

# *The Jaguar's Growl*



The newsletter of the Jaguar Association of Greater St. Louis proudly serving St. Louis Jaguar enthusiasts since 1961

The May Cars & Coffee was soggy but it didn't prevent Christian Berens from capturing the mood in a classic series of images (insert)





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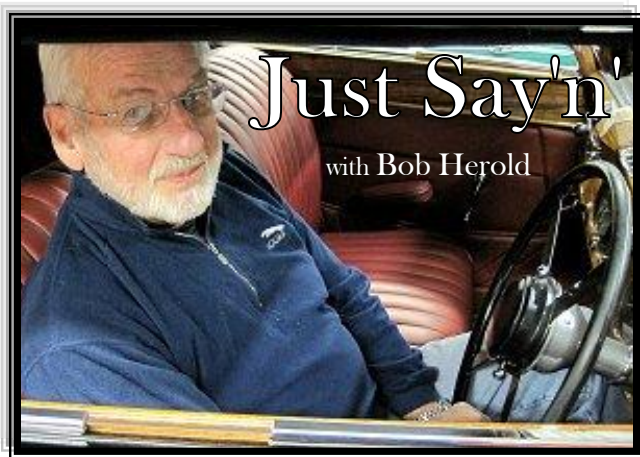
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**HOW ALIVE ARE YOU?**  
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I had a chance to go to heaven today. No, not the real one. (According to Jeri, I don't have a great chance to do that.) I had the opportunity to visit [Jaguar Heaven](#) in Stockton, California. They are a dismantler of Jaguars and Land Rovers. They don't have any other types of cars there. For those who aren't familiar with what a dismantler is, it's what used to be referred to as a "junk" or "salvage" yard. But as a "dismantler," they can charge three to four times as much for their parts.

I am being a little facetious, since they have quite an operation. They have a 3 1/2 acre storage lot crammed full of Jaguar sheet metal. Of course they are all advertised as "rust free California cars." There is also a 34,000 square foot building housing racks of every conceivable part. There are rows of engines, transmissions, electrical components, interior components—and anything else you could want. Some of the parts have been rebuilt and are ready for installation. They are a world-wide source for used parts.



Obviously, due to demand, the supply of XKE and older sports cars is pretty slim. But if you are looking for parts for the XJ6 and newer, you can find them there. I was looking for something for an XK140, which they did not have. But they had several MK VIIIs which had the same part ... hopefully. It will take a little research first.

The attractiveness of an operation like Jaguar Heaven is that they are dealing in "original" parts. They may cost more than a new part to restore, but you know when you are done that they are going to fit. Don't get me wrong, suppliers like [SNG Bar-ratt](#) and [XKs Unlimited](#) are good sources and try to provide good replacement parts. However, they are at the mercy of their suppliers' abilities to get original materials and to fabricate the parts according to the original design. Some have access to original drawings, but most don't. In the end it could cost more to make something work than the difference between the replacement part cost and that of restoring an original part.

But if you want a part for your XJ6, XJS or XK8, you should think about going to "Heaven." —OOP



## **Jaguar Association of Greater St. Louis**

*"To promote, foster and encourage a spirit of mutual interest among owners of Jaguar automobiles."*

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Kwik Kopy Printing - Chesterfield, Missouri

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All submissions to *The Jaguar's Growl* must be in a form suitable for reprint, jpeg or gif files are fine. PDF files won't work in our format.

#### **ADVERTISING RATES - 12 months:**

Business Card	1/4 Page	1/2 Page	Full Page
\$49.00	\$111.00	\$194.00	\$375.00

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# Rallye to Missouri Veterans Home &

Hosted by  
Ron Henry  
and  
Phil Taxman

SHRIMP

HOMEMADE  
BRATWURST

BIG  
ELWOOD  
STEAK  
ON A STICK

Fast Eddie's BON AIR

## SATURDAY, JUNE 27TH

- ◆ The event will begin at 8:30 AM at the Missouri Veterans Home, 10600 Lewis and Clark Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63136.
- ◆ We will display our Jaguars for the veterans until 10:00 AM and then depart on a 25 mile back roads rallye that will end at Fast Eddie's Bon Air Restaurant, 1530 East 4th Street, Alton, Illinois 62002.
- ◆ Along the way we will visit the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, the Lewis and Clark Memorial Site and drive through some wonderful small towns.
- ◆ We plan to arrive at Fast Eddie's around 11:30 AM for lunch. Those not able to join us for the car display at the Missouri Veterans Home or on our back roads drive are welcome to meet us at the restaurant.

