The Jaguar's Purr©

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May 2016

DVJC April 2016 Breakfast



The Delaware Valley Jaguar Club had their monthly breakfast on April 17, 2016. The location was the Spring House Tavern on Bethlehem Pike in Spring House, PA. Attendees in the photo (L to R) are Mike Wolf, Ella Jane Kunkle, Gerry Kunkle, Max Sandler, Carolyn Shaner, Tom Shaner, Martha Kob, Leo Kob, Denise Sjoreen, Jim Sjoreen, Irena Merluzzi, Paul Merluzzi, Gary Feldman, Eloise Berry, and Eric Berry. See page 11 for more information about the breakfasts.



NOTICE—It's never too late to renew your membership in the Delaware Valley Jaguar Club. The membership fee is \$55.00. If all your information is the same as last year please feel free to send a check to Ann Perry made out to DVJC. If any of your information has changed please use the renewal form on page 18. Please remember the membership directory and listing of vehicles owned is shared only with active members.

Newsletter Contents

Advertising Rates3
List of Officers3
Upcoming DVJC Events4
Other Interesting Events4
President's Mewsings5
Roving Reporter9
DVJC Breakfast Socials11
DVJC Concours12-13
Membership Renewal Time has Passed 14
DVJC Visits Amelia Island15
DVJC Membership Renewal Form18
Delaware River Scenic Drive



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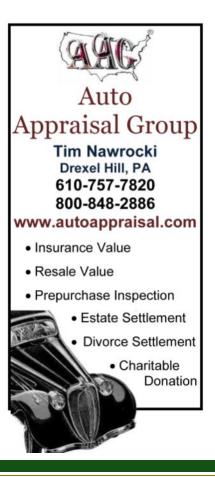
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DVJC Badge \$10.00 JCNA Badge \$30.00 DVJC License Plate \$6.00 Packing & Postage \$3.00

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Upcoming DVJC Events

May 15, 2016 DVJC Breakfast Social (see p. 11)

June 19, 2016 Spring House Tavern, 1032 Bethlehem Pike,

Spring House, PA 19477

Contact: Paul Merluzzi pawlym@aol.com Please RSVP

May 17, 2016 or Concours d'Elegance Judge's Training

May 19, 2016 1014 S. Concord Road

5:00 pm t0 9:00 pm Oakbourne Mansion, Westtown, PA

Contact: Charles Olson, cwolson29@comcast.net

June 4, 2016 DVJC Annual Concours d'Elegance (see pp. 12—13)

Pre-registration required for Champion, Driven and

Special Divisions

Oakbourne Mansion, Westtown, PA

Contact: Charles Olson, cwolson29@comcast.net

June 18, 2016 Delaware River Scenic Drive (see p. 19)

Yardley Inn to The Ship Inn Yardley, PA to Milford, NJ

Contact: Rich Rosen 609-92307655

rosen244@verizon.net

Other Interesting Events

May 14, 2016 Ragtops & Roadsters Open House

203 South Fourth Street

Perkasie, PA

Contact: www.ragtops.com

August 13—14, 2016 New Hope Automobile Show

New Hope—Solebury High School

New Hope, PA

Contact: www.newhopeautoshow.com

President's Mewsings May 2016

Mother's Day

I am writing this column on Mother's Day evening after return-

ing from Boston where my college class of 1966 celebrated its 50th anniversary. It was a nostalgic weekend, seeing old friends and discovering the larger than expected number of classmates who passed away. That is something that I have learned to face as I approach my mid-70s. I was also reminded that my Mother passed away at my age in 1990 after battling leukemia for five years. She was a great woman and I still miss her and think about her often. When she was finally losing the battle to leukemia, I was with her day and night and the memories from my childhood were constantly streaming through my mind. I wrote the following shortly after she passed away – much of which I had to confirm with my Father.

<u>Julia Basile Merluzzi December 18, 1917 -</u> November 16, 1990

My mother died today. She was 72 years old, just about one month short of her 73rd birthday, and a little less than a year short of her 50th Wedding anniversary, and a year and a half short of seeing her first grandchild, my daughter Ericka, graduate from college. The latter was one of her cherished goals in life. But leukemia has a way of cutting down one's goals and desires - not to mention one's spirit and human dignity.

My mother was a very old 72 when she died, even though she was a very young 67 (going on 47) when the disease was first diagnosed. She was a very young 71-year-old before the disease got down to business. Leukemia works that way. When it decides to quit toying around with the latest inadequate marvels of modern medicine, it ravages the body, quickly weakening it and making it easy prey for any number of lesser afflictions. A simple cold is hard to shake, and bronchitis is cause for panic and fear. A nosebleed can have disastrous effects and minor cuts and scratches are to be avoided at all cost.

The immune system loses all right to be called by that name, once leukemia decides to get serious. You can't hug the grandchild with the sniffly nose. You must be careful in church, at the movies, in a restaurant. Those germs are everywhere, and

just one of those little suckers making its way into your leukemia-weakened body can wreak havoc for days, for months, and sometimes forever. Technically, my mother did not die directly from leukemia. She died from a stroke and complications due to pneumonia. But leukemia allowed it to happen. Leukemia is a bully; it starts a fight, but hardly ever finishes it. It is a disease that opens the door and invites in other maladies and

afflictions to do the final dirty work.

