

*Jaguar Drivers Club of South Australia*



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## **Don't buy a Jaguar**

### **Rick Luff**

If you don't want total strangers to come up and talk to you about your car, then don't buy a Jaguar.

When I owned a Commodore, the number of people wanting to talk to me about my car was roughly the same as those who enjoyed phone calls at dinner time from charities trying to sell them pens.

Last week I was accosted by a group of women, who unfortunately for me were in their eighties, who waxed poetic about my car. One of the group had first purchased the marque sixty years ago. With quiet authority she told me that there are Jaguars.... and there are other cars. 'Nuff said.

But the draw of a Jag is not limited to old age pensioners and the mentally infirmed like me. I've had three year old boys needing to be dragged away by their mums after sighting my car. Ice cream dribbling down their forearms and on to the footpath has not distracted their attention, nor has their mum's pleas to hurry them along.

As for V12's, even the massively spoiled, fluoro lit and farty exhausted Spotty Herberts are impressed by an engine that has three times as many spark plugs as theirs. Naturally they don't understand it, but they *are* impressed.

You see, there is something ethereal about a Jaguar. Not just in its form but also the name. I don't see anyone going weak at the knees over an '84 Falcon, but an '84 XJ6? Well, you know the answer to that one.

Of course it's not just my cars, but all of yours too. Park an E-Type in an empty paddock and within ten minutes you wouldn't be able to see it for the crowd.

If all of this a problem for you then buy one of the 'other' cars.

Rick Luff