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## **Mystique of the Marque**

### **Rick Luff**

If you grew up in the 60's when Mk 2's and E-Types were in the showrooms and on the streets, you could be excused (in your dotage) for heaving a wistful inner sigh as a Jaguar passes you by. Memories of Le Mans winning D-Type stories as told to you by your Dad. Gorgeous Mark 10's and those 'super-fab' sports cars, not to mention the smell of leather on a hot day. These are all hauled out and dusted off.

That said, I was intrigued the other day as I was driving through the city in my '84 XJ6, when I observed something that stays with me still. On the other side of the road stood an elderly man, stooped with age, cloth cap on his head with one gnarled hand grasping his cane and the other passed through the arm of a young woman in her twenties; perhaps his granddaughter. She pointed her arm at my car as I slowly cruised by, and, while I'm no expert at lip reading, I saw her mouth to her companion, "look at that car".

What's so special about that? Well, unlike those of us described above, the young lady probably could not have picked a Jaguar from a Jenson, nor a Daihatsu from a Daewoo. And if she had, I doubt that she would have picked that she was in awe of a car that was made around the time she was born.

What astounded me was how this young lady, unbridled by any marque prejudice, was taken by the timeless curves from Coventry's finest. "The most beautiful car in the world", they said at the time. Yep, I quite agree, and so did the girl. Maybe the old man has one at home in the shed. I wonder where he lives?

Rick Luff