During her final hours in the hospital, I talked to her, read to her, and touched her - but I don't know if she could hear me or see me or feel me. Her eyes were unblinking and focused off in the distance. I was talking to her, but memories were streaming through my brain - things I had not thought about for years, apparently archived away for this moment. It was frustrating. I wanted my thoughts to slow down, but I was afraid to stop them because I might lose one or two if I blocked the pathway.

My earliest recollections were from my 3rd and 4th years when we lived in a small, second floor apartment on the north side of Waterbury, Connecticut.

I remember nagging her for several days for a taste of her morning coffee as we had breakfast together. She finally relented by giving me a sip of lukewarm, unsweetened, black coffee - no doubt feeling that would cure a three-year-old's craving for the stuff. But she was wrong. I loved it and we enjoyed a cup together every morning after that (mine was suitably diluted with milk, but I still preferred it unsweetened). One of the world's true coffee-holics was created that day.

I remember that she made a beautiful carousel cake for my fourth birthday, and then spoiled the party (at least in my mind) by lining up all the girls to give me a birthday kiss on the cheek.

I remember getting my first lesson on the evils of greed and selfishness from her during our frequent visits to my maternal grandfather's shoe repair shop. He entrusted me with carrying a nickel and a dime home for my younger brother, Tom, and me. The dime was for me since I was older, and the nickel was for Tom. Of course, not understanding the value of the coins, I felt that getting the smaller one was cheating me. So on

President's Mewsings May 2016 (continued)

each occasion, I gave Tom the dime and I kept the nickel, which did not go unnoticed by my mother. She didn't say a word until the coins accumulated, and then she gave me a lesson in the value of money. My immediate reaction was to try to claim what I thought was rightfully mine. Her response was to praise my generosity for giving Tom the larger share of the money, and to make it very clear that taking back the larger share was not acceptable.

I remember walking down our street, Wood Street, with her as she pushed Tom in a carriage. As a young black girl approached us, I pointed to her and asked, "Is that a nigger?" I remember the girl stopping in her tracks and starting to cry - and my mother reaching out to her and apologizing to her and reassuring her that that word was not part of the vocabulary in our home. And I remember the quick change from compassion to strict disciplinarian as she got very close to me and told me not to use that word again ... anywhere ... anytime. I had no idea what I did, but I knew that I would never do it again.

I remember the horrified look on her face when I told her that the older boy who worked in the store next to our house was taking me behind the store and into a car and showing me his "thing". I have no idea what she did, but those incidents never happened again.

I remember tagging along with her and my maternal grandmother, who lived a few blocks away on lves Street, as they visited my grandmother's friends in the neighborhood. It seems like all the houses we visited had mini-arboretums with at least one rose trellis at each stop. The smells were wonderful, and I loved being with my mother and grandmother.

I remember her being visibly upset on her 30th birthday when she could not get into a favorite pair of riding pants. The picture remained in my head for many years because she was so upset, but it didn't make sense until I was old enough to realize her anger at the residual weight gain after two pregnancies.

I remember her dressing in a costume each Halloween and accompanying my siblings and me as we toured our neighborhood. Not unusual you

say? But it is when the tradition carried into our teen years and beyond, even after we all left home. Only one thing stopped the oldest kid on the block from trick-or-treating. Leukemia.

A few months after my fifth birthday, we moved to a brand new, modern, "all-electric" single family home in a wooded area on the west side of Waterbury. It was out in the sticks, but it provided the key to her independence that she treasured so much. Because of the remote location, she was one of the first in her circle of friends to drive a car. And once she started, she never stopped until ...

I still remember her advancing from timid, to cautious, to mildly aggressive as she mastered the black 1950 Mercury Custom Coupe with a 3-speed on the column. Tom and I cheered wildly when she first passed another car. She was also ahead of her time in passive restraint technology. Whenever she sensed any problems, her right arm came straight out in front of the passenger seat. If you were sitting there, you were either going to be saved from impending disaster or you were going to be bruised (or worse) from something akin to a martial arts maneuver.

I remember my paternal grandmother coming to our house for dinner every other Sunday. It was a typical multi-course Italian dinner that always included pasta. My grandmother was a stickler for having everything "home-made", particularly the pasta sauce. Every once in a while when my mother had a particularly busy week wheeling around in her Mercury, she stopped at Grotto's Restaurant to pick up pasta sauce, which she "doctored-up" with her own array of spices, because she did not have time to make the real thing. I remember my siblings and me prodding my grandmother to give her opinion of the sauce (the opinion was always positive) and then pushing my mother to the edge by trying to get her to divulge her secret recipe (she never did).

I remember her disappearing for a few days in June of 1953, and then coming home with my sister Julie. I remember the close relationship they had. Julie, even as a teenager snuggled on my mother's lap as they watched television.

President's Mewsings May 2016 (continued)

I remember that we always regretted the morning after the Miss America Pageant. Without fail, we were awakened by my mother draped in an outfit put together from articles she scooped up in the linen closet, singing "There she is ... " in a poor (even by amateur standards) contralto voice while flitting across our bedroom.

