorful, quite unique, and very pleasant. Both are relatively inexpensive as these things go. Their 21-year-old Gran Reserva is superb! Unfortunately, you can no longer get their experimental 21-year-old Winter Storm, an “oh, my!” experience.



A little farther on, you come to, you guessed it, The Balvenie Distillery.

Balvenie is one of my regular favorites, wee dram or whatever. The 12-year-old Doublewood is remarkable and very smooth in a honeyed way. The Caribbean Cask is quite smooth and sweet, with a hint of rum and cane sugar. The 21-year-old Portwood is magnificent, if dear. Then, there is their Tun 1509, if you can get it . . . Oh, my!

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The Balvenie Castle

The Balvenie family has been around Dufftown so long they even have their own castle (a mite run-down now), outside of which you can picnic whenever the weather is at least "soft."



A soft picnic day



About seven miles farther north, after passing numerous other distilleries and a cooperage, you cross the River Spey and come to The Macallan Distillery.

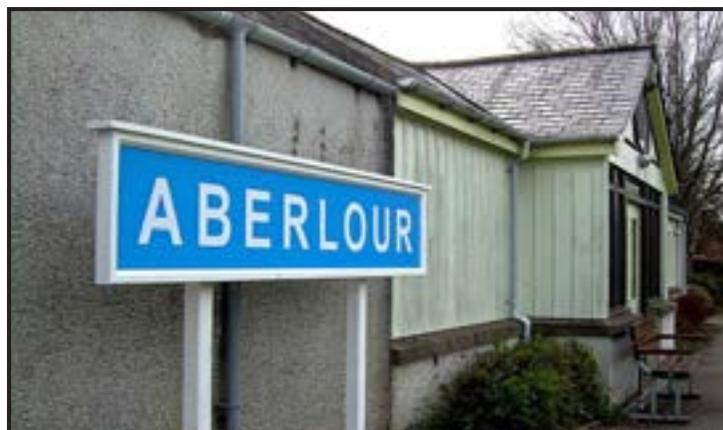
The Macallan has been the high-end standard for single malt whisky for a long time. Any Macallan is really good. If you can score an 18-year-old bottle, go for it, even if it bankrupts you! You'll thank me for your induced poverty.



I can testify to the fact that Macallan has a very nice Visitor's Center.



Here I'm doing research. Gotta love it!!



Then you go up the River Spey a few miles to the very special little village of Aberlour.

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The Aberlour Distillery has some great whiskies! Start with their 16-year old. Then try the A'bunadh!



The Mash Tun

Aberlour is also home to the boutique hotel and restaurant The Mash Tun (www.mashtun-aberlour.com). Each guest room is dedicated to a particular distillery. The restaurant (fabulous fresh farm-to-table food, by the way) has whisky pairings for EVERY item on the menu, from appetizers through desserts. And it turns out it's not a gimmick. Those pairings really work! God, I loved dining there.

Also, check out their extensive Glenfarclas Family Cask collection, including all years from 1952 through 2003 (and ongoing). Amazing! Very Dear!!



The Craigellachie Hotel

Then, assuming you may be getting just a wee bit knackered, there's the Craigellachie Hotel, in Craigellachie, of course. They have an absolutely magnificent whisky bar, The Quaich (craigellachiehotel.co.uk/the-quaich/), with 900 different single malt whiskies available. Go to their website to check out the whisky list.

Also read their drinks list from their restaurant, the Copper Dog ([craigellachiehotel.co.uk/copper dog/](http://craigellachiehotel.co.uk/copper-dog/)). It takes about fifteen minutes to read, and is hilariously funny. Worth every minute. (Example: "Happiness is having a rare steak, a bottle of whisky, and a dog to eat the rare steak." –Johnny Carson)

Anyway, the Scots know how to party, and they'll leave no whisky untasted! Maybe it's the winters.



The Stonefield Castle

The next morning, after a nice sleep, it's time to drive the F-Type southwest some 200 gorgeous miles through more highlands and along more lochs, past Boat of Garten, Fort William and Oban (which also has an excellent distillery, just so you know), on out to the fishing village of Tarbert on the Mull of Kintyre, where you can spend a great night at the Stonefield Castle (www.stonefieldcastlehotel.co.uk) overlooking Loch Fyne.

