

50th Anniversary Dinner by Suzanne Jarvis

I am very proud of a team effort to produce the 50th anniversary dinner experience, Saturday, July 29th in the Hickinbotham Room of the National Wine Centre.

I would like to thank those involved, giving up hours to do those things that make an event work.

Patron, **Peter Holland** was the driving force to provide members a “night of nights”. He was determined to celebrate those members giving 50 years to the Jaguar Drivers Club of SA. Peter’s complete dedication to the Club needs to be acknowledged and many thanks go to his breadth of historical knowledge of both the Club and Jaguar motor cars.

Peter wrote the descriptions of both cars on display. He also updated the trophies presented on the night and, as the Most Enthusiastic Member trophy left no room for another insignia, purchased and donated a new perpetual trophy for this award. Peter also decided the keepsake trophies and had them engraved with the 50-year logo. Thank you, Peter!

Ros Holland has the most astounding memory for names and places! Our go-to girl for anyone we couldn’t recognise in old photographs. And every gift glass on the 20 tables was wrapped by Ros. It took a few days, but a wonderful job. Ros also did duty with **Moria Lugg** at the Registration desk on the night. Thank you, Ros.

The table centrepieces looked stunning, thanks to **Tricia Clarke**. Once we decided on disco planters, Tricia went into overdrive and ordered the mirror bases, the planters and stands. The plants were purchased a day before the dinner and combined and set as centrepieces the morning of the dinner. I hope winners of the centrepieces are enjoying their gift! Thank you, Tricia.

One of the highlights of the dinner was the extraordinary slideshow, presented by **Moria Lugg** with help from **Alan Bartram**. Moira spent many weeks and countless hours going through the many photographs available. Thanks to the Executive for approving the digitisation of very early photograph albums, we had access to photographs which hadn’t been seen since the ‘70s. The slideshow combined over 600 photographs in all. A wonderfully dedicated effort. Thank you, Moira.



Alan Bartram with help from **Tricia Clarke**, purchased and produced the gift glasses. Alan spent a great deal of time with the glass graphic artist to perfect the logo. Alan also gave his time in setting up and doing runs to the lock-up. Thank you, Alan.

Although his XJ6 didn’t make it to the floor on the night, **Peter Thomas** was instrumental in organising the two display cars. Many thanks go to **Peter Leaf-Milham** for displaying his red 1973 Series 3 E-Type and to **Norm Atkinson** for displaying his maroon 1973 SWB Series 2 XJ6. Both cars were perfectly presented and looked stunning under lights.

Volunteering as Master of Ceremonies is very brave, but to complete the task with aplomb takes patience and adaptability. **Michael Pringle** proved how well it can be done. Many hurdles jumped during the dinner, but our plans proceeded smoothly. Michael also provided the gold leapers on each table, which were glitter sprayed in his garage. Apparently, a garage never to look the same again! Thank you, Michael.

He didn’t tell me he was going to speak for more than the allotted 20 minutes in case I said he couldn’t. How on earth could I tell **Phil Smart** not to do something! Especially when it comes to speaking about the Club for which he was the inaugural President. Enthralling and entertaining travels through past and present. Thank you, Phil for travelling from Queensland for the dinner and giving your speech.

The 10, 20, 30, 40 and 50-years certificates and badges were organised

by our redoubtable Membership Secretary, **Daphne Charman**. Daff made all the arrangements for printing and laminating of certificates and printing on badges. Thank you, Daff and for setting up on the Saturday morning and assisting with presentations at the dinner.

Thanks also must be extended to **Mike Francis** for donating his time and expertise to photograph the evening. It’s a difficult task, but Mike has produced some wonderful results for posterity. Thank you, Mike.

One person that must be congratulated is **Noel Schmidt**, winner of the **Most Enthusiastic Award for 2023**. Every piece of graphic art, from the official 50-year logo to the certificates, car descriptions and table placename sheets, was designed by Noel. Always happy to help and always providing excellent designs gratis. Thank you, Noel.

