

THE SCRATCH IN POST

This is the only official almost-monthly newsletter of the Delaware Valley Jaguar Club, Division of the Jaguar Clubs of North America, Inc. Accept no cheap substitutes!

Collosal December Issue

(Replaces and supercedes all previous Gala Issues)
(Published, of course, in January.)
(Maybe)

IN THE NEWS THIS MONTH:

- JAGUAR TO INTRODUCE STILL ANOTHER SEDAN
- OPERATION SANTA HUGE SUCCESS
- YOUR DUES ARE DUE

JAGUAR ANNOUNCES YET ANOTHER NEW SEDAN

OR,

GUESS WHO HAS SOME LEFTOVER 3.4 SEDAN CHASSIS!

From a press kit kindly supplied by Chuck Rowland of Ed Roth, we learned of still another new sedan to be offered with the 420 and 420G. This one is called the 340 and represents an effort by Jaguar to bring out a low-priced car. (Low-priced as Jaguars go.) Whereas the suggested prices for the 420 and 420G are \$5,786 and \$6,990 respectively, the 340 will go for \$4,490.

To our unpracticed and often inaccurate eye, the 340 appears to be a mechanical re-do of the old 3.4 sedan, but with a few improvements. It has a two-carb 3.4 engine putting out 210 bhp, that horrid Burman steering, discs, and weighs 3,080 lbs, dry.

Improvements include the new, all-synchro gearbox (automatic is available, too) and a limited-slip differential.

We haven't seen any pictures yet, but Chuck says it will look like the 420.

RE-EVALUATE YOUR BASIC ASSUMPTIONS!

In talking with Chuck Rowland before our last meeting, we were surprised to learn that Ed Roth in Cherry Hill is not affiliated in any way with George Roth.

NEW MEMBER

A warm welcome to J. William Nock of Rahns, Pa. Mr. Nock was recruited through our every-Sunday ad in the Bulletin, and his joining helps to round out our model representation; Mr. Nock brought the first Mark IV in to the club.

NEW OFFICER

It's with great pleasure that we announce the appointment of Bob Metcalf to the Executive Committee, as Bob has agreed to take over the most important, yet often most thankless spot we have--Social Director! We never have really had a full-time Social Director and for this reason, there are often many gripes about the meeting places we choose. It's been a tradition in the club to pass the buck all over the place when it comes to reserving a dinner or meeting room, and often we come right down to the wire and have to pick just any spot out of desperation. With Bob at the helm, though, we're looking forward to better dinners, better rooms...and most important, meeting notices that get sent out on time! Welcome aboard, Sargeant!

NEW IDEA

Our Christmas Party on December 17 was something of a departure from usual practice; instead of hiring a room, renting a band and paying outrageous sums for watery drinks, we simply opened our house and said "come." We expected a rather quiet sociable evening with the usual 12 or 14 people. At last count, though (or rather when we were last capable of counting) there were some 40 people around! By actual measure, we made up $8\frac{1}{2}$ gallons of Jaguar Milk, our special, all-purpose mastodon-stunner, and when the smoke cleared, there was a bit more than a quart left over. Now there was a party. Hopefully, this'll become a tradition, this Christmas Director's Open House.

CONTEST! YOU, TOO, CAN WIN A VALUABLE PRIZE!

Want to win a free lube and oil change? Okay, here's all you do--just design a new badge for the club.

Ever since our name change (we're now the "Delaware Valley Jaguar Club," in case you haven't heard), we've had all kinds of questions about a new badge or seal.

Okay, let's do it.

John Gibson has already sent in his entry. It's a good one...but who knows, maybe you can do better! Send your entry to: DVJC, Box 2994, Philadelphia, Pa. 29205. Deadline is March 1, 1967. Entries will be judged by as many impartial arty types as we can round up. The winning design will be adopted as the official club insignia and will probably be produced as car badges, depending on demand, prices, etc. The oil change and lube will be carried out at the shop of your choice.

OPERATION SANTA: SOMETHING WORTHWHILE, PERHAPS.

On Saturday Dec. 17th the Delaware Valley Jaguar Club produced 17 clean, shiny Jaguars along with their owners and wives and traveled to Christ's House, an orphanage in Warminster, Pa., to give a Christmas party for the boys who live there.

Rather than write this thing up with minute details and so on, we thought it more fitting just to print some of the letters from the boys to their Jaguar Club friends. They tell the story much better than we ever could.-- Ed.

To Bob Puglisi from Ron McDonnell:

"...The ride to the place was about the best part of it all, too bad I couldn't come home in the same car. I asked Leigh how he liked the ride home, and he said he didn't mind it, but when I asked him how fast he was going, he told me he didn't know because he was only looking at the road (too scared to do anything else). The man I went home with* wouldn't go past 70 mph. What a boring ride. Well I hope you win when you race that guy** again, which I think you will because you can really drive, I found out and Leigh sure found out!..."

*(he's referring to Frank Weikel - Ed.)

