# The Coventry Cat

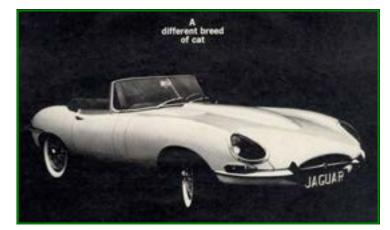
Official Newsletter of the Jaguar Association of New England

May - June 2021 The "I Love Springtime and E-Types" Issue

















Happy Sixtieth Birthday To The E-Type





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Mau/June 2021 Volume 23 Number 5 & 6

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

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An ad in The Coventry Cat currently reaches over 350 households with excellent demographics. who will read anything you send them ...

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## From the *Top* Of The Scratching Post

#### by Dave Moulton



As others in this issue will tell you, we're finally getting into it! Spring! Cars! People! All at once! Safely!!! Hallelujah!!!!

Also in this slightly giddy issue: Brian McMahon shares his adventure at the Newport Car Museum, Chuck Centore gives us the inside scoop on Judges' Training, Marg Dennis muses about the effect the pandemic has had on

our psyches and souls, David Kellogg-Achin describes his experiences getting to and at Palmer Motorsports Park, and I have a wee bit to say about rust. In addition, we have our usual forays into silliness and absurdity with Barrister Barry Bannister, Predictions We Wish We Could Have Back, a guilty pleasure Book Review and some more sensitive and lovely Honku poetry.

Also, I'd like to thank Gary and Sue Hagopian, Tom Larsen and Brian McMahon for their kind contributions of support for *The Coventry Cat*. *Enjoy!* 

## From the President's "Jungle Cat" Garage



First off, help me welcome back Dr. Dean Saluti to his active role as Vice President of Events after successfully completing a recent medical procedure. Our continued best wishes as Dr. Dean advances back into Club matters on the Event calendar.

My thanks to all Club members who have made monetary contributions in

support of the continued success of the Coventry Cat. It has been a true family effort.

I should also mention the parallel success of Dave Moulton's *Cat's Meow* which is a new means of communication with Club members. The *Cat's Meow* from Dave's "Scratching Post" has enlivened and enhanced connection with Club members in these remote pandemic times, even though we are exiting this nightmare rapidly.

As to get-togethers, the road tours planned are shaping up nicely, particularly the Newport run and the 2021 Cape Cod road tour which will be in the vicinity of Falmouth Wood's Hole this year. Look for more information on all events on the Club calendar.

On May 2, 2021, we successfully conducted the JCNA Judges Training Session at the Longfellow Wayside Inn in Sudbury, MA, now the headquarters for the Club's

sanctioned North American Concours event. Deep appreciation to Daniel Graf, Concours Chairman, for securing this new venue for both judges training and the actual Concours. We are still looking to bolster the Club's ladies judging assets. If there are any Club members interested, contact me and we will set up a special class for you.

Those Club members who devoted time to participating in the Judges' Training and Certification need to be recognized. The current 2021 certification is as follows: Sandy Cotterman, Associate Chief Judge, Eric Hagopian, John Maccarone, Daniel Graf, John Feng, Chuck Centore, Andrew Picariello, Bill Braun, Richard Barnard, Lawrence Hoffman, Don Holden, Bob Doyle, Gus Niewenhous and Stu Forer.

Also, JANE's Jaguar Cup at Myopia is confirmed. Remember, I have the actual trophy presented to the winning Polo team each year, at the conclusion of the match, with all Club Jags surrounding the winners. Attendance will be limited to approximately 10 to 15 Jaguar motorcars only. Please confirm attendance early with Dr. Dean. Access to the Polo grounds will be a little before the general public and will be announced later. As many of you know, this is a "picnic out of the boot" event.

Finally, I would also ask that all of you support our club sponsors as listed in the Coventry Cat. Our partnership is critical to both the Club and the sponsors' well-being.

So, "motor-up" and cheers to the spring and summer season of events!

Aldo Cipriano, President



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Nice hard to find Triple Black Convertible 2+2 6-cylinder with only 54k miles and in very good condition. Priced very aggressively at only \$12,900 due to us needing to reduce our inventory for the winter months. Runs, looks and drives great! See Motorcarsinc.com for more information and pictures.

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## The Newport Car Museum

By Brian McMahon

Photos by Brian except as otherwise credited.

#### "That thang got a Hemi?"

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-gV7fXH45FA



1970 Plymouth Hemi 'Cuda Yup ... also got a Jaguar XJ220 and a whole lotta domestic and imported iron on display.

A sunny Saturday with a full tank of gas and nothing on the calendar. You know what that means: Road Trip! Martha and I hit the road for Portsmouth, RI's Newport Car Museum and spent a couple of hours enjoying the 75 vehicles therein, which were lovingly placed like works of art.

JANE members will enjoy the 1993 Jaguar XJ220 on display:



One of only 271 XJ220s that Jaguar produced with Tom Walkinshaw Racing, the car was part of a factory "skunkworks" effort, designed to continue the marque's racing fame with another Le Mans-winning model like the C-Type and D-Type. Unlike other Jaguars before or since, it was a mid-engine design, with a 3.5 liter twin-turbo V8 pumping out 542 h.p. that made a 217 m.p.h. top speed possible. In 1993, the XJ220 succeeded in winning the GT Class at Le Mans.