RSVP  
Ron Henry  
314.750.7100  
or  
[mr.kinghenry@yahoo.com](mailto:mr.kinghenry@yahoo.com)



## UPCOMING JAGSL EVENTS

### JUNE EVENT

*Saturday, June 27th*  
Missouri Veterans  
Home  
&  
Fast Eddie's Bon Air

### JULY EVENT

*Sunday, July 12th*  
Glen Echo Country  
Club @ Noon  
3401 Lucas & Hunt  
Road  
St. Louis, MO 63121

### AUGUST EVENT

*Saturday, Aug. 15th*  
River Road Run &  
Picnic  
Meet at Cars & Coffee  
and caravan out to shel-  
ter at Pere Marquette

### SEPTEMBER EVENT

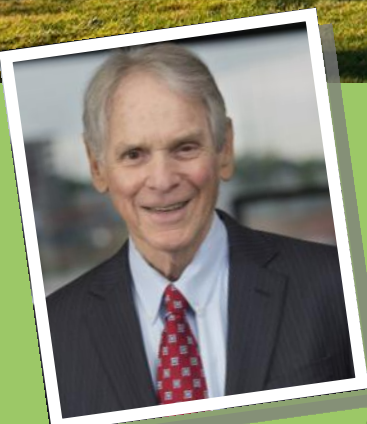
*Saturday, Sept. 26th*  
34th Annual  
All British  
Car & Cycle Show  
Creve Coeur Lake Park

### OCTOBER EVENT

*Saturday, Oct. 10th*  
Concours  
Bishop's Post  
Restaurant  
16125 Chesterfield  
Parkway West



# 2015 JAGUAR ASSOCIATION OF ST. LOUIS ❖ BIRTHDAY PARTY ❖



**J**AGSL will celebrate its founding at the annual birthday gala to be held on Sunday, July 12th at the Glen Echo Country Club, 3401 Lucas & Hunt Road, St. Louis, Missouri 63121 beginning at twelve noon.

A gourmet buffet lunch will be served at 1:00 PM—coffee, tea and water are included. Other beverages are available (tickets will be available at the check-in line). Our traditional birthday cake will follow the lunch. The cost is \$40.00 per person.

We are pleased to have as our featured speaker, our own JAGSL member **Ben Hilliker** (above), noted authority on

St. Louis automotive history. In addition, we will have attendance prizes and a trivia contest. As in previous years, the club is allowing us to park our Jaguars on the lawn just off the patio. Please plan to arrive by 12:00 noon to display your car.

Lunch must be reserved in advance. Simply fill in the information below, including your name and the number in your party, then clip out this section of the *Growl* and mail it to: **Jeanne Carmack**, 241 Wenneker Dr., St. Louis, Missouri 63124 as your RSVP. The club requires us to provide a head count for lunch in advance of the date. Please mail your RSVP to arrive by July 10th.

Contact **Terry** or **Jeanne Carmack** at 314.692.0566 or email [tcarmack01@charter.net](mailto:tcarmack01@charter.net) with any questions. Hosts: **Terry & Jeanne Carmack** and **Tom Loew & Charlotte Bukowski**.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

NUMBER IN PARTY (INCLUDING YOURSELF) \_\_\_\_\_







## the TAXMAN Race Report

with Phil Taxman & Marsh Riegert



Photos: Marsh Riegert & Phil Taxman

**A**fter purchasing a 1964 XKE Coupe Race Car, the decision had to be made ... what now? Did I really want to race the Jag or just show my race car at Concoors? Frankly, my decision was easy, *LET'S GO RACING!* I called two JCNA members who I've known for many years and were actively participating in vintage racing. They both recommended going to a driving school and joining one of the vintage racing associations. I choose Vintage Sports Car Drivers Association (VSCDA) <<http://www.vscda.org/>>, as its venues are in the upper Midwest while the other organizations hold most of their functions on the East or West Coasts. I contacted VSCDA, became a member, and found them to be very helpful. They sent me information on their driving school which was going to be held at GingerMan Raceway in South Haven, Michigan from April 30<sup>th</sup> to May 1<sup>st</sup>. The curriculum included a home study program, one whole day of classroom, and one day on the track in your own car with an instructor. The shocker was that you could then participate in their entire racing program starting that very Saturday and Sunday (May 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup>) ... provided, of course, that you graduated from the driving school. Really? Racing after a mere two days of training? And here I thought they meant just touring. Was I ever mistaken!