The morning after that, you go seven miles further to Kennacraig and catch the ferry out to the island of Islay, the most southern of the Hebrides, which the barman in Craigellachie refers to as "our lads to the West."



The Inner Harbor at Port Ellen, Islay

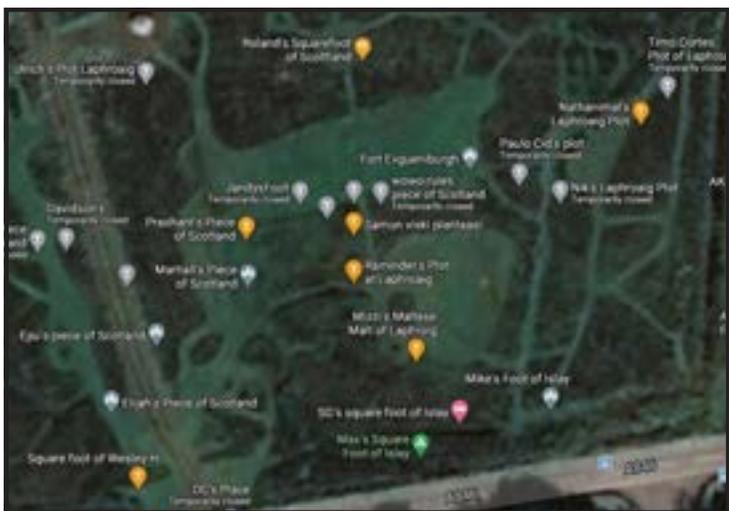
One way or another, you'll find your way to Port Ellen, on the southern shore of Islay. From there you take the coastal road east.

(Continued on page 17)



Laphroaig

After about a mile and a half from Port Ellen, you come to the entrance to Laphroaig, one of the best known Islay distilleries. They have an interesting sales gimmick for you to indulge in, should you be so inclined.



A map of Square Feet of Laphroaig.

Anytime you buy a bottle of Laphroaig whisky, you may find a little certificate in it that you can send in to become a "Friend of Laphroaig." If you do so, you are then allowed, upon visiting the distillery, to put on some complimentary Wellie wading boots, take a GPS tracker and wander off into the lowlands (to the left in the picture of the entrance above) and "claim" a "square foot" of Laphroaig bog. Upon returning to the distillery to give back the tracker and the Wellies, you are issued a title to said square foot, which in turn entitles you, commencing immediately, to claim rent each time you visit the distillery, of one dram of Laphroaig whisky. This has its charms. And with any luck, you may also become immortalized on Google Maps as well!

Laphroaig is famous for the rich, peaty body of their whiskies, clearly revealed in their 10-year-old whisky. It's richer still in the Quarter Cask, and refined and a little sweeter in their Triple Wood, which is one of my favorites.



Lagavulin

Another mile or so down the road, you arrive at Lagavulin, another leading Islay distillery, of the eight or nine active distilleries on the island. Lagavulin 16 is the one you probably want. However, if you can get a bottle of their Distiller's Choice, go for it instead. Or as well!



Ardbeg

Another mile along, you come to Ardbeg Distillery. Less well known, Ardbeg has some really interesting whiskies to offer. Ardbeg Ten is both modestly priced and provides a remarkably pleasant essence of smoky sherry.

Imagine it: you've been out hiking for hours in raw cold windy early December sleet and snow. Now you're back, and come inside, wet, cold and tired. Go for the Ardbeg Uigeadail (pronounced "Ooga-doll") or maybe their mysterious Corryvecken (a famous local whirlpool, if you're curious) and sip it in front of a roaring blaze in the hearth as you begin to thaw out. You will notice that life has just become really, really good!

(Continued on page 18)



Bowmore

If you backtrack past Port Ellen, with any luck at all you will come to the town of Bowmore, which is home, of course, to the Bowmore Distillery, another really interesting and distinctive enterprise. I've just acquired a bottle of Bowmore 18 – another rich sort of sherried peat flavor. Very, very good!