** (presumably, Bob Roggio - Ed.)

To Tony Krasas from Jim Woolson:

"Dear Mr. Tony & Sue:

Thank you for the party you gave us. I appreciated your concern. ...it was the first time I ever rode in a Jaguar and I really liked it...I wish I owned a Jaguar..."

To John Murphy from Jerry Wright:

"...You got me thinking about buying a Jaguar when I get enough money. I though you were a very good driver and a fast one too...Now I know that all foreign cars are better than Detroit cars...Good luck in your next Semester. I don't think I'll every forget that day..."

To Norm Grimm from Frank Woolson:

"...I though this was the best party I ever had and really appreciate you doing this for me. I still like Corvettes but also like Jaguars too..."

To Larry Schear from Gary Nicholls:

"...Thank you for the ride in your car in runs very nice and fast Thank you for the wonderful meal it was very good I hope you get all your Ho cars running thank you for the pictures you took of me it came out very nice. With the hop up kit I fix up all my broken cars. I like your jagura I hope you get a prize..."

To Frank Bishop from Wayne Rogers:

"...I like the ride very much and think your car is neet. I think the car was very fast and up to date. I wish the people in frount of us was not so slow. I hope I hope I can see all 65 Jaguar in a line. I liked your little girl an hope she liked my cars. Tell the guie I went home with I thought his car was neet...I know the a Jaguar is the best in the world. What is best a Porche or a jaguar. Is the car a very light car or heavy?...please come again and I think you have a neet car. Marry Christ and a Happy New Year..."

To Pete Grillo from Luigi Falco:

"Mr. Pete

Thank you for the sneakers you brought me. I like the ride in your car very much and the information you told me about the car...I never been in a Jaguar before so I like it very much...I had a lot of fun..."

To Bob Roggio from Tom McDonnell:

"...Those Jags really surprised me...I was looking at that modle we received, and I was surprised to see all those parts that it had. I looked at the engine and it looked exactly like the one I saw on you car. Some of the guys are still talking about the rides going up to the restaurant. Jerry told me that John Murphy really had that red buggy moving (that was the old one)... Would you tell Frank* that I liked his car and I hope he doesn't get any more tickets..."

*(apparently referring to Frank Polsenberg...What's this about tickets, Frank?? - Ed.)

To Carl Kohn from Danny Ginley:

"Dear Carl
Thank you for the cobra GT and the model kit and the ride in your car and for the food and tell the other man that I said Thanks for the ride in his car and I hope you can come up again..."

To Jim Barnes from Gary Paumen:

"Dear Mr. Jim,
Thanks for the wonder ul time I had. It was a Blast! I wish we had something like that every week...To bad we can't go on another wild goose chase like that.* I told my mother about how fast we were going, and she said she wished she never found out about it. I guess your sons get a charge out of them when they go on a rally. Do all your rallies wind up like that? If they do, I might send you a large map of the area...I'll try to buy a Jaguar when I grow up because if it's like that I want to join..."

*(he's referring to the trip to the restaurant - Jim's group got thoroughly lost. - Ed.)

To Frank Weikel from Leigh Dewey:

"...Boy! What a party. We'll never forget that one. You ought to hear the boys talk about it. Thank you for my gift, ride and everything..."

EL TIGRE

Okay, so you know all about Jaguars--the twin cams, the rear suspension, the seven-bearing crank--but what do you know about jaguars?

Your best bet is to drop around to the zoo sometime. Our local emporium has several of these magnificent beasts, showing all the available color schemes--gold with black spots and pure black. He's a big cat, biggest in the Americas, and though he looks a bit like a leopard, he's much more powerfully built and seems a lot more sure of himself. While the leopard paces rather nervously and gives you sidelong glances, the jaguar is more content to lie in his cage and regard you with large, intelligent eyes which seem to look right through you. We tried to stare a jaguar down ... once and lost.

At home in the rain forests and pampas of Central and South America, Felis hernandezii is called "El Tigre" (pronounced "tee-gray"). He's as comfortable in the highest tree-top nabbing a monkey as he is swimming a river to attack animals penned on a boat. He fishes for both fun and profit, continuing to flip the finnies onto the bank after he's eaten his fill, just for the hell of it. His diet is most indiscriminate, ranging from bugs to horses to people and back again, and he has almost no natural enemies save man; in this hemisphere's jungles, there just ain't a thing big enough to take on El Tigre and live to tell about it.

Fully grown, a male jaguar runs from 150 to 250 lbs. and measures to six to eight feet long. As big cats go, this doesn't seem like much, but he's a very compactly-built cat. While a tiger or lion seems sort of rangy, El Tigre is all muscle, and he's built rather like a weight-lifter.

Paws and forelegs seem a single, massive knot of muscles and in fact he rarely if ever has to call on his full strength; he can run down and knock off a full-grown horse with no trouble at all.

Next time you're bored on a Saturday or Sunday, go to the Philadelphia Zoo and have a look at the jaguars. El Tigre is one of the most beautiful and graceful animals there.

The following are quotes from the British publication "Autocar" (21 October 1966): and (16 December 1966).