Penultimately, thank you to members of the Executive of the JDCSA who backed the Dinner Committee ideas in October, 2022 and never wavered. We fully appreciated your support.

And lastly, thank you to the 204 members and friends who attended the 50th anniversary dinner. It was a pleasure to see guests enjoying the celebrations. Everyone looked wonderful, especially those men who said their dinner suits had shrunk. Ladies, you were stunning!

Suzanne
For and on behalf of the 50th
Anniversary Dinner Committee

50th Anniversary Dinner by Dave Burton

What a great night!

The entry to the Wine Centre is a long winding ramp leading around and up inside this fantastic building. From the minute we arrived at the door, we could feel the warmth of the 50 years of associations with so many people who we had not seen for so many years.

At the entrance, waiters presented us with a choice of wine, champagne, or soft drinks and then, drinks in hand, we walked into the huge room and were met by a photographer who took photos of everyone as they arrived.

Immediately we saw the beautiful E-Type and the XJ6 blending with a cloud of smoke to make them look unreal.

Dress was posh evening wear everywhere we looked, with the ladies in their finest with lovely hairdos and classy outfits, and the gentleman not far behind in dinner suits (black, white and coloured), shirt and tie.

The rotating searchlights mounted in the ceiling frame gave the whole room a moving sensation with different colours moving and flashing. Above the entry was an overhanging landing which I expected someone was going to parachute from at any minute, but no,

just a few photographers capturing the scene below.

Before we could find our table, we were approached by old friends, some who we had not seen for many years, and embarrassingly did not recognize (but that's OK 'cos one of them thought I was someone else anyway).

Background noise from over 200 people, the clink of glasses and the fabulous band, made it a little hard to understand what was being said, so I smiled and nodded a lot.

Then we found our table, and knew all but 2 of the members sharing it with us. It didn't take long to meet the two we didn't know, and so our communal conversations spread around the group.

The waiters tempted us with tasty delights as the night began, and soon they were taking our orders from the selection of 3 courses available.

We were all welcomed by MC, who was followed during the evening by a number of speakers and presentations.

As we listened to the background music from the band, photos of the last 50 years rolled across the screens above the stage and memories of cars, friends and

events from long ago were being revived as we sat and chatted.

And it was these photos which roused me to search the table lists which were on boards in the room, and to my delight, as I searched those lists, I found some, not all, but some of those names which I recalled.

As the evening rolled on, between drinks and eats, we made our way around the 20 or more tables, finding those illusive people who we had not seen for many years, and - surprise - when we found them, some of them said "who are you?" Yep, we have all changed a bit, but it only took a moment to make that recognition and so start chatting as if it was yesterday.

With the picture show, presentations, speeches, music, dancing and eating the night was fully entertaining and we are so glad we, and all our friends, old and new, made it to this memorable night.

We would like to thank all those who were responsible for putting this wonderful evening together, and can't wait for the 100-year celebration dinner!

Dave Burton.



50th Anniversary Dinner - Fickle Finger of Fate 2023

There is a Team among us
Who back in 1973 on an auspicious day
Joined together at the Brecknock hotel
To hold the inaugural meeting of the JDCSA

Now this group of local Jaguar enthusiasts
With names of Franklin, Forrester, Holland and Smart
Came together with Dunstone, Alexander and Seidel
To steer our Club in its formative start.

This enthusiastic group really did us proud
Providing early impetus for our cherished Club
And here tonight we are celebrating fifty years
Of continuous Jaguar devotion since that night at the Pub

Now there is a man among us
Who was there on that special night
His enthusiasm for Jaguar has never waned
Taking on Exec positions to keep development in sight

A number of 120's, 140's and a 150S he has owned
Together with other classics of the Marque
All of which he has personally restored and maintained
Always ensuring they sound that sporting Jaguar bark

A rare Daimler convertible was bought to restore
With the intention it would end up a glorious blue
The body was prepared and the final coat applied
But horror, it finished in a shocking purple hue

So, the Daimler was hidden away in the shed
Where it sheltered for many a year
Together with hundreds of historic radios
Collecting dust in his Museum I fear

