

The Jaguar's Purr©

Is an official publication of
THE DELAWARE VALLEY JAGUAR CLUB

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April 2007

www.jcna.com/clubs/dvjc

Kurt Rappold - A Double Winner!



The Andrew Whyte Award



The Fred Horner Award

Presented to Kurt Rappold Delaware Valley Jaguar Club ex-President
Emeritus

By Dennis Enyon President of the JCNA
At the Annual General Meeting Awards Banquet
March 24th 2007

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UPCOMING DVJC EVENTS

April 7th	Tire Tech Session, Ragtops & Roadsters 10 am
April 21 st	Officer's Meeting, Mainline Jaguar 9am-Noon Contact - C. Olson 215-757-2028 R.S.V.P.
May 5th, 6 th , 7th	Spring Rally sponsored by Northeast Rally Club in Binghamton, NY Contact Kurt Rappold 1-610-358-4055 Sanctioned by JCNA
June 2nd	DVJC Concours d'Elegance at Rankokas Indian Reservation, Rancokas, N. J. Rain Day Sunday June 3 rd Sanctioned by JCNA
July 28th	DVJC Slalom Garnett Valley High School Concordville Pa Rain Day Sunday July 29 th Sanctioned by JCNA Contact Gerry Kunkle 1-610-861-0844
October 26th, 27th, 28th	Pumpkin Run Rally sponsored by Northeast Rally Club in Millsboro NJ Sanctioned by JCNA Contact - Kurt Rappold 1-610-358-4055

DVJC OFFICERS INFORMATION

ADVERTISING RATES

Full Page \$300/ year; \$45 / issue
Half Page \$165/year; \$30 / issue
Quarter \$ 85 / year; \$20 / issue

CLASSIFIED RATES

Members' ads free of charge
For up to three inserts for each item

Non-members \$10.00 per insert

MEMBERSHIP RATES

Family \$45.00 per year – Emailed Newsletter
Single \$40.00 per year – Emailed Newsletter

Family \$55.00 per year – Postal Mailed
Newsletter
Single \$50.00 per year – Postal Mailed
Newsletter

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

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***The Prez Sez
by Charles Olson
April 2007***

I've recently returned from the Annual General Meeting of the JCNA, referred to as the AGM. When collecting my notes to report any rule changes, I felt that could wait until next month's Purr, because I can't wait to talk about our 2007 DVJC Award winners! The AGM awards banquet is the culmination of the event held Saturday evening and I'm delighted to announce that Kurt Rappold was the recipient of two of the most prestigious awards. The first was the Fred Horner Award that he graciously and emotionally accepted. He acknowledged knowing Fred when he was instrumental in helping form our club to become part of the JCNA. This, of course, made the Awarded more personal.

The Fred Horner Sportsmanship Award is based on competition in the three sanctioned events, the Concours, Rally and Slalom. Fred Horner's goal was to interest all JCNA members to follow his precept of competition. Then when Kurt thought it couldn't get any better, they announced that he also won the Andrew Whyte Service Award! This award is presented annually to a member who has contributed significantly to his club and the JCNA as a whole. I can't think of anyone who can match the dedication that Kurt has demonstrated. It's also interesting to note that our last President Emeritus, Jack Sanft won the award back in 1991.

Mike Tate won a First Place Award in the JCNA newsletter Competition under the Heritage Category, entitled Ford's Problem Child --- Jaguar? It was published in the Sept. Purr 2006. Congratulations to Mike! Unfortunately Mike could not be there to receive it personally due to the death of an Aunt in Tasmania. We're sorry for your loss Mike.

Other DVJC National and Regional Award winners that were not present at the AGM are listed separately to acknowledge each as winners. However, Ann Perry our Secretary was present to receive her First Place Regional Award in Driven Class D-8! Ann was very helpful in assisted Kurt in the distribution of the awards of the JCNA winners and served as an observer during the Delegates portion of the AGM on Saturday.

FYI: The Pittsburgh Club will host The AGM in 2008 and driving to the event is reasonable providing more opportunity for our members to attend.

By the time you receive the May issue of the Purr, we'll have a new Editor! Her name is Michelle Meehan, who has volunteered to take over the Editor's job from Betty. Michelle and her husband, Bruce, joined our club last year after purchasing a gorgeous black 1988 XJS-SC Cabriolet and together as a Rally team won a National 1st prize in the Novice Class during our Fall Rally! Her picture is shown among the award winners taken at the Spring Brunch. We thank you Michelle for volunteering to become our new Editor and pledge our full support.

Our current Editor, Betty Kress has done a marvelous job in taking over for Kit Racette and Mike Tate, who set the standard for all future Editors to follow. Betty has found it increasingly difficult to maintain her responsibility as Editor, because of a current business situation. Her commendable efforts continued long after she request for us to obtain a new Editor. We thank you Betty for a job well done!

I hope to be writing in the May's issue about the great turnout of the DVJC for its first joint event with the British Car Club of Delaware. They had invited us to join them for a trip to the Dover Air Force Museum on Saturday March 31st. The weather was forecast to be ideal, so I hope to report the DVJC Jags came out of hibernation.

I've updated a list of Upcoming Events and our next event is a Tech Session at Ragtops & Roadsters on Saturday April 7. I hope you are planning on attending to learn more about a topic we should know more about - TIRES! If you have any questions about the listed events, or others, which you think our members, might have an interest, please contact me.

Speaking of upcoming events the Concours is just 8 weeks away and I'm putting together at least two training sessions. Perhaps three to take place on April 28th, May 12th and May 26. One session will be for Rookies. I'm asking for volunteers and experienced

members for judging. The JCNA request Judges to review the Judges Manual, which includes the latest rules and procedures to become certified Judges.

Be Courteous, Drive Safely and Enjoy!!