What's a vintage Jaguar exhibit without an E-Type? In this case a 1963 convertible, as pointed out by Martha:



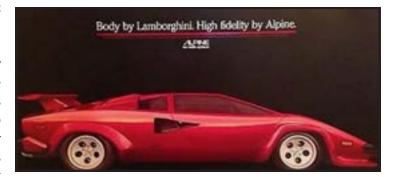
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#### Newport Car Museum (Continued from page 6)



As you can see, the cars in this museum are Concours grade restorations. The museum makes periodic additions to the collection through astute auction purchases, but doesn't buy any fixer-uppers. There aren't any velvet ropes around the cars, either, so visitors are free to lean over to inspect the interiors as long as the "look but don't

with the museum playfully noting that no teenage guy's bedroom in the 1980s was complete without these two posters on the wall:



touch" rule is observed.

The Newport Car Museum also features a spotless 1956 XK140 with "steelies," whitewalls, and spats.



As JANE members know, this was an upgrade of the previous XK120, and continued the basic engine architecture: a 3.4 liter inline 6 with double overhead cams that produced 210 h.p. in the XK140.

However, the first car visible when you enter the museum is their shrine to the 1989 Lamborghini Countach





**Newport Car Museum** 

This cheerful sense of whimsy pervades the museum, which opened in 2017. It's housed in a former Patriot missile factory



and visitors approach it through the main entrance to Raytheon's Integrated Defense Systems campus before turning left towards the Newport Car Museum's parking lot.

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#### Newport Car Museum (Continued from page 7)



**Newport Car Museum** 

Gunther and Maggie Buerman founded the museum after collecting Jaguars, Corvettes, Cadillacs, Fords, Dodges and other cars for 30 years and storing them privately. The idea to showcase them in a museum came to Gunther one morning a few years ago when he woke up and asked his wife, Maggie, what he should do with his ever-expanding collection of restored cars. The couple decided they should either sell the fifty vehicles, or share them with the public. Once they decided that opening a museum was the best way to share, the two car lovers traveled the country to see as many car museums as possible. They wanted to learn what worked, what didn't work and ultimately figure out what they wanted their space to look like.

As a result, one requirement was firmly set by Maggie: "I don't want it to look like a garage, or smell like a garage." Instead of long rows of cars inside the walls of an austere, industrial building, they wanted to build an art museum where the cars were the artworks. The 55,000-square-foot museum has galleries that house World Cars, Muscle Cars, Mopars, Fin Cars, Corvettes, and Ford/Shelby Cars, so there's something for every taste ...or even no taste at all.

Mercedes had a starring role in the museum with a 2018 Mercedes/AMG GT-R finished in a matte lime green, as a nod to the Nurburgring's nickname, "The Green Hell"



and also a Mercedes-Benz SLR/McLaren that proved Mercedes was as adept at Valet Parking Theater as Lamborghini, having doors that lifted up and turned outboard upon arrival.





There was also a 300SL roadster, powered by an inline 6 with the first production-car fuel injection system.



In addition to a couple of other Lambos (a yellow Diablo and a black Murcielago) in the World Cars gallery, there were also a BMW Z8, which the company admits

was a throwback to their 507, one of which Ayul-viss owned while serving in the US Army in Germany during the Cold War. Maybe those "(hup-two-three-four) Occupation GI Blues" weren't so bad after all.





Caption: Internet

There was also an example of BMW's i8 and their ever-quirky Isetta 3-wheeler. As for the latter, thanks, but I think I'll walk.





Porsche fans will enjoy the Newport Car Museum's 2018 911 GT-2 Weissach and their vintage Speedster.

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#### Newport Car Museum (Continued from page 8)



**Newport Car Museum** 



Moving on to the Muscle Car gallery, we were treated to a 1965 Ford Mustang and a 1961 Chevy Impala 409, both with videos and an appropriate soundtrack:

https://www.youtube.com/ watch?v=kXjwmCOJ4KM https://www.youtube.com/ watch?v=xKKP\_cZuk54





Yes – music and videos about the cars, too! Each of the sprawling galleries will feature a variety of cars with an artistic seating spread for visitors to take in the sights and sounds. Every detail, down to the furnishings, was picked out by the Buermans. Some of the furnishings include iconic cult classics such as the Joe Chair (inspired by Joe DiMaggio's baseball

glove), the Bocca sofa (representing Marilyn Monroe's trademark pouty red lips) and the Egg Chair modeled by the new Number Two.



Newport Car Museum



The Mopar gallery wasn't far away, where a street version of the NA-SCAR-winning Plymouth "Beep-Beep!" Road Runner Superbird, and a Dodge Charger R/T awaited inspection.



Rennlist



What could be wilder? Well, there's the Fin Cars gallery, where only the New England Aquarium has more tailfins.

Leading off, the immediate question and its ready answer:

Wretched excess? "Gimme more, more, more .. !"

A perfectly restored 1959 Cadillac convertible:



Even Harley Earl, who designed this 20 foot long spaceship, later conceded that it was a little extreme and he toned down the 1960 model that's also in the museum's collection:



But GM was not alone; Chrysler Corporation's "Forward Look" led to the DeSoto Adventurer



**Newport Car Museum** 

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#### Newport Car Museum (Continued from page 9)

and the 1957 Chrysler 300C; a NASCAR version attained 134 m.p.h. in Daytona speed trials in February, before factory sponsorship of racing was cancelled later in the year. Dual quads? Yes. Hemi? Of course. And those tailfins were absolutely necessary to keep it tracking in a straight line.