It isn't often, these days, that one has the chance to record a race victory for a Jaguar-since they've given up works participation, and the privateers are out-classed by 7-litre machinery in the saloon car events. Jaguars, however, took first and second places in the recent Wills Six-Hour Race for production saloons, held at Pukekohe, Auckland, New Zealand. Winners were New Zealanders Ray Archibald and Tony Shelly, driving a 3.8-litre Mark 2.

In pouring rain, they took over the lead from Ernie Sprague and David Simson, in a similar car, and won by three car laps. Last year's winners (John Ward and Rod Coppins, also in a Jaguar) finished seventh to give Jaguars the ten prize. Main opposition came from Alfa Romeo, General Motors and Ford (of Britain); a Giulia driven by Thackwell and Moore finished third.

JAGUAR WINS ROAD RACE, TOO

One of those splendid South American road races has been won by a Jaguar E-type coupe. The race was the Gran Premio Nacional in Bolivia, and covered just under 1,200 miles in four stages over some of the wildest country in the world. The race started at La Paz, the capital, and went over the Andean road to Cochabamba, Santa Cruz and back again; the altitude during the race varied from between 1,400 to 14,000 ft. The winning Jaguar was driven by Dr. Jorge Burgoa at an average speed of just over 60 m.p.h.

Cheer hearty - chances like this are to few and too far apart (wait 'til next year, S.C.C.A. Right, John?)

PARTS 'N' LABOR

TECH TIPS CONTRIBUTED BY FRANK WEIKEL:

FURTHER COMMENTS ON REMOVING CRAP FROM PLUG WELLS...

I use our home tank-type vacuum cleaner - just stick the open end of the hose over the plug, and up goes the stuff. ..then I remove the plug about halfway and vacuum again, to pick up the bits that may have been trapped under the plug shoulder. This doesn't work too well if the head's greasy, but then what self-respecting Jaguar owner's car has a greasy head??

ELECTRIC "CHOKE"(STARTING CARBURETOR) OVERRIDE

Most Jaguars have an electrically controlled "starting carburetor" to get the car going in cold weather; it's cut in and out by a thermostatic switch in the cooling system. Properly adjusted, the starting carb really does a job - I can turn the key and touch the starter button once on the 150 and she'll kick right off - and keep running - in even the coldest weather, without even touching the accelerator. But the silly thermostatic switch usually isn't quite in tune with its environment - most of 'em tend to cut out too soon, before the engine's sufficiently warm, resulting in a massive asthmatic attack in the vicinity of the SU's. Too, on moderately cold days when the starting carb would come in handy, the switch just doesn't cut in at all. Regrettably, there's no way to adjust the switch.

The simple solution is to install a switch on the dash which overrides the thermo switch - preferably with a warning light which reminds you that it's on. Very easy to install - just a single-pole, single-throw toggle switch which shorts the wire coming from the thermo switch to ground. You can even get fancy and get the Lucas switch which matches your existing instrumentation. This means drilling a hole or mounting the switch on a below-dash plate - if this doesn't appeal to you (at least, you Mk II owners), I'll show you how to change around some wires and use one of the existing switches to do the job.

WHILST ON THE SUBJECT OF STARTING...

A few words about the starter motor. One of the most vital elements of your motive power system, this mighty little electric motor is pretty much taken for granted and ignored. After all, you can't even see the thing; stuck down there in the garp under the intake manifold. ..and it always works, so why worry about it?

-Well, I'm not going to recommend that you pull preventive maintenance on the starter at one-month intervals, but let's put it this way - if you happen to have the intake manifold off, it wouldn't hurt to remove the starter, clean it up, and lubricate the Bendix drive. Also gives you a chance to detect worn or cracked teeth on the pinion, a cotter key in the end nut about to give way, etc. - all of which could cause you much misery some dark lonely night in the middle of nowhere.

The Bendix drive doesn't receive any positive lubrication, but does receive all kinds of dirt and crap from various sources - so a periodic degunking is a good investment. Relube the drive with a light weight motor oil, and make sure the pinion moves freely back and forth on the spiral gizmo. Also take a look at the motor brushes and armature while you have the thing out of the car.

I suggest doing this when the intake manifold's off, since that's the only easy way to remove the starter (from XK's and sedans, at least). On the Mk II, for example, the "by the book" method is from below, but that's for the birds (or worms). Incidentally, the Mk II starter isn't the easiest thing to remove - just two nuts to take off, but one is reached through a hole under a plate under the mat under the rug under the center console under the dash, and the other from below, with a couple of extensions and a flexible coupling on the socket wrench, and a lot of determination. On XK's, it's a much simpler task.

-In any case, the time spent in checking and cleaning your starter may pay off in dividends. (Ask me about Christmas Eve in Valley Forge Park some day...)

Frank Weikel

LET'S TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE...

Here's an idea we've been kicking around as a possible club project. We propose that the club undertake the restoration of an XK-120 or 140 Jaguar - to (a) give interested members a chance to work on the various inner parts of a Jaguar - see how to remove a head, etc. - (b) make some money for the club treasury - and (c) rescue a deserving XK from the junk yard.