Over the years he and family have attended National Rallies
And his reputation as an SA representative is well known
He has come into demand as a Concours Judge
His specialising in the contentious authenticity field has grown

Now years ago, the Club in its wisdom sponsored
A real live Jaguar at the Adelaide Zoo
But when our Man posed by its cage
It showed it's appreciation by gleefully peeing into his shoe

This earned him a continuing Club reputation
With much hilarity and laughter in hoots
And to protect him from further immersion
He was officially presented with a pair of gum boots

To the recent National dinner, he came
Resplendent in a pale blue Don Dunstan safari
Complete with a stunning wild long black wig
It was great camouflage but it was deemed to be scary

Like me of recent time he has seen the light
Moving into modern classic Jaguars too
With not one but two desirable X-Type saloons
No derogatory references to the Ford Mondeo platform thank you!

But being a long in the tooth Electrical Engineer
His next new Jaguar may very well be
Based on the Company's planned direction
A very different proposition, a Jaguar EV

By now having listened to this presentation
You most likely have come to understand
That the Fifty-Year Fickle Finger of Fate award tonight
Goes to our illustrious current Patron, Peter Holland

Ray Smithers



50th Anniversary Dinner



Roland Donders - 'Club Person of the Year'



Steve Weeks - 'Presidents Award'



A big thank you to club members 'The Foenander Brothers'. Known for "Australia's Got Talent" in 2013, the brothers have been professional entertainers for the last 20 years. With their band they provided an entertaining evening of contemporary favorite songs as well as exquisite renditions of classic jazz.



A big thank you to Peter Leaf-Milham for displaying his red 1973 Series 3 E-Type roadster.



A big thank you to Norm Atkinson for displaying his maroon 1973 SWB Series 2 XJ6.

JDCSA 50th Anniversary Dinner

Presentations to members who achieved 50 years of continuous service



Front Row L-R : Chris & Nalda Holland, Sally Burton and Christine Kirby.
Back Row L-R: Dave Burton and Chris Waldock



L-R : Val & Steve Weeks, Anne & Bruce Fletcher and Peter & Roz Holland

JDCSA 50th Anniversary Dinner

Presentations to members who achieved 50 years of continuous service



L-R : Onslow & Wendy Billingham and Moira & Juliann Lugg



L-R: Des Brown, Malcolm Adamson, Alan Hearse and David & Carol Seidel

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**Craig Norley, Zyra Paglinawan,
Raelene Ringwood and Trevor Norley**



Stan and Sally Grafton



Mario & Rose Sicilano



John & Beverley Manifold



Roland Donders and Joan Bormann



David & Robyn Cocker

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Gordon & Marie Elle



Ken & Andrea Hider



Bruce and Sandy Davis



Jim McBride and Helena Runge



Peter Thomas and Suzanne Jarvis



Peter & Carmel Leaf-Milham

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Peter & Kath Taylor



Evan Spartalis



Rod Lovell and Janet Thomas



Mark Aldridge and Helen Hoare



Roger & Di Adamson



Angela & David Rogers

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Grant & Lorry Murdock and Sharon Rollo