### RACE DRIVING SCHOOL

On the first day, everything was held at the Raceway in the pavilion. The class was well organized. We learned about racing and track rules, especially flag colors and their purposes, as well as techniques for driving on the track. Yaw, apex, roll, brake, downshift, fire out of the turn, funnel-vision-not-tunnel vision, hand signals, look 100 yards ahead and the car will go there, and *most of all* ... BE PREDICTABLE. Although many areas were stressed, the emphasis was on safety. It was a lot to take in. A nice lunch and dinner were included in the registration fee.

On day two, we met at the track tower at 7:30 AM and received instructions from the track steward and the drivers committee. Many of the things we had discussed in class the previous day were repeated. Then we were taken in street cars onto the track in order to get familiar with the

driving lines and the corner signal locations. Being a passenger for fifteen laps with an experienced driver helped greatly, as the expert explained where to downshift, brake, and then fire. Sounded easy enough.

Next, we suited up in our three-layer Nomex Fire Suits and drove the track slowly, forty percent of maximum speed, in our own race cars, for approximately twenty minutes. An "X" was placed next to our numbers—on all sides of the cars—to indicate rookie drivers. The mark stays on the car for three events and can only be taken off if the events are driven without incident. Driving a race car for the first time on a track isn't an easy thing to do. It is really intimidating at first. Doing a Conga Line around the track helped us to relax a bit, replacing the stress with excitement. We did four laps under a yellow caution flag and then four laps under a green flag (wow!!!). It was then back to the classroom for more talk about apex, double apex, flagging, and safety.

The next session was fifteen laps of the two-and-a-half mile road course at a faster pace—fifty percent of maximum speed. Emphasis was placed on car control, apexes, and using one's mirrors. I had quite a bit of trouble, finding myself using way too much brake, holding the clutch in for too long, and actually popping the clutch on curves. What a no-no! Such methods lead to the engine moving at a different speed to the back wheels, which usually ends up severely spinning the car and raising two or four wheels off of the track. Yes, that was me, *numerous* times. Thus, back to the pavilion for discussion and instruction. I was told by my experienced instructor, Terry, and my knowledgeable crew chief, Marsh Riegert, what I was doing wrong.

The third session of the morning was a disaster. It was at higher speed, seventy-five percent of maximum, and I became totally discombobulated! This session was about speed, mirrors, and hand signals. I did wrong everything one could do wrong, including spinning repeatedly (three times off the track), losing all confidence, and becoming deflated. Thus, back to the classroom to discuss my problems and errors. I was told to focus on being smooth, not fast. Fast is slow and slow is fast: that's what is stressed. Be like a symphony—smooth, consistent, and predictable.

The afternoon—after lunch—included three more sessions on the track. With help from Terry and Marsh, I worked on my driving skills and improved. Twenty minutes of practice laps. Session four saw me off the course only twice. Session five saw my four wheels off the track only once ... but still not smooth enough, and way too much braking and late downshifting. Marsh stressed to me to let the engine slow me down. Brake, downshift, brake, and *fire out!* Session six is when it all came together. I was getting it. We had a four-lap Novice Race, complete with every flag that could be thrown at the drivers: Blue (passing car, hold your line), black (something wrong, doing something wrong), red and yellow-lined (oil on track), double yellow (hazardous situation, don't pass), *among others*. My times and speeds were improving and I was getting smoother. I was also no longer terrified—as one really doesn't have time to worry about such things—and only a bit intimidated. I started to go faster and I stayed clean. I was still early or late on some of the apexes and didn't accelerate out as quickly as I should have, but it was coming together! The '64 XKE Coupe and I were becoming one.

A dinner was held that night, complete with a graduation ceremony, where I received my VSCDA license. It is provisional, meaning that I have to race without incident for three

events, but it's a solid step. Was I ready for the races that would take place over the next two days? Would I remember all that I learned? Would I be able to get enough sleep and be sharp in the morning? Marsh and I went out for a drink and bowl of homemade clam chowder to discuss the next day. Our plan was to get a lot of sleep and get to the track early. While Marsh kept harping about downshifting and firing and laying off the brakes, I tried to take it all in and store it in my sixty-four-year-old memory banks.

## MARSH'S TAKE

What a wonderful weekend of vintage racing at the GingerMan Raceway <<http://www.gingermanraceway.com/>> in South Haven, Michigan. It sure brought back the days when I raced, forty years ago—like a time warp. The same cars—Healeys, Sprites, Formula V, old Corvette sports racers, BMW 2002s, Datsun 510s and Zs, Porsche Speedsters and 911s, an Alfa or two—but also something "new": #2 Jaguar XKE, from Taxman Racing.