The project, if undertaken, would be under the direction of Frank Polsenberg's Technical Committee. The first thing we need is a list of members who would be interested in working on the car. Next we need the car itself. It has to be cheap (Not more than 3 or 4 hundred dollars) and basically sound, but in need of a lot of attention. Then we need a place to store and work on the car.

We chose an XK 120 or 140 as our target because these vintage Jaguars are starting to bring a good price (for a completely restored example), and they're fairly easy to work on, as compared to a sedan.

We think this project would be a lot of fun, and educational, too. By making it a group effort, we will be able to pool the various talents available within our membership and come up with an outstanding restoration at relatively small cost. The club would finance the project, and any profit from the sale of the restored car would go into the treasury.

If we got started right away, we could have our XK ready for the 1967 Concours season. So if you have any interest in this project, make it known to Frank Polsenberg right away. (Frank's home phone is CU8-8863 in Philadelphia,) Also, if you know where we can locate a car suitable for restoration - or if you have such a car yourself which you'd be willing to sell to the club, let Frank know. Finally, if you can donate garage, or lend, shop manuals, tools, etc. to the club for this purpose, by all means let Frank know!

Frank Weikel

THE EMPORIUM

For Sale: 1961 Mk IX Jaguar, black with red interior, automatic transmission, power brakes, power steering, sun roof. Needs minor repairs. Only 36,000 miles, very clean inside and out. \$950.00. Wilbur L. Neithamer, 813 Elmore Ave., Temple, Pa. 19560. Phone (215) 929-8895

Wanted: XK-140 or 150 coupe. Joseph H. Bauer, Jr., 146 S. Shady Retreat, Doylestown, Pa. 18901

For Sale: 1966 4.2 E-Type Coupe. Black with tan leather. AM-FM \$4,000. Shirley Tarczynski, 326-7276 (Pottstown)

MEMORIES OF AN XK-120MC

*A machine in which to challenge
all the gods and poets... sometimes...*

BY RICHARD O'KANE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD SHOEMAKER

I WAS SURE I was over all that. But when that blatant shade of other days went blating past, it tripped a veritable explosion of bleeding nostalgia which must have been resting at full cock on a hair trigger.

We were holding a sedate, married-with-children 65 mph, growling through the cold damp misery engulfing the turnpike. I was hosting a vague concept that this was the final solution to the transportation problem—this XK-E roadster. A heater that keeps you warm all over. A top that when easily erected keeps the wind and water out—all of it. And to go with the top, real glass windows that wind right up out of the doors. Under the shapely hood, more poke than you normally need. Steering that steers the car right now. A rear suspension that . . . BLAAAAaaa . . . And there, by damn, went a dead ringer for our old car, clipping along at about 80, top down, occupants bundled to the teeth, grimly enduring it all.

Grimly? Hell, I loved it, every tooth-chattering mile; but

looking back I wonder why. And, how.

The thing had been built by Jaguar in one of their more carefree damn-the-weather-and-fuzz moments. You've seen the one—the XK-120MC. But have you ever lived with one? I mean *lived*?

The "M" stood for a hard ride and more go and wire wheels and noise. The "C" represented a coat of red paint on a cylinder head that got you to an illegal speed faster.

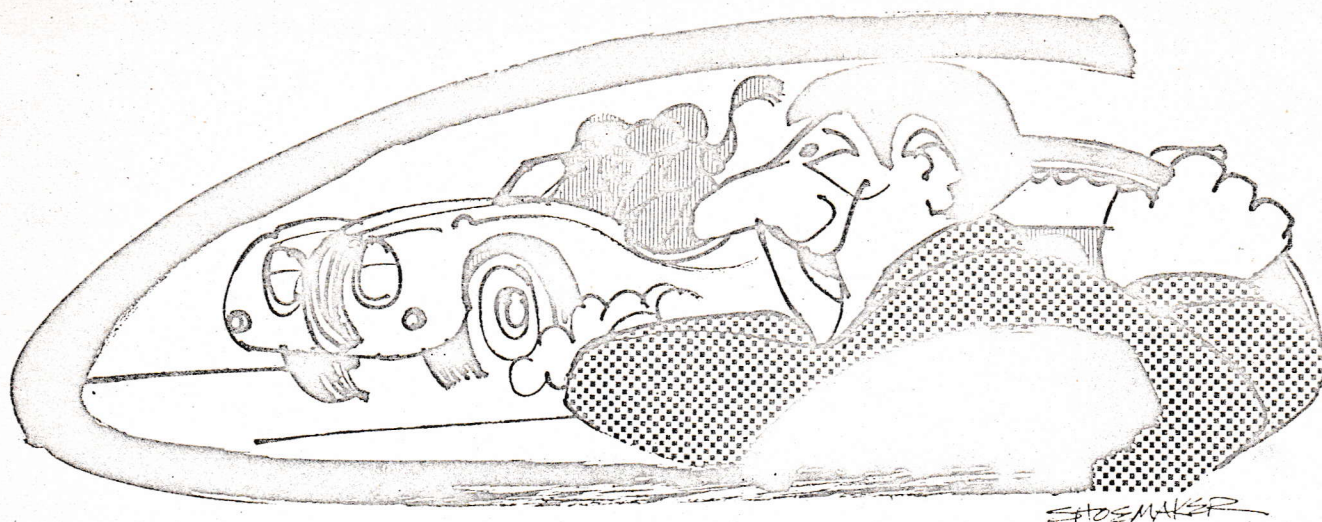
It was a roadster, which meant you weren't supposed to put the top up. With the top down it was pretty in a late-Thirties, Frenchy sort of way. It was clean and uncluttered, innocent of the chrome trim and useful bumpers which came later and spoiled the effect. The stock, factory-installed exhaust system could get you arrested and sometimes did. In fact, one day I managed to set fire to a policeman with it. ". . . Operating a motor vehicle not equipped with mufflers in good condition to prevent excessive noise, smoke and flame . . .," the summons read. But that's another story.

