



# Flywheel:

## The Open Road Beckons

September 2020, Vol. 1:6



*Vicki victorious as Sean edges the Mopar. Watkins Glen, 2019. Jim Martin*

**President Sean:** As I write this, it's the last day of August, which has me reflecting on the last days of summer and looking forward to the beginning of autumn. September is one of my favourite months. Our LBCs run better in the cool morning air and we get to look forward to the transformation from green leaves to vibrant oranges and reds lining the twisty roads. September is also when British Car Day at Bronte usually occurs, and it will be sadly missed this year.

Bronte is the place that introduced me to the NBCC in fact. I spotted this gorgeous fish mouth grill on a MGB-GT and stepped in for a closer look when a nice gentleman welcomed me and asked if I had heard of their club. He promptly handed me an application, told me all about the great people and fun activities they enjoy, and suggested Vicki and I come out to JJ Kapps for their meeting the following month. He was charming and cracked a joke about

the club needing some young blood. How could we say no? Not long after, Vicki and I came to the meeting and met Vicki and Herb, Liz and Don, Pete and Lynda and, new members at the time, Leo and Tina & Tammy. And lo and behold, the wisecracking man who welcomed us at Bronte greeted us and introduced us to his lovely wife, Cheryl. Thank you to Jim and to the other members mentioned and not mentioned here who made us feel immediately welcome in this fun group of people.

I'd also like to take a moment to share an experience Vicki and I had last September. Pete Moffett was telling me about Watkins Glen over the first winter I was a member of the club. It sounded like a perfect getaway for Vicki and me. Not too far, a nice little drive through NY State, lots of classic cars (including many LBCs), lakes, wine, and maybe even some quilting supplies?

Vicki and I had no idea what was in store for us, and Pete and Lynda took us under their wing and showed us a wonderful experience. Every moment was a treasure, beginning with following the Moffetts' beautiful green '62 E-type from St. Catharines to Watkins Glen. We took the back roads, avoiding the interstate, and enjoyed a beautiful and scenic drive. We met some more amazing and fun people from the Jaguar Club Pete and Lynda belong to. We stayed at large century bed & breakfast where old stories were shared along with delicious food, and we formed new friendships with the people who hosted us at the B&B as well the Jag Club members. They really are friendly to people who drive LBCs that aren't cats!

Watkins Glen was capped off with a run of the “old course” where the streets are lined with spectators cheering. The smell of exhaust, the sound of the machines, cars lined up farther than you can see. A track marshal instructed drivers to follow the police escort and to leave no gaps between cars.

As we were about to begin the run from the starting line in downtown Watkins Glen, this charming gentleman with a familiar face walked up to Vicki and me sitting in our LBC and handed her a checkered flag. “Make sure you wave it!” he exclaimed.

Vicki looked at me. “It’s Jim!”

We took off laughing and waved that flag like we just won the NBCC Grand Prix.

Thank you, Jim & Cheryl, Pete & Lynda, and everyone else who makes being a part of the NBCC a real joy.

[Editor’s note: I have never thought of myself as “charming” or a “gentleman” but Sean and Vicki have been a great addition to our club, particularly for so quickly accepting a leadership role and then coping with these trying times. We are all glad they didn’t walk past our promotions booth. —Jim]

**Club Business:** After a slow start this year, club events are starting to accelerate in a responsibly managed fashion. The Chartwell run in June got us started, followed by hosted BBQ events in July and August at the Holiday Inn. In late August, members enjoyed a club picnic run that terminated at Queenston Heights Park. You can find those pics, taken by Pete Moffett, on our [website](#).



Our thanks go out to **Joy and Bruce Bowman** who will be hosting a picnic gathering at their St. Catharines home on Labour Day—Monday, Sept 7. This will nicely make up for the loss of our traditional Marshville Festival car show, which would have been held on the same day. Barring any public-health setbacks, the fall months hold the promise of more events to come.

**Neil Schwartz** has made good use of our club's chat room, soliciting members' advice on repairs to his B's clutch and master cylinder. We are enjoying active participation on the chat group, but we have room for more. Some of you may be holding back on joining because you don't know how this works. Chat groups are secure and fun to use, and an efficient way to exchange ideas, greetings, and information. Think of it as a NBCC clubhouse that fits in your Inbox. Subscribers can send out a message that will be instantly visible to all the other chat room subscribers. Other members then have the option of replying to you in a group message or, if they wish, to your private email. If you don't belong to our online chat group or if you have further questions about

how it works, contact our club president, Sean, and he will set you up. Participation in this is entirely voluntary and you can unsubscribe at any time. Give it a whirl. It's a good thing.

## **Members' News:**

### **Nick Ferguson**



Al Munro has passed on this sad news... "Founding NBCC member Nick Fergusson has passed away. Nick was on our membership list till 2015. Although an active member,

his personal life and professional responsibilities meant that he was unable to attend every club function or meeting. Nick was a lawyer living in Fonthill. He provided guidance and helped in the development of the club by-laws. Later, he assisted professionally with the incorporation of the club." Al also writes, "I was very grateful for this assistance and still am... I have good memories of Nick Ferguson, and will always remember him in the best of ways. Nick leaned toward Jaguars, driving both a 1969 Jag E-type and a 1995 Jag XJ6. It appears that by 2015, he drove a 1964 Jaguar. He had a very extensive home garage where he enjoyed working on and restoring his Jags."

Our club's condolences go out to Nick's loved ones and friends.