Between Thursday (April 30<sup>th</sup>) and Sunday (May 3<sup>rd</sup>) afternoon, we had eleven races which used up approximately fifty gallons of racing fuel *and* pretty well a full set of tires. Although it cost us in materiel, our preparation between each race made it possible to complete all of them trouble-free. Our competitors seemed to rely more on luck, a strategy that did not pan out as well.

Phil Taxman spent Thursday in classes, working hard in driver's training. I spent the day preparing #2 for Friday's race. Friday morning saw more training for Phil as he did laps with his instructor to learn the track's lines. He had to remember much: correct lines, accurate braking points, shifting points—all harder than one might think. But he learned fast, which was fortunate, as that afternoon it was race time. Late in the day, Phil was starting to turn some respectable lap times. Also fortunate, as the next day, the *real* racing began.

Saturday's races included the novice drivers as well as those who are licensed. What a show! Phil started the race with thirty-eight other cars. All went well save for one or two minor spins; I think we finished sixteenth. Nothing is as exciting as having a Boss Mustang or '67 Corvette blow past you at 140 mph. Already respectable, Phil showed remarkable improvement during the next race, passing six cars with the drop of the green flag. Admittedly, I thought he wasn't going to quite make it through turn 1, but all was well. It was a great race, Phil posting his fastest lap time yet. Standing next to the Chief Instructor, I mentioned that I thought Phil was starting to feel more comfortable. During the next race, #2 developed some brake problems. I checked all the pads, but they looked good, so we insulated a couple of brake lines, topped off the fluid, and let everything cool off. I advised Phil that he was over-braking the corners, so he corrected his brake points and suddenly all was well with the brakes. Quick learner.

There were two races on Sunday, the main one starting at 1:30pm. The Jag was running smoothly, but the tires were pretty well worn. There was some front end push near the end of the race. I should have probably gone up two or so more pounds of tire pressure. Even so, we did well, finishing second in class (6BP) and sixteenth overall. It was a great four days, and not just of racing. We met a lot of racers, all very friendly and helpful. *Thanks, Phil, for letting me crew and advise.* □



# SO GALICIOUS!

It was a dark and stormy morning for the May Cars & Coffee. **Linda** and I had planned to convoy from Illinois with **Matthew Johnson** in his beautiful E-type while we drove our '71 XJ6. Unfortunately the XJ6 didn't feel like getting up that morning, so we roused the Mustang. It was a great drive to Westport with Matthew, and we arrived at the BP and Waterway where a small but hearty contingent of JAGSL folks were waiting.

It was not until our arrival at Westport when the skies started their grey drizzle, which persisted for the rest of the show. That didn't, however, stop approximately ninety cars from showing. A lot of the old favorites and an impressive gaggle of exotics made the damp trip to hang out. The JAGSL crew gathered at the back of the parking lot to properly oversee the proceedings. Leading the pack was **John Testrake** in his elegant-yet-sporty XJ6; next in the lineup was **Jim Hendrix** in his regal XJ; then **Bob Herold** and **Brandon Hibbs** in their stunning XJS; followed by Matthew Johnson in his pretty E-type; and last, but indisputably not least, **Allan Ellis** in his graceful and charming 420. Hopefully a similarly impressive display of Jaguars can be arranged for a future C&C. —ART BUECHLER

*Photos: Linda Buechler & Matthew Johnson*







**T**he 2015 Hemmings Motor News Great Race is scheduled to leave the Kirkwood Depot on Saturday, June 20th at 10:00 AM. The entrants will be driving the southern route to California, ending up on the Santa Monica Pier on Sunday, June 28th around 2:00 PM. The Jaguar entrants are: Thomas & Hazel Nawojczyk from Manchester, UK driving a 1966 3.8S; Dick Russ & Mike Cook, piloting a 1970 XKE; and Ed & Richard Overmyer, handling a 1963 XKE. Among an interesting field of 130 entrants, Norihisa Morita & Akitaka Yamaguchi from Japan have entered a 1970 Toyota 2000 GT, a car that shares many of the same styling cues as the E type, and a car you might never get a chance to see again. It would be nice if JAGSL showed up to give them a proper British sendoff. Visit [http: //www.greatrace.com/](http://www.greatrace.com/) for more information. □



**T**he Jaguar Association of Greater Indiana invites you to their concours to be held on June 19 and 20th to be held at Tom Wood Jaguar, a State of the Art Dealership at 4620 East 96th

