

The Jaguar's Growl



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

Jaguars lavished the lawn at
Glen Echo Country Club with
Bob Herold's '67 XKE OTS
setting the standard



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Plaza Jaguar St. Louis is a proud sponsor of the JAGSL Concours d'Elegance



Unintended Consequences

Cars & Coffee was first begun as a get-together for the foreign car clubs. When I first attended Cars & Coffee, there were thirty-five cars that showed up. It has since grown to 250-300 on any given date. This growth has already forced it to move from the original site in Rock Hill, to Westport Plaza, which is not necessarily a bad thing, as there is not an adverse effect on the tenants at Westport, as they are mostly offices and closed on Saturday. There is more space and also a choice of coffee suppliers: Starbucks, Panera, and McDonald's. However, its success has created problems: vendors and cowboys. There was always the ability to throw a "for sale" sign on your car, but lately there have been car dealers, and at the last event there was a golf cart vendor and an outfit peddling luxury garage condos in the Chesterfield Valley.

Secondly, there has been an increase in drivers "hot rodding" as they leave the site. Arguably part of the reason this has become a problem is that Maryland Heights has been pretty lenient. Pull that in Rock Hill and you'll be in handcuffs. Hopefully ML Hillard can overcome these growth pains. It would be a shame if the event collapses from its success.

Are they getting too greedy?

I was looking at the results of the Auctions America's sale on July 17 and 18 in Santa Monica, California. They are a second tier auction house, below RM, Gooding and Bonham's, so they are not going to have the top cars. I was surprised to see that their sales percentages were only 54% on Friday and 52% on Saturday. Those are pretty low. Granted, without seeing the actual cars, it's difficult to analyze the results. However, OOP is allowed to pontificate: There were several cars that caught my eye, including a '63 Mk 2 3.8, bid \$40,000, asked \$75,000, a '64 XKE OTS, bid \$110,000, asked \$170,000, a '68 XKE OTS S1.5, bid \$140,000, asked \$200,000, and finally a '75 XJ12C, bid \$32,000, asked \$57,000. Like I said, it's hard to tell without first-hand knowledge, but \$75,000 for a Mk 2, \$200,000 for a S1.5, or \$57,000 for an XJ12C? Really?

Next Event

Details for the Do-Nuthin' but Show-Up Picnic at Pere Marquette State Park on Saturday, August 15 are found on the next page. Hope to see you there! —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

ADVERTISING POLICY:

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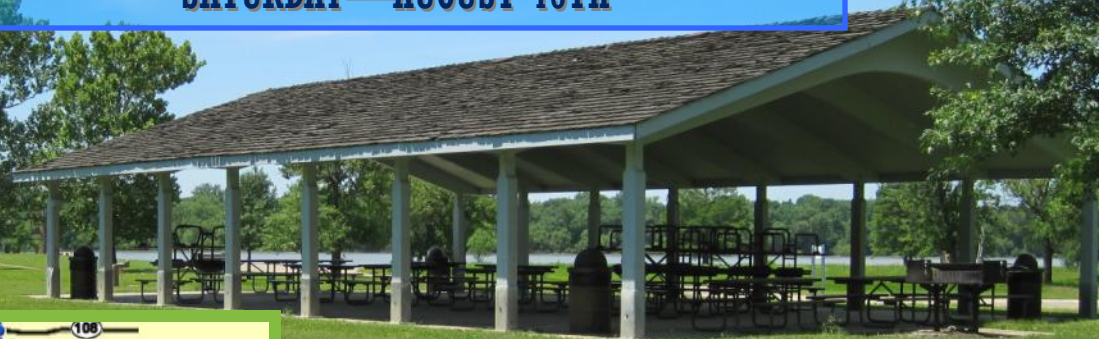
ADVERTISING RATES - 12 months:

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

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The August Do-Nuthin' but Show-Up PICNIC

SATURDAY—AUGUST 15TH



The recent Mississippi flooding has added a level or two of complication to the planning of this event. But as of today, (August 3), it looks like things are good. After several conversations with the park ranger at Pere Marquette State Park, he assured me that the cleanup had begun and that the river was dropping 3 to 5 feet a day. He also suggested that on the outside chance that the pavilion is inaccessible, he would let us set up on the east side of the River Road just below Pere Marquette Lodge. We will continue to monitor the situation and keep everyone updated through the usual Email blast.