Ford had a finny 50s too, as demonstrated by the museum's 1957 Thunderbird:



Photo 31 The T-Bird's prime competitor, the 1953 Chevy Corvette, had good buzz initially and GM hoped that it would bite into sales of the Jaguar XK120. However, it was underpowered with its "Blue Flame" inline 6, and two-speed Powerglide transmission. Poor build quality resulted in leaky convertible tops and other problems, and GM was planning to discontinue the Corvette when Ford's 1955 V8 Thunderbird sold significantly better. However, Chevy's aggressive émigré engineer, Zora Arkus-Duntov, convinced GM that a V8 engine enhanced by his mechanical fuel injection design would make the Corvette competitive. The 1957 model marked the first "Fuelie" Corvette and GM decided to continue the car. The Newport Car Museum has both a 1954 Corvette and a fuel-injected 1957 model:





For 1963, the Corvette became the Corvette Sting Ray and sales soared. The "split window" coupe was changed in 1964 to a more conventional rear window, making the less practical 1963 version rare and more valuable. Although GM banned racing sponsorship, Arkus-Duntov's "skunkworks" produced six "Gran Sport" models like the museum's replica. After Cobra driver Ken Miles lost to one, he demanded that Carroll Shelby upgrade the 289 Cobra to the 427 Cobra and returned to beat the Sting Rays, as we saw in Ford v. Ferrari.





Romero Britto, a Miami-based artist who was a protégé of Andy Warhol (can't you tell?), decorated and signed a 2005 Corvette on display at the museum:





Since fiberglass doesn't rust, it's interesting to learn that museum cofounder Gunther Buerman enjoyed some success as a corporate lawyer but really made his fortune selling rock salt, used for de-icing roads and devouring the frames and bodywork of thousands of cars. "I was a successful corporate lawyer, but not that successful," Mr. Buerman said. He added that as a salt supplier he felt a "moral obligation" to preserve his cars "because I rusted out so many of their relatives."

A large collection of Ford-related cars is also on display at the Newport Car museum, including both 1970 Bosses, the 302 and the 429 Mustang



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#### Newport Car Museum (Continued from page IO)



along with a special homage to Carroll Shelby and the 1965 427 SC Cobra



There was also a 289 Cobra and a replica of the Daytona coupe





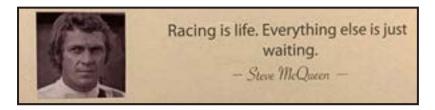
Finally, no Ford collection would be complete without a GT40, in this case, a replica used in the *Fast Five* movie, and Ford's reimagined 2005 Ford GT version.

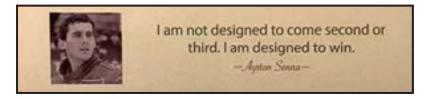


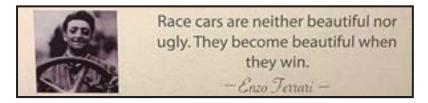


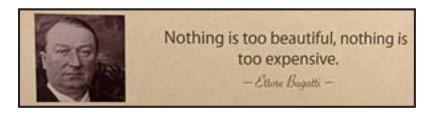
Martha and I found the Newport Car museum's staff welcoming, enthusiastic and knowledgeable. With a large parking lot available, the museum frequently hosts New England car club gatherings, including local Porsche, Corvette, Jaguar and Mustang events.

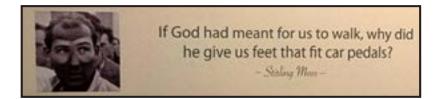
And on our way out we noticed the images and words of wisdom of gearhead greats silkscreened on the wall:











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## May/June 2021 Events

by Dr. Dean Saluti, VP of Events



We have finally made it to the driving season! . . .

As I write this column in mid-May, the weather has finally improved here in Boston to a point where I am working on my cars. It seems that we have beaten the pandemic, thanks to vaccines and masks, so there is no excuse for not getting our Jaguars in tip-top shape, and finally enjoying JANE events again.

We have an action-packed summer planned – our schedule of events is really filling up.

Let's start with our Newport, RI event, JANE Does Newport, on Saturday, June 12. There was a time when this road trip was an annual event for most classic British car clubs, and we saw the need to restore this tradition. With help from some Rhode Island Jaguar enthusiasts who were exposed to JANE at our last Concours, Daniel and Jeanine Graf have put together an outstanding event. We will meet in Portsmouth, RI, line up our Jags, and proceed along the coast, with the ocean on one side and the mansions on the other.

When we reach the Fort Adams State Park, with its antique cannons, it will be time for another one of our fun JANE picnic lunches, so bring your lawn chairs and some good food. Then, we will travel to the Newport Audrain Auto Museum to spend some time with its cherished classics. For more information, contact the Grafs at 617-216-9703 or *danielgraf100@yahoo*.

*com.* You can quickly sign up for this event from our Contact Constant emails or the website.

Next, yes, the event that we have been waiting for is finally here – JANE Jags on the Lawn and Dinner at the Larz Anderson Auto Museum, in Brookline, MA on June 23. This is one of JANE's signature annual events and it's finally back! We arrive anytime after 4:59 PM and line up our Jags, usually by model, filling the Larz lawn with a splendid array of our marque. On the lawn, we enjoy wine, beer, cigars, and JANE camaraderie – we just talk Jags!