Street in Indianapolis (46240). Tom Wood Jaguar will be hosting a Pre-registration cocktail party on Friday night. Car washing will be available along with trailer parking and excellent lighting to show off your "Cats." Registration is \$45.00. For more information visit: [http: //www.jcna.com/users/nc51](http://www.jcna.com/users/nc51) □



**A**nybody want to take a guess at whose car this is?



**M**ark Morgan was headed to an event in Delaware when this '54 120 came roaring by. It's owned by Rick Wolfinger who is a member of the Nation's Capital Jaguar Club. He was headed to the same show as Mark. Mark assures us that he was driving safely with his knees when he snapped the pic. □

**T**he editorial team would like, each month, to feature a JAGSL member "profile" not only to celebrate the profiled, but also to introduce new members to current members (and the reverse). To these ends, we have put together a few questions that we hope will help elicit interesting and unique responses and anecdotes from members to feature in future issues of *The Growl*. Responses can be sent to **Matthew Johnson** at <[matthewthegrowl@charter.net](mailto:matthewthegrowl@charter.net)>. Write-ups will be completed and you will be contacted before publication to get your final approval.

These questions/prompts are merely intended to generate ideas: it is certainly not an exhaustive list, and we encourage you to respond however you wish – what do you think *Growl* readers will want to read? Feel free, too, to ignore any question to which you do not want to respond or that is irrelevant to your story. Response-wise, the more details, the more specificity you can provide, the better the profile will be (and the easier the write-up!). Photographs of you and your Jaguar(s) are most welcome and will accompany your profile page. Profiles that feature you and your partner member are also encouraged. Many thanks for helping to make JAGSL an even more welcoming group, and to enhancing our monthly journal. □

1. What sparked your interest in the marque?
2. What was your first encounter with a Jaguar?
3. When and how did you acquire your first Jaguar (and/or subsequent Jaguars)? What were the circumstances of its/their acquisition?
4. What motivated you to join JAGSL?
5. What was the most enjoyable, the most interesting, the most memorable (etc.) JAGSL event that you have attended? Why/how?
6. What was the most enjoyable, the most interesting, the most memorable (etc.) Jaguar-related experience you've had? Why/how?
7. What else might you want to share with your fellow JAGSL members?



**A**s announced in the last issue of the *Growl*, on April 26<sup>th</sup> Larry Jent hosted the 80<sup>th</sup> birthday party of his father, Liston Jent, at the Maplewood United Methodist Church. Liston is keenly attracted to Jaguars, and owned a '52 XK120 until 1990, when he sold it not because the market was good, but to help pay for his wife's medical bills. A cause more worthy, there isn't. Even while Liston no longer owns a Jaguar, Jaguars got into his blood, as they have for so many of us. Thus, Larry asked JAGSL whether some of its members might bring their Jaguars out for the celebration as a thoughtful surprise for his Dad.

I hesitate to mention weather, as per the excellent advice of the Humble Scribe, John Testrake, but here I make an exception: on the morning of Liston's 80<sup>th</sup>, the skies were discouraging. Heavy, grey, grim. It had already rained, and those three words that no owner planning a drive in an old Jag likes to hear had been uttered: Chance. Of. Thunderstorms. Yet roughly half-an-hour before Allan Ellis (in his 420) and Matthew and Heather Johnson (in their E-type) were to arrive in Maplewood, the clouds offered clemency and the Jaguars leapt at the opportunity. It wasn't supposed to, but the sun shone. Under these conditions, the Jaguars arrived at the party, where Liston and a whole assembly of merry-makers soon greeted them. Jaguar curves gleamed in the light, Liston reminisced about the 120, the Jents and friends told family narratives, Allan and Matthew shared their automobiles. The sunlight also glistened in the crystal model of an XK120 that Allan presented to Liston as a birthday present on behalf of JAGSL. And the whole group, unlike the rain, poured over the Jaguars. Larry expressed his heartfelt appreciation through kind words and an honorarium for the club; we conveyed our genuine joy that we could participate. *The sun held just long enough.* Although we were invited to join the party—the food tempted and the company beckoned—rain threatens unkindly to lacquered 420s, and E-types with their penchant for rusting from the inside out. The clouds having denied further clemency, we regretfully departed. (Chance. Of. Thunderstorms.) *But the sun had held just long enough.* Long enough to bring quite a smile to Liston's face and recall a few fond memories.