I remember her being there at the important events in my life - the graduations and the sporting events in particular. When I was playing baseball in grade school, CYO, and Babe Ruth leagues, she never missed a game. She was also developing her famous split-fingered curse (aimed at our opponents), which was not fully perfected until my youngest brother Jay's high school basketball team won the Connecticut State Championship. My brother and his friends refused to recognize her contribution (I might add they were embarrassed at her relentless cheerleading to the point of denying any relationship with her and my father refused to sit with her at the games). I wouldn't mind having her splitfingered curse helping me along next year when I try my hand at vintage sports car racing. I was a true believer.

I remember that she was not at a couple of important events in my life, due totally to my own stupidity and insensitivity. When I received my Master's and Ph.D. degrees in engineering, attending the ceremonies was not a big deal to me. Graduate school was more like a job. I was just happy to meet the requirements and get on with next phase of my life. Why did it take nearly a decade of my life to understand that I deprived her of some very important moments and memories? Was it just coincidence that the realization came when my daughter graduated from grade school?

It took me a while to realize that our house was probably the only one in the country where the trash collectors were invited in for breakfast or coffee from time to time - particularly during the cold New England winters. It just did not seem unusual to come downstairs in the morning and join them, or the mailman, or the bread delivery man, or the milk man while they enjoyed a hot drink and something to eat. She was such a giving person. Even in her final days in the hospital, she was a source of cheer and joy to those around her - patients and professionals alike.

I remember that she always hated having a birth-

day close to Christmas and one year declared that we would be celebrating her birthday on October 18th rather than December 18th from then on. That lasted for one or two years.

I remember her taking in my friends, any number and any time from all phases of my life; feeding them and making them feel like they lived in our home all their lives. I can't remember the number of times I had a friend tell me how lucky I was to have her for a mother.

I remember her taking a lot of teasing when she put on a few pounds. She still insisted that she moved faster than each of the younger waitresses with whom she worked at the Robinwood Luncheonette. Jay argued that was because she was closer to wherever she was going before she started.

I remember her getting upset at numerous family functions when my brothers and I would draw straws, and the <u>loser</u> would dance with her. She was a big woman, but light on her feet and a tireless dancer until...

I remember her warning me to behave whenever I went out on a date in my teen years, because she probably knew someone in my date's family. And she usually did. She had such a network of friends going all the way back to her childhood.

I remember that she declared herself the protector of any female I brought home for a visit with my family. My female friends and I were never left alone for a moment. Why did she think anyone needed protection from me?

I remember how concerned she was when Tom announced his plans to marry Bernadette, a vivacious, intelligent black girl. She was not upset because it was a bi-racial marriage per se. She was upset because she feared they would be the targets of ignorance, bigotry and racial bias from others. She was right, to a certain extent, when a couple of her 'close' friends turned out to be the worst offenders. But her concerns faded when they made their marriage work and my mother grew to love Bernadette very deeply. She was devastated when Bernadette was cut down by cancer in 1984.

I remember being devastated around Easter in 1985 when I found out that my mother had leukemia, and a great sense of relief to find out that there was a good chance that it could be con-

President's Mewsings May 2016 (continued)

trolled. But there is a big difference between controlling the disease and not having the disease at all. Leukemia weakened her and slowly took her independence and her stamina. It aged her. But she still insisted on going out with her friends for breakfast or lunch, even though she had to sleep for several hours to recover from the exhaustion after a one-hour visit.

I remember her looking gaunt and wrinkled in early 1990 as she struggled to keep her weight up after she battled the opposite problem for most of her life.

I remember our phone conversations getting shorter and shorter because she was too weak to stay on the phone for very long. Prior to the onset of leukemia, my father used to say that her all-time shortest phone conversation was twenty minutes - and that was a wrong number. Not far from the truth.

I remember her conceding her independence to the disease and being so grateful to my Dad for taking over all of the tasks and chores that she could no longer do.

I remember that she was rushed to the Emergency Room of St. Mary's Hospital on October 25, 1990 with pneumonia. Later, I remember being thrilled that she was feeling better and was going to try to lick that damn leukemia with some stronger medication after being encouraged by my brother Jay, a researcher in immunology.

I remember getting the phone call at the DuPont Company in Parkersburg, WV on November 9, 1990 telling me that she had a stroke and I broke down in the meeting that I was chairing.

I remember seeing her several days later, speechless and paralyzed on the right side from the stroke; but still in good humor and telling us to call her "Lefty" from now on. I remember her pulling me close to her with her left hand and pressing my hand so close to her lips that I thought she would hurt herself. I remember leaving that night and telling her that I would see her in the morning.

I remember seeing her the next day, but not before the stroke took away her last remaining ability to communicate and translate. She was reduced to a blank stare focused off in the distance, with labored breathing and no apparent intelligent connection to the outside world. I remember talking to her and touching her and reading her get well cards to her over and over again ... with no noticeable response.

I remember her breathing getting more labored and irregular on Friday morning at around 1:00 am. Just before her last few breaths, she turned her head toward me and her eyes focused on me for the first time in four days. I couldn't tell if she was asking for help or telling me that she was OK

I remember her dying on Friday, November 16, 1990 at 3:30am.