As evening approaches, we move inside the museum for a tour of the museum's latest exhibit, beer and wine open bar, and an Italian buffet dinner and steak tips upon the Bradys' request. Watch for my Constant Contact email to register, as seating this year is limited to 80 JANE members and friends. The cost is a bargain at \$50.00 per person.

I'm quickly running out of space for this column, but I want to remind you that the Myopia Polo Jaguar Cup event, run by our President, Aldo Cipriano, is scheduled for July 25. We are very limited in the number of cars we can bring, so watch for the Constant Contact email to register. Also, this year's Concours will be held at the Wayside Inn on August 21. What a fabulous venue for this event! Thank you, Daniel, for arranging all this. All the details and registration materials will be coming soon.

I am sure that Jan and Dean will be riding in the back seat of our Jaguar Estate Wagon, as Margie and I enjoy Newport. Naturally, "Dead Man's Curve" will be playing on our Sirius radio.

Events in BOLD are pretty much definite. Other events are still tentative. If you are interested in helping, call Dean to talk things over (617-285-6565). Thanks in advance for whatever help you can give. You have no idea . . .

#### We'll also try to keep you up-to-date with the Cat's Meow

BYOP/B means "bring your own picnic/beverages"

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

#### Event

JANE Does Newport
Jags On The Lawn at Larz
South Cape Cod Cruise?
Misselwood Car Show
Myopia Jaguar Cup Picnic
JANE Concours d'Elegance
Possible Tour/picnic?
September Slalom?
CT Triumph Club Picnic
Zoom or dinner mtg.?
British Invasion?
Fall Foliage Tour/picnic?
October, Zoom or dinner mtg.?

Thanksgiving at Wayside

AGM Holiday Party at Wayside?

#### Weekday, date

Saturday June 12th Wednesday, June 23 Saturday July 10th (11th rain date) Saturday July 17th

Sunday, July 25th
Saturday, August 21
August Sunday tbd
September Saturday, tbd

**Sunday, September 12** Wednesday, 9/29

Weekend of September 18th, 25th?

October Sunday tbd Wednesday, 10/27/21 Wednesday, 11/17/21? Sunday, 12/5/21?

#### **Possible Features?**

BYOP/B, SD/M, Ltd. \$25 per car SD/M, Ltd. \$50/person BYOP/B, SD/M, Ltd. \$25/car

**Unknown rules** 

BYOP/B, SD/M, Ltd. \$25/car Wayside Inn, Rules not set, \$\$? BYOP/B, SD/M, Ltd. \$25/car? SD/M, Ltd. \$25/car?

BYOP/B, SD/M, \$9/car? Live speaker, \$40/person? Overnight, Unknown rules, \$\$? BYOP/B, SD/M, Ltd. \$25/car? Zoom: Guest Speaker? \$40/person?

SD/M, Ltd. banquet \$40/person? SD/M, Ltd. banquet \$90/person?

(Note: The Tour to Dave Moulton's Place, scheduled for June 20, has to be postponed. Stay tuned.)

## JANE Gets To Work

#### by Chuck Centore

Here's a small glimpse of what we hope will be a great year for JANE. Our Judges Meeting at the Wayside Inn.



Do you really like my hat?



I think I am going to order the "Lord Hobo Boom Sauce Double IPA." "No, No, No. Let's order the "Exhibit A Goody Two Shoes Kolsch."



I hope Chuck stops taking pictures and helps me with this test. I think he ordered me a "Stormalong Mass Appeal Hard Cider."



The three wise men.



Gus thinks the "Truly Wild Berry Hard Seltzer" is the one to choose.





Andy wants to know when he will get his afternoon Chianti?



Maureen Donlon, a visitor from Wellesley, originally from Coventry England. How odd?



Which twin has the Toni?



El Capitan



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## Membership Update

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

We are happy to report that JANE is now moving full speed ahead into our summer events, and we can't wait!

It's a good idea to bring friends who are Jaguar enthusiasts to these upcoming events, even if they don't own Jags. David Zeller is a perfect example. We invited David, a Bentley owner, to our Concours and, on the Monday morning after the Concours, he joined JANE and bought an XK convertible!



Marjorie Cahn and Jeanine Graf

Think about the fun we have coming up and what good Y new member outreach could do for your friends and the club! First, there is the Newport tour on June 12. And

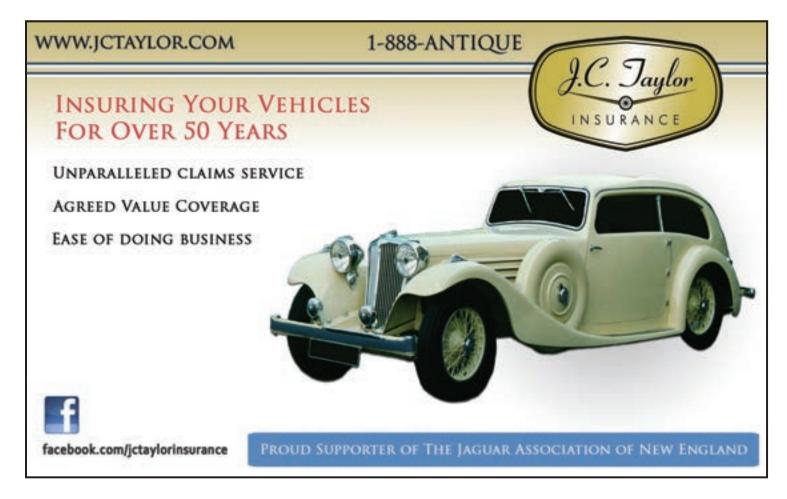
then the Jags on the Lawn event on June 23. In July, the Jaguar Cup at the Myopia Polo matches, etc., etc., etc. So bring your friends!