Islay House

By now, you've GOT to be getting tired, at least a little, and it's time to check in to one of Islay's nicest inns, the Islay House in Bridgend (www.islayhouse.co.uk), to kick back and take the edge off, as they say.



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Taking the Edge Off in Islay House's Peat Cutter Whisky Bar

Great dining and another great whisky bar support a grand country house experience. And tomorrow, you've still got five more distilleries to sample, and they are all great (Bruichladdich, Kilchoman, Caol Ila, Ardnahoe and Bunnahabhain). Life can be very good in the Hebrides!

What Does It All Mean?

This is a wonderful way to go Christmas shopping!

It's a lot of fun, the scenery is beautiful, there are no crowds, the weather, whilst often a little soft, isn't really bad, and the food and drink are stellar. In addition, the distillery tours are extremely educational.

Especially with your F-Type, the roads are a GREAT DEAL of fun, and quite accommodating. The only downside I can see is having to drive on the left side of the road, while also contemplating the differences between the Aberlour 16 and the Macallan 18-Year-Old while they are both still fresh on your palate. Easy does it, mates!

More important, though, the Speyside and Islay gifts you acquire for others will be cherished beyond all reason for the brief periods during which they remain less than fully consumed by your loved ones, friends and colleagues. After that, those gifts will become profoundly beloved memories, as your generosity morphs into legend embedded within their life stories.

And then there are the Speyside and Islay gifts you acquire for yourself . . .

Christmas can be wonderful!
(And give my regards to Mike!)

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, Everybody!



Judy Picariello, 1934 - 2020

Adapted from the Cape Cod Times by David Moulton



Judy and Andy

As at home on a six-star cruise ship as she was in a diner, Judy's empathy and interest in people pulled anyone she encountered into her orbit, making them feel like lifelong friends. And she made friends all over the world.

Judy flew on the Concorde, traversed six of the seven continents, sailed each of the world's great oceans and most of its major riverways, crossed the Suez and Panama canals, and racked up hundreds of thousands of road miles in North America, the UK, Europe, Australia, New Zealand, Africa and the Middle East.

She did not go through life unnoticed.

At Judy's request, there will be no service. A celebration of her life will be held at a date when gatherings prompt joy rather than anxiety.

Rather than flowers or donations, Judy would be happiest if you gathered those you love best, raised a glass in thanks for your blessings, and embraced the oft-cited advice to *"Enjoy yourself: it's a long time dark."*



Judy and Andy in their Allard on The Tail of the Dragon

"If I'm going, I'm going first class."

So said Judith Margaret Merrill Picariello, and on November 5th, a spectacular Cape Cod autumn day, she did just that, with help from Barnstable Emergency Services and Medflight. Escorted by a motorcade which literally stopped traffic and a fly-past over Nantucket Sound, Judy's flight to heaven on that Thursday befitted her astonishing ability to navigate life's twists and turns on her own terms.

Born in the depths of the Great Depression, she spent her first 12 years in a children's home in Santa Barbara, CA, where her single-parent mother had found a job. "I was lucky: I had my mother," she would observe.

After World War II, her family lived in Berlin, where Judy's nurturing nature and curiosity saw her embrace the German language and help out at a local kindergarten. After returning to the US, she trained as a nurse and worked as a surgical nurse in both Boston and San Francisco.

In 1961, she met Andy Picariello and married him in 1963. They had two daughters, Margaret and Mimi, and then she resumed her nursing career. In 1994, Judy and Andy settled in Marstons Mills, where Judy became very active in the community.

BOOK REVIEW

“The Old Car Nut Book, or, Can We Duffers Ever Have Enough?”

by David Kellogg-Achin, © 2020

David Dickinson has self-published a compendium of memories, stories, allegories and very likely a few tall tales of the automotive type in his Old Car Nut Book. (Volumes 2 and 3 have also been published since the 2013 release of the volume reviewed here. Submissions are still being accepted for upcoming publication. No end to Old Car Nuts is in sight!)