At your Service,

Your President, Charles Olson

The Spring Brunch

By Charles W. Olson

Spring weather can be bring rain or snow sleet or hail but for our Spring Brunch, Mother Nature smiled and we had a beautiful day with 54 people attending to enjoy the good food, fellowship and our Speaker Larry Schear! He is one of the original members who spoke about the early days of the formation of the club and how most of the members were into speed related activities. Also the way most of us "youngsters" (at the time) acquired the cars we owned and parts to fix them. Something I empathized with! Larry continued to tell about his good fortune to win a BMW Z4 and when I heard the story I concluded it was absolute fate. The details can be read in the narrative which will be printed in our next Jaguar Purr, so not to spoil the story and your interest, I'll stop right here.

I was pleased to have our original President and founder Frank Weikel in attendance ostensibly to make sure Larry "got it right"! His trip from Virginia, where he now resides, was a story of persistence in itself. I appreciated his effort to attend. As it turned out I happened to be joined at my table by three past Presidents, Frank, Larry Schear and Kurt Rappold in addition to Pat Rappold and Doris Carr. It was Doris and her past husband George Carr, that by chance, influenced our Speaker to become interested in Jaguars!

As part of our every Spring Brunch we present Awards to the Region and National Winners and I present them as a separate list..

We always have a good number of members competing in all our events and I've tried to encourage participation and recognize their achievements thru articles in the past issues of the Purr. I congratulate all of you as winners and as competitors so essential In making our Sanctioned Events successful!!



National & Regional Award Winners – for 2006

Back Row: Tom Murray, Gerry Kunkle, John Murphy, Tom Jones, Brian Craig, Pauline Craig, Kurt Rappold
Front Row: Paul Racette, Betty Kress, Steve Kress, Michelle Meehan, Charles Olson, Ann Perry, Pat Rappold

Photo by Brian Craig

Delaware Valley Jaguar Club 2006 JCNA Trophy Winners Concours

National Award

CO2	2 nd	Joan and Tom Wolf	1954 XK120 DHC
CO2	3 rd	Elizabeth Cruse	1953 XK120 OTS
CO6	1 st	Franklin Shaffer	1968 E-type OTS
CO7	2 nd	Bryan and Debby Edwards	1974 E-type OTS
C10	1 st	Wayne and Katherine Tubbs	1972 XJ6 Saloon

Northeastern Region Awards

CO1A	1 st	John and Marte Murphy	1937 SS100 OTS
CO2	1 st	Gerry and Ella Jane Kunkle	1954 XK120 OTS
CO9	1 st	Alex and Ana LaRoche	1967 420 Saloon
C12	2 nd	Charles Olson	1987 XJ6 Saloon
C13	1 st	Kurt and Pat Rappold	1993 XJ40 Saloon
DO8A	1 st	Ann Perry	1985 XJSHE FHC

Slalom National Award

B	3 rd	Jim Shields	1955 XK140 DHC
E	1 st	Dan Bratten	1993 XJ40 Saloon
E	2 nd	Kurt Rappold	1993 XJ40 Saloon
K	1 st	Ronald Musselman	1997 XK8 OTS

Rally National Award

T1	1 st	Tom and Nancy Jones	1986 XJ6 Saloon
T1	2 nd	Kurt Rappold and Bob Brown	1993 SJ6 Saloon
T1	3 rd	Tom Murray and Chris Jordan	1963 E-type OTS
T1N	1 st	Bruce and Michelle Meehan	1986 XJS Cabriolet
T1N	2 nd	Brian and Pauline Craig	2003 X-type Saloon
T1N	3 rd	Glen and Karen Davis	1963 E-type OTS

National Newsletter Editor Award

1 st	Mike Tate	Heritage Article
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Roving Reporter By Michael Tate

AUSTRALIA HAS IT ALL

For the March issue of the Purr I was writing to you from Tasmania and commented that they had, the previous week, had a parade of 15 XK 150's. Soon after that I saw a condition one XJ6 Series 1 standing by the waterfront in the capital city, Hobart. Then, a big surprise, as a 1930's 1 ½ liter went sailing by with four young men hanging out of the windows. It was not in great condition and looked as if it was bent a bit in the middle. I thought how old it looked even in the late autumn sunshine. (Things are the other way round to us in Australia. When it's their autumn it's our spring. As if you didn't know!)

On our way home we spent the weekend in Sydney, one of my favorite cities in the world. We stayed in our usual hotel in North Sydney which overlooks the harbor, the bridge and the Opera theatre - a spectacular view that is known throughout the world. To our surprise we found that the famous bridge was 75 years old on the Sunday and to celebrate the occasion the bridge would be closed to traffic at 4.0 am until 11.0 pm. The bridge is modeled on the Tyne bridge crossing the river in Newcastle-on-Tyne in Britain. It took seven years to build and employed 1,654 workers.

Many events, centered on the bridge, were scheduled, the biggest being that 200,000 people were registered to walk across it from North to South. Each of the registered walkers was issued with a pea green baseball cap suitably inscribed. It was quite a sight to see them go. I did not walk the bridge but a friendly Aussie gave me his cap. There were events in the air and on the water. In the air a 1930 Tiger Moth, a 1950's Constellation, and an early sea plane flew over. On the water the most eye catching event was the parade of historic sailing ships. But the most interesting to me....under the bridge....YES....an antique car show. Mo, my wife groaned but, as usual, played along! There must have been 50 cars mainly Detroit iron from the 1920's/30's all in pristine condition. Chevy, Dodge, Ford, GM, Packard, Cord etc. Amongst the unusual were a couple of Essex, a 1920 Morris Cowley complete with Dickey seat and rounded brass radiator which was similar to the one my Mother used to drive. Perhaps the pick of them all was a Vauxhall E-Type 1924 looking a little like a blower Bentley. Note the description "E – Type" the nearest I got to a Jag all day! The first car to drive over the bridge in 1932 was a Model A Ford!

It was a memorable day and one that gave us a good send off next day for the 23 odd hour flight to LA and Philly. One interesting thing about the flight was that the plane could not get in earlier than 8.0 am, though it was ahead of schedule, because the Immigration does not get to work before 8.0 am. Welcome to dynamic America....Super power.