**Scott and Pat Norris** are settling in nicely in their new home in Nova Scotia.



Scott writes, “We’re getting settled in, doing a few home projects to make the house ours... flooring, paint, and a small island in the kitchen. The

large barn/garage already has concrete floors and a work bench, so it was mostly a matter of building some shelves and organizing stuff. We have room to park all 5 vehicles, plus 2 MCs, 2 ATVs, etc. Plus a huge (as yet unused) loft area. There is also plenty of room (3 acres) to park our trailers.

“I joined a local golf course and I’m usually out there 3–4 times a week. Pat comes out for the Friday evening mixer for 9 holes.



“We have met a number of BATANS members (British Automobile Touring Association of Nova Scotia) and we are going on a “Maple Run” in September. Lots of friendly people here with great stories and history.”

Scott displays his dual membership.

Give all the good folks Down East our best regards, Scott.

**My satisfying experience:** Last month I had some work done on our GT...work that I decided I just did not want to do outdoors on our naked driveway. The steering rack needed new boots, which I had already purchased with the full intention of doing the job myself. Then I came to my senses. To get those on, I would have to remove the tie rod ends, and I remembered the struggle I had the last time I replaced those. As it was, the rubbers on those were also looking dodgy, so they would need replacing too. I called Matt (July newsletter), who works out of his home just east of Port Colborne. I drove in at 10:00 am and he put it on his hoist for a look. He then sent me off for new tie rod ends, which very conveniently were only a few miles down the road at Moss Motors dealer Dr. Doolin's. By 3:00 in the afternoon Matt called me to pick up the car. Five hours in and out for those two jobs as well as tightening the front wheel bearings, chassis lube and new turn signal bulbs on the right side. The bill for his labour was just 85 dollars. To say I am pleased with Matt's quick service and his billing rate would be an understatement. He is willing to take on more LBC work.

**Interesting factoid:** More than half of all MGBs ever built are still on the road. The rest made it home.



**Berlin Wall Sprite:** Ok, we like to make a bit of fun of our British cars but some have played heroic roles; for example the AH Sprite that ran the Berlin Wall with precious human cargo, not once, but

twice. Our thanks to the Hagerty newsletter for this gripping story: [click here.](#)

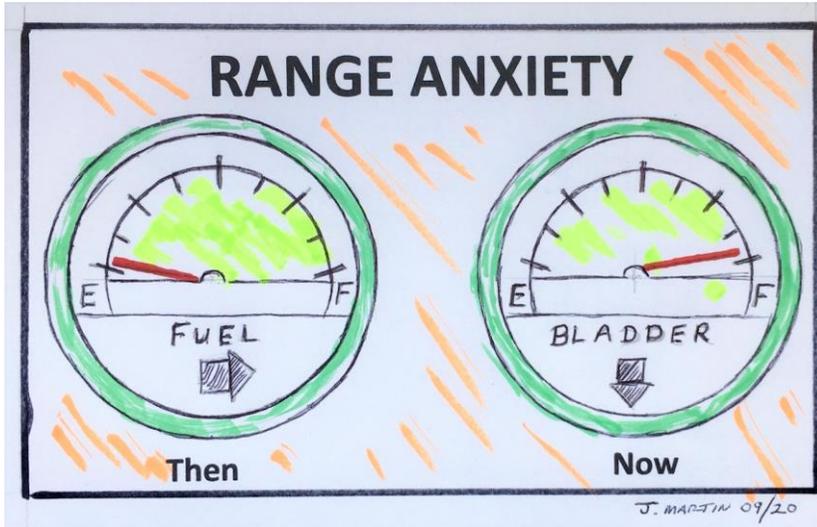
**Classic Cop Car:** I'd speed just to get pulled over. [Click here.](#)

**Editor Jim:** Range anxiety and supermarket distancing.

It's not that we are simply coping with these strange times, it's that they are reshaping our behaviour, both in how we use our cars and our feet.

If there's a club mileage award this year, it might go to a LBC that's been driven 137 miles (kidding). But if you are like Cheryl and me, I expect you have not been racking up the miles in the usual abundance. We've been out for some evening runs along the lake and to a few club events but not much else. Monthly club runs have been a thing of the past this year and, mea culpa, I've been a little lazy about initiating any pop-up runs. Analyzing our lethargy, we have concluded that having a tangible reward for our journey is missing these days. We currently lack the desire to stop anywhere along our journey for food and a beverage, which was always a pretty good carrot on a stick.

We both also still remain cautious and a bit guilty about using public washrooms on our little outings, a situation that in itself



leads to range anxiety.

Bottom line—we've become more content to stay at home and cruise around our small town now and then. It's not all doom and gloom. Fall is our

favourite driving season and it's now knocking on the door. I see a **One-Tank Holiday** taking form.

Our daughter made an interesting observation this summer. She said she now walks the way she was taught to drive; not following too closely; indicating her intentions to others; looking ahead for possible trouble; changing lanes to avoid others...the whole defensive driving thing done on shank's mare. And then there's the supermarket. How many of us, following the one-way arrows along the aisles have cursed when we overshot an item on our list and had to do a full 360 degree circuit to get back to the pasta sauce? It's the same exasperation as missing a freeway exit, but acted out on the small stage.

Keep staying healthy, everyone, and may these be the worst of your troubles. Till next time, Cheers!



**One more thing:** As the BBQ season begins to wind down, who knew there were specially marked parking places for fat men who like to grill?

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*NBCC Flywheel*

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