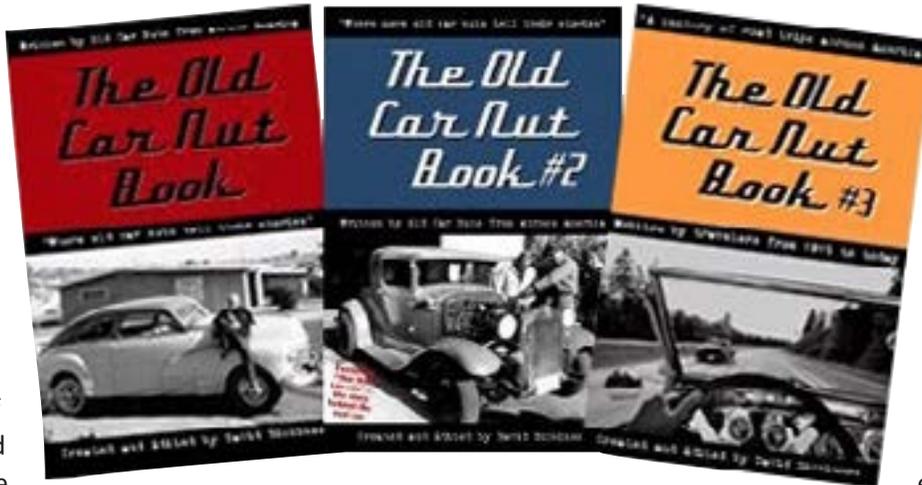
The various accounts, from a wide range of authors, range from insider stories from “those who were there” to somewhat more sentimental reminiscences of a particular make or model that never should have gotten away, even including those fanciful moments most of us have had over a rusting hulk that will never be what we envision it to be. In other words, it’s a description of what most of us have, continue to, or want to experience.

Dickinson’s Introduction begins, “Old Car Nuts are a curious sort,” a fitting segue to “Lessons in Stupidity,” one of three entries by Gary M. Hughes. An experience we can likely all relate to is retold by this once-young crop-duster from his Montana past: he backed into finding the car of his dreams, bought it and lost it, then searched for it, intermittently, for decades.

The first time he saw it, driving by in 1964, he thought it was the ugliest car he had ever seen, to the point of feeling sad for the seller. The next day he hated it a little less. And it grew on him, until, on the fourth pass, he bought it for \$300 – that 1940 Chevrolet convertible.

Then came arrangements to pay off the car from summer earnings, and as it turned out, for months afterward when the summer job didn’t quite settle the bill. When Gary found the car, there was not a straight panel anywhere, and the first repaint - subpar - had a “sun dried mud bog” texture. But love is love.

Remember those times when we played one parent off against the other to get something we wanted? That



usually happened when we were ten years old. For Gary, it happened later. When he couldn’t pay off the car from his summer’s paychecks, Gary’s father stepped up to pay the last \$15.

Then he told his son he should just take the car to the crusher and consider the episode “an exercise in stupidity.” The leavening in this loaf was

Gary’s mom, who thought the car was cute and talked her husband into letting her son keep it. Seems Gary’s parents didn’t have to be asked, they just joined in the fray for the fun of it! When was the last time your mom spoke up in the interest of your keeping a car, especially a derelict car?

Tough times followed, the best-laid plans being put aside to accommodate life’s various curveballs. Gary’s body-shop friend Lloyd wanted Gary to help with repaint and refurbishment, but Viet Nam’s call put that process on hold.

After mustering out, Gary discovered that his dream car had mysteriously been hit during his deployment. The drive home cost a radiator and a flywheel, lasting several days when it could have been a scant few hours. A hole in the convertible top, where a cat had fallen through, didn’t help with the heater-less trip in Idaho’s coldest winter on record. After five years’ ownership, though, Gary finally thought to check the fuse for the heater, solving the problem just as summer began. No undue haste? Timing really can be everything.

Then, naturally, the convertible was sold off in a Sheriff’s bankruptcy to cover medical bills for the garage owner keeping the car for Gary. No records were kept from the sale and legally, the car had been left for more than 30 days, so was considered abandoned property. Adding insult to injury, the winning bid was \$50!

