

Under The Bonnet

Newsletter of the

**Wasatch Mountain
Jaguar Register**

September 2013



WMJR on the web:

www.WMJR.org

BBQ and Tech Session August 24

First off, those of you who couldn't make it to the BBQ we missed you! We had a great time. Of course we had awesome food and even more awesome people to visit with.

Those in attendance were: John and Liz Green, Mike and Susie Cady, Ken and JoAnn Borg, Duane and LeAnn Allred, Bud and Betty Merritt, Marvin and Connie May, J and Kay Jennings, Dave and Debi Hobson, and new members – Jerry Gill and Denise Cummins, and Tosh Metzger.

We welcome our new members and hope they had a good time. The weather was really crazy just before we gathered but

it turned out to be a wonderful evening.

J and Kay's yard was beautiful. We were able to eat outside under their covered patio. As I mentioned above, the food was



Barn is where that took place. That place is every man's dream. I guess it could be every woman's dream also because then there would not be car parts etc. in our garages.

Marvin and Connie have their car working now and brought it. It looks really good and they are so excited to be able to drive it. Tosh had his new car there. Tosh was a member 10 years ago, sold his car and went to school and got his PhD. He bought a newer car and wanted to come back in the club. He said he missed us. Welcome Back Tosh.

All in all we had a great time.

awesome. We had salads, desserts, homemade salsa, chips, fruit and dip steak, fish, hot dogs, and chicken.

We had a tech session by J where he talked about what he has done to his different cars. The Car



—Liz Green

How I Sold A Car At Auction

—Gary Lindstrom

As many of you know I checked off a Bucket List item by attending the famed Pebble Beach car week this past August. This offers essentially non stop car lover action, with car shows, social events, seminars, races and auctions culminating with the event that started it all, the Pebble Beach Concours held on the 18th fairway of the famed golf course.

I took in the concours, which was fabulous, but for me the highlight was selling my 1954 Jaguar XK120 Open Two Seater at the Pebble Beach Auction conducted by Gooding and Co.

This article recounts my adventures that week from start to finish. I planned to regale everyone in attendance at the recent BBQ and Tech Session with my tale, but a family emergency prevented me from doing so, hence this treatise.

Apologies to those who might prefer a briefer rendition, but what the heck, it's a slow news month and I'm the Publisher of this here rag, so I can consume all the ink (mostly electronic these days) I want.

It all began last fall when I decided to redeploy some retirement funds to buy a 1958 Aston Martin DB Mark III saloon. This being my fifth collector car, it soon became evident that I needed to prune my collection to lessen the pressure on my garage

and wallet.

My silver XK120 drew the short straw, being valuable enough to make a difference and being cruelly



judged to be “redundant” given the restoration of our XK140 drop head coupe completed last year.

I briefly considered selling it myself, but quickly realized the advantages of bringing it to auction. These include help in marketing, valuation, presentation, and—most importantly—overseeing a no problems sale to a qualified buyer.

I had some experience as a bidder at auctions run by Barrett Jackson and RM Auctions, both in Scottsdale AZ, and attending lesser auctions elsewhere. I had a brief dis-

cussion with RM about possibly consigning the car at their Scottsdale auction last February, but never got any traction with them.

This, plus the need for some time to properly prepare the car, led me to focus on the many auctions in and around Monterey during car week.

After studying *Sports Car Market* (SCM) auction results in their database, I decided that the two class acts were Gooding and Company, and Bonham's. Gooding has the advantages of being the official auction of the Pebble Beach Concours, proximity to the Concours venue, and a history of selling fabulous high end cars.

So last September I inquired at Gooding and soon was paired up with Garth Hammers—what a great name for an Auction Specialist (meaning:

Caregiver to Consignors)!

Garth was interested but made it clear they would only take the car if it was complete, correct and flawless. I sent him a photo disk with all my restoration records and documentation, as well as details on such extras as fitted luggage, original tool set, and impeccable chrome, top and side curtains. (Here I go trying to sell the car again.)

Garth said he would present my car to the auction selection committee,

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How I Sold A Car At Auction—*cont'd from p. 2*

and at the end of March he emailed me that they were accepting it. The only drawback was that I had to go no reserve since Gooding does not grant reserves under \$150k. Gulp.

