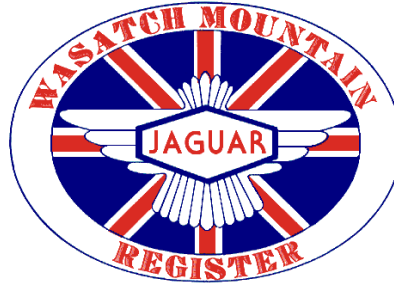


Under The Bonnet

Newsletter of the
**Wasatch Mountain
Jaguar Register**

April 2016



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Gill 3.8 S Saloon Sparkles at International Jaguar Festival Debut

It all began on a snowy day in early March with Jerry starting to drive home from the Auto-rama and discovering the 3.8 S gear shift lever was flopping around like a wounded snake.

I of course was off basking in the sun on St. Maarten in the Caribbean, but was alerted to the problem upon my return.

Upon inspection it was determined that the cast aluminium gearbox cover bracket holding the shifter had snapped off after 51 years of gear crashin' and jammin'!

Jerry and I carefully removed the center console and were gratified to find an easily removable inspection plate on the tunnel. We extracted the gearbox cover and took the two pieces to my favorite welder, Terry at GT Welding in Murray.

Terry did an expert job of heliarc welding the bracket back in place, resulting in a stronger than ever rig. Meanwhile Dale Hancock patched and beautified the console which we had munged in the process.



This left us about a week to do final detailing for debut of the saloon in Scottsdale. A few minor fixes were needed including replacing the brake light and dip switches.

After a few afternoons of fluid refreshing, cleaning, buffing and polishing, the car was ready to load into my trailer for the trip south.

Since the reliability and readiness of Jerry's saloon for the trip was open to doubt (at least in Jerry's mind), he had not registered it for the concours, rally or slalom events, though he had registered for the Annual General Meeting.

This oversight was aided and abetted by my casual remark that I would be happy to transport his saloon in place of my XK140 DHC, and transfer its registration for those three events.

By the time we inquired about the practicality of doing so, we learned from the IJF Chief Judge that this could not be done, at least

—cont'd on [p.2](#)

Gill Saloon at IJF — *cont'd from p. 1*

for the concours, at that late stage.

Stunned and remorseful, we appealed to the JCNA Chief Judge Dick Cavicke and he mercifully agreed to make the switch. We figured to deal with the rally and slalom issue down there (which turned out not to be issues).

Jerry flew down to Scottsdale with Denise for some family time prior to IJF and attendance at the JCNA AGM prior to the main event.

I left Friday, overnighed in Page AZ, and arrived Saturday afternoon.

The main event for us was of course the concours on Sunday. The venue was lovely - the grounds of the host hotel, the [Scottsdale Plaza Resort](#).

There were about 125 cars in either competition or display classes, including special exhibits such as storied Jaguar race cars and a wonderful "time line".

Of particular note were an extremely rare Zagato bodied XK140 fixed head coupe, and the E-Type hearse from the 1971 film [Harold and Maude](#) (which was screened that evening).

Located on the main drag Scottsdale Road, the venue was well positioned to draw in passing car lovers, and it



appears this succeeded in that there were lots of casual observers at the show.

Jerry's car passed Operational Verification (lights and horns) with no difficulty, which was not entirely a given due to the last minute fixes back home.

It was positioned in great spot next to several XKSS and D-type racers -- truly prime real estate.

We did our final detailing and were left to chasing lint flecks by Rags Down call at 10am.

Then came a long wait as our judging time was not until 2:26pm.

In due course the three judges appeared and dug into their detailed inspections, that being limited by rule to 15 minutes.

All went well under Jerry's and Denise's watchful eyes. There were many compliments from the judges, until the matter of paint finish arose.

The exterior judge asked Jerry whether the maroon metallic paint was period correct.

Jerry responded that he had no specific evidence of such but that the restorer (former WMJR member Jack Elder) was meticulous in all details and surely could not have committed such a blunder.

After conferring the team delivered

Scenes from IJF Concours



IJF — *cont'd from p. 2*

their verdict: the paint was incorrect and would be charged 20 points (2 points on the final scale of 100), which surely would put the car out of the running for an award.

They invited us to search for corroborating evidence, and we launched into a frenzied search on line for paint finishes available on 1965 3.8 S saloons.

Pretty quickly we found a Service Bulletin that mentioned "Opalescent Maroon". Could this be good enough?

We tracked down Dick Cavicke who said politely that whatever this shade was historically it could not be said to be what is on Jerry's car, which he had inspected and dismissed as "candy apple like".

Oh well, so be it -- we resolved that the admiring remarks of onlookers,

including judges, would be sufficient reward.