<u>Upcoming Events – Mark Your Calendar</u>

Breakfast Social - May 15

The Spring House Tavern at 1032 Bethlehem Pike in Spring House PA continues to be a popular spot for our breakfast socials.

Concours d'Elegance - June 4

The JCNA sanctioned Concours d'Elegance in conjunction with The Cars and Motorcycles of England Show will be held on June 4, 2016 at the Oakbourne Mansion in Westtown. In addition to planning and organizing this event, the biggest task is the assembly and training of certified judges.

We need more help in this area, so if you are interested in learning about this task, contact Chief Judge Kurt Rappold (610-358-4055) or Event Chairman Charlie Olson (215-757-2028, <a href="mailto:cwolor:c

We also need volunteers to help with the parking – collecting money and directing cars to specified parking areas. If you would like to volunteer for an hour of parking duty, contact Paul Merluzzi (pawlym@aol.com or 610-696-3221).



Roving Reporter - May 2016

By Michael Tate

LE MANS IN JUNE

Last night, May 2, at 10:00 pm there was the loudest clap of thunder I have ever heard. In fact

it was the loudest bang since 1941 when the Germans were bombing the Rover factory every night. I thought the walls of our bedroom were collapsing!! Did you hear it?

It was not the bombs that made the very loud noise but the land mines that could knock down a row of houses. BOOM!

Now that has nothing to do with the subject of this article except that Le Mans in 1993 was very noisy. Those 50 cars screaming, whining, and

JAGUAR

wailing out of the pits. And Le Mans will be with us the second week of June. In 1993 Jaguar unleashed the XJ 220C. It was forty years since Jaguar scored their greatest ever victory in the Le Mans 24 hour race. Seconds after 4.00 pm on Sunday June 14, 1953, a dark green Jaguar C-Type driven by Duncan Hamilton and Tony Rolt, took the chequered flag to give

the Coventry —based company its second and perhaps most memorable win in the world's most famous endurance race. Another C-Type driven by Stirling Moss (the "Sir" came later) and Peter Walker finished second and a third works C-Type

driven by Ian Stewart and Peter Whitehead finished fourth.

In 1993 I sat in the stands just above the Jaguar

Pits. I got official photographs of XJ220C #50 and #52. I also got a shirt issued to the mechanics for the event. It is white with the word "Jaguar" in red on the left side and on the right, in black the words "Heritage Racing" underneath "1957" in red. I still have it! One day I will wear it. Inside the collar It says "Jaguar Heritage." On one sleeve it has the number 3 and on the other the

number 57, the significance of which I lost in the mists of time. Perhaps because there were three XJ220C's entered in the race numbered 50,51 & 52 and the shirt was made in case there was a #53

or perhaps it relates to Jaguar Heritage 1957.

JAGUAR XJ220-C

THE ROLT/HAMILTON JAGUAR C-TYPE ON ITS WAY TO VICTORY

LE MANS 1953

You will recall that the XJ220 Supercar road going version was a disappointment and many potential owners who had placed an order tried to wriggle out of their commitment. The entrance at Le Mans was done to convince them of the 220's potency. Racing in the GT category the 220C

had already scored victories in two of Europe's inaugural GT races at Silverstone, UK and Italy. The Jaguar XJ 220 competition specification car features an all new composite nose and tail section plus composite doors and sills to reduce

Roving Reporter - May 2016 (continued)

weight and greatly increase mechanical accessibility in racing conditions. Suspension, brakes and transaxle had also been modified for racing and the interior included a single Kevlar racing seat (Le Mans rules say that there has to be room for two seats but the second seat does not have to

be installed).

Watching the race for 24 hours is too much so I hop into bed at a local welcoming hotel at midnight. Car #50 is leading its class for Jaguar. Back to the stands in the early morning and #50 is still there but #52 has dropped out. Watching #50 barrel down the Mulsane straight I have dark thoughts, that even though it is moving at over 200 mph it looks slow and

obsolete in comparison to other entries! At 4:00 pm it wins its GT Class and there is much rejoicing in the Jaguar Pits. It later is disqualified on some minor technicality. So don't miss it this year on TV. Turn the volume down

JAGUAR

HOLIDAY PARTY

It is one thing to put on a good event but great events are one that people want to return to and that is why we have booked the William Penn Inn for Sunday, January 22, 2017, to hold our annual Holiday Party. Note the date. We have managed to hold the price at \$35 per person which, this year, will include a ticket for one drink at the bar which

means you will have money to spend at the "Silent Auction." The Inn charges us one price for up to 99 attendees and a lower price for over 100. So come on make up your mind to support your club right now. You can send me a check made out to DVJC right now if you want to. My address is M J Tate, 588 Wellington Square, Apt

300, Exton PA 19341.

MESSAGE FROM ENGLAND

My brother-in-law sent me the following from

England. It amused me so I thought you should see it:-

SUBJECT: I Want 4 Little Animals

Mom taught her well! You've got to love this little girl. What a woman she will make. A teacher asked her class, "What do you want out of life?" A little girl in the back row raised her

hand and said, "All I want out of life is four little animals, just like my Mom always says." The teacher asked, "Really? And what four little animals would that be?" The little girl said, "Mink on my back, a Jaguar in the garage, a Tiger in bed

and a Jackass to pay for it." The teacher got a coughing fit and had to leave the room.