We are trying to make this picnic as easy as possible: all you have to do is show up at the large pavilion by the river across from Pere Marquette Lodge at noon on **Saturday, August 15**. Lunch will be provided (\$10.00 per person). The menu includes: brisket and chicken salad sandwiches with an assortment of rolls and bread, Chinese slaw, Zia's salad, a pasta/cucumber salad, fruit salad, an assortment of chips and beverages, all topped off with your choice of Ted Drewe's ice cream and deliciously delightful chocolate chip cookies handcrafted by Heather Johnson. *All you have to do is get there.*

Since Cars & Coffee is on the same day, those wanting to caravan to the shelter are invited to meet at Westport Plaza that morning. We will be leaving at 10:00 AM to take a scenic drive (right at 56.5 miles) that will include crossing the Mississippi River via the Golden Eagle Ferry (cost \$8.00) and heading up the Illinois River Road through Brussels and up to Hardin. We will cross the Illinois River by bridge and then head back south on the Great River Road to be at the shelter by 12:00 noon.

The "August Do-Nuthin' but Show-Up Picnic" is sponsored by **Allan Ellis** and **Matthew Johnson**. **PLEASE LET US KNOW IF YOU ARE COMING** by either calling Allan at 314.229.9610 or emailing Matthew at matthewthegrowl@charter.net

Who knows, it just might turn out to be a beautiful day making another end-of-summer, JAGSL memory. ☐



A	AC	AA	MGA 1500 (Featured Marque)
B	Aston Martin (incl Lagonda)	BB	MGA 1600 (Featured Marque)
C	Austin Healey 100-4, 100-6	CC	MGB & MGC chrome bumper ('62-'67) Mk1
D	Austin Healey 3000	DD	MGB & MGC chrome bumper ('68-'74.5) MkII
E	Austin Healey Bug-eye Sprite	EE	MGB rubber bumper ('74.5-'80) MkIII
F	Delorean DMC	FF	MG B/C GT
G	Jaguar Saloons (1971 & older)	GG	Morgan
H	Jaguar Saloons (1972 & later)	HH	Rolls Royce/Bentley
I	Jaguar XJS (all years)	II	Triumph TR2/TR3/TR4/TR250/TR5
J	Jaguar Sports Cars (thru XKE)	JJ	Triumph TR6 early (1969-1973)
K	Jaguar Sports Cars (post XKE)	KK	Triumph TR6 late (1974-1976)
L	Jensen-Healey	LL	Triumph TR7
M	Land Rover Range Rover	MM	Triumph TR8
N	Land Rover Discovery (incl LR3/LR4)	NN	Triumph Spitfire early/GT6 (1962-1969)
O	Land Rover Defenders	OO	Triumph Spitfire late (1970-1980)
P	Land Rover Freelander	PP	Sunbeam
Q	Land Rover "Series" U/L, IIA, etc.	QQ	TVR
R	Lotus Classic, 7, 11, Elan	RR	Business Vehicles (Taxis, Utes, Trucks, Buses, etc.)
S	Lotus Esprit	SS	British Tribute Cars (kits)
T	Lotus Elise, Exige, Evora	TT	V6/V8 Conversions
U	Mini Classic	UU	Other British Sports Cars
V	Mini Modern	VV	Other British Saloons
W	MG Midget/AH Sprite chrome bumper	WW	British Motorcycles (Triumph/Norton/BSA, etc.)
X	MG Midget rubber bumper		
Y	MG Pre-war (MMM)		
Z	MG T-Series		



Saturday, September 26th, 2015

Creve Coeur Lake Park – Heldman Shelter

<<http://www.allbritishcarshow.com/home/>>

The featured marque for 2015 will be the MG (and specifically the MGA) to celebrate the MGA's 60th anniversary. A concession stand offering food and drinks during the show is operated by the St. Louis Triumph Owners Association.

Registration form for the British Car and Cycle Show 2015

Early Registration is appreciated!

Mail completed form and check or money order (US funds only please) payable to the MG Club of St. Louis to:

British Car and Cycle Show 2015
c/o Ranney Dohogne
12970 Ambois Dr.
Creve Coeur, MO 63141

The first 100 registrations received
by August 26th will receive
a FREE Shirt with the
2015 British Car and Cycle Show's Logo.

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____
Email: _____ Distance Traveled: _____

VEHICLES	Year	Make	Model	Color	Class (see page 4)
1 st Entry					
2 nd Entry					
3 rd Entry					

Parking Lot Party

Will you be attending the Parking Lot Party? Yes: _____ No: _____ How many people: _____

The St. Louis MG Club will NOT be selling the British Car & Cycle shirt at the show, so register early!