TALES OF STERLING MOSS

I read the following recently (probably on that 23 hour flight) about Sterling Moss and thought it worth repeating:-
"On Saturday 18 June Stirling was practicing for the Belgian GP in Rob Walker's Lotus 18. Approaching Burnville corner at 140 mph the car suddenly went into a violent oversteer – one of the drive shafts had broken, and a rear wheel fell off. After spinning "like a top" the car hit the bank going backwards and Stirling was thrown out, suffering crushed vertebrae, two broken legs, a broken nose, and multiple cuts and bruises. He was taken to a Belgian hospital where he was told he would be in plaster for 6 months. Not being happy at this prospect he arranged to be flown back to the UK and taken to St Thomas' Hospital in London. There his Orthopedic Surgeon soon had the plaster removed, and put Sterling on a rigorous daily regime of physiotherapy – which even included being allowed out in the evenings to go dancing. Sterling's determination to get well, coupled with his excellent physical condition (prior to the accident) meant that he was discharged from the hospital on the 19th July, and he was soon back behind the wheel. On 7 August he drove Lotus 19 sports car in its debut race at Karlskoga in Sweden, winning and setting fastest lap, and a week after that was driving in the Portuguese Grand Prix. The car broke down. NOT Sterling. Quite a recovery!

JAGUAR GETS THE APPLAUSE

- Readers of the British magazine Auto Trader recently voted the new XKR into first place in a pole to decide the 'sexiest car of all time.' In second place was the Mercedes 300SL and in the third place the E-Type. That is the first time I have seen the E-Type, in such a competition, come anything but first!
- The new XKR was also awarded another media accolade when Motorweek declared it had won the 'Drivers' choice award for the best dream machine at the recent Chicago International Auto Show.
- Jaguar's C – XF made its public debut in the UK on 24 February when it was displayed at the opening of the new \$226 million Ricoh Arena in its traditional home town of Coventry (www.ricoharena.com)
- Jaguar and Rolls-Royce were the first companies to popularize automatic transmission in Britain in the early 1950's. New research by just-auto.com forecasts that worldwide during 2007 automatic transmissions will outnumber new vehicles fitted with manual boxes for the first time ever.
- A new book named "Jaguar – Marketing the Marque" www.haynes.co.uk. Is the history of Jaguar seen through its advertising. Brochures and Catalogues used by the marketing people and dealerships to promote the latest models, all accompanied by brief explanatory text on the various models covered and the marketing strategies behind them.

AUCTION ACTION

There are still some extraordinary prices being paid for Jaguars at auction. Look at these prices achieved by RM in January at the Biltmore Resort Conference Center. 106 lots were sold out of a total of 114 bringing in \$29,874,850.

A 1955 XK140 MC roadster. Dark blue/blue-gray leather. 455 miles. Paint finish an issue but otherwise an excellent car. Judged to be condition 2+ Sold for \$137,500.

A 1963 XKE S1 roadster. Dark blue/gray leather. 71 miles. A very good presentation. Very good door gaps, excellent fit and finish throughout. Fully restored underhood. Condition 2+ Sold for \$132,000.

A 1974 XKE S 111 convertible. British racing Green/biscuit leather. 19,162 miles. A very tidy presentation with good paint. Condition 3 Sold at \$66,000.

Barrett-Jackson January auction:-

A 1959 XK 150 drophead coupe. Ivory with red leather. 20,453 miles. Good panel fit. Excellent chrome and interior. Engine compartment clean and original. Condition 2. Sold at \$84,700.

A 1952 XK 120 Coupe. Red/beige leather. 28,946 miles. Color is a change from original silver. Better than factory panel fit and good chrome. Condition 2 Sold for \$71,500.

A 1964 XKE S 1 convertible. Cotswold blue/blue leather 91,873 miles. Neither door fits properly. Excellent paint and chrome. Condition 2+ Sold for \$82,500.

A 1965 XKE S1 convertible. White/black leather. 78,792 miles. Very good paint, panel fit and chrome. 99.7 JCNA score. 3,000 hour restoration. Sold for \$107,250.

Russo and Steele January auction:-

A 1967 XKE S1 convertible. Blue/black leather. 19,888 miles. Everything excellent. Condition 1. Sold for \$110,000.

A 1969 XKE S11 roadster. Red/black leather. 26,563 miles. Paint chips on front. Rock chips and an abrasion on windshield. Engine dirty. Sold for \$31,9000.

Jaguar Tire Tech Session

Subject:

Tire Technology presented by
Universal Tire Company, Hershey, Pa.
and the Staff of Ragtops & Roadsters

Topics:

The History of Tires
Reading Date Codes on Tires
Technical Development
Vintage Tires for your Motorcar

Location:

Ragtops & Roadsters
203 South Fourth Street, Perkasie, Pa. 18944
Saturday April 7th 2007
10 AM till Noonish

Coffee, Tea, Scones & Donuts Provided

Go to www.ragtops.com Click on "Contacting Us" for printable directions.

RSVP Please before March 31st to: Charles W. Olson
215-757-2028 or e-mail cwolson29@comcast.net

Make your reservation soon as attendance is limited to 50 people



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Delaware Valley Jaguar Club 42nd Concours d'Elegance

Rankokas Indian Reservation, Rancocas, N.J.

Saturday June 2nd 2007

(Rain Date Sunday June 3rd)

This Sanctioned Concours D'Elegance event is scheduled to be held from 9 am till 5pm., will benefit the Rankokas Indian Reservation and its Community outreach programs. The Rankokas Indian Reservation is located on Rancocas Road, just two miles east of the New Jersey Interstate 295, exit 45A and the N.J. Turnpike Exit 5, Mt. Holly. Only 30 minutes from Philadelphia and one hour from New York City.