I am off to tour with Rich Rosen this Saturday.. Beer, Fish and Chips & Shepard's Pie on the menu. If you can't go make sure you make out a check for the Holiday Party.

can't go make sure you make out a check for the Holiday Party.

(Editor's Notes: The h Rosen was postponed due to

tour with Rich Rosen was postponed due to weather. It is rescheduled for June 18. See flyer on Page 19.

Photos are from Mike Tate's personal collection.)



JAGUAR XJ220-C

The Jaguar's Purr May 2016

Delaware Valley Jaguar Club Breakfast Socials

Sunday, May 15, 2016, 10:00 am Sunday, June 19, 2016, 10:00 am

Spring House Tavern 1032 Bethlehem Pike Spring House, PA 19477

Phone 215-646-1788 www.springhousetavern.com

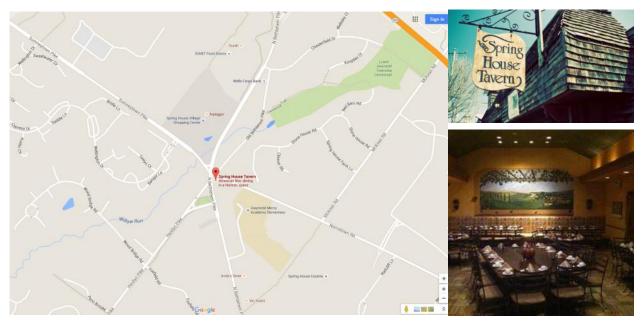
PLEASE RSVP TO PAUL MERLUZZI (<u>pawlym@aol.com</u>) SO THAT WE CAN GIVE A HEAD-COUNT TO THE RESTAURANT.

Driving directions from the Pennsylvania Turnpike:

Exit at Fort Washington Interchange, (Exit 339) thru tolls and take the ramp to Rt. 309 north (Ambler). Exit at the Norristown Road / Spring House exit. At the bottom of the ramp turn left on to Norristown Road. Proceed approximately 1 mile to Bethlehem Pike. Turn left on to Bethlehem Pike. The Spring House Tavern is on the left. Andy's Diner is on your right.

Directions from North: Use Rt. 309 south until you pass the Rt. 63 (Welsh Road) intersection. Stay in far left lane to continue on Bethlehem Pike. The Spring House Tavern will be approximately 1 mile on your left side after crossing the Norristown Road / Sumneytown Pike intersection.

From South: Use I-95 to Blue Route I-476. Travel north on I-476 to Exit 20, East I-276, New Jersey, Exits 339-359, (Pennsylvania Turnpike). Follow directions above from the Pennsylvania Turnpike.





A JCNA Sanctioned Concours d'Elegance

and an all British Marque judged Motorcar Concours

Pre-registration required for Champion, Driven and Special Divisons

Field Opens at 8:30 am-judging begins at 10am.

- * Registration for all JCNA Divisions is \$50 per car if received before June 1st
- * All cars registered after June 1st will be in Display Division.
- * Two or more cars; 1st car \$50, 2nd car \$25, 3rd and each subsequent car \$15
- * Display cars and non JCNA cars are \$35 per car
- * Ample Parking on site for Trucks and Car Trailers for easy unloading
- * All cars must be driven thru a Vehicle Operation Check Point
- * JCNA rules of judging will be followed as per applicable by the 2016 AGM.
- * Recorded Music, Food & Beverages will be available all day

Official Trophies for Champion, Driven, Preservation, Sp. Divisions, Best of Show, Longest distance

Contact Charles Olson, Concours Chairman at 215-757-2028: e-mail: cwolson29@comcast .net

Show Information Hotline: 215-757-2028 or 215-920-2903

Registration Form, Division and Classes on reverse side

The Oakbourne Mansion, 1014 South Concord Road, Westtown, PA 19382 (www.oakbournemansion.org)