Again, we have to remind you that you can still renew your JANE membership, if you have not already done so. You should have received a Constant Contact email with renewal information. Also, our JANE website, www.jagne.org, has a renewal link.

You can always call or email Jeanine or Margie if you need help renewing.

Welcome all!

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



## REFLECTIONS and RESIDUALS OF COVID-19

#### By Marg Dennis

In his book, Think Again, the organizational psychologist, Adam Grant, wrote the following:

In ancient Greece, Plutarch wrote of a wooden ship that Theseus sailed from Crete to Athens. To preserve the ship, as its old planks decayed, Athenians would replace them with new wood. Eventually all of the planks had been replaced. It looked like the same ship, but none of its parts was the same. Was it still the same ship? Later, philosophers added a wrinkle: if you collected all of the original planks and fashioned them into a ship, would that be the same ship?

Will any of us, who have lived in this pandemic time, ever be the same after the chaos and confusion of COVID-19 no longer dictates our everyday lives? Were there people who helped us when fear, isolation, and boredom overwhelmed our everyday existence?

In an Op-Ed in *The New York Times* on March 14, 2021, the essayist and novelist Leslie Jamison quoted Svetlana Boym, who wrote in her book, The Future of Nostalgia: "Nostalgia is a sentiment of loss and displacement, but it is also a romance with one's fantasy."

We can never return to what was before COVID-19. That would mean honoring fantasies. Too much has happened. Memories of life lived in the days, weeks, and months of the pandemic are too embedded.

What is the new normal? For each of us, that will be different. But the replacement normal must include the memories of the countless number of lives lost and families shattered. We know that for most of us we are emotionally, psychologically, and perhaps even spiritually changed forever by this virus. We know that all of us are pilgrims who voyaged into unchartered waters.

We have all lived in the silence of inactivity, of time that refused to move and days that drifted one into another, often without any recognition. We have all lived the smallness and sameness of life dictated by the unpredictability and the mystery of the virus.

Maybe we read more books, or exercised more. Maybe we watched too much television or dipped into the bowls of comfort food too often. Maybe we regretted the loss of time squandered. Maybe we became numb from the onslaught of the trivial. Maybe we stopped wearing watches because there was no need to know the time because we now only had an indefinite period of time. Maybe our daily commute from one task to another was a short one.

Maybe we reached out to family and friends for no reason, just to re-connect. Maybe we got "zoomed" a bit too much but that was for many of us, the only way to re-connect.

Maybe we lost eye contact with life.

Yes, what we missed most was our connection to people, places, events, and celebrations.

Each person's life is filled with memories, keepsakes, habits and traditions that we draw on for sustenance when times are tough. One of the things I did during this time was to collect words that signify longing: in German, sehnsucht, in Russian, toska, in Welsh, hiraerh. I learned that regardless of country or language, we all have a longing for that which is comforting and that which is familiar.

Few emotions are as unnerving as hope. But going forward that is exactly what we must have. Hope that in the next weeks and months fewer people will get sick and succumb to COVID-19. Hope that more people will get vaccinated.

But my biggest hope is that we don't forget the residuals left by the virus: to be kinder, more patient, better listeners, and more aware users of time. None of us know how much time we may have left. That may be the greatest gift of this virus.

Where next meets now.

A FedEx ad says:

Beyond the caravan of this time is the next.



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## **BOOK REVIEW**

#### Reviewed by David Moulton

As the cover says, it's a thriller.

Books like this are also sometimes called guilty pleasures. Suitable for when you'd like to be pleasantly amused, nothing more. Undemanding but fun, like on a vacation. At the beach, perhaps.

Here's the premise: Our hero, Bryce, is an American Formula 1 Driver. He's won one World Championship and is working on a second, so that he can surpass Mario Andretti's record. As a race-car driver, he's a natural.

The team he drives for is owned by a German billionaire named Max. Bryce met Max in a bar, after he (Bryce) slugged somebody because that miscreant was harassing a woman. They (Bryce and

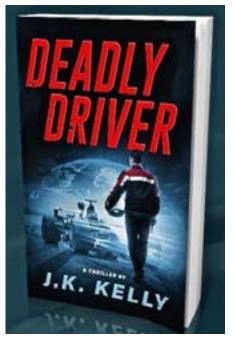
Max) then hit it off and Max ended up hiring Bryce in order to develop him as his star driver for his up-and-coming Formula 1 team.

But that's not all. Bryce is also an (unwilling, but they are blackmailing him) assassin for the CIA (a Federal agency apparently consisting primarily of assassins), and he terminates the occasional designated unsavory individual of the sort that follows the F1 circus as it travels around the world. And he (Bryce) is one tough cookie, but he has standards – he won't assassinate anybody that has children, blackmail be damned. Good guy.

There's a lot more to this, of course. The story actually gets fairly complicated, and kind of fun. In addition, Bryce once had a true love (Christy), but she died and since then he's been, well, unavailable. But, perhaps, if he met the right person . . . you never know.

Meanwhile, there are some quirky relatives who play important if improbable parts, as well as the inevitable close friend/team tech-head consultant and general-purpose MacGyver-type named Jack, who is heavily involved in Bryce's various adventures and misadventures.