Collectable Dash Plaques for the first 50 registered cars

Registration is \$30 per car if application is received before May 25th

Registration is \$40 per car if application is received after May 26th

Two or more cars \$20 per car no time limit

Ample Parking for Cars, Trucks and Car Trailers and visiting Vehicles

Contact: Charles Olson, D.V.J.C. Concours Chairman

215-757-2028 e-mail cwolson29@comcast.net

JCNA rules of Judging will be
Followed as per the AGM 2007

JCNA Official Trophies to be
Awarded Valued over \$1200

Raffle Prizes
Awards for 23 Champion Classes
Awards for preservation class
Best in Show – Peoples Choice
Longest distance driven to Concours
Chief's Choice Award

More to follow in the May's Purr

“Grace, Space, Pace, and Utter Confusion” – The DVJC – The Early Years”

By Larry Schear

Let me take you on a trip through the Time Tunnel, back to the early Sixties, days when Studebakers, DeSotos, Hudsons, Nashes, Ramblers, and Fred Mack and his white Jaguar XK-120 Fixed Head Coupe still roamed out newly-built network of interstate highways (come to think of it, only Fred is STILL doing that!). I was a kid in college, growing up in a Studebaker family in a world ruled by Ford, Chevy, and Mo-Par, and I was intrigued by motorcycles, having progressed from a Peugeot 2hp moped, which I had assembled from pieces in a junkyard in South Philly, through a couple of small Hondas, to a Triumph 650 Thunderbird, which I took out to New Mexico one glorious summer! My buddy at college and I were cruising the streets of West Philadelphia one evening after doing some homework, and we saw a pile of metal by the side of the road. We asked some nearby kids what had happened, and they directed us to a nearby house, where we met a kid wrapped in bandages, along with his grandmother. Seems he had purchased a motorcycle from a friend and went out to ride it. He had no license, no experience, no helmet, no registration, no insurance, and no brains, 'cause he went riding in a light rain on a street with Belgian Blocks and trolley tracks! His street went into a “Tee”, as he was slipping out of control down the wet tracks. He bounced over the curb at the “Tee”, ricocheted off a telephone pole and a steel light pole, across the sidewalk, and into a stone wall with enough force to completely snap off the entire front fork, leaving the pile of metal we had seen. He crawled to his grandmother's house, and she called a doctor, who set his broken arm and leg, resulting in the appearance of guy we met. Grannie was glad to get rid of the bike, and we bought the whole thing, including title, for \$25, including the pristine-condition wheel side covers. I bought his share for a differential chain fall (a hoist) and a Sun electronic tachometer. I dragged it up to my Dad's garage in Trenton, NJ. OK. Now I had a wrecked motorcycle. What to do! What to do? Did I mention that it was an 800 pound 1947 1300cc (that's 80 cubic inches!)? Indian Chief? In dark metallic red? An old Indian ex-dealer in Vineland, NJ, said that he had a front fork assembly, hanging from a nail up in his loft. I went down there and saw it – it was brand new! Did I want it? “How much?” I asked. He said “\$30” and I said, “SOLD!” Throwing it in the back of my Studebaker, I headed north and homeward on Route 47. I passed a Studebaker dealer and stopped in to see if he had any of the below-the-bumper fog lights I wanted for the front of my car, and saw a strange-looking machine on his used-car lot. It was a British Racing Green Jaguar XK-120 Roadster (ok – an Open Two Seater, for all you purists!). I took it out for a test drive, leaving my valuable Studebaker as collateral, and enjoyed the drive, save for a fuel leak that left me stranded a few miles away from the dealership. I had to put a whole TEN CENTS' worth of gas into the car in order to get it back! I decided that I liked the concept, but not that particular car (fuel leak, y'know), and started looking for one (Many years later, I found that the green XK-120 had belonged to one of our now-departed members, George Carr). Scouring the auto ads, I came upon an ad from Mr. Reedman, who you may remember had the world's largest auto dealership, long before Bruce Toll got involved with it. Built up in Langhorne, PA, across the street from the old Langhorne Speedway, Reedman's had hired the former owner of Trenton's Studebaker dealership, Mickey Rohrer, with whom my Dad and I had established a ‘relationship’ during the fifteen or so years Dad and I owned Studebakers! Mickey showed me the car – a black XK-140 convertible (OK – a Drop Head Coupe), which I took around Reedman's famous on-site Test Track, sliding some of the corners accidentally in the light rain. I returned to my Studebaker, started up the motor, and moved the car about an inch, then shut it off and returned to Mickey to leave a deposit on the Jag, and headed home. Dad was happy to hear that I wanted to sell my Triumph motorcycle and agreed to help me get back on four wheels. The only cars I had owned by then were a mid-fifties Fiat 600, and a '54 and later, a '53 Studebaker. What a warped vehicular upbringing I had! Went back to Reedman's with a loan from Dad and a promise to sell the Triumph (which I did, and paid him back), and returned home with my first Jaguar! Wow! An exotic convertible, with burl wood, real leather, wire wheels, a nice loud exhaust, and it was all mine, for only \$500! Nobody in my crowd had ever seen such a machine! Instant Status! I had it parked in front of Dad's house in Trenton, when a guy named Joe Zebrowski knocked on the door. He had a black XK-150, with disk wheels, and wanted to know if I'd consider selling the wire wheels that were on my XK-140. I asked, “How much?” and he offered \$100, plus his old disk wheels. I said, “Sure!” I just saved \$100 on the purchase price of my car! I now had a \$400 Jaguar!!! Neither of us realized what was involved in such a swap! I was working as a co-op student for Western Electric in Princeton, NJ, during one of the “Work” parts of my Cooperative Education curriculum at Drexel Institute of Technology (now Drexel University), in Philadelphia, and, through a co-worker, Don Sharp, had met Tom Forman, a British expatriate and my Jaguar guru, up in Flemington, NJ. Tom loaned us his precious hub-removal tool so we could swap the wheels and hubs (and tires), working in the street! Fortunately, the XK-150 had drum brakes, too, or the job would have been beyond us! After a long day, the job was done, and I was \$100 richer! Sure learned a lot, too!