Champion	Division Classes	Driven Divi	sion Classes
C1/PRE:	Classics (Pre-XK engine) Tourer, OTS, DHC and Saloons: Swallow, SS	D1/PRE:	All Classics (Pre-XK engine) and XK 120, XK 140, XK 150
100000	& SS Jaguar (1927-51)	D2/E1:	E-Types (1961-67)
C2/120:	XK 120 (1948-54)	D3/E2:	E-Types Series 1.5 (1968) and Series 2 E-Types (1968-71)
C3/140:	XK 140 (1955-57)	D4/E3:	Series 3 E-Types (1971-75)
C4/150:	XK 150 (1957-61)	D5/SLS:	Early Large Saloons: MK VII, MK VIII, MK IX, MK 10, 420G, (1950-70); Early Small
C5/E1:	E-Types, Series 1 (1961-67)	00 25 Ta	Saloons: MK 1 (2.4 & 3.4), MK 2 Series (2.4, 3.4, 3.8 liter, Daimler V8), 240, 340;
C6/E2:	E-Types, Series 1.5 (1968) and Series 2 E-Types (1968-71)		S-Type 3.4S, 3.8S, & Jaguar and Daimler 420 (1955-69)
C7/E3:	E-Types, Series 3 (1971-75)	D6/XJ:	XJ6/12 Series 1 & 2, Saloons and Coupes (1968-79); Series III XJ6, XJ6 Sovereign
C8/SLS:	Early Large and Small Saloons: MK VII, MK VIII, MK IX, MK 10, 420G,		and XJ6 VDP (1979-87); Series III V12 and V12 VDP (1979-92) Note 1
	(1950-70), MK 1 (2.4 & 3.4), MK 2 Series (2.4, 3.4, 3.8 liter, Daimler	D7/XJ:	XJ6 (XJ40) Sedans (1987-94); XJ12 (XJ40) (1993-94); XJ6/12/R, (X300) (1995-97)
	V8), 240, 340; S-Type 3.4S, 3.8S, & Jaguar and Daimler 420 (1955-69)	2 75 8	Note 1
C9/XJ:	XJ6/12 Series 1 Saloons (1968-73); XJ6/12 Series 2 Saloons and	D8/XJS:	XJ-S/SC (1976 - 1991 Pre-Facelift) Coupe, Cabriolet, H&E Convertible,
	Coupes (1973-79); Series III XJ6, XJ6 Sovereign and XJ6 VDP (1979-	***************************************	Convertible, XJR-S Le Mans, XJR-S Jaguar Sport.
	87); Series III V12 and V12 VDP (1979-92) Note 1	D9/XJS:	XJS (1991 - 1996 Facelift) Coupe, Convertible, XJR-S Jaguar Sport.
C10/XJ:	XJ6 (XJ40) Sedans (1987-94), XJ12 (XJ40) (1993-94); XJ6/12/R, (X300)	D10/K8:	XK8 Coupe and Conv. (1996-2006), XKR (1999-2006)
	(1995-97)	D11/XK:	New XK and XKR Coupe and Conv. (2007-On)
	Note 1	D12/J8:	XJ8/R Sedans (X308) (1998-2003), XJ8/R Sedans (X350 Alloy) (2004-2009) Note 1
C11/J8:	XJ8/R Sedans (X308) (1998-2003), XJ8/R Sedans (X350 Alloy) (2004-	D13/SX:	S-TYPE Sedans (1999-2008), X-TYPE Sedans and Estate Wagons (2002-2008)
	2009) Note 1	D14/FJ:	XF Sedans (2008-On), XJ Sedan (2010 [as 2011 model year] - On)
C12/JS:	XJ-S/SC (1976 - 1991 Pre-Facelift) Coupe, Cabriolet, H&E	D15/F:	F-TYPE (2013-On)
	Convertible, Convertible, XJR-S Le Mans, XJR-S Jaguar Sport.		
C13/JS:	XJS (1991 - 1996 Facelift) Coupe, Convertible, XJR-S Jaguar Sport.	Note 1:	Majestic, Daimler, Daimler Double Six, Daimler Sovereign, and Daimler Majestic
C14/K8:	XK8 Coupe and Conv. (1996-2006), XKR (1999-2006)	A. CO. A.	models are eligible for Driven Division Classes D6/XJ and D12/J8 according to
C15/XK:	XK and XKR Coupe and Conv. (2007-On)		their years, engines, and body styles.
C16/SX:	S-TYPE Sedans (1999-2008), X-TYPE Sedans and Estate Wagon (2002-		
	2008)	Special Div	ision Classes
C17/PN:	Preservation Class (more than 35 years old)		
C18/PN:	Preservation Class (20 to 35 years old)	S1/PD:	Factory-produced and prepared Competition Jaguars, Factory-sponsored
C19/FJ:	XF Sedans (2008-On), XJ Sedan (2010 [as 2011 model year] - On)		Competition and Limited Production Jaguars and Production Jaguars privately
C20/F:	F-TYPE (2013-On)		prepared and modified for competition
Note 1:	Majestic, Daimler, Daimler Double Six, Daimler Sovereign, and	S2/MOD:	Modified
	Daimler Majestic models are eligible for Champion Division Classes	S3/REP:	Replica (non-production, Jaguar powered)
	C9/XJ and C10/XJ according to their years, engines, and body styles.		

	Cut Here	!			
Registration Form for DVJC Concou *Please submit a separate Registration For Detailed instructions will be provided upor	m for each car yo	ou enter.			
Name		Year	Model		Class
Address		e-ma	il		
City	State_	Z	/ip		
JCNA Number	VIN		Co	olor	
Division - Please circle one only:	Champion	Driven	Preservation	Special	Display
Make check payable to: DVJC					
Send to: Bill Beible, 805 Rosewood	d Drive, Cheste	er Springs, P	A 19425.		
Release statement: I hereby agree to the car(s) privilege to enter and participate in this event I the Oakbourne Mansion sponsors, from any and	agree to release an	d hold harmless	the Concours sponsor	s, Concours con	nmittee, The DVJC, and
SignedSignature of Jaguar Owner			c	Pate	

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL TIME HAS PASSED!!!

However, it's never too late to renew. If your information is unchanged since last year just send the \$55.00 membership fee to:

Ann Perry P. O. Box 163 Mendenhall, PA 19357

If your information has changed please use the membership application / renewal form on page 15. Ann will process your membership renewal as quickly as possible to insure your continued benefits with JCNA including your subscription to *The Jaguar Journal*.