And for us New Englanders, there's also plenty of local color too. Bryce is one of us – growing up in Vermont, working and learning to drive at Team O'Neill Rally School in Littleton, NH, racing stock cars at Lebanon Valley Speedway in the Hudson Valley, a first driving test for Max at Lime Rock Park in Connecticut, and so on.



The actual racing scenes are perfunctory but reasonably authentic. Formula 1 is portrayed as an endless circus, much politics, much luxury travel, many, many selfies with fans, and very little time for a personal life. Nonetheless, Bryce owns a substantial estate in Park City, Utah as well as a condo in Monte Carlo (and a yacht in the harbor).

As I said, a guilty pleasure.

J. K. Kelly writes this well, and he exercises considerable restraint in the purple prose department – there are no "he bravely pressed the throttle harder, sliding sideways to power his way past his rival around the deadly curve" passages. He also treats the

campy silliness of the plot with both a straight face and blessedly straightforward prose. He incorporates many plot twists, back stories, racing anecdotes and F1 color into the story, including flashbacks and a narrative that dances around the plot instead of plodding through it. It's all eminently readable and perfectly enjoyable, especially if you are at all interested in racing (I am!), and can stand the occasional assassination attempt (Me? I've enjoyed them a lot over the years).

So, think of it this way. You've been working way too hard during a very stressful period (a pandemic, perhaps), and all of a sudden, a couple of days open up and you find yourself in a cabin in Maine, looking out over a tidal estuary, no phone reception, no Zoom, deadlines or work, and you just happened to bring this book along (talk about a guilty pleasure!).

So, set up your chaise in a shady portion of the deck, maybe treat yourself to a nice libation of choice, and settle down with *Deadly Driver* to while away the afternoon. Nap occasionally. Ponder. Think about racing. Peer out across the estuary. Reflect on Monte Carlo. Enjoy. Perhaps nap some more. It may be a guilty pleasure, but it also turns out to be a very nice one.

Deadly Driver, by J. K. Kelly 323 pages, soft cover.
Due out July 14th, available through Amazon. https://jkkelly.com/books/deadly-driver/

## Barry Bannister the Barrister on Cars, Places, and the Law

Barry Bannister, our kindly, if expensive, Barrister, tries once again to gently explain 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 ... That said:

In Montana, which some call the Last Best Place and others call cold and lonely, it is illegal to leave sheep unattended in your vehicle, although it is NOT illegal to leave your sheepdog unattended in said vehicle. In addition, you are forbidden to drive a herd of more than ten of any type of livestock on an Interstate Highway, unless preceded and followed by flag-persons.

Barry, when queried about the possibility that the unattended

sheepdog may in fact be attending the sheep, thereby rendering them legal, rolls his eyes some more (it's becoming a habit) while continuing to think about retirement, and gently advises his JANE client, "Please don't test that possibility with your sheep and your dog in your out-of-state Jaguar. I don't want to visit Bozeman to bail you out."

So, once again we look forward to our next issue, where we might learn of ever more fascinating laws we may need to abide by in otherwise interesting and/or, perhaps, uninteresting places, while we also coninue to worry a bit about Barry. Adapted from the website AutoWise: Crazy Traffic Laws From the U.S. and Around the World by Nikola Potrebić Updated on June 1, 2019.

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by Aaron Naparstek

Atlanta traffic easy to see why Sherman burned this city down

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May/June 202I I7 The Coventry Cat

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### **Jaguar XK8 Coupe For Sale**



Medical issues force me to sell my beloved 1997 XK8 with 70,900 original miles. I've owned it for 6 years and stored it from October to May,

never driven it in the rain.

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

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



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May/June 2021 19 The Coventry Cat

## "VIEW FROM THE TOP"

## What I did with the First Sunny Day of the Season ( ... at Palmer Motorsports Park)

© 2021 by David Kellogg-Achin with Nancy Achin

Sunscreen! That's what I forgot when I got all frazzled about the Boxster not starting on Saturday morning. Would you think I'd remember something as essential as sun protection when driving a convertible to a racetrack?

To be fair, I was distracted – first by the Boxster's dead battery (apparently if you leave a key in this car's ignition, the battery goes toes up – makes me wonder if I'm not meant to own a car, especially one built after 1967). Second, when I had charged the Boxster's battery for an hour, I tried to start the car with the battery charger set to "40 amp: Car Start." Succeeded in melting some of the few remaining wire strands of the ground cable into molten pills, not so much in starting the car.

But I'm a determined sort. When the first attempt failed so very miserably, I thought: 'fix the termination of the cable on the battery charger.' On principle, that was likely a good idea. And it needed to be done since so little of the original wire remained intact due to my antics. Never knew that a battery charger, in a pinch, could double as an arc welder.

So, to do the job properly, I had to go up the hill to my garage, gather the tools needed to pry open the crimped tabs on the cable's clamp, strip the insulation to (re)enlist a full complement of wire for proper contact, and re-pinch the metal tabs again to ensure, this time, strong retention of both the wire and equally important, its insulating sleeve. Clearly someone had made a repair in the past that was done with the malicious intention of making me late. For a Very Important Date.

With the cable and its insulation now properly attached to the cable clamp, the battery charger passed a full surge of power, not an intermittent sputter to the battery. I tried cranking the car. All I got for my trouble was something about a failure of the PSM board. Apparently a

repaired battery charger is even better at welding, this time inside the expensive electronic ether of the Boxster's computer network. See what determination will get you? A \$1,600 tab at Porsche of Burlington! Since I had to fry the Stability Management computer, at least I could be forced to awaken my dear (somnolent) wife for permission to use her car for the day's adventure... what's that phrase about sleeping bears?

