

The Special Breed

Wisconsin Jaguar Ltd Newsletter

Volume XXXVII No. 2

APRIL 2018

AMELIA ISLAND

CONCOURS

It seems that Fernandiana Beach, FL is a long way to go to spend time with friends from Wisconsin Jaguars Ltd but that is exactly what happened. Chris Werner, Jon Bauer, Deb Korneli, Jim and Sandy Block, Carrol and Carl Jensen and Mike Korneli enjoyed a warm Saturday looking at an amazing field of more than 300 cars. The Blocks spend the winter in Florida and the rest of the group rented a condo for 4 days and had a blast taking in all that the long weekend had to offer. It's a great place to catch up with car enthusiasts & friends from all over the country.



1985 XJR-5 owned By Randall & Jille Smalley. Randy brought the car to Road America in 2015



to race at the vintage races and attend the JCNA Challenge Championship hosted by WJL. It was really nice to talk with him again.

One of the featured marques was E-Type. There were 10



in the class. There is nothing prettier than a row of E-types; but then we are biased.

Another beauty on the field was a 1959 Lister-Jaguar.



Owned by Howard Turner from Atlanta, GA. This car was raced in the United Kingdom in the early 1960's.

The Amelia Island Concours is not just about the cars, it's about the people; from our old friends, the ones we just met and the ones we are yet to meet. Car people are the best!

Join us next year. Deb Korneli

UPCOMMING EVENTS

APRIL 21, 2018

DETAILING & NEW PRODUCT
TECH SESSION
COOK SUPPLY

Jeff Anderson

9 – noon

3590 N126th St.
Brookfield, WI

Lunch to follow
RSVP, by 4/16

Deb Korneli
262-629-5314
dkorneli54@charter.net

JUNE 9, 2018

SUMMER PICNIC

11:00-4:30

WEST BEND, WI

Mark & Kris O'Meara

&

CONCOURS JUDGES

QUALIFICATION 9:00am

John Boswell

WEST BEND, WI

RSVP by 4/4

mark.omeara.md@gmail.com

SPRING CHILI COOKOFF

As the name infers, March 24th
was a bit chilly!

Formerly known as the WJL Potluck, the Jensens thought it would be a good idea to soup things up a bit. What a great idea and members stepped up to the plate; or should I say bowl! 6 people competed for the coveted trophy, an insulated Jaguar coffee mug filled with chocolate.

The chili was judged by three esteemed club members, Mike Korneli, Maria Tammi and Mike Tople and surprisingly they all selected the winning pot. The winning chef was Jan Schlabowske. It must have been the bottle of Guinness that tipped the scales in his favor. The old family recipe for the "World's best Chili" was great! It just wasn't Jan's family recipe. It was from the Internet family.

As always there were plenty of great appetizers and desserts. The wine and conversation flowed as forty one members enjoyed the selection of chilies and caught up with each other. We all enjoyed seeing the new additions to the garage. A beautiful Austin Healey longing to be driven and a Stutz Bearcat waiting to be completed are great additions to the collection. And we can't forget to mention how gracious the 1948 Jaguar 3.8 Saloon was to share her space!

Thank you Carl and Carrol for opening your home and garage for us. It was a great kickoff for a season of fun events.

We hope to see you all at the Tech Session, the Summer Picnic and the Concours Judges Qualification session.

Deb Korneli



Hostess, Carrol Jensen & chef Jan Schlabowske



Alan Wilson pitching the Chicago Concours at the Polo Club



Catching up with Steve & Cindy Karstaedt

VINTAGE JAGUAR REPAIR, RESTORATION Jan Schlabowske



After four years of retirement, returning to Milwaukee, and the loss of Bonnie, I find too much unstructured time in my life. Therefore, I have decided to return to my passion of all things Jaguar. So, I removed the two car garage and built a new larger shop at home with a hoist, and purchased an XK8. I am ready to proceed. For more recent members who may be unfamiliar with my many past years of club membership, my 50 plus years of experience includes SS100, Mk 4, MK 5, XK, E Type, XKSS, C Type, MG T, and most early Rolls Royce, as well as a smattering of other classics.