Early Registration (post marked before August 20th, 2015)

First British Car (Motorcycle fee \$10.00)	\$25.00	\$
Second (and more) British Car or Motorcycle	\$10.00	\$
Pick your size	S <input type="checkbox"/> M <input type="checkbox"/> L <input type="checkbox"/> XL <input type="checkbox"/> XXL <input type="checkbox"/>	
FREE EVENT SHIRT GAURANTEED TO THE FIRST 100 ONLY!	TOTAL	\$

Regular Registration (postmarked after August 20th, 2015)

First British Car (Motorcycle fee \$15.00)	\$30.00	\$
Second (and more) British Car or Motorcycle	\$10.00	\$
	TOTAL	\$

Rules and Waiver:

I am aware of the hazards inherent with motor vehicle events and specifically release and do indemnify all organizers, officials, and supporting sponsors of the All British Car and Cycle Show, including the St. Louis MG Club, the St. Louis Triumph Owners Association, from any and all liability from personal injury or property damage incurred by me, my guests, and all participants while I participate in the All British Car and Cycle Show.

I understand that the St. Louis MG Club reserves the right to revoke my registration and retain my registration fee should I engage in reckless, dangerous, and/or unsafe behavior. I also understand that my car should remain on the show field until all winners are announced.

I have read, understand, and agree to this release.

Signature: _____

Name: _____

Date: _____

UPCOMING JAGSL EVENTS

AUGUST EVENT

Saturday, Aug. 15th
River Road Run & Picnic

Meet at Cars & Coffee and caravan out to shelter at Pere Marquette State Park for a picnic!

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

JAGSL BD PARTY

On Sunday, July 12th, fifty-three members of the club and their guests enjoyed a superb buffet lunch at the Glen Echo Country Club while our own long-term member, Ben Hilliker, spoke of the early days of auto dealers in the St. Louis area. His archival knowledge is impressive and his slide show of the many dealership buildings and cars was fascinating.

This year's trivia contest centered on St. Louis and was won by Phil Taxman with second and third places tied by Ben and June Hilliker.

After a hearty welcome by Bob Herold, OOP, Lisa Hendrix reviewed the plans for the October 10th Concours to be held at the Bishop's Post Restaurant (formerly Oceano), with the banquet to be held as well at Bishop's Post at the Mall. A Friday night cocktail party will be held at the Drury Hotel.

Thanks to the Glen Echo policy, many members brought their Jaguars to display on the lawn. Our thanks goes out to those who suffered the high temperatures to share their cars with us, even though they do not all have (working) A/C systems.

Many thanks to the staff at Glen Echo who do a terrific job each year and a special thanks to John Horen, who once again generously provided us with some of the door prizes for this party from his personal collection. He can't have much left!



Those joining us for the event:

- ♦ John Bowman ('94 XJ-S)
- ♦ Charlotte Bukowski & Tom Loew ('92 XJS)
- ♦ Jen Carle & Ben Hendrix
- ♦ Jeanne & Terry Carmack
- ♦ Nancy & Ray Corry ('08 XJ8L)
- ♦ Bob & Diane Duddy ('85 XJ6)
- ♦ Allan Ellis ('67 420)
- ♦ Cass Funkhauser & Jim Hartig ('98 XK8)
- ♦ Barb Giese
- ♦ Steve Gissy
- ♦ Joe & Sharon Guenther
- ♦ Richard Haar & Karen Miller
- ♦ Jim & Lisa Hendrix ('11 XJ8)
- ♦ Ron Henry & guest, Christie ('66 Mk X)
- ♦ Bob & Jeri Herold with Brandon Hibbs ('67 E-type & '15 F-type)
- ♦ Dawn & Mark Herzog
- ♦ Ben & June Hilliker
- ♦ John Horen
- ♦ Courtney Jones & guest, Tatiana
- ♦ Marsh Riegert & Cathy Vogt (XK8)
- ♦ Diana & Gary Schlueter (XK8)
- ♦ Bonjour, Joyce & Andre Stunson
- ♦ Lupe & Phil Taxman with Bianca Taxman, Lourdes Mendoza & Pat Rich ('66 Mk X)
- ♦ Jim Thompson
- ♦ Dorothy & Ray Unger
- ♦ Kelly & Sally Waite
- ♦ Chris & Terry Zerr ('66 E-type)

If we failed to mention your Jaguar above, please accept our apologies and let Terry know at: [<tcarmack01@charter.net>](mailto:tcarmack01@charter.net) and I'll correct it for the points tabulation.