## RUMINATIONS ON an 80TH BIRTHDAY PARTY

As I pulled up to the birthday party, it gladdened my heart to see the 420, patiently awaiting the arrival of the E-type. And I was supremely gratified to learn, subsequently, that Joe Miserany had also responded to Larry's request, joining the party later in the day in his XJS. The three intrepid automobiles and their owners were able to present a private little Jaguar show to the Jents, fulfilling the wishes of a son for his dad, and bringing a veteran Jaguar devotee a bit of excitement. We answered the call of a fellow enthusiast. And that's important, because

## THE JENT EVENT



Photos: Larry Jent & Matthew Johnson

that's in part, it seems to me, what JAGSL (and indeed JCNA) is for. In the last *Jaguar Journal*, Peter Crespín commented on how "organizations cannot lose sight of their mission, which in the case of JCNA is to enhance the pleasure to be gained from the driving, showing, racing and maintenance of Jaguar cars. In other words, JCNA exists to help us all have FUN!" (4). Yes. True. (I'd also add owning, preserving, and adoring Jaguars to the list of activities.) It's more than even that, though: JCNA, I'd claim, exists to preserve the hobby itself. ("Hobby" not strong enough a word? ... recreation? ... obsession? ... passion?) And like the automobiles we celebrate, the hobby needs continuous maintenance and safeguarding. So, too, JAGSL needs periodic upkeep and fortifying. The Association does not just motivate Jaguar-owner social engagement and amusement (it does those, too), but actually serves to nurture and sustain the very shared passion that called it into being in the first place, because it enables others, which is to say *non-owners*, to participate: Enthusiasts; fans; admirers and adorers; children; young people thinking about purchasing their first cars (and those who can finally get rid of those beaters to get something they really want); past owners; and, crucially, *future owners*.

How? We need to show and drive our cars, quite simply, so that they can be seen. I do not mean in a pretentious conspicuous consumption sort of way. Neither do I mean in an ostentatious, narcissistic "I have a Jaguar, so look at me! Look at me!" kind of way. Rather, we need to share our cars, be generous with them. Only in this way will the hobby continue: the desire – to see them again, to experience them, to own them – has to be *created*. Enthusiasts and fans and adorers and admirers and past owners will tell of their sightings, share their stories, spread the word. Children and young people will be inspired; they will wonder what these striking and stirring automobiles are. (If you have never, in a vintage Jag, driven by a crowd of elementary school children waiting for their school bus, you should try it at your earliest opportunity.) Thus, they will find out, learn more, develop a compulsion ... er, rather, a healthy aspiration ... to pursue the hobby. And future owners? *They represent nothing less than the survival of the cars and the hobby.* Eventually, they'll own Jaguars – *our* Jaguars – and become stewards of the marque as we are now. It is, I think,



quite a privilege to own these fine automobiles, and sharing them with others enables us to continue to enjoy them while ensuring their future preservation. If the cars are enjoyed and preserved, then the clubs and the hobby should do okay, too. [I know, I know, potential lack of interest in classic cars in the current and future generations isn't the only problem the hobby faces, but we are neither able to do anything to stem the shift to electric or driverless cars (for instance) as petrol dries up or becomes thin with alcohol, nor should we want to (unless we're inexcusably selfish). But we can generate interest now. After all, the unavailability of gasoline is irrelevant if nobody wants these rolling objets d'art in the first place.]

Lest I get accused of digression, I'll tie these ponderings back to the Jents' event: I found the crowd at Liston Jent's birthday party quite encouraging. Everyone (including the Jags' owners, who participated with equal enthusiasm, I should point out) encircled each car, sauntered from front to back, strolled from vehicle to vehicle and back again, gazing at them the whole while. "Can we see the engine?" *Of course, let me open the bonnet!* "Lovely interior." *Here, I'll open the doors!* Phones and cameras never stopped snapping pictures of the cars and the people standing by them, none of whom needed to be instructed, "Smile." A few of the younger partygoers seemed particularly enamored, excitement etched on their faces as they asked questions about the Jags. The gathering drew a bit interest from a few local residents and casual passersby not associated with the party as well. (One playfully granted me permission to photograph his pickup truck when I was through with the 420. After a shared laugh, he mentioned how beautiful the Jaguars were. Indeed.)