I am adding later models to my repertoire, since I now own an X Type and vintage models are getting fewer and fewer. However, we do have a 1972 E type and an XJS in the shop as I write this. The 12 Cylinder cars are becoming of interest and they seem to scare a lot of folks and I'm too old to get scared.

My labor rate will be very favorable, since my overhead is not great and the fact that I tend to be a perfectionist, I kind of putter until its right.

Feel free to call or Email for consultation

(501-625-5031)woodworker9189@gmail.com

An (AUTO) biography of an 80 year old gear head.

Preface

This is the beginning of the story of a sixty year long road trip of loving, owning, driving, restoring, buying and selling great classic automobiles, with a focus on British Marqueses.

Starting in the beginning when I was a 19 year old paratrooper stationed in Munich Germany from 1955 through 1958, and learned to drive in a Austin Healey BN2 . The saga is not over, since at 80 years old I am still owning, driving and restoring British automobiles.

After a few years of retirement, and losing my wife Bonnie, I have returned to the way I made my living for over 50 years. That is working on and restoring British cars with the same focus of mostly Jaguar, in my newly constructed shop at my home.

I will attempt to not bore you with irrelevant details but will talk about the first Jaguar. A 1955 XK140 OTS that I bought shortly after returning from Germany. There will also be talk of seeing some of the Great Drivers at Nurburgring, including Fangio, De Portago, the wonderful Vanwall cars, 300SLR etc.

Passing through my shops, my hands and under my butt have been nearly every model of Jaguar (including 2, SS 100 restorations), Rolls Royce, Bentley MG, 300 SL, Aston Martin, Austin Healey, Ferrari, Sunbeam Tiger, Maserati, 3 Bizzarrini, (out of only 50) a show winning 29 Packard Dual cowl Phaeton, (the first restoration in my fledgling little business) and others.

For a gear head, I have been blessed with experiences that many car enthusiasts dream of. So, bear with me and join me in a memory lane "highway?"



09/17/2010 Jan Schlabowske

Chapter One

From White's Sweet Shop in Milwaukee to Road America VIA Nurburgring, Wilmot Hills, and Cleveland Avenue.

The saga really begins in the mid forties. I lived with an aunt and uncle till I was ten years old. My Mother and Aunt Fran were from Wausau Wisconsin. Every year my aunt and uncle Alex would load their three daughters, a foster child and me in their Chevy sedan and take a pilgrimage to my Grandparents farm in Wausau. My strongest memories were starting at about midnight, so it seems, because my uncle Alex was a conservative driver, and trundled along slowly on the highways of the day. He had a small fan attached to the dashboard of the car near the steering wheel for a defroster. Maybe with all the hot air from the gang the car's system was not adequate. Well the fan had no guard around the blades, which were made out of rubber. Every once in a while when Uncle Alex turned the steering wheel, one could hear the fan blades hitting his finger. Not a sound from him, but worrisome to us. Uncle Alex had one digit of a finger that was cut off in the past. To me it was the fan wearing down that finger. In reality he was a carpenter and lost it in an accident. Strange, I also have a

passion for woodworking as well as a missing part of a finger.

My memories of car stuff is slim until I moved in with my mother and her new husband. That was about 1948, and I was ten years old. We did not have a car and lived in the predominantly polish south side of Milwaukee. After a few years we moved to south 33rd Street, near my aunt and uncle. My first recollection of guys who were gearheads is that near White's Sweet Shop on Forest Home Ave. That is the first time I heard the term "shaved flywheel". Stange do flywheels grow beards? Also a fellow drove his dad's 1953 Olds 98 two door hardtop with loud "Smitty" mufflers and made it a point to wind it up and decelerate as he passed by. Wow! American muscle and cubic inches. Bob Small who lived out a bit, had a Ford Pickup. We would all pile in and he would drive out Forest Home Ave to the Whitnall park area, where we got great joy out of bumping up against those white and black posts at the corners, yanking them out, tossing them into the truck bed. Never did know what Bob used them for.