-TERRY & JEANNE CARMACK and TOM LOEW & CHARLOTTE BUKOWSKI, co-hosts



the **TAXMAN** Race Report

Now with a valid racing license and one race weekend under my belt (GingerMan Raceway), the 64 XKE coupe and I were ready for more action. Sportscar Club of America (SCCA) has three weekends of racing at Gateway Motor Speedway and the first one was being held at the end of May. SCCA doesn't have a class for vintage race cars, but does sponsor a training program called Professional Driving Experience (PDX). For \$350, you get a lot of track time and an instructor for a Saturday and Sunday. Quite a bargain! So, with great anticipation, Marsh and I took the Coupe out to Granite City for two days of racing. I had an hour of class and then got onto the track -- with an instructor in the passenger seat. It was a rainy day, so speeds were down. After approximately six laps, I started to lose the clutch. It was totally gone by lap 10. Out came the truck to tow us back to the pits. It was quickly determined that the clutch slave cylinder went craps. After just twenty minutes on the track, our racing weekend was over.

We were able to order in a couple of new slave cylinders from [SNG Barratt](#) and after a little modification, Marsh had the clutch working again. I had ordered another set of wheels and had upgraded the Hoosier Vintage Bias Tires to Yokohama Cut Slicks radials, preparing the Coupe for the Blackhawk Farms Raceway vintage event on June 19th-21st. Marsh wouldn't be able to go to Blackhawk, which is right on the Wisconsin/Illinois border, due to a conflict with his Caribbean Vacation, so Substitute Crew Chief Lupe Taxman was welcomed aboard. She learned quickly and performed all her duties with great enthusiasm and skill. Luckily, we had no major mechanical issues.

Blackhawk Farms Raceway is a wonderful small track: 1.9 miles with seven turns. There were 130 vintage cars entered, racing in four groups. They mixed similar classes together and you were always on the track with thirty to thirty-five other cars. I raced with a Shelby GT350, Sunbeam Tigers, Mustang GTs, an Alfa Romeo GTV 2000, a Lotus Europa, Datsun 510s, MGBs, a Lotus Elan, a Toyota MR2, a BMW 325i, a Chrysler Barracuda, a Yenke Stinger, Corvettes, a Datsun 240Z, and a Chevy Camaro. We arrived on Friday, just in time for three sessions of afternoon practice. I was extremely ragged for the first two sessions as I tried to learn the racing lines and get used to the new tires (which were great!). The third session was better. Best of all, I kept all wheels on the track. Saturday was more of the same, with two practice sessions, a qualifying race for grid, and lastly,

the fifteen-lap race with pace car. Wonderful weather and my driving improved with each session. I was running about fourteen seconds slower per lap than the fastest cars, the Shelby, Tiger, and Mustang. Thus, in a fifteen-lap race, racing like this, you're likely to get lapped twice. I raced side by side with several MGBs and the Lotus Elan. Really a blast! I was gridded 18th, finished 16th out of thirty-five cars, and took 1st in my class (6/BP, "B-Production," basically pre-1972 big bore sports cars and sedans.

Sunday we had only one race. This was a fifteen-lap feature race. Again, this race was a gridded start on the track with a pace car. I was gridded 17th, due to my finish in the main race on Saturday. The Barracuda right in front of me died as the green flag came out. I had to come to a complete stop, back up and go around him. This caused me to lose several grid spots. It took several laps to catch up to my racing buddies, the MGBs and Lotus. We raced together for numerous laps, even as I was looking for my spot to pass them. My plan was to get right on their tails on the last lap and then pass them in turn six, which leads in to the last two straights. The problem was that I boiled the brake fluid and lost the whole brake pedal coming down into turn one. I had to go straight off course into the grass or I would have run into a MGB. Surprisingly, the Coupe restarted and I got back onto the track, grass flying in all directions. I finished the race at a reduced speed due to wet tires and not knowing if all was okay with the Jag. Overall I finished 16th one again and first



in class. Best of all, this was the only incident with tires off the track for me in eight sessions. Quite an improvement? Lupe was taking a video at turn one when I slid off the track, so she now has a trump card on me ... my spinning in the grass has been recorded, and is in her possession.

What's next? Marsh and I are going to change out the front rotors for slotted and drilled rotors, flush the old brake fluid and replace with Castrol React SRF, and work on some air ducts to vent the brakes. We might take in one night of PDX racing at Gateway, but then in August it's on to Grattan Raceway up in Belding, Michigan for the Au Grattan Vintage Racing Festival. □



FOR SALE:

1987 Jaguar XJ6, Woodland Green with tan interior, base model, in exceptional shape, with 72,XXX miles. California car until our purchase 4 years ago. No rust and no modifications to original specifications. Everything works except cruise control. Have some receipts from prior owners, as well as original books. Various new parts including tires, alternator, starter, etc. Won its class in JAGSL Concours when shown.

\$7500 OBO. Terry Carmack (314.692.0566)

Forwarded to the Editorial Team by Ray Unger ...

