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My Jaguar Story

Rick Luff

I've never had a long range goal of owning a Jaguar. Certainly I have always considered them exiting and beautiful, but only other people actually *owned* them. After all, I have a Landcruiser and a Commodore with two garages to house them. Surely that would be enough.

In the 70's I learned to drive, like most of us at the time, in my Dad's car. No high priced driving instructors in those days. Just him and I, broom sticks stuck in a couple of buckets for parking practice and half a dozen laps of the Westfield Shopping Centre car park. Back then I wished we owned a Holden or Valiant like most of my friends Dads did. Instead I grew up with and learned on Humber Vogues, Super Snipes and Wolseleys. So by sixteen my subconscious was thoroughly imprinted with walnut dashboards.

Fast forward to one evening a few years ago. Instead of watching some formula American sit-com on TV with the rest of the family, I decided to fire up the PC and see what I could find on the internet. "What could I look up that was interesting", I mused? I made the fateful step of typing in **Jaguar**. The rest, as they say, is history.

I was surprised at how affordable a Jaguar was and casually remarked to my wife that a rather fetching Maroon 1984 XJ6 Sovereign would be nice to acquire. To my surprise she said to buy it. This was not a question I was going to ask a second time just in case the answer was different from the first. So within a fortnight it was sitting in my garage. The Landcruiser was relegated to the elements.

Now as all of you would be well aware, addictions have a hierarchy of curability. There is smoking, followed by alcohol and then narcotics. The list appears to be topped by Jaguarmeglia. Apparently while the others will respond to treatment, there is no known cure for the latter.

Surely one Jaguar would be enough to slake the thirst (as I was new at this so you'll have to excuse my naivety at the time). I quite fancied the 420G and negotiated to travel to Canberra to buy an "Immaculate" example. Unfortunately the sellers definition of "immaculate" matched mine for "Nice Fixerupper" so I flew back home instead of driving.

The other model that fascinated me was the V12 XJS. To cut a long story short, the XJ6 now shares the garage with a 1988 XJS V12 Coupe, coincidentally in the same colour as the Sovereign. What about the Commodore? It now lives with the Landcruiser and I live with a very understanding wife.

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