I went to school at what then was Boy's Tech. (known affectionately as "Bums College") Tech had a program where one could try out various shop courses for a few

weeks. I chose auto shop and woodworking. We took a bus on 2nd street home. A prank someone usually pulled was just as we boarded the bus someone would say "I smell smoke". Immediately everyone brushed the cuffs on their jeans to be sure no one flicked a cigarette butt in there. (in those days our parents bought jeans that would fit for a few years, so we often rolled up the cuffs.) I left before completing and joined the army. After basic training I volunteered for Airborne (Paratrooper) training and shipped to Fort Campbell Kentucky. I was assigned to the 11th Airborne Division, which was being shipped to Germany. The 11th Airborne Division was the real catalyst of me becoming a gearhead. The demographics were young men from Detroit, Chicago, Brooklyn, Los Angeles, and the south. Combine our youth and cultural background and you can understand "who else would volunteer to jump out of an airplane with bad guys shooting at you and you can't shoot back"! Natural selection at work?

My closest Friends Herb and Gary, were from LA. Gary came from a car family. His dad had an XK120 FHC and OTS. Herb had a special that was written about in Road and Track, with a Flathead Ford engine and a body reminiscent of a Healey Silverstone. They

also brought to my attention cool Jazz which I still love. On base were several interesting cars belonging to officers. A 300 SL, A Corvette, and a Tatra.

Herb purchased a 1956 Austin Healey BN2. This was what I learned to drive in. Man was I hooked. Together we joined The German American Sports Car Club of Munich. On any day in town one might see an early Ferrari, Gullwing, Triumph, Porsche 356, Alfa, even a C Type in a used car lot. Our club held Drag racing at a nearby AirBase. The organizers would not let the Vette run because he had the bumpers off. The local Porsche club would bring out the 550 Spyders. During one club driving event we came upon a beautiful hill in a small village in Bavaria. Hmmm an impromptu hill climb. We hunted down the village mayor, held a meeting in the local Gasthaus, and after several liters of German beer and a schnapps or two he called upon the local Polizie to block off the street and off we were.

During Herb and my many memorable trips was one to the Nurburgring to see what I think was a 100 Kilometer Sports car race. Seeing the great Vanwalls, Jags, Ferrari's, driven by Fangio, DePortago and other greats was a gift. I remember well, seeing a 300SL Gullwing

tour the track after the race. Doors open a beautiful young lady on each sill. Speaking of 300 SL, we visited the Deutsches Museum, where one of the famous 300 SLR race cars sat, open for me to climb into the seat. That would not happen today. Sadly it was that model that careened off the track at LeMans killing 88 people and causing MB to withdraw from racing for many years.

The return to the real world

In January 1958, I was honorably discharged at Ft. Sheridan and returned home. A 20 year old guy, who just left a few years of free swinging, restriction free, open Europe. I couldn't get a beer and had to have my parents' permission to buy a car. It almost made me want to enlist again. I started looking at MG T series. Step dad would not agree. So the next best thing was a 1955 Chevy Belair two door hardtop with a V8 and stick shift. Nice car. I immediately de-chromed the hood and deck, and hung Fuzzy dice from the rear view mirror. I got my old job back that I had before the army and started hanging out at Dave Kaza's Sinclair station on the corner of Lincoln Ave. and Forest Home. The building is still there. Mostly street rodders there. But it was about cars, wasn't it?

Our impromptu drag strip was Cleveland Avenue, between 27th street and 20th street. It went right through Forest Home Cemetery with no side streets. We could see both ends and stationed someone on each to warn against traffic and police. There was a footbridge across part way down. That was the finish line. A race or two was conducted nearly every night, between cruising Mitchell Street to pick up girls.

In the next issue...

Chapter Two

The XK 140.

GUIDED ZOO TOUR FOR 6

Behind-the-Scenes 2 hour tour
of the Milwaukee County Zoo
May – August
Reservations must be made 2
weeks in advance of your tour

Includes admission

Get your Zoo Pass from
Deb Korneli
call
262-629-5314
or
email
dkorneli54@charter.net





WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Kristi R Malone
Hartland, WI 53029
2018 XF Sedan Firenze Red

Donald & Leta Tupa
Bismarck, ND 58503
2005 XK8 British Racing Green

Order your Jaguar club Name Badges!