AUTO EXPRESS DELIVERS NEWS FROM JAGUAR

Jaguar F-Pace SUV

An *Auto Express* article offers the latest on Jaguar's F-Pace, reporting, "We're not far away from the wraps coming off Jaguar's first production SUV, and we've now seen the new Jaguar F-Pace in all its glory supporting Team Sky at the Tour De France. Although the disguise is nearly all off, the F-Pace is set to be revealed in full at the Frankfurt Motor Show and go on sale at the start of 2016."



XE Diesel

From the *Auto Express* review: "After the unhappy memory of the X-Type, Jaguar is finally a true force to be reckoned with in the compact executive class. This 2.0-litre diesel ticks all the boxes you could want in terms of efficiency, and significantly, it's great to drive, too. The XE hasn't just matched the class leaders, it's surpassed them."



A STUNNER.

On 13-15 August 2015, up for auction at RM Auctions-Sotheby's will be a Ghia-bodied 1952 Jaguar XK120 "Supersonic." Now here is a vehicle that would doubtless be worth every single point off (and then some) for "non-authentic" at any JCNA Concours. More info (and especially photos) at RM Auctions — this page is worth a glance.



THE JAGUAR CLUB OF GREATER CINCINNATI INVITES US TO ITS
13th Annual Concours d'Elegance
Saturday, August 8th, 2015



Reception: Friday, August 7th, 5:00-8:00p EDT, Jaguar Land Rover Cincinnati
(9111 Blue Ash Road, Blue Ash, Ohio)

Concours: 8:00a-4:00p, followed by an awards picnic, 4:00p-5:30p, Casa Bianca
(4940 Muhlhauser Road, West Chester, Ohio)

Host hotel: Hampton Inn & Suites (9266 Schutze Drive, West Chester, Ohio 513.341.2040)
(Special reserved parking and car washing facilities available)

Don Leedy, Chair 513.777.9811 <leedydw@aol.com>; Rich Frantz, Registration 513.604.9118 <rlfrantz@fuse.net>

July Cars & Coffee

Next C&C: Aug 15th
(followed by the JAGSL
picnic at Pere Marquette)



July 18th delivered a superbly well-attended Cars & Coffee, once again at Westport Plaza.

ML Hillard himself, chatting with a few JAGSL members, was pleased to report an increased number of European sportscars at Saturday's event. A solid showing of Jaguars contributed to that calculation:



JAGSL members attending the July Cars & Coffee included Art & Linda Beuchler (2008 BMW 328i), Allan Ellis with Andrew Ellis (1967 420), Bob Herold with Brandon Hibbs (1967 E-type), Matthew Johnson with Brian Schoeneck (1978 VW Bus CEII), Tom Loew (1992 XJ-S), Joe Mizerany (1995 XJ-S), Phil Taxman (1954 XK120), and John Tetrake (1966 E-type).



A few additional Jaguars were in attendance: a 1957 XK140 OTS, a highly customized 1970 E-type "McCloskey Special," and what was certainly not a 1938 SS Jaguar 100 (but given the rarity and unattainability of a real one, we appreciate the tribute).

If you don't mind indulging me for a moment (or even if you do), the July C&C was rather a special one to me. My good friend, Brian Schoeneck tagged along; he is strongly considering the acquisition of an old British sportscar. He (literally) was counting the hours until the show, and his anticipatory glee was contagious. He received *extremely* warm welcomes from members of JAGSL and SLTOA, even to the point of testing the fit of a Triumph at the show: we have some supremely kind, generous, warm folks in these groups, and that should be acknowledged. *Cordial thanks, all.* Brian's excitement reminds me of my own thrilling car search over a year ago now, the fine people I've met in that time through our shared hobby, and about how much I've learned and experienced since then because of the adoption of a little British kitty. It's an amazing activity we engage in, dear readers, and sharing it with others is an incredible privilege.

— MATTHEW JOHNSON





Photos: Heather Johnson

struggled to comprehend what that moment must have been like; he smiled at me, chuckled a bit at my reaction, while I just stared at him, trying to conceive of how this group of highly-educated, critically-thinking, maybe a little coddled (comparatively speaking) codebreakers were now suddenly ground troops. Of

course, such troops were absolutely no less essential, so if the war effort needed infantry *now*, and not codebreakers *now*, then that's that. "You did what you did,"

he told me, echoing a sentiment I remember my Great Uncle relating to me: "You did what you had to do, sometimes kicking and screaming, but the job that needed to be done got done." I am still think-

ing, weeks later, about that moment in which the Veteran went from "I am a codebreaker," to, nearly instantly, "I am a foot soldier." My Grandfather went through something similar: "I am a pediatrician," and with little transition, "I am a battlefield medic." And I think again about what it would be like, now, for me: "I am a professor," and then, "I am a soldier." Sobering.