When you drove it, you drove it with the top down. If you tried to put it up, you paid penalties. It made the car ugly, you couldn't see, and at anything over 40 you couldn't hear yourself think—the thing roared and clattered and slapped and threatened to blow off. One night it actually did. If the miserable rag had done anything toward keeping the wind, water and cold out, it might have been tolerable, but it didn't, so you left it down. This led to some interesting motoring wardrobes.

Suiting up for a trip, say from Providence to Vermont in December, made our current astronauts' struggles look like the proverbial "slipping into something loose." First, you put on longjohns. Then came two pairs of pants, a sweat-shirt, a wool shirt and a sweater. Then, heavy boots with as many socks as the drawer would yield. A wool sport coat came next and you were ready for the final shell—the Great Bastion to withstand the first assault of all the forces of the New England winter. I tried them all—coonskin coats, army coats, leather coats, but the one I finally settled on was a vastly over-sized double-breasted camel's hair affair bought in a pawn shop for \$12. It weighed about 40 pounds. Over this went a plastic raincoat. Next a pair of wool mittens, a pair of lined leather mittens, and a crash helmet.

Then you were ready to stagger out and try to get into the car. When at last you made it, you'd discover the keys were somewhere Down Under, so out, up, and fumble for them. While you were at it, you located and secured cigarettes too. Back into the very cramped car, find the pedals, turn on the key and hope it would start. Once in the street, you fumbled the goggles down and left. BLAAAAT!! The racket it made in first gear when prodded with a heavy boot was worth every





bit of the trouble, even though you knew that before you hit Boston your face would be so numb you wouldn't be able to talk, all your fingers would sting in the last two joints and your left foot would be dead weight without sensation. The heater would keep your right foot warm for about 60 miles, at least the right edge of it.

The stretch between Boston and Pittsfield was the worst. The thermometer taped to the dashboard gleefully testified to a drop of 10 degrees every 50 miles, until you began to shiver despite the 80-pound cocoon. But you went on, thinking thoughts of good friends, good food and pretty girls and a barbarous hooker of straight, warm gin in front of a roaring fire. After Pittsfield, as you screamed toward the Vermont line, the fantasy was getting geographically closer to reality and you drove faster and faster, paying attention to the road now, because it twisted as if in agony and a numb hand or mind could put you motoring through the shrubbery. A straight piece of 2-lane road and you saw 100. Jam the right lump on the brakes to make the next curve and bang through, tail hung out. Then onward, too numb to feel anything, too cold to think, driving now by memory of the process and the road. And finally, to your own great amazement, you got there.

Arriving was accomplished according to the dictates of a ceremony. There were three of us with 120s in the Vermont weekend group and understandably, our arrivals were pretty much the same. When you got to The Place—a big one-room house on a mountain top—it took some minutes to get out of the car. Arms and legs simply wouldn't work right. Out, you wove and shook and sometimes crawled toward the door across the snow or ice or whatever had happened that week, mounted the two steps and thumped on the door. It was unlocked but you were powerless to open it. Once in, you were greeted roundly while you stood there in your crash hat and goggles quietly going, "hooo . . . hooo," all you were capable of. Then you thumped over, stood by the fire, motioned to the front of your coat and said, "uuhh." And somebody would help you take it off, along with the hat, goggles and gloves. With luck someone would unlace your boots. And in an hour you could talk, and again there was a ritual which involved the other two 120 drivers.

"Which way you come?"

"Turnpike. That's got to be the coldest ride in the world."

"Like hell! You should've come over Route 2! It was three above on top of that last mountain!"

"It's below zero in Lee, ol'buddy. You came the tropical route."