Amiably, the Aston started and the raucous scream of the exhaust startled me into the realization that if I drove at about 140, I could get to the track about midway into the Driver's Education class: Porsche damage forgotten; energy reinstated. That's before I made allowance for the travel time forecast by the GPS. When am I going to learn that those machines, too, are part of the Evil Electronic Empire's attempt to take over humankind? The GPS (the Waze app, in specific) set travel time from Andover to the facility in Palmer, MA at 40 minutes (for 97 miles?). I left our house at 9:40, pressed moderately hard along the way and pulled into the Palmer parking lot at 11:30, literally during the last slide of the presentation. Not 40 minutes.

Since there wasn't a tech inspection before going on track, and we were only driving parade laps while members of Palmer Motorsports Park broke for lunch, I wasn't steaming mad. In fact, this was a first for me: I did not get upset with what appeared to be the morning's misfortune. I just burned up the electronics in the Porsche and grabbed keys for another car. Either way, I was going to be out on the first summer-like day of the driving season with the top down. And there were fast laps to be done at a track I'd never seen. Maybe not so bad...

As some of you know, both my wife Nancy and I are rather tall. What that boils down to is that we are legroom-challenged in most cars. We can get stiff from sitting in the Boxster on any trip much longer than driving through the car wash. The rub is, we love the Boxster: sound, driving, power, handling, even its looks are very satisfying to us both, and Nancy can safely drive the car, given its Tiptronic gearbox; every bit a win.

Since we both adore the Boxster, a 911 would be a sacrifice, in our opinion, both for appearance and for handling. We would rather not give up the immediacy of steering response and the brilliant balance that results in the Boxster's intuitive, fulfilling and fun driving experience: the car is engaging, actually endearing and offers a delightful cabin space that feels deliciously intimate. But in the Palmer parking lot I had the chance to see all manner of other Porsches.

And that was part of my day's remit: since we're new to the Porsche marque, see what else is out there. There was a stock 914, a couple of 944s in different stages of modification, 911s ranging from 1979 to 2019, 4.0 liter Boxster Spyders, even a GT3RS all the way from Minnesota. (Rumor has it that Porsche drivers are a bit enthusiastic, but driving from the Upper Midwest to Central New England for 35 minutes of track time might be excessive, no?) Plenty to look at, plenty to learn, if only I'd gotten there two hours earlier.

One piece of positive news: there were still coffee and bear claws available after the instructors finished describing protocol for our parade laps. As the first group lined up at 'pit out,' I found a very nice couple with a white Boxster Spyder and we started to talk. This was their first track event, they loved their Spyder and found that it compared favorably with their 2020 Corvette, though arguably the Boxster is not capable of the bursts of violent, face-bending acceleration

(Continued on page 21) May/June 2021 that you expect with a modern Chevy Big Block.

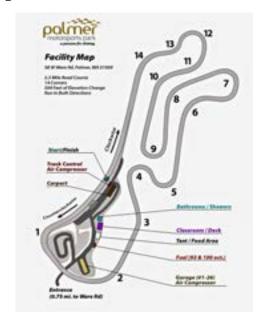
Another item on the day's punch list was asking those with more Porsche experience than I whether tricks exist for accommodating tall drivers in the Boxster's cockpit. I was referred to a very affable fellow named Corey who works for HMS Motorsports, a major sponsor of Driver Education days for PCA. Turns out I had met Corey several years ago when I had first begun my seat shopping chores for our Mk IX saloon. To his credit, Corey remembered our first meeting and invited me back to the shop to see some of the seats newly in stock. Look forward to that.

And honestly, now that both Nancy and I are fully vaccinated, I'm looking forward to being able to return to HMS. I want us both to be comfortable in the Boxster and new seating may help. I've also learned there's space to be stolen by removing insulation attached to the bulkhead: each wee bit matters. And it's both cheaper and less physically annoying than having a vertebra taken out or our legs sawn short.

Finally it was time for the second group to take the track. We lined up, I put the convertible top down —it was allowed under parade lap rules— and off we went. I was let into line by the kindly owner of the white Spyder, just behind a beautiful triple black 997.2, to run the course clockwise.

The track is 2.3 miles long, has 14 turns and can be run either left or right. Either way, the facility lists 509 (!!) feet of elevation change per lap: if that doesn't awaken your senses and get your blood pumping, ask your Primary Care Physician to check for an actual or operating, but not both, if you please, pulse at your next physical.

As you are driving the course clockwise, when you crest the highest rise you are rewarded – and distracted – by a wonderful view of the foothills of the Berkshires: your eyes should be fixed on seeking the next apex but the view really is spectacular (and the 911 was, honestly, going quite slow through this part of the track so there was time to



gaze about for a moment or two. Pokey Porsche!). Here's a map showing the course. The aforementioned 'Scenic Overlook' is on offer at Turn 11 (Turn 4 on the map below, renumbered because we were running clockwise, while on the map the turns are numbered for counterclockwise driving).

My previous track events, both track days and full-out racing, have all been in low-powered cars, so it was a revelation to drive the Aston among the Porsches. The V12 gives tremendous bottom range pull and doesn't gasp for air at the top end, either. I have no idea what running would have been like at full tilt, but if these laps were any indication (and we did exceed the 60 mph limit several times) the Aston was more than a match for the 911 immediately in front, and the Spyder kept disappearing in the rear view, too.