Now, I hope I have represented the story accurately, but it doesn't really matter. In storytelling, the *how it actually was*, even the *what*

actually took place, isn't what is the most important, despite what we conventionally might think; it's the crux of the event, the essence of the experience that counts. And

the last major battle of the European conflict." I've read that kind of thing, and get annoyed: Uh, by whose reckoning? Aren't *all* battles *major*? Certainly to those in-

volved. We don't get anything

Storytelling Vehicles

In last month's *Growl*, we opted to include a brief write-up of Ron Henry and Phil Taxman's June 27th Veterans Show and Lewis & Clark Rallye, merely to cover the event; here, as promised, is a somewhat more thorough reflection. The event merited it.

By Matthew Johnson

that kind of truth (emotional reality, genuineness, authenticity) is what is necessary to capture, to remember, to reflect upon, to communicate. The conversations I had at the Missouri Veterans Show did that: transmitted to me something *real* and *meaningful*, and something that I will do what I can to communicate to others. I have no military experience. And it's important to be extremely thankful that that condition is even possible.

This is what I took away from several of my conversations with the veterans: what "happenings" were like. Instances. What life was like. What the people involved felt. Nothing that the Wikipedia article on "World War II" will provide: not "on the 17th of June, I was in the Battle of the Bulge, which represented

"empty" from the veterans, from those who were there. All of the events, even moments, were *major*. Their very lives were comprised of them. Mere facts are *not* the same thing as reality. And as an educator, it's really important that I know that, and it's crucial to be reminded of it from time to time.

As I pondered being a codebreaker-turned-suddenly-foot-soldier, the Veteran switched topics, asking me how I acquired my Jaguar. I told him about a lengthy and pretty stressful (for me) search, and about how my wife, Heather, (eventually) was quite supportive (of me, if not *precisely* the purchase of an old Jag). While I have no doubt that he *never* expected it to be put into print, the Veteran, gesturing towards my Jaguar, said, "Well,

Although one Veteran with whom I conversed said that he did not want to tell war stories (he, like other veterans at the event, seemed to want to talk about Jaguars), he did, with a little urging, relate one anecdote about serving as a codebreaker during World War II, which specifically piqued my interest, as my Great Uncle was also a WWII codebreaker. As codebreakers, the Veteran told me, his group was treated as an elite unit, receiving the best the U.S. military had to offer in terms of accommodations. And they got used to that kind of treatment. And used to being told how essential their work was to the war effort. One morning that began as many others had done ended a little differently: the ranking officer called this group of codebreakers to a "special meeting." Lining them up, he conveyed to them how they're among the best, that they're special, that their skills and toil were vital. Indeed they were. The officer, in some sense, was genuinely expressing appreciation for their work. Without skipping a beat, the officer then said, "But as of this moment, you are all now infantry." (Go ahead and read that sentence again: I had to hear it a second time when the story was relayed to me in person.) Goodness. I mean, *goodness*. The sharp-as-a-tack Veteran shot me a wry look as my mind



if your wife let you purchase that, you must be pretty good." I broke into hearty laughter. So did he. I responded, "Well, you can ask her, as she's right over there." He instantly became sheepish, commenting about the



Photo: Mark Morgan

dangers of being overheard (and of speaking too loudly). And then I shot him a wry look. Now this little quip, his little witty and irreverent remark isn't a war story, isn't about heroics or sacrifice or honor, but it is about a meaningful and delightful exchange between an 83-year-old vet and a 39-year-old college professor. It's about a connection that we made. Two people talking to each other and having a fun time doing it. And that's cool. Actually, that's rockin' awesome. It was not a sad or depressing or solemn moment at a veterans' home, or any home for the aged for that matter. It was not an attempt to make me understand the horrors of war, or a lecture about how I couldn't understand it without experiencing it anyway. It was not a toleration of some assumed "generational gap" that the young and the old and the in-between insist on propagating, a fabricated myth perpetuated only by people who never try to talk to one another. It wasn't an obligation of thanks to veterans, or one of socializing with folks who may be quite isolated. Nah. This was a lovely little *life* moment. It was fun. It was a *genuinely good time*. I imagine we all need more of that, and our little Jaguar show enabled us to do it together.