In a matter of days I was contacted by their catalog production department asking would I please have the car ready for a professional photo shoot in 10 days?

I booked a hotel room and set to putting the car into Condition 1 shape. This involved rebuilding (and polishing) the carburetors, and beginning endless detailing.

Garth had raised the question of whether there was a slight paint mismatch on the front left wing (these guys must have long distance X-ray vision). Indeed there was, as well as other paint imper-

fections, some minor and some not so minor.

work their magic.

end of July. It was then I learned it was placed next to last on the final evening. This initially concerned me, but turned out to be an excellent position (more on this later).

As the date approached I got my truck serviced and loaded the XK120 in my trailer. Even though the auction was Saturday and Sunday night, and viewing started Wednesday, Gooding wanted the car there Monday so their swarm of detailers could

LOT 159 1954 JAGUAR XK120 SE ROADSTER

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- Multiple JCHA Best in Class Wins
- Accompanied by a Tool Kit and Matching Fitted Luggage

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 Live-Rear Axle with Semi-Elliptical Leaf Springs

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 WITHOUT RESERVE

THIS CAR

The sublime lines and deft curves of Malcolm Sayers' color-coded design for the XK120 roadster continue to improve with age, as demonstrated by this beautifully restored example.

According to a Heritage Certificate from the Jaguar Daimler Heritage Trust, this handsome XK was manufactured at the Coventry, England, plant on June 22, 1954, and subsequently dispatched for Hornburg Jaguar in Los Angeles three days later. The final left-hand-drive XK120 roadster was produced just two months later, so it is safe to assume that this car was one of the last several hundred examples manufactured.

Finished in light gray paint with a red interior, this XK120 was optioned with the upgraded Special Equipment package, which included a more powerfully rated engine (featuring higher lift camshafts from the C-Type racer), a stiffer suspension, knock off wire wheels, and dual exhaust pipes.

Though little is currently known of this roadster's early history, by 2000 the car was acquired by Walt Osborne of Vintage Jaguar Works. Mr. Osborne completely rebuilt the original matching numbers engine, and began a full restoration before deciding to sell the car in 2001 to the current owner, a Utah-based enthusiast.

The consignor continued to refurbish the car, retaining marque specialist Lundquist Restorations to expertly freshen the coachwork and chassis. Merlin Berg



then sprayed the exterior in a sensational two-stage metallic finish paint based on the original color, while Dale Hancock installed a brand-new interior in the original shade of red and a new soft top. He also undertook a number of tasteful upgrades, including the addition of Koni adjustable front shocks, a sealed 12-volt battery, a stainless steel exhaust system, and polyurethane suspension bushings, all of which contribute to smoother and more reliable performance.

Completed in 2005, the exhaustive five-year restoration debuted in stunning fashion at

the 2005 Palo Alto Concours d'Elegance, where the car earned first place among all XK models with 99.88 points. Over the next few years, the roadster garnered numerous Best in Class awards at local JCHA-judged events of the Wasatch Mountain Jaguar Register and at the 2005 Utah Concours d'Elegance.

Accompanied by a correct tool kit, a matching wire-wheel spare, and a set of color-matched custom-fitted luggage, this exceptionally restored XK120 is also documented with a heritage certificate, restoration receipts, and numerous photographs of the restoration process. It is assured by the consignor to exhibit excellent operating condition and possesses the singular pleasure of open-air post-war British motoring at its finest, as well as the potential for further exhibition acclaim.




LOT 159

And lo! it came to pass a week later a photographer arrived from Los Angeles with a backpack full of cameras and proceeded to shoot over 400 photos of the car in various poses at Mike Lundquist's restoration shop near Dimple Dell Canyon. One photo reminding me of Wyeth's *Christina's World* appears on p. 8 of the May WMJR newsletter.

I had been warned by experienced friends not to draw a lot number that placed the car too early or too late in the order, lest the crowd of potential bidders be too thin. I was assured by Garth that since they only take about 60 top notch cars each of the two nights, I had nothing to worry about. Nevertheless I insisted that the contract state that it would not be first or last on either evening.