(After we got home Jerry received the preliminary point totals for cars in his class, and indeed his would have been First in Class without the paint deduction).

The next day we took the car on its first long distance run under Jerry's ownership -- a 110 mile rally/tour to Bartlett Lake north of Scottsdale.

We opted for the tour rather than the competitive rally, which was a good thing given that we almost immediately got off the prescribed route and saw lots of extra hot and dusty countryside.

The saloon ran beautifully with nary a hint of overheating. I got to drive it on the first leg of the return

run, which was on a great sports car road with ample hills, valleys, curves and scenery -- great fun.

On the final day we drove the car to the slalom event, which was on a parking lot at Mesa Community College about 15 miles from the resort.

I had maintained all along that ripping up this course in the saloon would be my compensation for dragging it to and from Scottsdale.

Alas, this was not to be -- the tech inspectors immediately disqualified the car for not having seat belts -- bah!

The trip home was pleasant and uneventful, and all in all it was a delightful, educational, and memorable experience.

--Gary Lindstrom



Storyed Jaguar leads police to stolen guitar

BY LIZ FARRELL

Island Packet, Hilton Head SC,

Hilton Head resident and Uber driver Eric Lawson is pictured with his cherished Jaguar XJ8 Vanden Plas that belonged to his late father.

In 2011, one year after his wife of nearly 50 years died and a year before his own death, Edward Lawson III of Hilton Head Island decided to go on a road trip.

First, he bought a 2008 silver Jaguar XJ8 Vanden Plas, a dignified but speedy car that would, along with a stack of paper maps, serve as his highway companion as he toured all 48 contiguous United States.

Then, when he had driven far enough away from home to be undeniably and irreversibly on a journey, he took out his flip-phone and called his son.

“Guess where I am?” he asked Eric Lawson, who lived in Boston at the time.

“Where?” “South Dakota.” “Why are you in South Dakota, Dad?”

“I’ve never been to South Dakota before, so I wanted to go to South Dakota. Guess how fast I’m driving?”

“How fast?” “110 miles per hour.”

“Dad. You’re 82. And you’re talking on a phone while you’re driving! You shouldn’t be going 110,” Eric told him.

“Well,” Edward said, “I was going 120 for a while. It’s just me and a couple of buffalo out here, so suddenly 110 miles per hour felt really normal.”

Edward Lawson drove 8,000 miles in that Jaguar.



He traveled up and down the East and West coasts, and he visited most of the national parks. He ventured to the farthest Eastern point in the country so he could be the first person in the United States to see the sun rise.

And he planned to spend his birthday in Texas, only he drove across the state so quickly that he ended up celebrating his day in New Orleans.

After he returned to Hilton Head to start dialysis, an inevitability that led to the road trip in the first place, he had two heart attacks in two months.

Both times he drove himself to the hospital in that Jaguar.

He walked in through those emergency room doors on his own, and when he was safely within reach of the surgeons who would save his life, only then did he collapse.

“That was the tough generation,” his son said Wednesday.

“Never,” Eric Lawson said, “would (my father) have thought any kind of man would steal a guitar in his car.”

THE NIGHT OF THE GUITAR

Nearly two weeks ago, Edward Lawson’s silver Jaguar was the inadvertent getaway car for a man now charged with stealing a rare guitar and a painting

from singer/songwriter Donavon Frankenreiter, who was in town performing at The Rooftop Bar at Poseidon in Shelter Cove.

Eric Lawson, now of Hilton Head and an occasional Uber driver, inherited his father’s car and, for the past few months, has been using it to ferry tourists and residents to area hotspots on nights and weekends via the app-based taxi network.

On March 20 around 9 p.m., he was pinged to pick up what ended up being a group of 20-somethings who wanted to go to The Rooftop Bar at Poseidon.

A few hours later that night he was coincidentally pinged again by a

—cont’d on [p. 6](#)

Stolen Jag — *cont'd from p 5*

member of this same group.

But there were two additional passengers this time: a guitar and a painting.

The guitar, a white left-handed Fender Stratocaster fitted for right-handed play, was valued at \$20,000. And the painting, a caricature created for Frankenreiter by local artist Travis Harper and gifted to the singer by a fan, was valued at \$1,000.

Video surveillance from The Rooftop Bar at Poseidon showed a man taking the guitar. It also showed the car he left in. The restaurant posted these screenshots on its Face-book page and pleaded with fans to help locate the guitar.

A furious Frankenreiter took to his Instagram page to wish darkness on the thief: "This guy ripped out a bit of my (soul) last night," he wrote in a profanity-laced tirade after the show. "... Let's get this guy."