Once again, life intervened: Gary moved to Washington state, married, bought houses and began businesses, rather than chasing down the car. For ten years.

A chance encounter on a trip to find another project car led Gary to learn who had bought his car. Tickets to a baseball All

(Continued on page 21)

Book Review (Continued from page 20)

Star game were the cost to secure the new owner's name. And, in keeping with the way everything had gone thus far, Gary, when he finally got to see his car again, was greeted with a cocked shotgun wielded by Fred, the man who had bought the car at auction. Then it cost 100 times Fred's \$50 purchase price to pry the car from Fred's fingers.

And when he got home, his wife joined the familiar refrain, "What are you, President of the Stupid Club?"

But Gary still owns the car. It's in concours condition now, and it's not going anywhere anytime soon. Does this sound familiar to you? It does to me.

Later in the book, Gary pens a pithy paen to his potent Datsun 240 Z, a pleasing contrast to the plethora of parables portraying American iron.

Then there's "Modesto Speed Freak" by Ron Jacobs. He was in high school a couple of years ahead of film director George Lucas and attests to the authenticity of the iconic movie American Graffiti.

Delightfully, he recounts the actual event upon which the cop car scene was based. The situation took place at Burge's Drive-In on 9th Street (the pretext for Mel's in the movie). Two cops were sitting at the drive-in when a kid from school got under their car, chaining the rear axle to a robust upright, leaving plenty of slack. A friend of Jacobs' then raced up the street in a 1950 Oldsmobile and the cops started a pursuit that "made it as far as the end of the chain."

Ron doesn't know if George Lucas saw the event or heard tell, but Ron "saw it and knew the people involved very well." I, for one, am delighted to have this episode both confirmed and described by a first-hand witness. And Ron continued informal street racing as long as he could, though now he fixates on a stock 1954 Ford pickup that he and his high school sweetheart, wife today, enjoy together.

They say you shouldn't meet your heroes. I would like to meet Ron, and his friends who cooked up this incident. It's monumentally awesome, particularly now that it's proven, to my satisfaction, not to be apocryphal but true.

One woman, Sue Nader, contributes "New Lady to the Old Car World," owning up to her first few car shows being less than a grand time. Her partner, however, loved the

atmosphere and the events they attended together, and her parting shot was, "Give it a chance.... This is quality time with your partner or family that you can't get in any other way. It's quality time without the TV, the computers or gaming systems. Enjoy it!"

Many of these entries are brief, two to four pages, and are a quick read. Some of the write-ups are replete with memories of great friends now gone; some are published posthumously.

Others astound: the Boss 302, for example, complete and rust free, for \$250.

And then there's the off-hand allusion by one writer to growing up with an uncatchable street racer, a motorcycle rider who was often in trouble with the law, but who became much better known when he changed his first name to "Evel" and crashed some more bikes under that new name.

The immediacy of many of these tales is what gives this book character. You can smell searing rubber and the equally dense aroma of castor oil: these moments come to life, just as the cars they describe enhanced the lives of the writers, forging fast friends into the bargain.

Is this a masterpiece of literature? Likely not. But it is a new genre, Street Stories. As such, it harkens to the precedential form of five-minute novels written by aspiring writers on street corners in the 1980s; it even has the overlap of a fixation with speed. It offers bite-sized views into the meaning we project onto our vehicles when we are learning about life and the opportunities it offers as our horizons broaden. Writings range from shallow and self-involved to pithy and sensitive but they all reveal a facet of the fascination engendered by that unique amalgamation of rubber, petrol and tin that is the Old Car and its most uncommon, compelling camaraderie.

In the spirit of keeping old cars alive, and connecting with like-minded people in the process, these entries are a rich and diverse beginning. The author Dickinson has created a website where you can buy the book as well as submit stories, however tall, for future editions. Visit www.OldCarNutBook.com with a credit card to buy this or either of the two subsequent volumes, or you can click on "How to Submit." Your own dream car reflections could complement the texture of these offerings, adding Jaguar pace and grace to the Old Car Nut space.

Astonishing Past Predictions

Curated by Bonnie Getz

Here we encounter examples of why it is an excellent practice to NEVER predict ANYTHING!