Wisconsin Jaguars Ltd. will provide individual name badges to new and veteran members for a nominal fee of \$10 per badge.

Please mail a check for \$10 for each badge, payable to WJL to:

John Boswell
724 Michigan Ave
South Milwaukee, WI 53172

Email your request to
sandra.jblock@gmail.com
Type your name as you wish it to appear on the name tag.

Indicate:	pin back
or	magnet back



THE JAG WISPERER

By: Jan Schlabowske

The problem

1989 XJS

Idle speed, too high
is commonly caused by a defective "Auxiliary Air Valve"

A 1989 XJS with 25,000 miles on it came in for service. The engine idled over 2500 RPM all the time. Upon diagnosis and web research it was discovered to be a defective AAV.

The AAV on an EFI engine functions like a fast idle cam on a conventional carbureted engine. This causes the engine to idle faster than normal as it warms up. The valve on a 12 cylinder XJS is located at the rear of the left hand cylinder head, right behind and below the air cleaner. (see photo) Here is how you can check if yours is defective. Start the car and warm it up. Remove the air cleaner cover and element on the left side. Cover the opening into the AAV. If it is your problem the idle speed will drop or even die.

The Fix

The best solution is to go online to Jaglovers.org or Google Jaguar AAV function. You will find several suggestions there. If the suggested fixes don't work, you can purchase the

valve with gasket and shipping for under \$250.00.



Jan will write a tech article for every issue of the Special Breed. If you have a problem please feel free to submit your question so Jan can share the answer in the next issue.

(501-625-5031)

woodworker9189@gmail.com

Thanks Jan for volunteering your time to help with the Special Breed.

If anyone else has something to contribute to the newsletter, please send it to:
dkorneli54@charter.net

TECH SESSION

APRIL 21, 2018

DETAILING & NEW PRODUCTS

COOK SUPPLY

9am – 12:00pm

3590 N126th St. Brookfield, WI

Lunch

on our own

to follow

At

Capital Café

RSVP

April 16th

Deb Korneli 262-629-5314

dkorneli54@charter.net

SUMMER PICNIC

JUNE 9, 2018

11:00-4:30

WEST BEND, WI

Mark & Kris O'Meara

&

CONCOURS

JUDGES

QUALIFICATION

9:00am

John Boswell

WEST BEND, WI

RSVP by 4/4

mark.omeara.md@gmail.com

A PEEK INSIDE

THE PRIDE

MIKE KORNELI
PRESIDENT

bought our first Jaguar. Our choice was a Regency Red Series III E-Type 2+2. It made sense with 2 children. I could have bought a Series I E-Type Roadster for the same price.



If there is such a thing as a car gene; I was born with it. Maybe I have multiple genes because if it moves, I like it. When I was very young my mom said I could name every car that went by. My interest in Jaguar started at an early age too. I was probably 8 or 9 years old when we would drive into Milwaukee to see my aunt and uncle. We had to drive past the Jaguar dealer in Theinsville. My nose would be glued to the window. The seed was planted. My early driving days were all about muscle cars. They were more affordable and easier to work on. It wasn't until I was married with children that we

Could I go back and do that over please? The year was around 1985.

We joined the Jag Club almost immediately. I can't remember how we learned about it. No Google. No Internet. How the heck did we find anything? The first meeting we attended was in a bar/restaurant; I think? There may have been 3 or 4 members plus us. The only one I can remember is John Boswell. Eventually I became President the first time. Deb and I ran the Concours for a number of years.

Over the years we have acquired a few Jaguars and I have been racing one for 20 years.



My passion for cars goes beyond owning and driving them. Most of my spare time is spent restoring and working on them. I am currently restoring a 1934 SSI.



This car was originally exported to Buenos Aires. I found it on Ebay and have had it since 2005. It's been patiently waiting its turn for a makeover. As you can see in the picture, someone was turning him into street rod but I intend to take him back to his former self. This will be my biggest challenge yet. Many hours have been spent searching for parts. Trips to England, Hershey; whatever it takes. It's a dirty job but someone has to do it.

In the end, being in the club is about making friends that happen to have similar interests. The best way to get something out of your membership is to come to an event and get involved