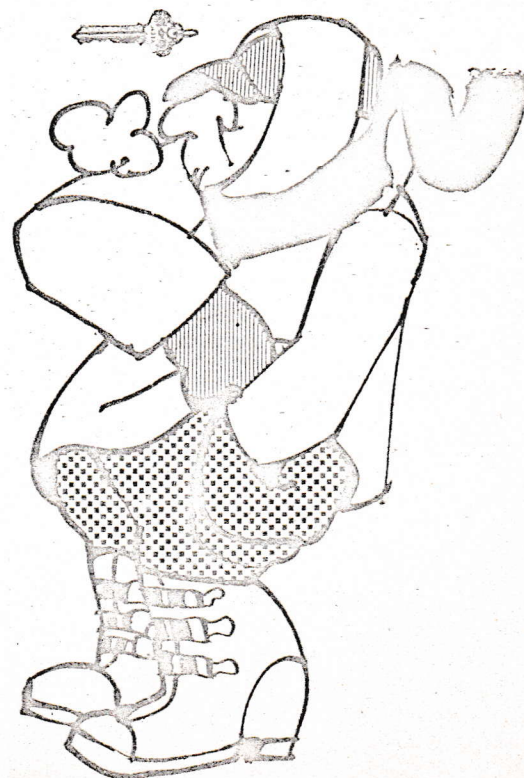
And so on, until all the temperatures had been recorded, interesting breakdowns described and a tale or two told about

almost losing it on that turn by so-and-so. And then on Sunday night, with no sleep and a textbook case of post-alcoholic depression, you went out and did it all over again, only in the opposite direction.

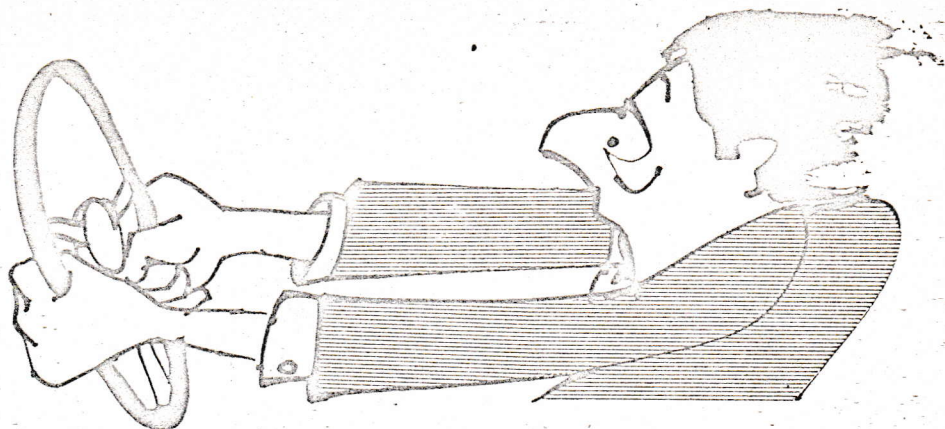
When spring came you took the windshield off and replaced it with a little folding racing screen. Then you drove everywhere very, very fast and arrived with your face speckled with bugs. (The total experience of catching a 4-pound Vermont June bug in the forehead at 90 mph simply can't be described.)

You also wore driving gloves into which you sweated; a 120 is as hot in summer as it is cold in winter and if you had a metal shift knob it would get too hot to touch. Gloves were a necessity. Rain? What do you mean, "What happened when it rained?" What do you think happened?

There was another problem in summer. When they designed the car, Jaguar somehow assumed that you'd drive it only on country lanes—never in city traffic. So when you ➡➡



MEMORIES



came to town in July it boiled. It started boiling at the third red light and it continued to boil until you were through town and back on the highway. First, you'd begin to smell it—say at about the second light (at the first light, you could watch the temp gauge move—zooop! right up). Then after the fourth light when everything was well and truly perking, you'd hear it—blubbleup, blubbleup—and the temp gauge would go higher.

It was a double gauge—the top part oil pressure, the bottom one water; and after a while the water needle would leave its own territory and go poaching up where it said “80 psi.” When it got past the 80 mark on the pressure dial, the radiator cap would start its eerie metallic singing, vibrating as steam escaped.

The boiling itself never seemed to hurt anything—it was the side effects that did you in. The cooling system had been built by an automotive man. Frankly, I often wished he had been a steam fitter. For instance, every now and then you'd be bubbling merrily away on Main Street and one of the hoses would decide it was just a bit too warm to continue hosing. PHHUUSH! If you had another hose you were still out of luck; it would be a good long time before the engine cooled off even enough for you to get near it. But if a hose did break, you hoped that was all that happened—because there were times when they'd break and blast boiling water into the distributor. Then you had two problems: first replace the hose, then try to start the car.

Thunderstorms were a very special problem, or rather a series of problems. First, you got wet—that goes without saying, and you accepted it. But then there were puddles. When you hit a puddle with a 120 Jag, the engine would suddenly stop but the car wouldn't. The car had little scoops in front of and leading into the front brakes which meant that when it rained you had water-cooled brakes. Water-cooled brakes are cool brakes indeed—the coolest. But water-cooled brakes will do nothing whatever toward stopping an XK-120 Jaguar. To make them work, you have to put them on and get them hot and dry up all the water and *then* they will stop the car . . . but by the time all this has happened, the prospective accident has either long since occurred or it's a quarter-mile behind you. Actually, you didn't even need a puddle to water-cool the brakes; any dampness at all on the road would do just fine. (Strangely enough, the only accident I ever had with that car was in a beach club parking lot; I destroyed a Cadillac by backing into it at 5000 rpm. No, wait—there was another. One day I pranged a hysterical chicken, which cost me a grille.)