Then the rallye. Eight Jaguars, all pulling out of the Veterans Home. Since Phil declared that I take the first lead (an honor – and declaration – I could not refuse), I had the superb opportunity of seeing everyone lined up in my rear view mirror ... XJR, XJ6, XJS, Mk X, XJ12, 420, XK120 ... a fabulous lineup. It really is thrilling to drive down the

highway in a caravan of marvelous Jags. Gary in his XJR, flying by me, yelling something about it being too bad that I was stuck in second gear; Allan soon following suit, showing us the E-type that lurks beneath that gentlemanly 420 body; and Phil racing by in the 120, a blur of red with a touch of blue smoke trailing, utterly without effort charging down the modern interstate, passing the passers. For those of you readers who haven't joined a JAGSL rallye ... you might consider it. It's a stupid amount of fun.

Rather too quickly, we arrived at the Lewis & Clark Memorial Park. Folks explored the exhibits, watched the film, and toured the camp. Bob Mitchell, a fabulous guide employed by the Park, captivated Heather and me on a walk rich with historical narration. *Captivating*. And there it was again: *not* "in May of 1804, the Expedition departed from the banks of the Mississippi to map western territories and locate an accessible route to them." No encyclopedia entry. Rather, we learned about the washer, the laundress at the camp, who, in the ice and bitter winds, washed the men's clothes, lye tormenting her hands already in agony from the cold; yet it was an imperative occupation, and one for which she was paid fairly well. Historians are not precisely sure who she was, but it is thought that she could be the very same person who bought the property that ultimately became the Memorial Park. We



Bob Mitchell, whose knowledge of life in the late 18th and early 19th centuries is extraordinary.

learned about the flax that the locals grew, processed, and spun into yarn; about the hardtack that members of the Expedition regularly ate; and how the Park now makes yarn and hardtack in the identical ways, with and for visitors every summer. We learned that camp life could be so brutal and/or boring, that the camp walls were as much to keep the men in as they were to keep wildlife and enemies out.

These are stories and memories of individuals passed down – from an Expedition member through journals through historians through Bob Mitchell to us – as we form memories of our own (which I now pass to those reading this reflection). The fine folks at the Missouri Veterans Home and Lewis & Clark Memorial Park relate these memories, thus preserving them, and creating new ones.

Phil reported to me after the event, "I like to drive and I like to learn. This is the type of rallye/drive I enjoy the most." Yes. Yes, that's it precisely. In the June 2015 (20.5) issue of the *Growl*, I discussed what JAGSL is about, why it exists. Ron and Phil's show/rallye inspires me to return to that theme: JAGSL also educates its members about our area's culture and history. In so doing, JAGSL helps to preserve that culture and history. But even more than that, JAGSL is part of that culture and history, and serves to create it. With the veterans, for instance, we shared our Jaguar stories, as they shared their service stories (and the reverse, when we shared our own or our relatives' service stories, and the veterans shared their automotive stories ... like the gentleman who told me about his father's '40s era Rolls-Royce that they toured in, with its "kissing doors"). Equally as importantly, we listened to one another's stories, and are in a position to retell them. Consider: Our Jaguars are *our* storytelling devices. They are the vehicles that enable us to learn about, preserve, create, and communicate our culture and history. Culture, after all, is wrapped up in the things that it produces, and culture defines who we are, what we value, what we find beautiful. These are no mere cars. See what they can do? Drive on.



JAGSL AT THE ILLINOIS JAGUAR CLUB CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE



Photo: Matthew Johnson

On July 25th, JAGSL members performed superbly at IJC's Concours: **Diana & Gary Schlueter** earned Best in Class in Champion Division for their 1999 XJR (C11), as did **Matthew Johnson** for his 1969 E-type FHC (C6). The E-type also took the "People's Choice Award," a coup enabled in part, we believe, by the excitement of Matthew's eight-year-old nephew, Aaron, and a hugely supportive (if a trifle overly enthusiastic, but in a good way) family. Special thanks to Diana, who assisted in the score tabulation, and Gary, who helped to judge—talented and dedicated recruits, there, working vigorously even when away from home. Much appreciation to Michael Belica and the IJC for a *wonderful* show.

— MATTHEW JOHNSON (I am *truly* honored: thanks, all.)



Photo: Aaron Bjork

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The
Jaguar's Growl

EDITOR'S PAGE: *Allan Ellis*

My daily driver (more by necessity than choice) is a 1988 GMC Vandura 3500 1-ton box truck, a former Penske rental still sporting its hard-to-miss, signature yellow paint job (mostly) and renamed "Bertha." I bought it in 2001 from Bob Kunz, the legendary carburetor rebuilder noted mostly for his ability to get the notoriously tricky, triple Carter carbs performing correctly on early Corvettes. He had used the truck to go to Hershey, Pennsylvania when he was searching for parts. The motor had a warped head and my good friend and mechanic, Rudy Goodus, assured me it could be fixed.

