

Essex Thameside News

N° 204, April 2024



Contents

2. Chairman's message
3. Forthcoming Events
4. My Fourth is an F
6. Lady Docker and the Demise of Daimler
10. Quiz: Jags on the Silver Screen
11. Answers to last month's Quiz



Chairman's message

Steve Rider
 chairman@jecessexthameside.co.uk

Hello Essex Thameside members,

I would like to start by expressing a big thank you to all of our members for expressing their faith in the committee by re-electing us en masse for the next 12 months. I would also like to thank the majority of our members who have now renewed their membership for a further 12 months. Please also give a warm welcome to our latest new member, Sue Sharpe.

The last 12 months have been busy, to say the least, with new committee members and a new home for our club nights. I will not pretend that the new location has suited everyone but it is undoubtedly more convenient for the bulk of club members, and the venue itself is clearly better than our previous base.

We will shortly be issuing a final reminder to those who have not yet renewed and who have perhaps been put off by the change in location. Consequently I would like to thank them for their previous support but also express genuine sadness that they will be missing out on an exciting period for the club. There are more car shows, events and functions planned than we've seen for a number of years. Similarly club nights are being revamped with a combination of guest speakers, food and planned entertainment.

Likewise we are about to issue invitations to our membership for our planned 35th anniversary barbecue. As part of this subsidised event, we will be providing a range of entertainments, music and an 'all you can eat' barbecue courtesy of our regular catering provider Beck and Call Ltd.




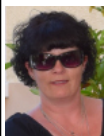


The 2024 show season has kicked off with visits to Gaydon and the British Motor Museum at the start of the month, courtesy of the Jaguar Breakfast Club, and the return on Easter Sunday of a previously regular feature on our calendar, the Transport Fest at the Museum of Power inn Langford near Maldon.

Coming up in quick succession in April are the Goodwood Members Meeting, our club's return trip to the Netherlands, which is fully booked, and of course the charity Drive It Day, starting in Stow Maries and organised by the Rotary Mayflower Group. Finally, our Events Coordinator Lester Magness has organised a visit to the De Havilland Aircraft Museum at London Colney.

All of these events give us an opportunity to indulge in our joint interest and, as such, I have recently been reminded of a saying by Françoise Sagan: "Money may not buy happiness, but I'd rather cry in a Jaguar than on a bus".

I look forward to seeing as many of you as possible at our next club night meeting on the 23rd April.

Steve

Committee Members					
	Richard Gibby Treasurer, Webmaster and Editor rwgibby@icloud.com		Ian Croxson Secretary ian@thecroxsons.com		Lester Magness Vice Chairman and Social Secretary lestermagness1@gmail.com
	Beverly Warren Membership Secretary membership@jecessexthameside.co.uk		Neil Shanley Committee member and Co-editor neilshanley@btinternet.com		Vaughn High Committee Member vaughn.high@sky.com

Forthcoming Events

Monthly club nights:

Club night meetings usually start at 7pm on the last (or third) Tuesday of the month and take place at the Essex Police Sports & Social Club, 50 St Margarets Road, Chelmsford CM2 6DT.

23 April; 21 May; 25 June; 23 July; 27 August; 17 September; 22 October; 19 November; 17 December.

Shows, events and trips:

13-14 April	Goodwood Road Racing Club - 81 st Members Meeting
15-20 April	Netherlands Tour [fully booked]
21 April	Drive-It Day with the Billericay Mayflower Rotary Club. 45-mile drive, starting from Stow Maries airfield. £20 per car. Email ClassicCarRotaryMayflower@gmail.com to book
28 April	Visit to De Havilland Aircraft Museum, London Colney [contact Lester to book]
28 April	Jaguars at the Electric Vehicles Festival, Stanford Hall, Lutterworth
11 May	JEC Technical Seminar on the Jaguar XK8 (X100 models 1996-2005), Stoke-on-Trent
18-19 May	Beaulieu Spring Autojumble
19 May	Rickinghall Classic Car Show with JEC Essex & Suffolk Borders [contact Neil for details]
2 June	St Osyths Classic Car day with Essex & Suffolk Borders region
15-16 June	Fathers Day Motorfest, Kings Farm, Writtle
23 June	Hatfield Heath Classic Car Festival [contact Neil for details]
23 June	Simply Jaguar, National Motor Museum, Beaulieu
23 June	Little Waltham Open Gardens & Classic Car Show
11-14 July	Goodwood Road Racing Club - Festival of Speed
14 July	Orsett Classic & Vintage Show [contact Lester to book]
28 July	JEC 40th Anniversary Summer Festival, British Motor Museum, Gaydon
10 August	Essex Thameside 35th Anniversary Barbecue, Essex Police Sports & Social Club
23-25 August	Silverstone Festival
1 September	Classics at Glemham Hall, Little Glemham, Woodbridge, Suffolk, IP13 0BT
6-8 September	Goodwood Road Racing Club - Revival meeting
14-15 September	Beaulieu International Autojumble
8-10 November	Lancaster Classic Motor Show at NEC Birmingham