So it was back to Lundquist's for a partial repaint, which was completed with two days and two tablespoons of paint to spare.

The Gooding publication staff and I iterated over the car's description in the catalog, which arrived at the

end of July. It was then I learned it was placed next to last on the final evening. This initially concerned me, but turned out to be an excellent position (more on this later).

**Henry The Eighth
 Prince of Friskers
 Lost Five Wives
 But Kept His Whiskers**
—Burma Shave, 1938

The day and a half trip to Monterey was uneventful, though I began to notice that about every fourth semi was a car transporter heading west. I passed outfits of all the usual suspects—Passport, InterCity, Reliable, etc., and even a few free lancers like Bubba's Hill Billy Car Transport.

The rig and I arrived noon Monday after a pleasant trip, and then the fun began. My GPS was totally confused by all the twisty turny roads past lade-dah homes in Pebble Beach. I finally arrived at the auction site, which was a complex of tents at the Pebble Beach Equestrian Center.

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How I Sold A Car At Auction—*cont'd from p. 3*

The first thing I noticed was a big construction site next door, building a new Golf Training Center. This compressed the open area where the transporters were unloading to one dusty polo field.

I pulled in and was soon approached by a pair of Gooding reps in a golf cart. They said I

should unload there, and they would return to drive the car off to be prepped and positioned. They would also take possession of all the loose items like the tool kit and side curtains, and photograph the car as received for their records.



So here was little me unloading in the midst of about fifty semi car transports. It finally dawned on me that I was truly a Rare Bird here—

everyone else ships their cars commercially!

Pretty soon another golf car approached, with a gent in a Red Hat who made it clear that there was No Way I was going to unload there.

Huh? It turns out he worked for the Concours, not the Auction, and I was on Concours turf, if you please.

You'd think being the official auction of the concours would make the two organizations buddies, but in reality it was more like the Hatfields and the McCoys.

Mr. Red Hat told me to unload at the auction site, which he maintained was down the road I came in on. OK,

off I went looking unsuccessfully for that locale, in the midst of construction traffic with no help whatsoever from my lame GPS.

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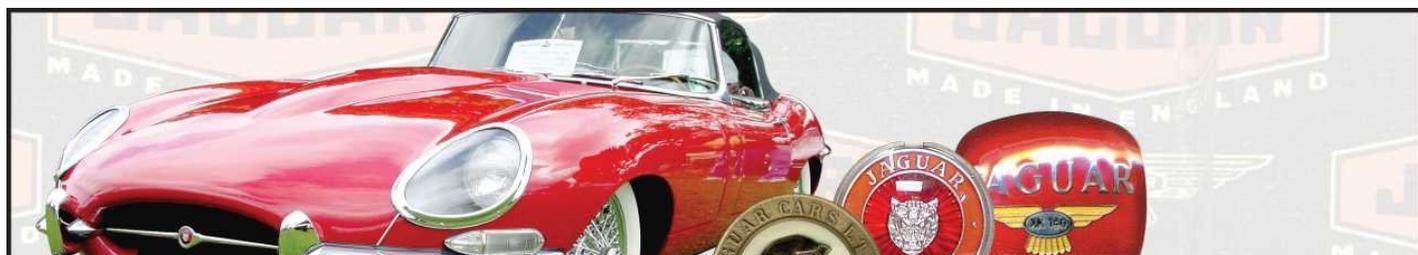
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How I Sold A Car At Auction—*cont'd from p. 4*

In the end I had to make two very tricky back up U-turns in my 40 foot combo, including one at the entrance to the hoity-toity Spyglass Golf Course — no doubt a first. Eventually I was back at the polo field. Red Hat said he would make an exception for me as long as I skedaddled out of their as soon as I deposited my “cargo”. Jeez.

All this was accomplished, the XK120 was whisked away, and I headed for the Monterey Elks with which I had a prior arrangement to deposit my trailer. This being accomplished I headed to downtown Monterey for a meal and a dram.

Maybe it was my internal GPS (which was working much better than the truck’s), but I soon came upon a cozy British pub with a nautical motif called the Crown & Anchor.