The hardest part of the job was reconnecting the exhaust manifold, a task made somewhat easier by the terrific ground clearance under Bertha: no jack stands required. I drove the truck to Nashville, schlepping stage sets and AV equipment for a conference. On the way home, the car behind me was suddenly sprayed with a sticky "rain." At a stop to check things out, nothing was leaking and the truck wasn't overheating and we eventually arrived back in St. Louis uneventfully. A few weeks later, I took Bertha out for an errand and the motor stopped running right in front of a service station on Bellefontaine Road. I coasted into the lot, well, almost into the lot, got out and observed a green stream of fluid coming out of the tailpipe. The solution? A 350 crate motor, which was probably what I should have gotten to begin with.

I used to have an '87 1-ton Ford, a 12-foot flatbed which I used for remodeling. I liked the box truck much better because at the end of the day, you could throw "whatever" into the back, pull the door down and lock it -- not so with the flatbed.

Bertha is still kicking. The other day I hooked on the trailer and winched the riding lawnmower on and headed to the Kubota dealer in Jerseyville, Illinois. The 35-mile trip had all the hallmarks of my daily routine. But in just getting on the road (sort of knowing where I was going but in no real rush to get there), I relaxed and decided to enjoy the ride. It is possible, even in dusty Bertha.

Last week, I convinced Christi to ride with me (in her car, a more respectable Equinox) to check out the run for the August 15th JAGSL picnic. The day was late when we finally headed back south on the River Road into Pere Marquette and the moon was almost full, hanging high in the sky, unabashedly revealing the landscape unfolding before us. Ahead of me, I spied a car pulling a trailer doing about forty. I had to follow "it" for a bit, somewhat aggravated, until I found a safe place to pass. The delay allowed me the time to take inventory of the items in the person's small, open trailer . . . a sleeping bag or two and what appeared to be an old canvas tent. In passing, I turned briefly to see what kind of car was pulling such a motley collection and it was a '70s vintage Volvo station wagon. I smiled and began to think about their story, where they had come from, where they were going and the lack of hurry dominating their journey.

My father was a pastor all his life. One of his unrealized dreams was to buy a motorhome so that he could get into it on Sunday night after church, head down the road to No Place In Particular and not show up again until Wednesday night's Bible study: the lure of being "on the road" (and my father had never read Jack Kerouac). I read somewhere that John Calvin would sail across Lake Geneva on Sunday afternoons to visit a fellow pastor. Well, I've segued from "motors" to boats. You get the idea. □



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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Total Enclosed: \$10 x # of tags = \$ _____



A row of lovely E-types graces the field at the Illinois Jaguar Club's Concours d'Elegance

Application for JAGSL Membership

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.

Name _____ Spouse _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Phone (Home) _____ (Work) _____ E-Mail _____

Jaguars owned _____

What types of events are you interested in: (Check all that apply)

____ Rallies - JCNA sanctioned/other ____ Concours - St. Louis/JCNA ____ Other Local Car Shows
____ JAGSL Meetings ____ Social Events ____ Slaloms
____ Tech Sessions ____ Race & Car Events as a group
____ Other: _____

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 :

Diana Schlueter, Secretary of Membership, 840 Rambling Pine Dr., St. Charles, MO 63303



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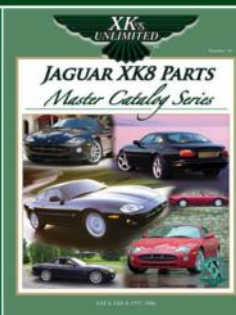
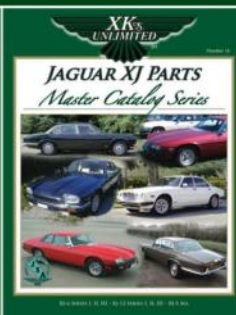
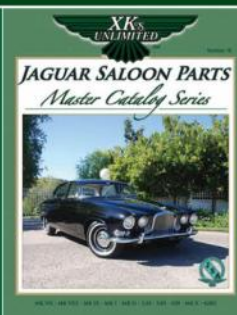
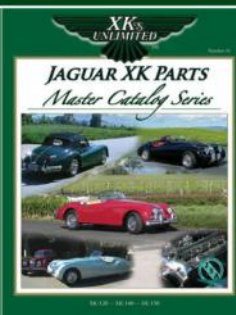
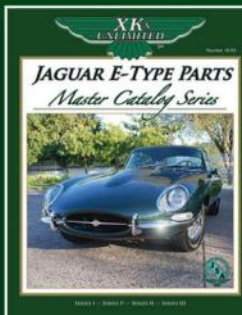
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