I make no pretenses of being Fangio, Moss, Shumacher or Hamilton, but given the performance of the DB9, I enjoyed myself on track more than I ever had. Without getting caught up in 'red mist,' it was a wonderful experience because when the 911 turned into a corner, braked, or accelerated out of a turn the Aston was tight on its tail. Particularly on the main uphill, where the Porsche took a most mysterious approach to the racing line, but even on the main straight, the Aston could easily have passed the coupe and left it far behind. And, mea culpa, I had not even remembered to

engage Sport Mode. Wonder what the car is really capable of?

Driving a really capable car on track for the first time was nice enough in itself. If you can close your eyes for a moment and imagine the distinctive rasp of the 911 bouncing between the stone faces on either side of the course, and add in the unique tenor wail of the Aston you have a nominee for a Grammy-winning soundtrack. I can still hear the harmonies of those two legendary engines winding up before the speed was scrubbed off by elevation changes, braking and turn-in. On track-out, pulling into those uphill corners gave a different, more desperate sonority with the engines pulling harder amid overtones of chirping tires; a day, an experience, to be savored and remembered.

I had been thinking of returning to vintage racing, but now I'm not so sure. I think part of the reason I raced was to inch toward a personal best, to secure an apogee of racing experience. Now that I've experienced being in a really competent car, driving with others of similar stripe and keeping up — and more—I'm not sure what could possibly improve upon that experience without a preposterous layout of funds that would likely be better spent restoring the cars already on hand.

Whether I continue to race or leave it behind, this day in the mountains, with excellent company and capable competition, this experience, the day that started with the Boxster refusing to start, has given me tremendous food for thought, just because it was a rich, funfilled experience, a challenge I didn't see coming, with outcomes I could scarcely have foreseen.

If you have a chance for a track experience and you are wondering whether or not to 'have a go,' I suggest considering it seriously. You could learn some things about yourself that you didn't know were in there, or settle a couple that were rattling around unanswered.

And remember: always keep the shiny side up. Imagine what it would be like to slice through a pack of 911s driving an XKR-S on this track!

## And from the **Bottom** of the Scratching Post

#### by David Moulton



It looks like we're about to get active in our cars again.

So, it's time to talk about rust. Not the rust accumulating on the rocker panels and fender wells of our beloved cars, but the rust that has accumulated on our driving skills during the pandemic.

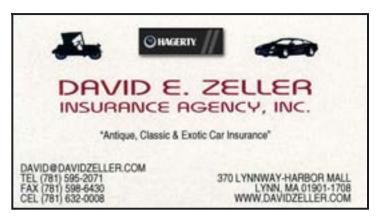
As we've hung out at home, becoming really skilled at Scrabble, Zoom, and mixology, our driving skills have, well, rusted. "Use it or lose it," they say, and we've all lost a good bit of it. The celebrated concert pianist Vladimir Horowtz used to say that if he skipped practicing for a day, he could notice the deterioration in the quality of his playing. After two days, his

wife could hear the loss and after a week of no practice, the audience could hear it. We're in the same boat.

Meanwhile, reports are filtering out of the airline industry that as they are beginning to bring planes back out of mothballs and re-hire flight crews, not only do they have substantial extra maintenance to do to the aircraft, but they also have to re-train and re-qualify the flight crews, whose skills have declined significantly, due to lack of flying time (as in "Help me out here, Mel. Which lever is the landing gear again?")

And for us car enthusiasts, the same concerns are there. Like it or not, our driving skills are less than they were a year ago, and we need to re-acquire them. Also, in our case, we wish to avoid the re-acquisition of those skills the hard way, by bouncing off of curbs and rocks or bounding through pot holes, or, God forbid, actually hitting something solid with our beloved rides.

So, eyes up, everybody! Learn, once again, to maintain an assured clear distance in front of us, to keep looking as far down



the road as possible, to keep checking ALL of our mirrors all the time, to remember to double-, triple- and quadruple-check our glances everywhere at intersections (to defeat the deadly Looked But Failed To See tendency we were all born with), and finally, as they taught us in high-performance driving and racing schools, to Look Where We Want Our Car To Go, as opposed to Looking Where We Are Afraid We'll End Up (because that's where Our Car Will Go When We Look There!!).

Refresh our abilities to anticipate problems and troubles. Refresh our management of our speed and speed changes, as well as braking a little earlier and more smoothly. Get back to using the Three-Second Rule (stay more than 3 seconds behind the car in front of you in traffic, when reasonably possible). Balance our car better in turns, and take better lines through those turns.

Practice all these things. Maybe even just go out and just practice driving for a couple of hours on a couple of different days, getting it back into our eyes, our hands, body, backside and feet, as well as in our spirit, our soul and our heart.

The payoff will be big, and it will be two-fold: we'll enjoy our driving much, much more, and we will reduce our risk of being involved in a crash by a lot!

These are both very good things. Particularly for us motorheads!

So, enjoy and stay safe, through practicing.

Thanks for reading this. See you at the next Tour! I'll be the guy in the green car in your mirror, practicing his braking!

### **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,
you may both appear AND feel really stupid!!

For May and June, the Astonishing Past Prediction is:

"But what ... is it good for?"

Engineer at the Advanced Computing Systems Division of IBM, 1968, commenting on the newly developed microchip.

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