I stumbled down the stairs (it’s in a basement), and immediately knew I’d found a home away from home. Around the bar were a coterie of expat Brits who all looked like they had just returned from the Boer War. And the menu fit too—touting Bubble & Squeak, Toad in the Hole, and my personal favorite, Spotted Dick. I returned to this fine establishment many times throughout the week.

On Tuesday I drove down to Carmel for the Concours on the Avenue. This is a charity event welcoming all comers who are willing to make a modest cash contribution. The result

is a fun, eclectic mix including hot rods and customs, classic cars, and lots of Mustangs and Corvettes. It all takes place on Ocean Avenue, the main drag, so there is the added attraction of quaint shops and upscale restaurants.

Wednesday morning I went to the Automobilia Monterey show in nearby Seaside, where everything related to cars, but not cars them-



selves, was on offer. It seemed as though every other booth was selling Ferrari or Porsche stuff, all quite pricey.

Wednesday morning I walked around the Fisherman’s Wharf parking lot, which was the venue for the Russo and Steele auction. Somehow I finagled a pass to preview the cars, which were an interesting mix of European and American cars. I tried to get into the RM preview at the Monterey Convention Center, but the tariff was \$50 just to look, which I passed on. I was particularly interested in a beautifully prepared car like my Aston, which eventually sold for several times what I paid for mine (yeah!).

Then it was on to the Gooding preview, where I found my car to be beautifully presented and situated. I took a seat and watched passers by to look for signs of interest, which were scant. Oh well, it was still early.

The mix of cars on offer was truly amazing. My personal favorite was a 1948 Cisitalia 202 SC Coupe (which sold for \$385k). Perhaps I liked because it reminds me of my Aston?

On Thursday I went to the Mecum auction at the Hyatt Hotel near the town golf course. Mecum has the reputation of being the “value leader”, which means a lower average sale price. The results while I was there were mixed, with only a third to a half of the cars meeting reserve. It looked to me like folks tend to use Mecum to test the market and aren’t broken hearted if their car

doesn’t sell.

Later that afternoon I went to the first of two Aston Martin Owners Club event—a champagne reception at a local hotel.

This event started out a bit stiffly, but as the bubbly flowed the affair warmed up.

The best part was I got to study carefully three cars like my Aston and meet their owners.

On Friday it was back to the Gooding preview, and then to the big AM-OC event. This was a private dinner at the Monterey Aquarium in honor of Aston Martin’s Centenary. At the

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How I Sold A Car At Auction—*cont'd from p. 6*

head table there were dignitaries galore from the UK including a Scot who gave an entertaining keynote address.

Example: “A referendum is planned for Scottish independence. Polls say it will be 40% for, 60% against in Scotland. Of course, if the poll were taken over the border in England, the results would be reversed.”

All in all it was a lovely affair, though I didn't have the heart to order fish, given all those eyes on me from the surrounding tanks.

Saturday morning I attended the *12th Annual SCM Insider's Seminar* in the Gooding auction tent. The subject was “When Does a Car Become Too Valuable to Drive?” I wasn't expecting much here, but in fact it turned out to be a very informative and entertaining presentation.

Panel members (Keith Martin, Carl Bomstead, Miles Collier, Donald Osborne, and Steve Serio) presented their dream \$10 million collection, and the audience voted on which they would like to own. As a twist they were given an additional million dollars to buy one of the cars on offer at the Gooding auction. We then broke into groups and followed individual panelists around gaining their wisdom. Great fun.

Soon it was time for the first auction night to begin. As I entered the auction tent I noticed several things, including the size and poshness of the venue, the evident wealth of most of

the participants (myself excluded), the stage upon which the cars would be exhibited as their numbers came up, the elaborate web cast equipment (gantry TV camera, etc.) and the diamond dealer conveniently located at the rear of the tent.

I had a field day playing my favorite public game of People Watching. Most interesting were the distinguished gentlemen of a certain age accompanied by clearly



younger well put together women. The same question arose over and over in my mind: is it his wife or his daughter?

Sales started slowly with a 1959 BMW Isetta 300 hammered at \$30k (buyers pay an additional 10% premium beyond the hammer price). Soon, however, the auction bandwagon was rolling. A 1957 Tour de France Ferrari 250 GT Berlinetta hammered at \$8.6 million.