Wet brakes did remove a 120 from our covey, though. Again in Vermont, one of our number came storming down a wet mountain throwing a fine rooster tail when all of a piece, there was a herd of rather sturdy cows in the road, bound back for the barn. Evasive action was impossible. He had a

choice of hitting a stone wall, running over the farmer or trying to motor under the assembled beef. He chose the last, picking out what he devoutly hoped was the tallest cow. He lived to tell the tale and pay the farmer and the fines, but his car was hopeless. To hear him talk now, the garden variety Guernsey cow packs more inertia than a stalled locomotive.

But for all its shortcomings in animal comfort and safety, the car did have its moments. On a cool summer night with the moon up and the ocean roaring beside you . . . or when screaming down a New England lane at twice the speed limit in the fall with the breathtaking foliage a brilliant kaleidoscopic blur and the car running right for once . . . why, then it was a masterpiece—a machine in which to challenge all the gods and poets to a contest of life and joy and love . . .

And one day I sold it. I still don't know why and I never will. I sold it and I bought a Porsche Speedster. It was warm and quick and it handled and it kept the rain out and it didn't eat gas and I soon learned to hate it with a sublime passion because it kept trying to kill me. Three months later I sold it.

I saw that old black Jaguar again about two years later. I was having my traditional weekly discussion with the parts man concerning the sad unavailability of spares for my Mark IV when he mentioned that my old roadster was out in back of the shop. I went to look, heart pounding, hopes kindled.

It sat in tall weeds which whispered quietly in the cold, wet January wind. The paint, what was left of it, reflected the ominous gray overcast which threatened a classic Rhode Island slush storm. I could have bought it back right then and there for five dollars. But since it had recently sheared off four telephone poles, flipped end-over-end, hit a wall and burned, I didn't quite know what I'd do with it. I stood there in the lowering gloom only half seeing it. It wasn't a torn and crushed hulk, it was an idea and a memory and two years of carefree life. It was friends now gone and old loves and fun and places and things that happened. It was a lack of money and greasy hours trying to make it go and an eternally running nose. It was meeting the girl you were going to marry and it was taking you to her. It was the place where you sat when you proposed and then it was a ring and a joint case of sniffles. It was a treasured old friend. And I stood there some time paying my last respects.

The present loomed back in the guise of a toll booth and the end of my reverie was punctuated by my tossing of a quarter.

“You're quiet,” my wife remarked.

“Just thinking about that old black Jag we had.”

She was silent for a moment.

“We ought to try to borrow one and take a trip to Vermont.”

“No thanks,” I said, “that's got to be the coldest ride in the world.”

She smiled and turned the heater up a bit and we surged comfortably off toward the future.

DELAWARE VALLEY JAGUAR CLUB
P. O. BOX 1994 PHILA., PA. 19105

LAST CALL!

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE TO GET IN ON THE TOUR TO THE INTERNATIONAL AUTO SHOW IN NEW YORK NEXT SATURDAY! WE MUST HAVE YOUR RESERVATION BY TUESDAY, APRIL 4, AT THE VERY LATEST!

THIS EVENT OFFERS THE MOST FUN-PER-DOLLAR OF ANY WE'VE EVER OFFERED!
DON'T MISS IT!

AT THIS MOMENT, WE HAVE PLENTY OF EMPTY SEATS AVAILABLE ON THE BUS - BUT THE RESERVATIONS ARE COMING IN FAST, AND WE MAY BE SOLD OUT IF YOU WAIT TIL THE LAST MINUTE. IF YOU'RE PLANNING TO GO, WE'D SUGGEST YOU CALL FRANK WEIKEL (609)235-4744 TO CONFIRM YOUR RESERVATION, IN ADDITION TO SENDING YOUR FORM AND CHECK TO THE CLUB P.O. BOX.

SEVERAL MEMBERS HAVE ASKED IF THEY MAY INVITE RELATIVES AND FRIENDS (OTHER THAN CLUB MEMBERS) ALONG ON THE TOUR. BY ALL MEANS, YES! BUT WE REPEAT - GET THOSE RESERVATIONS IN! DON'T LET THAT BUS LEAVE WITHOUT YOU NEXT SATURDAY!

INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW

NY COLISEUM

APRIL 8 1967

DELAWARE VALLEY JAGUAR CLUB

MEETING NOTICE

FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1967 - BRASS RAIL RESTAURANT, AIRPORT MOTEL

COCKTAILS, 6:45 PM in "El Tigre," our private bar downstairs

DINNER, 7:30 . . . \$5.00 per person including tax and tip

Fresh fruit cup

Hearts of lettuce salad with choice of dressing

CHOICE OF: Baked stuffed pork chop

OR: Roast turkey with savory dressing and cranberry sauce

Stuffed baked potato, au gratin

String beans Amandine

Layer cake Coffee, tea or milk

(Bob Metcalf says, no - repeat NO! Irish Coffee after dinner!)