Staff at Poseidon recognized the silver Jaguar driven by "The Uber Guy," a familiar face at the restaurant's curb.

The next day a Beaufort County Sheriff's Office detective showed up at Eric Lawson's home, and Lawson knew instantly it had to be about that group and that mysterious guitar and painting.

When Lawson had arrived at the restaurant the night before, he got out of the car and asked one of the female passengers whom he recognized from before, "Where is everybody?" She didn't know.

A second female then came over and asked Lawson to pull around the corner. He thought it was odd but did so nonetheless. This short and strange move is what ended up leading to the recovery of the guitar.

Lawson pulled around the corner, as he was asked to do, which put the car

in full view of the restaurant's surveillance camera. Something, I'm sure, the thief didn't think about.

Two young men joined the group. One had the guitar and painting with him.

"Can you pop the trunk?" one of them asked Lawson. Lawson got out of the car because he didn't want anyone slamming the lid to his trunk.

"Whose guitar is this?" Lawson asked when he saw the brown-case in the back of his car.

"It's his," one of the young men said pointing toward the other.

Lawson thought something wasn't right but didn't press further. Maybe they were friends with the band? Or roadies?

"I could not have imagined that they had stolen a guitar," he said.

One member of the group wanted to go to the Triangle after Poseidon, but the others wanted to get food and to go home. Lawson took them to the diner, but they didn't stay. Then he took them to McDonald's, but it was closed. Finally, they hit up a gas station for candy and sodas. After that, he dropped them off at a mid-island home, and that was that.

"There seemed to be a little uneasiness," he said of the group, but otherwise conversation was normal.

The next day at his door, the detective showed Lawson the surveillance footage from the night before.

"These kids aren't rocket scientists, are they?" Lawson joked with him.

One person was charged in the theft.

Michael Triarsi, 24, of New York, flew back to Beaufort County and turned himself in two days after the theft.

'ARE YOU THAT SILVER JAGUAR?'

Since that night, Lawson has given about 100 rides to spring-breakers and older folks who are smart enough to avoid a DUI. Each day he is asked, "Are you the silver Jaguar from the newspaper?"

"I kind of wonder when they ask," he said, "are they asking because they think it was cool that it was helpful in solving this situation for Mr. Frankenreiter? Or are they asking because they are implicating me? Or do they not want to be in this car?"

Soon after his passengers are settled, though, he knows it's just curiosity and shock that something like this would happen to a nationally known act on such a small island.

"They say 'Can you believe that they did that? That's so mean that they would steal a musician's guitar.' And 'How lame!'"

One passenger ran back inside his home after Lawson arrived so that he could clip the newspaper story of the stolen guitar for him.

Ninety percent of the passengers Lawson drives around the island are really nice, he said.

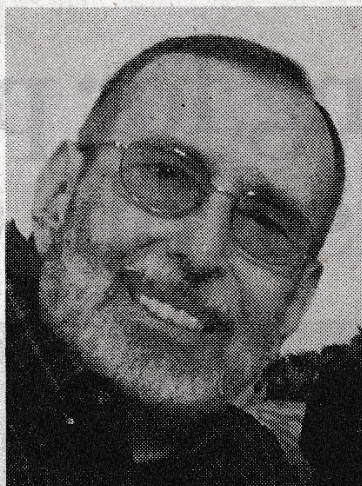
"The guitar people?" he said when I asked him. "Hmmm. What can I say about them?"

Finally he has some words.

"They were just being little jerks. They were just little twerps. It was a real drag."

His father, he thinks, though, would've gotten a big hoot out of knowing his car led to the recovery of a stolen guitar.

"He would've enjoyed this story,"

Friday, March 25, 2016 « **OBITUARIES B7**

Robert Joseph "Joe" Todd

1946 ~ 2016

Robert Joseph "Joe" Todd, passed away on March 21, 2016, at age 69, at his home in Cottonwood Heights after his battle with cancer. Joe was a loving husband, father, grandfather, brother and dear friend to many.

Joe was born in Salt Lake City, UT on July 15, 1946 to Harry & Lois Todd. Joe graduated from Olympus High School and later from the University of Utah.

Joe and his wife Judy were married in Salt Lake City in 1998 and enjoyed a

wonderful loving relationship as soulmates for over 20 years.

Joe enjoyed rebuilding classic cars and hot rods, reading, hiking and Mountain Men rendezvous. He also enjoyed firing his cannon for the 1812 Overture with the Utah Symphony. Joe was a member of the Wasatch Mountain Jaguar Register and Mountain Men of the Wasatch.

Joe had a long standing career as an engineer of medical devices and contributed to several patents in the medical industry. Joe was well respected by colleagues and doctors for his extraordinary innovative creativity.