The craziest sale that evening was a 1959 Fiat Jolly beach car based on the lowly Fiat 500. This had an estimate of \$75k-95k, which was quite generous in my estimation.

But by the time it came up two couples (possibly in the sauce?) started bidding against each other and it hammered at \$135k!

I texted my friend in Seattle who has a Fiat 600 and he said “come on up—I have a hack saw and some wicker chairs!” Overall 65 cars sold that night for \$53 million—an auspicious beginning indeed.

Finally Sunday rolled around and my blood pressure started rising. I tried to focus on the awesome Pebble Beach Concours but my mind was on the auction that evening.

The concours cars were of course spectacular, though the crowd was jammed like New Year's Eve in Times Square. Of course “suitable” food and drink was available, including take away whole bottles of champagne for \$100. Amazing how many elegant women in period costumes I saw swigging bubbly straight from the bottle.

All in good taste, of course.

When the auction started at 6pm I was ready for a pacemaker. The first thing I noticed was that the auction tent was much fuller than the night before. I soon realized that all the other auctions had finished, and this was the only game in town. I started to think better of my next to last lot placement.

The crowd was buzzing with the latest factoid: a 1967 Ferrari 275 GTB4S NART Spider by Scaglietti had sold the night before at RM for \$27.5m. This was the highest known

What a Game Face!
San Francisco Chronicle
 Day in Pictures September 6, 2013

The Jacksonville Jaguars may be one of the NFL's worst teams (there's still time to prove you're more inept, Jets and Raiders), but they have its best mascot.

This little fellow at the Jacksonville Zoo was to be named at a rally for the Jags this week as the NFL regular season begins.



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How I Sold A Car At Auction—cont'd from [p. 7](#)

price ever paid for a car. I hoped it would be *Katie Bar The Door* tonight!

Finally it was my turn, and I breathed a sigh of relief as I heard its exhaust roar on the stage ramp—it had started! Front and center it

then stalled a bit. The auctioneer—Charlie Ross, who could invoke a rain storm in the Sahara—reignited it somehow and it went to \$130k. Again it stalled but Charlie convinced one of the two remaining



Time dragged by with most cars hammering in mid estimate range, e.g. a 1949 XK120 alloy roadster at \$410k. A Gooding specialist tried to comfort me, asking “how do you feel?” My response: “like I’m walking around Tokyo at midnight with my kimono open.”



The crowd thinned as the night went on, but it was clear the Serious Players were still on hand.

The three cars before mine did quite well—a 1961 Mercedes-Benz 300D cabriolet at \$450k, a 1965 Lamborghini Miura P400 prototype at \$430k, and a 1965 Ferrari 275 GTB at \$1.35m.

came, and bidding began with an

absentee bid of \$70k. There were three telephone bidders and three or four in person bidders.

The bid quickly rose to \$105k, and

floor bidders to push it to \$140k, where it was hammered at exactly the high estimate (these guys are good!). Total take: 117 cars for \$112m.

As I left I gave a last farewell to the car in the lock up compound. It was a great twelve years owning it, and restoring it. But as Wayne Carini says, “it’s time for the next guy to enjoy it.”

Now all I need is to receive the proceeds—Gooding assures me the “wire is in the air”.

Event Calendar

September 2013
Luau At Cadys'
>>> Cancelled <<<

October 2013
Hallowe'en Party

November 2013
Planning Party

December 2013
Christmas Party

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Classified Ads

No Intermountain Concours This Year

The organizers of the Intermountain Concours d'Elegance, held last year at Thanksgiving Point, have apparently decided to take a year off.

The website www.utahconcoours.com say only "2014 venues and schedules are currently being finalized."



For sale: Jaguar wheels and tires

1) 4 XK120/140 54 spoke wire wheels with original "Made in England" stamping in internal valleys mounted with Dunlop bias ply tires. Painted grey/green, no rust, one missing one spoke. \$200 for the set.

2) 4 15 inch steel wheels suitable for Mark I sedan with snow tires and hubcaps. \$100.

3) 5 chrome Dayton 15 in wire wheels suitable for XJ6 with tires, plus 6th wheel for parts. \$500.

Roland Held, 801-745-1188.