MEETING, 8:45. The program will include a feature film attraction, "LE MANS - 1957" (the year of Jaguar's greatest triumph), plus important discussion of coming events, including question-and-answer sessions on competition driving and concours preparation.

(Our apologies to those who came to see the Le Mans film last month, only to be disappointed because a sudden emergency kept the Assistant Director - and the projector - from the meeting. We guarantee we'll have the film - and the projector - for you this time!)

As usual, we request your dinner reservation; use the form below, or call Bob Metcalf, (609) 845-7792, to confirm. PLEASE make a reservation if you intend to dine with us - and PLEASE advise us if you must cancel your reservation at the last minute.

We hope you'll join us for dinner, but if you can't, you're still welcome to come just for the meeting. Since settling down at the Brass Rail, we've been getting great turnouts - so join us, won't you?

* * * * *

DELAWARE VALLEY JAGUAR CLUB

DINNER RESERVATION - APRIL 21 MEETING

Please make reservations in my name for _____ persons.

Entree selections: _____ stuffed pork chop _____ turkey

Mail to: DVJC

PO Box 1994

Phila. Pa. 19105

(Name)

RESERVATIONS MUST BE RECEIVED NO LATER THAN APRIL 19.

NATION'S CAPITAL JAGUAR OWNERS CLUB
Spring Tour to Colonial Williamsburg
Saturday and Sunday, April 22-23, 1967

Itinerary

Saturday, April 22

8:30 AM Rendezvous at Entranceway of Marlboro Motor Raceway. Marlboro is just south of Route 4 on Route 301, convenient to Beltway and Baltimore.

8:45 AM Depart promptly south on Rt. 301 (scenic route to Williamsburg).

Later Meet Vandermolens on Rt. 301 in Southern Maryland.

Later Still Switch to Rt. 17 south of Port Royal, Virginia.

Noon Meet Calvins. Lunch at Nick's famous Seafood Restaurant in historic Yorktown. Specialties of House: "Crab Pavillion" and large tossed salad with dressing.

1:00 PM Continue to Williamsburg via Colonial Parkway.

1:20 PM Check in at Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge, Richmond Road, Williamsburg, Va. (approximately 156 miles from Marlboro).

1:30 PM Informal sightseeing in Colonial Williamsburg balance of afternoon. Governor's Palace, College of William and Mary, Wren Building, Antiques, Rockefeller Folk Art Museum, Bruton Parish Church, Gaöl, Crafts, etc.

6:00 PM NCJOC Party (on the Club) at Chowning's Tavern. N.B. Beer and wine only are available in the Commonwealth. Those who desire anything else are advised to tote a jug.

7:30 PM Dinner at Christiana Campbell's (restored colonial inn). Order from menu.

-- Informal after dinner partying at Ho-Jo's 'til the wee hours.

* * *

Sunday, April 23

10:00 AM Famous Plantation Breakfast at Williamsburg Inn.

After Breakfast More informal sightseeing.

-- Return individually or in groups at times and by routes most convenient to individuals. For many this will be to Richmond and thence via Interstate Highway #95 affording different scenery.

RESERVATION FORM

Please fill this out and return at once ~~in the enclosed self-addressed stamped envelope~~ with your check for accommodations. ~~Please indicate whether you are planning to attend or not.~~ Send to Nation's Capital Jaguar Owners Club Treasurer, Kim Calvin, 5608 - 24th Street N., Arlington, Va. The Club has made a deposit.

☐

We plan on attending. Enclosed find my check for \$17.51 made out to Howard Johnson Motor Lodge, Williamsburg, Va. to cover the total cost of a double room for Saturday evening. The Treasurer will hold all checks and pay Ho-Jo's before we leave.

☐

~~Indicate whether you are planning to attend or not.~~

Name

Address

(DVJC)

----- CUT HERE -----

It is necessary that we have your check to reserve a room. If it is necessary for you to cancel out, your reservation can be cancelled up to 24 hours before (April 20) and your uncanceled check will be returned.

For different accommodations (other than one double) or further information contact Mary Jane Ekstein - Home: 347-6413, Office 296-6900 X330 or Joe Hannon - (301) 263-3795.

It seems likely that 10 or more couples will make the trek. We sincerely hope that as many as possible will turn out for this examination of our heritage.

NOTE TO DVJC MEMBERS - WE JUST RECEIVED THIS ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE MAIL AND ARE PASSING IT ON TO OUR MEMBERS IN CASE ANY OF YOU WOULD LIKE TO JOIN OUR FRIENDS OF THE NATION'S CAPITAL JAGUAR OWNERS CLUB ON WHAT SOUNDS LIKE A DELIGHTFUL TOUR. IF YOU WISH TO PARTICIPATE, SEND YOUR RESERVATION AND CHECK DIRECTLY TO THE WASHINGTON CLUB.

FRANK WEIKEL