This is especially true if you are well-known. You may become wrong!

Famously wrong! And, as a consequence, both appear AND feel really stupid!!

For November and December, the Astonishing Past Prediction is:

"Computers in the future may weigh no more than 1.5 tons."

-- *Popular Mechanics* magazine, forecasting the advance of science in 1949

Membership Update

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

As we get ready for the Holidays, JANE still has new members joining our ranks. Since our last report, we have added 3 new members!

We welcome the following:

Nicholas Draper lives in Lowell, MA and has a 2016 Black F-Type Coupe.

Geary Smith lives in Rockland, ME and has a 2002 Silver XJ Sport Sedan.

Jonathan Gold lives in Waban, MA and has a 1987 Black XJS Coupe and a 1997 Topaz XJ6 Sedan.

It's that time of year again – it's time for you to renew your JANE membership. Watch for a Constant Contact email with renewal information.

Also, the JANE website, www.jagne.org, will have a renewal link.



Marjorie Cahn and Jeanine Graf

Think of all the wonderful things that JANE brings into our lives. What would we do without our JANE relationships and Jaguar-loving friends? What about all those JANE events that have kept us so busy? Yes, they will all be back – Wayside Inn's magnificent buffet Dinner Meetings with our Jags parked outside on the front lawn, JANE's "Jags on the Lawn" at the Larz Anderson Auto Museum, rides/tours/rallies and slaloms, and, of course, our signature event, the Concours d'Élégance! So much to look forward to, and

we hope to see you at many of these events.

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

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

November and December 2020 Events

Dr. Dean Saluti, VP of Events



Here Come the Holidays.....

As I sit down to write this column, Marjorie and I are getting ready for Thanksgiving. Given these difficult times and rules for staying safe, this Holiday is quite different. In our case, there's no extended family at the table this year....just the two of us and our mini Butterball turkey

breast. But, we'll try to do it up festively with sweet potato/pineapple/marshmallow casserole (sugar, anyone?), homemade cranberry sauce, stuffing with golden raisins, and, of course, a side dish of gnocchi!

So, we are looking forward to Thanksgiving, especially dessert! Using her family recipe from Austria, Margie is baking a "Schwarzwaldler Kirsch Torte," Black Forest Cherry Cake, "mit schlag," with whipped cream. We plan on eating dessert in the garage with our two dear friends, our beloved Jags - we are not going to be eating dessert alone.

Our great President, Chuck Centore, reminds us that JANE is "not just a car club." It is our friendships, camaraderie, and long-term relationships that make JANE better and better. Well, we don't go outside these days, but our JANE pals call and check in with us often. The business of the *Cat* keeps us connected with Dave Moulton, who

orchestrates all our contributions continuously. Daniel and Jeanine Graf are always checking up on us, as they are already working on next year's Concours. As many of you know, every conversation with Jeanine is certainly spirited, and brightens up the day. We are delighted to hear from Nancy Monaghan and Tom Larsen, who shared the news about their new puppy. Chuck Centore calls in often, as he is now working on the AGM (Annual General Meeting) and he teases us mercilessly. Bonnie Getz's emails never stop – she is on top of every detail – what a star! And, yesterday, we had a "socially-distanced" surprise visit from Ray Binder, who talked to us outside, wearing a mask. It was great to see him. He reminded us of the 1970s with his long hair. Yes, JANE is definitely not "just a car club" – it is an entire community of wonderful people who just happen to love Jags.

Stay tuned for Constant Contact alerts on the upcoming JANE virtual AGM. Under the skilled leadership of John Brady, the Nominating Committee will be presenting its 2021 slate of officers for election. We will continue to be planning virtual and socially-distanced activities and rides. Put your Jags to bed, happily awaiting warmer weather and JANE fun. I know I will spend time keeping my Jags company in my garage, listening to CDs of Jan and Dean's Greatest Hits.

Happy Holidays to all!

Lucas, Prince of Dim Humour (Laughibus Minimus Luminorum)

Joke for December

By Harry (probably not their real name)

*Editor's note: For those of you who do not know,
Prince Lucas has brought the same dim standards
of performance to humour that he has to electrical systems.*

Which is correct to say:

"The yolk of the egg are white" or

"The yolk of the egg is white"?