My Fourth is an F

My love of Jaguars started when the E-Type was produced, back in the early '60s. I often hoped that I might eventually get a Jaguar at some stage of my life. It came about in 2005, when I obtained a 2002 Jaguar X-Type 2.5 litre AWD. I really loved that car and looked after it until my love of the XK8 took over my desire and I obtained a 2005 XK8 4.2 litre convertible in 2013, for my 60th birthday. I have cherished this, and I still do; regularly polished and garaged, the car looks amazing and hasn't fallen victim to any rust as a result of my attention.

In 2018, I had the chance of purchasing a 1999 3.2 litre Jaguar XJ8 for just £300! (although I've spent about £8,000 on the car since then, which has made it look new and drive like new). It's the same colour as my XK8 and the pair looked amazing together on my driveway.

Back in 2013-14, when Jaguar released the F-Type, I was smitten although, at over £60k, purchasing one new was out of consideration then. However, now retired and with a very understanding wife, I was determined to get one although, sadly, it meant I had to sell my XJ8, due to lack of space on my driveway.

I wanted one of the early F-Types, in particular a coupé, as I intend to keep my XK8 for when the sun comes out, and the F-Type for when it doesn't.

Searching the Auto Trader website, I came across a red one locally to me at a garage which was within my budget and I went over to see it. It was a 2015 3.0 litre V6 380ps with just 19,000 miles. However, on inspection there were a number of chips around the car and the seats and door cards, which had originally been black and had been painted Ivory (badly).

I rejected this and went back to Auto Trader to see if I could find a better car. A week later, I found one at Stratstones of Nottingham. In red again, the car had everything I wanted: panoramic roof, rear reversing camera, 3.0 litre V6 380ps, full service history and only 18,000 miles since new. I rang the dealership and made arrangements for a test drive on Sunday 3rd March. My wife and I left Essex at 7am and drove 140 miles Nottingham.

The car was as described and near perfect in every way. For a nine year old car, I was surprised to find no stone chips anywhere. There were a couple of small scratches on the inside pillar of the driver's door and there was an issue with the tyre pressure sensor, which the dealer indicated he would get sorted with a new MOT delivering it to me, free of charge, in Essex, thus saving us the time and cost of a train journey to Nottingham.

After reading the F-Type model section in March's Jaguar Enthusiasts magazine, I decided to do something about protecting the wheels. In the past, I had fitted some Alloygator wheel protection to my XK8. These have been a godsend and have protected the wheels, particularly the front nearside, numerous times, but they must be fitted by an approved supplier. However I was easily able to fit the Rimblades on my XJ8 by myself. They stick onto the wheel rim and again provide protection against kerbing the alloys. This is the route I will take for my F-Type. I'm looking forward to taking the F-Type for a spin around the roads of Essex and beyond!

Doug Warren



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Lady Docker and the Demise of Daimler

Editor: March's edition of the Jaguar Enthusiast magazine contained an interesting article ('A story of arranged marriages') about the magnificent Daimler V8s designed by Edward Turner. This inspired me to reproduce a witty article written by the late art critic Brian Sewell, who was a renowned aficionado of Daimler cars.

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Poor Daimler, now reduced to a mere label on a Jaguar without a jot of authenticity. It was once one of the grandest of all marques, the favourite of British kings, and an object of desire among the maharajahs of the east, but its nemesis was Nora

Docker, a sometime dancing-girl who worked her wiles on millionaires as often as she danced the minuet or mamba.

In the history of British motoring Nora and her Docker Daimlers are mocked—she for being common and

they for reflecting, 50 years before their time, the taste of footballers' wives. But the cold eye of reason sees two other sides to the phenomenon: that Daimler's refusal to acknowledge change had most to do with its decline, and that Nora's sense of style, though irredeemably vulgar in detail, in the far more important matters of line and form was by no means to be sniffed at.

Nora was Daimler's mistress of design from 1951 to 1956 because her husband, Sir Bernard, was master of its board. The first foundation for her flair was a chassis more than 12ft long, a straight-eight engine from the mists of time that, for all its 5.5 litres, developed only the 150 bhp that is the commonplace of 2-litre engines now, and a ponderous transmission based on the now forgotten fluid flywheel and pre-selecting 'spicyolic' [epicyclic] gearbox.