A girl I was dating at the time, back in 1964, just before I met Diantha, had trouble with her Studebaker one night, and received assistance on the side of the road by a capable and chivalrous gentlemen – Frank Weikel! After hearing from her what I was driving, he told her that he and a friend Dick O'Kane, were starting up a Jaguar club, and he told her where and when the first meeting was to be. I went there and met two guys whose somewhat similar names were confused in my mind for years – Bob Roggio and Pete Grillo, and their wives, Valerie and Audrey. Frank was a great organizer and Dick had incredible enthusiasm and a good story-telling ability, and I was hooked! I joined that night!

Early on, I came to believe in the concept of a “parts car”, having had a brace each of fiat 600s, Fiat 850 Spyders, English Ford Cortinas, and Studebakers, so when I saw an ad in the New York Times for a 1955 Jaguar XK-140 Drop Head Coupe, I headed up there with my Dad, Uncle Sol, and Cousin Allan. We found a mustard yellow car, which actually ran, and all it cost me was \$250! Sure, the engine made a strange noise – th-th-th-th – and all the gauges but the clock was broken (in true Jaguar fashion, once I fixed all the other instruments, the clock stopped!), but I drove it home! Decided to take it up to Tom Forman's shop in Flemington, NJ, to show him what a good deal I had; made it as far as the Flemington Circle, and th-th-th-BANG! Threw a rod! Tom towed me

home, and sold me a 3.8 XK-150 FHC rolling chassis with a good block, seats, instruments, and rear fenders, for a couple of hundred bucks! Another hard lesson! Swapped out the block to get my car back on the road, and sold most of the removable bits and pieces, save for the rear axle. What to do with the frame? It was big, heavy, and had absolutely no market value (at the time). I took my trusty torches and cut it up into small garbage-can pieces, and threw it out over the course of the next few months!

Being a slightly younger group, as the cars were just a bit more affordable then, and much simpler to work on, our club had a greater emphasis on motion competition, such as quarter-mile, standing-start acceleration trials (or drag racing), Auto-Cross, and Gymkhanas, clue and time-speed-distance rallying (activities which I'm glad to see some of our current members, such as Steve Kress, are continuing to this day). We went to join the Empire Division Jaguar Club at Lime Rock Park in Connecticut for a three-day racing and concours weekend twice a year (Diantha once told a prospective employer that she had to have Lime Rock Friday off in the spring and Fall; when asked what she meant, she replied that her husband (that would be me) took their Jaguar to a race track; fortunately, her new boss was British, and fully understood!). We went to auto-cross events at St. Joseph's College, the Atco Dragway in Jackson, NJ (two of our members, Norm and Sylvia Grimm, operated the timing equipment there (and may have had a financial interest in it – never certain) and got our club exclusive use of the track for drag racing, a gymkhana, and a mini-concours), past-President Dick Michie's company's parking lot, the McGuire Air Force Base taxiways (set up by the Flying Burro Sports Car Club, Oldbridge, NJ (a tiny 1/10 mile paved oval, best suited to go-karts, where my XKE was repeatedly creamed by Joe Zebrowski's little Lotus Super-7!)).

Speaking of my XKE, I was always working on my XK-140, and one year at Lime Rock time, it wasn't running, so Bob Roggio offered me a 'ride' in his light metallic blue XKE FHC. We shared the 'ride', and while he was driving, I worked the Big Bend corner as part of the safety crew (we had fire extinguishers and caution flags), and I saw something momentous! Seems a fellow in the Empire club was driving his girlfriend's brown XKE FHC, and she had just put new Continental radials on the car. He came speeding down the main straight, heading for The Hook (as Big bend was also known – a gradually-decreasing radius 200 degree right-hander with two apexes), and he thought that he would slide the corner, braking at the entrance a bit and then putting on the power while turning the steering wheel to the left (reverse lock). He didn't count on the new, sticky radial tires, though, and just steered right off the track! So far, so good, but he then tried to steer his way back onto it, and the outside left front tire dug in to the sand along the edge of the track, and the car flipped over! I was first to him, as he was hanging in the car by his seat belt, and, after helping him out and determining that he wasn't hurt, I boldly asked for salvage rights to the car! Now, his wife wasn't aware that he was up at the track with his girlfriend, so he rapidly agreed! Bob Roggio and I, having been previously inspired by a Roger Penske / Mark Donahue team-up and a movie they made, called "Four Hands on the Wheel", decided to team up ourselves and try to buy the car from the insurance company. This was the start of Twin Cam Racing Associates, later to become Twin Cam, Inc. I placed a sealed bid of \$1051.53, and was selected Lucky High Bidder by less than 50 cents! Using Bob's car as a model, I designed and built a tow-bar for an XKE that fastened to the front torsion bar bolts, completely eliminating the flimsy bumper and bonnet concerns (didn't know about tow dollies then) and dragged it home with Dad's '55 Studebaker. We cut the top off and banged out the bumper and went on a few gymkhanas together. Then the 4.2 liter block from Diantha's '66 Mark 10 'became available (threw another rod, trying to make it back to the garage before the engine came apart – almost made it – AAA towed me the last mile and a half! – Low-speed damage – Bob Puglisi just resleeved it)) and we determined to make a Corvette Killer! 11:1 compression pistons, 40 thousandths overbore, Isky XM3 full-race cams, custom heavy-duty anti-sway bars, front and rear, wide wheels and tires 9took off the wire wheel hums and put on 3.8S Mark II spindles, wide Chevy Monte Carlo disk wheels, vented the rear brakes ala Jaguar's XKE Competition Manual, fitted a roll bar and a fiberglass bonnet (moving the center-of-mass back about a foot, thus almost completely neutralizing the car and improving the handling), fitting 3.8 XKE seats for better back support and positioning (sacrificed the headrests, though), exchanging the remnants of the chopped FHC tub for a black OTS one from Angelos's in Trenton, NJ., etc., etc., etc.! Bob and I did most of the work, to the accompaniment of the Iron Butterfly's "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" (wore out two 8-track tapes) and a pitcher of Black Russians, with occasional assistance from Paul Toth, a kid (at the time) who lived down the block from my folks' place, and Kevin Murray, and Jerry King, who had a red Alfa Romer Guiletta Spyder with a twin-cam engine, so we included him in our group). I still remember working with Bob – he was quick and capable, but fastidious, always with a cleaning rag in hand, while I worked like a classic grease monkey, needing major degreasing at the end of the day before heading out to DeLorenzo's for a tomato pie, while Bob was ready to get out of his coveralls and head out to dinner at a fine restaurant with his wife Valerie. I had picked up the fiberglass bonnet at Stucker's in Staten Island, NY, during one of my monthly scavenging trips there – Stucker's apparently had first dibs on all NYC wrecked Jaguars, and I went up there almost monthly to see what was new that I needed or wanted for my cars – once I bought an empty spotted can of Jaguar Malt Liquor, found in the trunk of a 3.8 sedan, for five cents! Anyway, I had the XKE that day, and saw this ungainly fiberglass thing; bought it on the spot for \$250, I think. Now, how to transport it? I had an XKE OTS, remember? I put it on the back of the car, facing backwards, positioned so that the rear view mirror looked out through the oval hole in the front, and duct-taped the whole thing in place! Shot down the NJ Turnpike like a Push-Me-Pull-You! We put it on the car the next weekend, and Jerry applied Bondo with a paintbrush to fix the right side between the front wheel arch and the back of the bonnet – BAD idea! Much too thick! We had just a day to get it painted for a competition the next weekend, so we headed to the local Earl Scheib's, who, at that time, would "Paint any car for only \$12.95!" One catch – there were only four colors available at that low price, and Bob and I were operating on a shoestring budget! The colors were Red, White, Black, and – are you ready for this? – Aqua! Guess what we chose? That's why we named the car The Turquoise Terror! Looked like a giant Hot Wheels toy! Years later, at a Chicago Jaguar Associates Group club meeting, we had Bob Tullius of Group 44 Racing, as a guest speaker, and, afterward I asked him for an autograph. He asked whom to dedicate it to, and I told him my name. "Didn't you used to race a turquoise XKE at Lime Rock?" he asked? Made my day! The car was very quick, both on the track and on the strip. At Atco, as we were strictly a club event, we had no legal need for scatter shields, and I turned a 12.5 second quarter-mile! I was using Goodyear Blue Streak Sports Car Special racing tires which I had bought from Roger Penske's shop on Chestnut Street in West Philly – used tires that Mark Donahue had raced on! 9.20s in the front and 10 hundreds in the rear! LOTS of rubber! Tom Forman had brought his red ex-Walt Hansgen D-Type down to Atco one time, and I was fortunate enough to drive it, about 10 feet, and backwards, to reposition it for a picture, but I drove it! Tom was actively competing with the car in SCCA C-Production then, running against 10-year newer cars, and he wanted something faster. Herb Wetson, the NYC 15 cent hamburger king (who raced a Porshche 911 with a big 15 and a little cent mark on it), had a rear-engine Cooper Monaco (engine by Joe Huffacher) for sale, and Tom had a significant