See the From The Bottom Of The Scratching Post (page 26) for an answer.



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Bannister the Barrister on Cars, Places, and the Law

by Barry Bannister, Barrister

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

Anyway:

In Michigan, it is against the law to read a newspaper in the middle of the street, but permissible to read Kindles, iPads and some other digital devices.

As always, Barry rolls his eyes, looks tired and a little bored. Careful with the newsprint, people!

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

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

HONKU

by Aaron Naparstek

Morning commuters
follow measured lines, honking
how like geese we are



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And from the *Bottom* of the Scratching Post

by Dave Moulton



**Your Editor,
at work and play!**

One of my retirement hobbies has been studying and trying to acquire what might be called “*driving excellence*.”

Back in 2007, I went to a Skip Barber High Performance Driving School and was stunned to find out how much I DIDN'T know about driving well. Being an educator, I got interested in how we learn (and don't learn) to drive well, and even wrote a book about it, which sadly remains unpublished (inquiries are still welcome, even encouraged!). I also

set out to attend most of the high-performance driving schools in the country, to find out what they had to say and how they approached the subject. It was an interesting and fun project. I met some very interesting people, some really good drivers, and I learned a lot.

Turns out, the basic principles are very simple, and, actually, well known to us educators. If you want to learn to do something well (such as driving), you have to (a) study it and (b) practice doing it. And if you DON'T study it and practice it, you can NEVER DO IT WELL. Period.

It also REALLY helps to have a skilled teacher, coach or mentor guiding your efforts and helping you reduce your mistakes. It's just like learning to play music: lessons, practice, play, practice, play, more lessons, more practice, more play, finally, maybe perform in public. Repeat over and over.

Thanks to the pandemic, we are driving much less at present than we used to. As a consequence, rust is setting in and the quality of our driving is deteriorating. We need to practice our way out of this, maybe even take some refresher lessons or courses.

And because of the elevated COVID-19 infection risks associated with public travel, driving has become RELATIVELY much safer while we are in our own car than when we travel in the presence of others.

So here's an opportunity. Take some time to practice your driving and scrape the rust off, particularly working on the roadcraft skills we all need for public road driving.

Work especially on the “eyes up, fully engaged” style of driving where you are noticing and taking in everything up ahead (and all around) all the time, long before it gets close to you. Practice doing this and NOTHING ELSE.

Not easy to do, especially when you're rusty. But even a little practice helps, just like WD-40 or Marvel Mystery Oil on rusty linkages, to bring back that alert, smooth, effective and safe driving engagement and craft.

And then, suddenly, you are way ahead of the game, particularly in these strange times. You are able to get around much more safely (and it's more fun) than you possibly can using any other mode of travel.

A great project for the New Year, and to get ready for all the cool driving events we're gonna start running as soon as we get vaccinated. Oh boy!



**Practice, practice, practice
on the skid pad!**

I'd also like to take this end-of-the-year time to thank you all for your patience and support with *The Coventry Cat* and *The Coventry Cat's Meow* this year. Your help, as well as your many kind thoughts, have made what could have been a grim, unrewarding task this past summer actually quite pleasant.

Our plan is to continue the *Cat* on a bimonthly basis (6 issues annually), making each issue somewhat larger. The *Cat's Meow* Message Board will also continue, generally coming out online about once every ten days or so on a VERY loose schedule, allowing us to easily and inexpensively keep in touch with each other and take care of club business in a timely way, while also having fun in a more informal, less polished and much less expensive publication.

Thanks, Chuck! Welcome, Aldo! And thanks to all the Officers and Board Members who have made it possible for us to keep up our pace with such grace, even in this crazy space.

And, most of all, thanks to all of you for reading this stuff!

And by the way, Prince Lucas says, “Neither. The yolk of the egg is yellow!”

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- Mitigating the Potential Impact of Taxes through Sophisticated Investment, Insurance, & Planning Strategies

Financial success today requires complex problem solving to manage the risks you see, and those you don't.

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