We hope to see you at events in 2016. Your continued support is appreciated.









DVJC Visits the 21st Annual Amelia Island Concours d'Elegance,

By (including photos): Bob (Where's Bob) De Lucia

DVJC visit the 21st Annual Amelia Island Concours

d'Elegance, the 64th annual "12 Hours of Sebring"....and a Spanish fort, a used Space Shuttle, a Manatee, several young Phillies, and lunch with a couple of racing legends.

Day 1...Off to Amelia!

Making a wise decision to try to by-pass the notorious Washington, DC rush-hour traffic, I had a 2:30am pickup from a Delaware Valley Triumph member, Sumra Manning, we drove down to another Delaware

Valley Triumph member, Bill Murphy's and were on the road in our big rental Suburban at 3:00am or so.

About 13 ½ hours to our final destination at Amelia Island. Three drivers, 13 ½ hours driving time, 869 miles, yeah, we got this!

We even arrived early enough

to drive over to the Ritz-Carlton to see the preactivities at the host hotel, and walk around a little. A scrumptious seafood dinner and a few pints in the wonderful little downtown of Fernandina Beach, and day one was (finally) over.

Day 2....Amelia

Delaware Valley Jaguar member Dave Hutchison had us set-up with complimentary Gooding Auction tickets. Attending were Delaware Valley Triumph member members Alan and Robin Anspaugh, Dave and Charlene Hutchison, Mike Engard (who drove down solo in his Triumph

TR8!) Bill Murphy, Sumra Manning, our Ferrari friend Ralph, and myself. This was a great event and day. The highlight of the auction was the Jerry Seinfeld Porsche collection up for auction, about 13 cars. And adding to the action, was introductions for the collection by car collector and Porsche expert Jerry Seinfeld himself.

Several of his cars up for sale were in the multimillion dollar selling category. In total, old Jerry Seinfeld made \$22,200,000 at auction ("Not that there is

anything wrong with that."). Heck Bill even ran into Jerry at the Men's Room at the Ritz-Carlton.

I ran into DVJC Vice-President Alex Giacobetti, test driving everything; Jaguar F-Type, Alfa Romero, McLaren, Ferrari, etc. Did he come

home with anything? Hmmm.



F-Type one. Similar themes? I think so. Maybe some new purchases at the next Jaguar event?

Having Press Credentials for the weekend, I attended the "Partnering to Support the Power Brokers" Seminar over in the Ritz-Carlton on Pioneering Performance. The MC was Tommy Kendall. The panel consisted of:

Roger Bailey/McLaren, BMC, Cooper, etc. Worked with Jackie Stewart

Spenny Clendenen, NASCAR, Richard Childress

Racing
Big Daddy Don Garlits/Drag Racing
Ed Pink/Ed Pink Engines

Alwin Springer/Porsche Motorsports

Leonard Wood/ Woods Brothers Racing

Day 3....Amelia

This started with the always interesting "Cars and Coffee" on greens of the Golf Club of Amelia Island, next to the Ritz-Carlton. This was an astounding collection

of cars, another **Show into itself.** There was a 400 car cut-off for this, so the show field was full. And even better, when it ended at 1:00pm, all 400 cars were driving off the field! It was quite an impressive and very nicely sounding parade of classic cars. Many Florida Jaguar clubs attended this event.





The Jaguar's Purr May 2016

As usual, Jaguar had a large presence at Amelia. Besides the "Ride and Drive" test drives you could sign-up for by the Ritz-Carlton of the F-Types, and

the new F-Pace and XE, on the golf course greens they had a huge display, with new cars, and several historic Jaguars. Built for the SS (Swallow Sidecar Company) COE William Walmsley, one-of-a-kind 1934 Olive Green (Walmsley's favorite colour) SS Walmsley Roadster on display. A true twoseater sports car, it was making its only public appearance after being restored, then heading for a private Jaguar collection.

AGUAR RIDE AND DRIVE

During the morning that day, I attended another Seminar, "BMW Drivers of the Ultimate Driving Machine", Celebrating BMW's 100th. Again, Tommy Kendall was the MC. This panel consisted of:

Bill Auberien
Dan Cowart
John Fitzpatrick
David Hobbs
Sam Posey
Brian Redman
Boris Said
Hans Joachim Stuck

Day 4....Amelia

This was show-time! 32,000 people gathered for The 21st Annual Amelia Island Concours d'Elegance. By invitation only, and different cars on the field every year. The competition drew 320 cars and motorcycles into 43 classes from 10 different countries. An amazing show field with so many one-of-a-

kind cars. It also includes many historic racing cars, from historic drivers. Some Jaguars were on the field.

The featured Marque of the show for 2016 was Spain's Fabulous Flying Horse, as described in the

program. The Pegaso. An amazing and uniquely-designed 15 of only 84 ever made were on the show field.