non-refundable deposit on it. He was about \$3000 short, and had only three days to raise the money. Herb offered to accept the D-Type for the difference, and I pestered my Dad for three days for 3 grand! Dad was a mechanical engineer at DeLaval Steam Turbine in Trenton, and I was a kid in college – NO WAY! Sadly, I accompanied Tom to New York with the D-Type, and we retrieved the Cooper (with which he was moderately successful and semi-satisfied). Herb took out a small crease in the right front wing, repainted the red car British Racing Green, and sold it in 2 weeks for \$8000, to Paul Parry's grandmother, who bought it for him (MY grandmother had previously ALSO bought me a Jaguar – a blue XK-120 FHC, but it was only about 12 inches long!). Paul had the misfortune to die before he could really enjoy the car, and it sat in a barn for about 30 years, earning a reputation in the literature as the "Lost D-Type" – it was (and is) XKD-537, and it was never lost – I knew where it was all the time! It was unearthed a few years ago, made all the Jaguar publications, and was sold for a ridiculously high price – could have been mine for \$3000! Another lost opportunity!

Rallyes – one of our former members was Frank Bishop – He was English, a mechanical engineer, and kept his gold 3.8S Sedan in immaculate condition, both mechanically and cosmetically. He followed the owner's manual completely, from checking the oil daily, the air in his tires weekly, decoking the engine every 50,000 miles or so, etc. His car had more than a quarter of a million miles on it when I moved away from the Delaware Valley for a while. He used to do time-speed-distance rallyes with a wind-up Rolls Royce clock! I was a rally master in 1969 for our Vacation Valley Frustration Rallye – a tour from Trenton, NJ, to the Vacation Valley resort up near the Delaware Valley Water Gap. Cars were started a minute apart and were to follow clues concerning the route they were to take – no timing, other than the starting time. A clue rallye – fun and low-pressure (or so I thought). At that time, I was recovering from some shoulder surgery, had my arm in a sling, and couldn't drive. Diantha and I had run the course at least twice, so I knew the clues were all correct and not too obtuse. I was young, foolish, and over-confident – I didn't have a 'sweep' car to precede the rallye pack, just in case! Silly me! Actually, unbeknownst to any of us, two events conspired against us – the graduating Class of 69 had been 'adopting' wild NJ Route 69 road signs, and, in response to that, the NJ Highway Department had changed the number of that route to Route 31, and was installing new signs on the day of the rallye! In fact, as the rallye route wound back and forth across Route 69, the sign crew managed to stay ahead of the rallye cars as they headed north from Trenton! Of course, we didn't know anything about this at the time! After the last car was started, Diantha and I headed up Route 69 toward Vacation Valley. When we got to the Flemington Circle, we found seven Jaguars circling, looking for Route 69 North signs, which had just been changed to Route 31 North signs! By then I knew what had happened, and corrected their directions. and those of the following cars. On another rallye, Harry Ussery drove his red XKE OTS up onto someone's lawn when the road ended in a "Tee", and he kept asking his wife, Olive, "Which way do I turn, left or right?" and she kept saying "This Way!" – a bit of lack of communication, there. Harry played the Pogo Stick (cymbals, kazoo, one-string slap bass, washboard, etc.) in the DVJC's Jug Band, along with Frank Weikel on piano, Bob Roggio on mandolin, Dick O'Kane on banjo, and Norm Grimm and me on guitars. Our fun wasn't all about cars, just mostly! We also had some great club parties! Norm and Sylvia Grimm hosted several; first at their over-the-garage apartment and later in a house in the woods with a bomb shelter turned wine cellar! I hosted a couple, as did other club members over the years. Dick O'Kane started it, with one at his Society Hill townhouse (a parking nightmare) where we were introduced to Fish House Punch (if I remember rightly, every couple had to bring a pint of vanilla ice cream, a pint of bourbon, and a cup of sugar; I think Dick added some seltzer and nutmeg). Another party introduced Jaguar Juice (a gallon of vodka and a gallon of maraschino cherries – mix and let stand for, say 10 minutes! The cherries were delicious!). Do you see a theme here? Drinking and driving? We kidded about it then, and were very lucky! Such sayings as "Gasoline and alcohol don't mix, so drink first, THEN drive!" and "When you're driving, drink. Drive with confidence!" I remember creeping home on the shoulder of the NJ Turnpike at 5 miles per hour in first gear – seemed like a good idea at the time (I did it again a few years later when half of my XKE V12 FHC fuel pump shorted out, but that's another story, for another time!).