Joe is survived by his wife Judy Todd, children: Denise Dalton, Steven Todd (Jeni), and Annie Anderson (Ali), stepchildren: Kimberly Shaw and Kirsten Shaw (Matt Van Wagoner), sister Gloria Evans, 7 grandchildren and walking companion Sienna (the dog).

Joe is preceded in death by his parents Harry & Lois Todd, brother Jim Todd, and brother-in-law Ted Evans.

Services will be held on Saturday, March 26, 2016 at 11:00 a.m. at Wasatch Lawn Mortuary, 3401 South Highland Drive, where family and friends may call one hour prior. Interment immediately following funeral services at the same location.

In lieu of flowers, a donation can be made to a charity of your choice in memory of Joe.

"I'm going out to put a couple of miles on the dog"...

Aluminum vs. Aluminium — Why the Difference?

From Bill Bryson's wonderful book *A Short History of Nearly Everything*, p. 92:

'The confusion over *aluminum/aluminium* spelling arose because of some uncharacteristic indeci-

siveness on [Humphry] Davy's part. When he first isolated the element in 1808, he called it *aluminium*. For some reason he thought better of that and changed it to *aluminum* four

years later. Americans dutifully adopted the new term, but many British users disliked aluminum, pointing out that it disrupted the *-ium* pattern established by *sodium*, *calcium* and *strontium*, so they added a vowel and syllable.'

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Handy Guide to Understanding Britspeak

By Alice Philipson 11:46AM BST 02 Sep 2013

www.telegraph.co.uk

The British trait of being too polite to speak one's mind has led to a table translating numerous hollow English phrases becoming an internet hit.

The table sheds light on just how difficult it can be for a foreigner to understand what the British really mean when they're speaking, especially for those take every word at face value.

Phrases that prove the trickiest to decipher include 'you must come for dinner', which foreigners tend to take as a direct invitation, but is actually said out of politeness by many Britons and often does not result in an invite. The table also reveals that when a person from Britain begins a sentence "with the greatest respect ...", they actually mean 'I think you are an idiot'.

WHAT THE BRITISH SAY	WHAT THE BRITISH MEAN	WHAT FOREIGNERS UNDERSTAND
I hear what you say	I disagree and do not want to discuss it further	He accepts my point of view
With the greatest respect	You are an idiot	He is listening to me
That's not bad	That's good	That's poor
That is a very brave proposal	You are insane	He thinks I have courage
Quite good	A bit disappointing	Quite good
I would suggest	Do it or be prepared to justify yourself	Think about the idea, but do what you like
Oh, incidentally/ by the way	The primary purpose of our discussion is	That is not very important
I was a bit disappointed that	I am annoyed that	It doesn't really matter
Very interesting	That is clearly nonsense	They are impressed
I'll bear it in mind	I've forgotten it already	They will probably do it
I'm sure it's my fault	It's your fault	Why do they think it was their fault?
You must come for dinner	It's not an invitation, I'm just being polite	I will get an invitation soon
I almost agree	I don't agree at all	He's not far from agreement
I only have a few minor comments	Please rewrite completely	He has found a few typos
Could we consider some other options	I don't like your idea	They have not yet decided



For Sale 2001 Jaguar XK8 Convertible

This lovely car is being offered for sale by club member Scott Bringhurst.

He purchased the car from the original owner family in California in 2014.

Details:

- Only 65,460 actual miles
- Original paint, top and interior
- 4 liter V8, automatic transmission, power windows, power seats
- Factory air, special Jaguar chrome wheels.

Asking \$14,500. Contact Scott at 801-913-0775.



For Sale 1959 Jaguar Mark IX Saloon

This car was owned by long time WMJR member Joe Todd who recently passed (see [p. 7](#)).

The car is in Jaguar correct Sable and Old English White livery, and is mechanically modernized with a 1970 Pontiac Ram Air III engine, overdrive automatic transmission, and upgraded power steering and power brakes.

It has a 3.55 ratio rear end permitting it to cruise at 70 mph with only 2k rpm .

This car was owned by the Hollywood music director Robert Arthur who worked with Ed Sullivan and Dick Clark.

It comes with many spares and original parts, including new wire wheels and suspension parts.

Asking price is \$12,500 negotiable. Call 801-944-7797.



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Event Calendar

Saturday, June 18, 2016

[British Field Day](#)

Liberty Park

Friday, July 1, 2016

North Salt Lake, UT

[Eaglewood Festival of Speed](#)

Saturday, August 27, 2016

Classic Sports Car Show

Main Street Park City, UT

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—*Burma Shave, 1958*