Such zeal was apparent before and after the party, too. As I fueled up for the trip to Maplewood, the petrol station owners came out to look, asking what kind of car I was driving (I responded, simply at first, "This is a Jaguar"); their inquiry indicated that they were not *already* interested in Jaguars, but I imagine that they could become so. (Did Jaguar interest, for some of us, not originate during similar encounters?) As I drove home after the party, trailing the 420 for a few blocks, I saw how many heads excitedly turned and fingers animatedly pointed at us. The 420 was marvelous, by the bye, lights glowing in the gloom, bringing out the Garnet red in the grey haze, and, when Allan and I

parted ways, seeing the elegant sedan fading into the mist ... fabulous. Arguably, we were mistreating our Jaguars, driving them as we were in the drenching rain, but I'd say it was more like we were misbehaving mischievously with them. Admittedly, we had *fun*; the event was a pleasure. Yet it carried a price: after the skies cleared, Allan spent two hours with the buffer, getting rainspots out of the bonnet, cowl, and front wings of the 420. And the moment I returned home, I washed the E-type (in the rain) with clean water, swiftly maneuvered it into the garage, and cham-oised laboriously, drying its nooks and crannies for over an hour while the dehumidifier toiled at full tilt. And still there was pleasure. Not the fun kind, but the fulfilling kind, for we knew that it was *worth it*, having done something kind for Larry, something meaningful for Liston, and perhaps something beneficial to the hobby in general, maybe JAGSL in particular. We hope, anyway. Will we see a Jent at a future JAGSL event? Will one of the partygoers have caught the bug (or one of the travelers, catching a glimpse of something dramatic and lovely vanishing into the rain)? Might some of the many people who attended tell of Liston's 80<sup>th</sup>, mentioning the Jaguars, showing the pictures? Might some of the hearers then become tellers?

Perhaps I'm overstating. Perhaps. Suffice it to say, we have a responsibility in owning these cars, if we care not just for them, but about them, to preserve their legacy and the hobby itself by garnering interest. That might mean braving nasty weather (when the event merits it – an 80<sup>th</sup> birthday party, yes, if not, say, a banquet luncheon). Or it might simply mean replying patiently, even cheerfully, to the schmucksteenth query, "What year is it?" that observers pose whilst gesticulating towards the Jags.

While out and about recently, a gentleman (hmmm ... well, more like some dude, actually) stopped me, asking about the car and commenting about it quite favorably; he then told me about a restoration project he has been undertaking, of a '50s era International Harvester pickup. I have no interest in Internationals. Or pickups. I also have no expectation that the IH restorer is going to go out and buy a Jaguar any more than I think I'll head out this afternoon for an IH truck. However, we should all be motivated to foster relationships with other classic vehicle owners: I was interested in his *story* about the IH. Stories are like viruses (bear with me

and picture a *good* virus – all similes are imperfect), spreading from person to person, mutating, growing stronger, affecting their hosts, infecting others who then do the same. Would I have spotted that Scout II on I-55 a few days later had I not heard about the IH restoration? It also occurs to me that I just shared the story with you. Like a Jent might tell of Liston's 80<sup>th</sup> birthday party and those three striking Jaguars. Stories shape our culture. They define, stimulate, proliferate, and perpetuate our desires.

While I think there is somewhat of a *responsibility* for owners of the XK120/40/50s and E-types and Mk 1/2s and old S-Types and 420s and all those other immediately eye-catching Jaguars from the SS cars to the Mk X, to share their cars with others, the truth is that all those folks have it rather easy – enthusiasts seek *them* out. Increasingly so, the XJ6/12 and XJS owners, too. Now, lest the rest of y'all think you can sit back in your ergonomic, lumbar-supporting, electrically- and multi-adjusted, heated seats of scientifically-determined-comfort-and-luxury think you can relax ... ah, no. XJ8 and XK8 and X-type and (modern) S-type owners be forewarned: as you well know, your cars are dazzling, magnificent, passion-fueling, too, despite the fact that you can drive them, worrisome, in the rain. If we (and Jaguar) have anything to say about it (and I think we do, if we share our passions) yours are next. They, too, will become fair weather cats. And when the youngest generation of Jaguar-coveters want to drive their first, which of the models do you think, fifteen and twenty years from now, will they be able to afford?

We need to show our cars. We need to drive our cars. We need to share our cars. We need to tell our automotive stories. We need to listen to and retell others' automotive stories. We need to be, to a reasonable extent, generous with our Jags.

*That's what JCNA is for.*

So I have a recommendation: Currently, JAGSL's mission statement reads, "To promote, foster and encourage a spirit of mutual interest among owners of Jaguar automobiles." I propose we change it to "To promote, foster and encourage a spirit of mutual interest among Jaguar automobile enthusiasts." It's really important that we include non-owners. Our Association and hobby depend on it. So does that little pretty in your garage. □

—MATTHEW JOHNSON



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## EDITOR'S PAGE: *Allan Ellis*

**B**eing upside down in a Jaguar is not a pleasant experience. I'm speaking figuratively, of course. But it's just such an easy thing to do. You look at a car and you reason that the price is, well, *reasonable*. As you walk around it, you say to yourself, "You know, a little fettle here and a bit of sorting out and ..." You pull the trigger and don't realize that you have just entered the twilight zone: Jaguar Quicksand.