Christine, Phil & Maz Smart



Helen Norris, Chris & Nalda Holland



Rolland and Shelly Short



Jan & Graham Franklin



Rodney & Nola Cooter

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Beverley & Wayne Buttery



Joseph & Vicki Cardone



Chris & Stella Michael



Bob & Daphne Charman



Alan & Lurraine Davis



Borys & Elaine Potiuch

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Graeme & Betty Moore



Shane & Christine Ferguson



John & Liz Beevor



Clive & Gillian Bolton



Peggy Davis and Onslow & Wendy Billingham



Andrew & Simone Tessari

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Geoff Mockford



Ray Smithers and Jenny Langdon



**Ron & Claire Palmer, Kim Palmer,
Austin Harris, Joe Spano**



Peter and Tricia Clarke and Margaret Piper



Steve & Cecilia Schubert



Heather & Peter Buck

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Dave & Ange Nicklin



Michael Pringle and Josephine Orford



Phil & Colleen Spencer



Andrew & Leanne Shouksmith



Jim & Arcadia Komaromi



Geoff & Margaret Thomas

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Tim & Laura Welburn



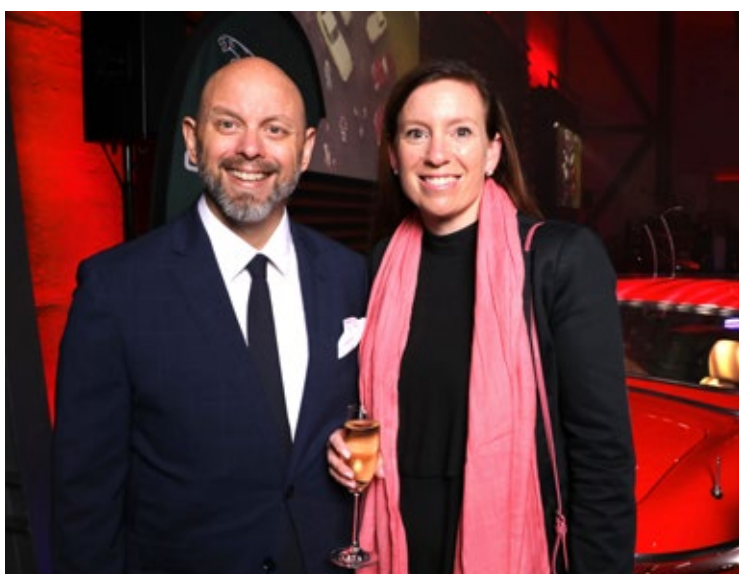
Phillip & Nerrissa Dohnt



Ivan & Janine Cooke



Helen Glades and Steve Hutchison



David Cooke and Carolyn Adams



Peter and Linda Olifent

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Alan & Kate Bartram, Jan Harris and Don Bartram



Paul Evison, Alison Braun, Max Rattley



Paul and Liz Szuster



Robin & Barbara Turner



Mark & Kay Robertson



Hugh and Annette Bogaerts

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Robert & Angela Bell



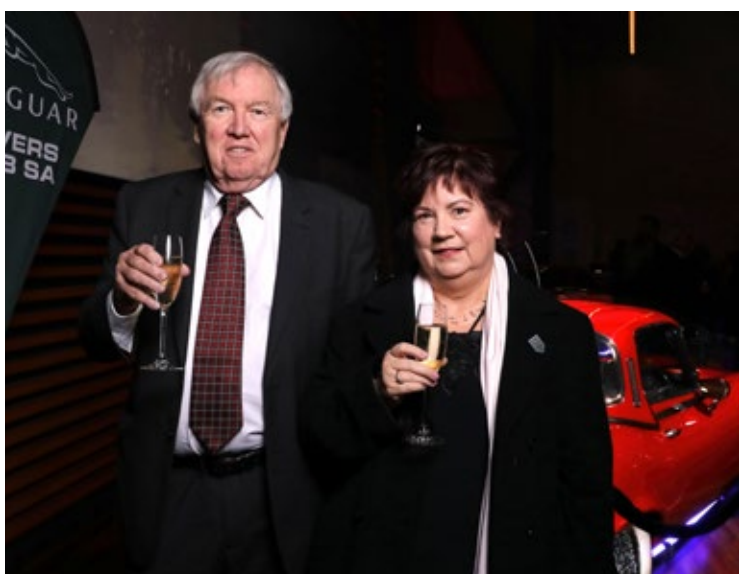
Alison Webber and David & Margaret Bicknell



Lachlan & Lesley Peter



Graham & Ann Southern and Lusie & Hugh Guthrie



Peter and Karen Kentish



Andy & Ruby Gates

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Roderick & Jann Fyfe



John & Denise Stokes



Nigel & Mandy Stevens



Sara & Jacques Metzer



Andrew & Milly Costi



Bob & Glenys Moylan

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Phil Prior



Tim and Sue White



David Alm and Victoria Pearce



Les Burgess



Brenton & Maryanne Hobbs



Jo & Peter Forrester

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Des Brown and Lynette Williams



Tina Benbow & Darren Hewitt



Marj & Tom Brindle



John and Claire Evans



Alan Hearse



Malcolm Adamson

Article based on Phil Smart's talk to the JDCSA, Saturday, 29th July.