Over the years, I've owned more than fifty Jaguars, from Mark V through XKR, in various states of repair and dis-repair, and I have built a couple of semi-serious concours competitors – a burgundy XK-140 DHC and a metallic green XKE OTS, but my major love is driving the cars! Diantha and I are now driving an XKR Convertible. Every Jaguar I come across has a convoluted story! My younger daughter was delivering my third grandchild a couple of years ago, and was being very well taken care of at her hospital, up in Flemington, NJ. An easel in the hospital lobby indicated that they were raffling off a new Harley Davidson motorcycle, with tickets being just \$15 each, with a maximum of 10,000 being sold. Good odds, and it was a way to say thanks to the hospital folks, so I took home a flyer. I was surprised to find that I had taken the wrong piece of paper – the one I had was a raffle for a car – a BMW Z4 convertible – and tickets were a bit steeper – \$100 each, with a maximum of 1000 to be sold. After some soul-searching, and a very animated discussion with Diantha, I sent in a check and considered it to be just a donation to the hospital. A few months later I received what I first thought was a call from Allan Funt, of "Candid Camera!" "Mr. Scheer, we picked your ticket, and you have won the BMW Z4!" Yeah, right! She was insistent, though, and a few days later I went to pick up my new car! Had to pay Uncle Sam 20% of the fair market value up front as taxes on the value received, but I essentially, had a new car for next to nothing! 2.5-liter engine, 5-speed manual transmission, run-flat tires (no room for a spare, anyway!), and 'custom' metallic burgundy paint. Nice car! We drive around in it, somewhat enthusiastically, for about three days, and realized that we just don't fold up that much any more! {Put an ad on eBay, but sold it locally through the Inquirer}. Now, what? Diantha asked me what I wanted to replace it with, and I was stuck – She had a Buick, which I had purchased on eBay, and I was driving her old GMC Yukon SUV. What's out there that's fun to drive that's affordable? My '51 XK-120 OTS and '65 XKE OTS were both inoperative, and had been so for decades, and it had become embarrassing to always show up at DVJC meetings with a dollar for the Kitty box! Heck! In prior years, I came to meetings with an XK-140 OTS running on 4 ½ cylinders, and once towed a Jaguar to a club meeting, just to save a quarter (the Kitty has gone up over the course of time, too!). "It's time for another Jaguar", I said, and contacted Mike, a vehicle buying agent my brother-in-law used to locate and acquire his exotic cars (he had a Viper at the time). I decided on the XKR, as it had a fine engine, was available as a convertible, and set a cutoff of no older than 2003, so as not to have the Nikosil engine worries. This was in late 2004. Mike called me a few months later and said, "Larry, You just bought a car!" "Great!" I said. "WHAT is it and WHERE is it?" He said it was silver 2003 XKR, with very low mileage, and it was in Atlanta, GA, at the Mannheim Auction grounds. I called American Express Concierge and got a cheap one-way ticket to Atlanta (I was working in Washington, DC, at the time), and flew down the next night. Arriving after dark in Atlanta, I took a cab to the auction grounds and picked up my info packet, Bill of Sale, and key. In a light rain, I found it on an upper parking lot, got in, started it up, adjusted the mirrors, and headed out the gate towards

home! Though I had maps with me, I decided to use the Navigation System, and drove for two hours through the increasing rain to Chattanooga, TN, where I spent the night in a Motel 6, enjoying the irony! The next day, I finished the trip home, achieving a surprising 25-mpg at Interstate highway speeds. I was further surprised when the Navigation System took me right to my driveway, even telling me what side of the street it was on! The car's been trouble-free ever since – that Ford Systems Design and Quality Control have really made quite a positive difference in our cars! I remember when we all lived for those two days years when nothing went wrong! We've come a long way!

Let me just leave you with a few names and cars from years gone by – more than forty of them – see how many you remember! Someday YOU'LL be on someone's good list, too!