The first thing you have to do is explain to your wife (in my case) *why* you have decided to jump back into the Jaguar Quicksand when you had sworn up and down just a few years ago (or maybe months—gulp) that you would *never* do *that* again. The exchange is painful but nonetheless negotiable. When I bought the '67 420 off eBay, I spent a few days trying to figure out how to tell Christi. Finally, one night at supper, I simply mumbled, "So the other day, I bought a car..." I did not expect that she would want to join me for a dip in the Jaguar Quicksand, and I was correct. Shockingly, it proved to be a fortuitous purchase (which she now somewhat willingly admits). And I have to confess that I'm batting at around a hundred. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, 1 out of 10 is not a bad average, considering that I'm not playing in a sandlot but in the notoriously unenviable Jaguar Quicksand.

After receiving the Mechanic of the Year Award at the January dinner (for having the most Jaguars that do not run), I returned to my table where **June Hilliker** asked me, "How *many* Jaguars *DO* you own?!" Customarily, one would be proud to share such information. But I knew that even though I had carefully coiffed myself for the evening's festivities, streaks of Jaguar Quicksand would soon betray my "poser" status. I deftly shunted the question and said, "Ben, tell us again about your XK140 MC..." June could smell a rat, I could tell, and a very muddy one at that.

Some days you think you can live without the Jaguar Quicksand. Until someone calls with a *very good deal*, as **Gary Schlueter** did this week: three cars for pocket change. And I admit, shamefully brothers and sisters, that I took the plunge...again. So I went and looked at the three kitties and dreamed about what might be, splashed about a bit in the quagmire, thought of ways I could reconfigure my finances, spoke sternly to myself and miraculously climbed out of the Jaguar Quicksand.

**John Testrake** suggests that every Jaguar enthusiast should have three Jaguars: a show car, a driver and a project. It makes fantastic sense. But it does not take into account that I'm crazy, not just *Car Crazy*, but crazy for snorting Jaguar Quicksand. Maybe there should be a Twelve Step program for people like me: "Hi. My name is Allan and I'm a Jaguar Quicksandaholic." But would it really make sense for me to join a group of people on a weekly basis who have the same obsession? I mean, that's why I joined JAGSL!

There are more sensible members in the club who advise me to concentrate on the complete restoration of my '67 FHC which I've owned since 1983. I drove it into the garage in 2001 and began to dismantle it, strip the paint ... well, you know. It's scheduled to have the tub restored sometime next year (hopefully). In preparation for taking the coupe off the road, I bought an '80 XJ6 to drive. I got it running and I now start it twice a year, whether it needs it or not. The '52 Mk VII sits under a tarp with its bucket seats and four speed waiting for my attention. Every so often, I apologize to him. He would like, he says, to join the land of the running again and be delivered from the Jaguar Quicksand. But he has an owner who delights in insanity.

Some mornings I wake up and before the craziness sets in, I hear myself softly saying, "You don't have enough time left to do this." But most days I take an early morning dip in the Quicksand and lament all those Jaguar enthusiasts who own a properly restored, running and valuable model. "Gosh," I exult, "how boring!" I've got my own Jaguar "Acres of Diamonds" and didn't even have to go to Jaguar Heaven in Stockton to experience it. □



## JAGSL NAME TAG ORDER FORM

If you would like to purchase a JAGSL name tag, please complete this order form and mail it with a check, made payable to Gary Schlueter, for \$10.00 for each tag to the same address as the membership application: Gary Schlueter, 840 Rambling Pine Drive, St. Charles, MO 63303. You can contact Gary at (314) 606-0025.

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If you are renewing or are interested in joining, this is your chance to become a regular member of the JAGSL. Simply fill out and return the membership application printed below and get involved in JAGSL. We look forward to your support and participation.

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Referred by JAGSL Member : \_\_\_\_\_

Note: Membership carries 1 vote. A one calendar year membership is \$63. After July 1st, partial calendar year membership is \$32. Please add \$5 for spouse vote. We also have a Young Enthusiast's Membership for anyone under the age of 25. Those dues are \$23 for a one calendar year membership and \$11 after June 1st. Make checks payable to JAGSL and send to :

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