When Nora's bodies were added, some three tons of car was ready for the road. No matter how wonderful it looked, the most expert driver could never persuade these turbine-smooth machines to reach a mile-a-minute in less than 30 seconds, nor compel them to cruise at more than a tad beyond 80mph.

The Docker Daimler was intended to strike dumb with awe the pedestrian peasantry of Bond Street and Biarritz. Nora's first design, of 1951, was known as The Gold Car, a limousine embellished with 7,000 gold stars; from bonnet to tailpipe all that should have been chrome was gold, and the interior was trimmed in golden camphor wood and gold brocade.

At the 1952 Motor Show she exhibited a close-coupled two-door coupe, long and lithe, that looked as though it could cruise for ever at unheard-of speed, but then she painted it an absurdly feminine combination of pale grey and powder blue.

In the interior, there were matched lizard skins dyed gray-blue, and the steering wheel too was trimmed in this repellent material. This car exemplified Docker Daimler: a superbly balanced form ruined by bad taste and an engine old enough to have pumped the bilges in Noah's Ark.

In 1953 Nora produced the Silver Flash, the chassis probably that of the Conquest Century, and the engine a 3-litre, six-cylinder version of a design first produced in 1934. The body, however, would still seem utterly modern now if adapted to be a Bentley Continental saloon. If only the interior had not been a ghastly confusion of black leather and red crocodile.

Nora's last car was the Golden Zebra, constructed on a limousine chassis with a 6-cylinder engine of 4.6-



Edward II did not have to wait as many months before his usurpers stuck their red-hot poker up his arse.

A Daimler aficionado, I am inclined to write an elegiac obituary, but we all know the bones of it. Apart from having Gottlieb Daimler on its board in 1895, it was an entirely English company. In 1900, Edward VII—then Prince of Wales—took delivery of the first of many royal Daimlers (young Queen Elizabeth II bought them by the dozen, but the Duke of Edinburgh, dubbing them gutless, put an end to that. The Queen Mother still used them). In 1910

litres. A two-door coupe developed from the Silver Flash, but longer and wider, it was ivory white, embellished with gold, its upholstery in zebra skin.

Nora's cars sat three abreast in front and two behind, so that rear passengers could see ahead; they had rear seats that folded away; rear windows with heaters and de-misters; boots were lined with insulation so that picnic butter would not melt. Nora may have been common, vulgar, crass and brash, but within her barmaid bosom lurked a woman of uncommon vision, flair and pragmatism.

Forced out of Daimler in 1956, traces of her influence lasted another four years and then the firm fell into the jaws of Jaguar and was, in all but name, obliterated.

Somewhere on the facade of Jaguar's factory there should be a blue plaque to Nora Docker, Intuitive Designer.

It has at last leaked out that Daimler has been laid to rest by Jaguar (resurrection is always a doubtful possibility in these circumstances). In terms of even Byzantine or medieval usurpation it has been a long, slow business, the oldest of English marques not quite chopped short by its despoiler in 1960, but emasculated, blinded, hands amputated and, with its tongue cut out, silenced in futile protest as its name, titles and prestige were transferred to cars that were entirely Jaguars, the deceit concealed by grander Daimler radiators. Forty-four years in the killing?

the firm amalgamated with BSA; in 1930 Daimler absorbed Lanchester and turned a worthy competitor into a joke car for elderly ladies unable to change gear; in 1960 Jaguar bought the firm, in 1972 Jaguar then fell into the maw of British Leyland and in 1989 became a subsidiary of Ford—for Daimler a wretched end.



Yet this was the first British marque to offer V-12 engines—sardonically and cynically recalled by Jaguar when they called theirs the Double-Six. In the Twenties there were two of these, of 7,136ccs and 3,744ccs, when Rolls-Royce offered only ordinary straight sixes of much the same capacity; in the Thirties there were two more. This was the firm that in 1930 introduced the first form of automatic gearbox in any car. In the Thirties, profiting from the absorption

of Lanchester and that marque's wonderful overhead camshaft straight eight of 4.5-litres, Daimlers were powered by a wider range of straight eight engines, silky smooth, than any other marque—one of them, of only 3,421ccs, in head-on competition with the 3.5-litre Bentley and the 20/25 Rolls-Royce. This hey-day is now remembered for Daimler's carriage trade, for the imposing limousines that ferried monarchs and maharajahs down The Mall, but both straight-eights and the Double-Sixes could be mounted in low-slung chassis and, clad in close-coupled coupés, be hustled fast across the Alps on Monte Carlo Rallies.