- Bob (Gunny) and Betty Metcalf (green XKE OTS that shined as only a Marine can shine it!),
- Dick Michie (green XKE OTS),
- Tom and Judy and, later, Cynthia Crawford (white XK-120 OTS and blue/Silver Mark V),
- Bob and Valerie Roggio (blue XKE FHC and blue/silver Mark 10),
- Pete and Audrey Grillo (burgundy XKE OTS – flipped once at Lime Rock; petite Audrey always out-dragged Pete by a few hundredths of a second),
- Ed and Mary Gutgesell (black XK-150 FHC),
- Bob and Blanche Puglisi (gold XKE FHC, raced at Lime Rock and Atco with a rubber chicken taped on top!),
- Irv and Lillian Goll (white 3.8 XKE FHC, driven at Lime Rock as enthusiastically as he wanted to),
- Sid and June Levin (red XK-140 OTS),
- Sid's protégé and electronics repairman Gene Kohler (school bus yellow XKE),
- Norm and Sylvia Grimm (our club Atco Connection, with a primrose (yellow) XKE OTS),
- Bart Kaminski (green XKE FHC),
- Andy Burgoos (blue XKE FHC),
- Kevin and Mary Murray (green XK-150 DHC (taken over the coals by a now out of business unscrupulous Cherry Hill Jaguar dealership, who turned an oil change into a complete engine disassembly – Kevin's Dad got it **straightened out**),
- Mike Kliger (primrose XKE OTS, which I once worked on to buy a dining room set),
- Paul Toth (my and Bob Puglisi's protégé, with a burgundy XK-140 DHC which survived a serious altercation with a deer),
- George and Doris Carr (green XK-120 OTS – the car that got me started with Jaguars in the first place!),
- Dr. John Spriggs (white XKE FHC – I found and fixed a broken distributor low-tension wire for him at a New Hope Auto Show; in return he allowed me to purchase from him a set of five brand-new 15" XKE wire wheels for a pittance),
- Ellis and Dorothy Diamant (a sedan, I think),
- Frank and Grace Weikel (gray 3.8 Mark II),
- Dick and Sydney O'Kane (red 3.8 XKE OTS and red 3.8 Mark 10),
- Frank Bishop (gold 3.8S sedan),
- Jim Shields (I don't know what you drove before my old XK-140 DHC, Jim),
- Tom Forman (red XKD and black XKE FHC),
- Martin Sternberg and Joseph Von Furshing (an immaculate Mark IX),
- Marty Thiel (a Philly fireman with a white XKE OTS and a Cotswold Blue MK VII, both immaculate),
- John Murphy (and his brother Ed, who seriously raced a red XK-120 DHC),
- Jack and Bernice Sanft (the Tie Man, who drove a variety of Jaguar sedans, and a Daimler),
- Kurt and Pat Rappold (I don't know what you drove then Kurt; I remember I sold you an XK-120 FHC hulk once),
- and an occasional visitor from the Empire Club, Harry Sunshine, their eternal President, who always drove a Facel Vega!

I know there were, and are, others, and some of you are here today, and I apologize if I missed you, but these were the folks who made a major impression on me back then, and I didn't want to muddy my memory by digging out all the old Scratching Post monthlies (that was our club House Organ before The Jaguar's Purrr)!

As you might surmise, I can go on and on and on! Thanks for tolerating a recovering curmudgeon!

Future topics –

- Bob Roggio and me at Atco – drag racing on foot!
- Optimizing the suspension for Lime Rock (in the rain, under a tin shed – in the Pacific islands during a WWII rain squall)
- Popular Science Monthly magazine and Gus Wilson's "Hints From the Model Garage"
- My first competition at Lime Rock and the following concours – "Beauty Is As Beauty Does" – Dad
- A big dog in open XK-140 DHC on upstate NY rallye
- Aluminum XK-120 from West Islip, LI

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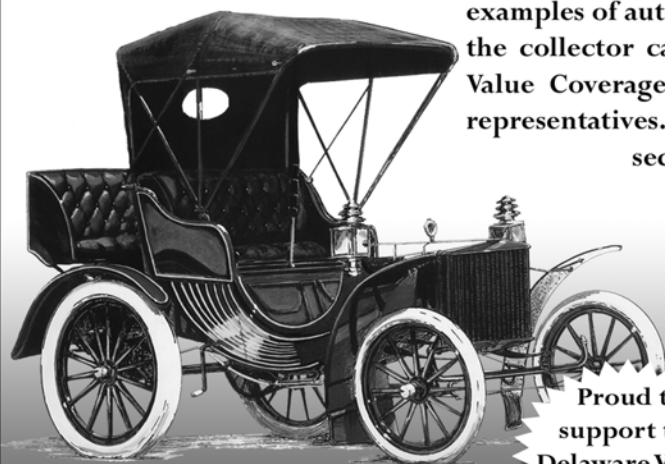
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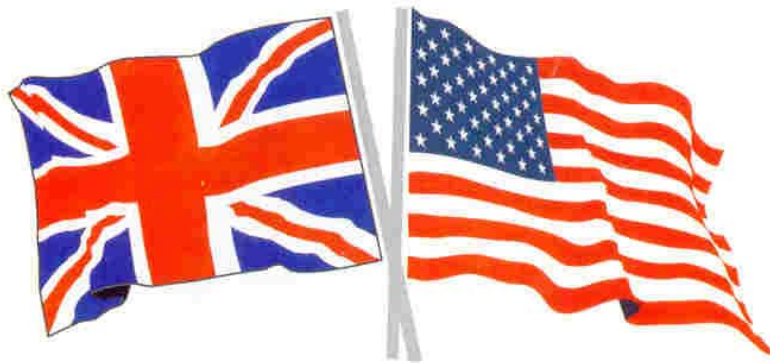


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	<p><u>DVJC Pin</u> Epoxy dome pin; DVJC logo in full color Price: \$3.50 (2 for \$6.00)</p>

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	<u>Folding Table</u> Multi-purpose table with 2 built-in cup holders; heavy duty steel frame with adjustable straps for stability. Matching carrying bag; embroidered DVJC logo. Color: Jaguar green Price: \$19.95
	<u>Weekend Garment Bag</u> 3" gusseted; roomy enough for a 3-day get-away; large front zippered pocket, PVC, waterproof lining; DVJC logo embroidered on top. Colors: Black Price: \$
	<u>Deluxe Duffle Bag</u> Full length zippered pocket on front & side; adjustable shoulder strap; double web handles; embroidered DVJC logo Color: Jaguar green Medium: 19"x 9" x 9" : \$17.95 Large: 23"x 10.5" x 10.5" : \$19.95

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