So continuing to make use of my Press Credentials, I attended the Press and Judges complimentary lunch near the hotel. I gather up my buffet lunch, find a table to sit by myself, to catch-up on my emails and such. Minding my own business, racing legend Brian Redman, asks if he can sit across from me! I would think he would have a hundred people in the room he could sit

with, but maybe he wanted some "down" time. As the Amelia program says about Brian, "...one of the

friendliest people you would ever wish to meet." Anyway he starts chatting away and we talk about racing, 401K's, his accountant in Jacksonville, Triumphs (he did race a Dolomite), his daily driver (an old Nissan), Florida, etc. for about a half-hour. Then another LeMans and Daytona 24 racing legend Derek Bell MBE comes over, and asks if he can sit with Brian and me. The conversa-

tion turns to racing, and I just take it all in. Surreal.



The 1952 PEGASO Z-102 BS 2.5 CUPULA COUPE owned by Evert Louwman from The Hague, Netherlands and the 1930 ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM II TOWN CAR won BEST OF SHOW at The 21st Annual Amelia Island Concours d'Elegance.

Between Day 5 and Day 7, as mentioned in the title we drove to St. Augustine, visited the historic Castillo de

San Marcos, spent a wonderful day at the Kennedy Space Center, drove across the state to see Manatees (and other wildlife) at Homosassa State Park, stopped by the Phillies Clearwater spring training facility to observe what we would hope to be, future Phillies All-Stars. That led us to an overnight in



Bradenton, Florida.

Day Eight....Bucket list! The 64th Annual 12 Hours of Sebring! Started in 1952 this racetrack has seen many, many historic races, and winning racers...think Moss, Fitch, Hill, Gurney, Hawthorn, Fangio, Surtees, Andretti, Ickx, Redman, Holbert, Foyt, Mass, etc.

A Jaguar D won Sebring in 1955, driven by Michael Hawthorn and Phil Walters. And

looking at the historical records, in 7 years, and 1,962 miles, Jaguar has led the field 385 laps. They had one win in 1955, four Class wins, one Pole, and three fastest laps.

The now five of us (my older son Max flew in from Philly to join us for the weekend) were lucky enough to have a friend (Ralph, from Amelia) that lived in Bradenton, about an hour and a half from Sebring.

We drove to Sebring to watch practice, some minor races (Mazda Lites; Porsche GT3; HSR Vintage) and some night practice. While there, we made a visit to the Group 44 Hanger and the Bob Tillius

collection of cars and airplanes (which he still flies at 84). Only the Group 44 Jaguar was in the hanger, which may be driven at the Watkins Glen classic later this year.

The collection will be moving to south of Daytona later this year. Bob was there, but busy with paperwork. We did talk to his car/airplane mechanic for quite a while.

Thanks to the aforementioned DVT member Bill Murphy's connection we settled it at Turn 10, in the notorious "Green Park" area of the infield (which lived up to its notorious rowdy reputation).

Day Nine....Sebring.

We observed more practice for the upcoming "12 Hours". Walked through the garage area to observe all the goings on (the same as above plus the 2 ½ hour Continental Challenge). And watched more of the various minor races that were being contested. We also saw the Qualifying for all the "WeatherTech Championship" contenders.

Day Ten ... Race day.

The "64th Annual Mobil 1 "Twelve Hours of Sebring Fueled by Fresh From Florida" started at 10:40am. We attended the "Open Grid Fan Walk" in Pit Lane.

All the cars and drivers were there, and it was open to the public for about an hour before the race started. The entire venue was a lot more crowded then previous two days. Being a 12 hour race, we did have a variety of weather, with hot, sunny hours, as well as typical Florida torrential downpours that delayed the race (but not the 12-hour clock), for a few hours. During the 12 hours

points (17 turns!), together, or solo. Fortunately texting was available to coordinate. The final couple of hours was spent at Turn 7 which turned out great for the final few laps as the Patron team, led by Scott Sharp, made their move there. It finished at precisely 10:40pm, and off we went to Bradenton. Up at 5:00am to drop Max off at Tampa Airport.

the five of us viewed the race from many vantage



And of course being car guys, we drive straight back, except for fuel stops and a food stop at "South of the Border". 17 ½ hours, 1,102 miles from Bradenton, Florida to Fort Washington, PA! Yeah, we had that! L.I.G!





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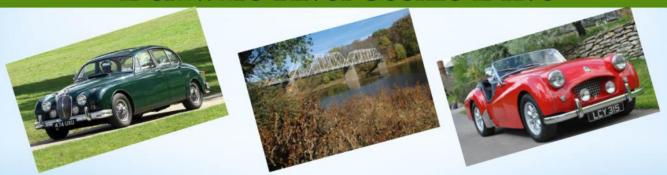
The Jaguar's Purr May 2016







Pre-Fathers Day Beer Run Yardley – Milford Delaware River Scenic Drive



Saturday June, 18th, 10:00 am depart the Yardley Inn for a 40-mile scenic drive up Delaware River to The Ship Inn in Milford, NJ.

(Yardley Inn, 82 East Afton Avenue, Yardley PA, 19067)

We plan to crisscross the Delaware River bridges up to Milford and tour Exoticars a restoration shop. Ending at The Ship Inn by 12:15 for a pint and buffet lunch!

The will be \$20.00 per person charge to cover the cost of the buffet with a cash bar.

Detailed directions will be handed out at the start of this event.

Please RSVP!

DVJC contact Rich Rosen - rosen244@verizon.net or call 609-923-7655 DVT contact Bob De Lucia - yukon80@comcast.net or call 267-258-7071







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