At the very end of its life, in a sleek two-seater variant of the otherwise dumpy Conquest Century and the quirky but brilliant fibreglass Dart (SP 250) with the 2.5-litre V-8 engine that Jaguar was happy to install as a touch of engineering class in the body of their 2.4, Daimler was still clinging to the sporting half of their tradition. No, Daimlers were not just for rich old fogeys. As an aside, it is worth recalling that when the Luftwaffe destroyed Coventry Cathedral it took care to drop no fewer than 170 high explosive bombs on the Daimler factory down the road.

Daimler as Daimler was never a mass manufacturer; even after the Second World War a few of its cars could be numbered in 10s, and most in hundreds. Only 608 of the Special Sports Drophead Coupé were made, a body designed and built by Barker. Like all smaller Daimlers, it was pitched at the man of reasonable means who wanted a car with the refinement and serenity of a limousine that, in engineering, spoke of quality and, in style, of discreet modernity—with an open car it could be a shade daring and less sedate.

On a chassis of more than nine feet, Barker had room to spare to fit a body that was linear and elegant, a residual wing-line swooping from front to rear, its long and lofty nose balanced by a sweeping boot over spatted wheels, parti-coloured to exaggerate the line. Within these clichés of elegance, it was surprisingly spacious. The bench seat could accommodate three abreast (we were all smaller half a century ago) and the rear seat was usually sideways-facing and disastrous for the hairdos of all women and most balding men; in my car this single seat was replaced by a removable bench wide enough for three more passengers - and this could be abandoned when vast quantities of luggage had to be carried. By some quirk the car was almost free of draughts with the hood down and was a delight to drive open in mid-winter, fast.

It was not, however, a sports car—special or

otherwise. Its engine was too small. It was powered by a well-tryed 2.5-litre six-cylinder unit of old-fashioned design. In its earliest incarnation in 1937 it developed with two carburettors only 85bhp at 4,200rpm, and it had to haul two tons if four passengers were on board.

With the traditional Daimler transmission of fluid fly wheel and epicyclic gears that were changed by dint of a pre-selector lever on the steering column and a push-button on the floor in place of a clutch (impossible to stall), acceleration was not an issue at the lights—one simply didn't bother to compete. Its maximum speed was just over 80mph, at which, in overdrive fourth, the rpm was 3,500, it could settle on an autobahn giving 20mpg—but to reach that speed took at least a minute.

It had a number of thoughtful touches: a hidden switch in the wiring—different in every car—confounded thieves who thought it, hood down, easy to steal; if the windscreen wipers weakened in a snowstorm they could be boosted manually with a stout knob on the dashboard, and it had the old-fashioned luxury of a radiator blind.

It also had old-fashioned non-luxuries: it consumed engine oil at 500 miles a pint and 3,000 miles was the distance between major oil checks and changes; at 25,000 miles or so it might well be necessary to de-coke the engine—a major but essential chore that we then took in our stride.

Cared for, it was a car that seemed to go on for ever; mine went to Sicily and Portugal, followed the pilgrim route to Compostella, swanned a hundred times over the Alps and took me to most galleries and museums in Europe. At 250,000 miles I gave it to a friend and bought another Daimler. I should have put it in a barn for forty years and let Christie's discover it. I should have done that with all my dozen Daimlers, for old Daimlers are now rare, far rarer than Rolls-Royces. Or I should have installed a larger engine. The chassis was strong enough to deal even with the brilliant 4.5-litre V8 that was Daimler's triumph in the 1959 Majestic Major, the last true Daimler through and through.

A Daimler Special Sports is now advertising Kronenburg beer; it is immaculate in red and cream, but Lord knows what the rear seat passenger is sitting on. Is it, I wonder, the Earls Court Motor Show car of 1948 that in that livery won the silver medal of the Institute of British Carriage Builders? Eheu, eheu...

Brian Sewell



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Jags On The Silver Screen

Name the film/TV show, Jaguar model and one star of the film from which the still is from.



Figure 1



Figure 2



Figure 3



Figure 4



Figure 5



Figure 6



Figure 7



Figure 8

Answers to March Behind the Wheel Quiz

1. Total Recall, Arnold Schwarzenegger



2. The Beverly Hillbillies, Buddy Ebsen, Max Baer Jr, Irene Ryan, Donna Douglas



3. In A Lonely Place, Gloria Graham, Humphrey Bogart



4. Some Like it Hot, Joe E. Brown, Jack Lemmon



5. Edward Scissorhands, Johnny Depp, Dianne Wiest



6. The Living Daylights, Timothy Dalton, Maryam d'Arbo



7. Grease, Olivia Newton-John, John Travolta



8. Notorious, Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman



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