The Club's Past and It's Future.

A couple of weeks ago in Brisbane, I was driving home and remembered I needed to get something on the way home, so I started doing what we all do these days, I started talking to my car.

- » "Hey Siri, what time does Bunnings close?"
- » "Bunnings at Capalaba?"
- » "Yes"
- » "Closes at 7.00PM, do you want directions?"
- » "No thanks, I know where it is."
- » "Okay then"
- » Having got that sorted out I then remembered I was supposed to ring my daughter.
- » "Hey Siri, what time is it in London right now?"
- » "It is 8.47 am."
- » "Great! Can you call Greta please."
- » "Calling Greta now."

As I hung up from that phone call to a daughter in London, or rather Siri did, I got to thinking again about tonight's dinner and what would I have to say to you that might be worthy of your time, especially of a period fifty years ago when it seemed like it might be a good idea to start a Jag Club.

Peter Holland tells me that the actual history itself has been well and truly covered, so what can I possibly add? And why do the old stalwarts of the club speak so fondly of that time? With that my thoughts drifted back fifty years and a question started to form in my mind, you see it wasn't just another time, it was another era.

Here's The Question?

What would that 20-year-old newly minted president of the brand-new Jaguar Club of South Australia think if suddenly we were able to transport him fifty years into the future and drop him onto the front passenger seat of this 2023 Land Rover? How would he respond as he tried to comprehend me seemingly talking to the car and ending with a conversation that reached to the far side of the world?

Personally, I think he would be a little overwhelmed, perhaps excited but also, once he understood what was going



on and that every piece of knowledge known to man is instantly available with almost no effort required by the enquirer, he may be a little dismayed.

Would that young president realise that the wonder and excitement of discovery, endemic of his time, now pretty much doesn't exist, and does it matter anyway that it doesn't?

Then I thought ladies and gentlemen, what if I attempt to take you back the other way, take you back, not to a time but rather to an era when information was not so available. Where discovery was wondrous, painstaking and personally exciting.

An era where encyclopedia Britannic and the newspapers were the source of truth and knowledge.

What if I could drop you into the sumptuous red leather front passenger seat of a Mk V Jag that a nineteen-year-old lad had just bought and was now driving away in. You need to understand that until earlier that morning the lad had never even seen a Mk V Jag, he had no idea what they even looked like. He had seen a Mk VII on a used car lot and stopped to crawl all over it. Later that week he had sought the advice of a gentleman he knew who drove an Aston Martin DB2 drophead.

"Don't buy a Mk VII, get the earlier model a Mk V, much simpler motor, easier to work on."

The lad came from a family obsessed with football and cricket, his father, a distinguished medical specialist drove a Morris 1100 because the Morris Minor

he had before that had been so reliable. The aerial had broken off, so a metal coat hanger had been jammed into the aperture in its place.

Cars and mechanical's were not in this family's background.

But this lad knew he wanted a Jag, all based on his personal journey of discovery. It was an era of two tone Holdens and Fords, both poor imitations of their American cousins with a Vauxhall Velox being an example of a prestige car.

Let me go back even a few years earlier than that, here's the lad, waiting for a school bus at a bus stop on Henley Beach Road. He knew of Jags, from matchbox toys, he owned a matchbox XK120 and a racing Jag with a fin, but he probably couldn't have told you it was a D-Type. Picture this, a shape comes over the Kidman Bridge, slides out menacingly to the right and slinks past an FC Holden and then, as it goes past the school boy sitting at that bus stop it changes down a gear. The boy stares at the wire wheels, sparkling in the morning sun and as the machine turns onto Tapley's Hill Road and accelerates away, a menacing sound coming from the exhaust like nothing the boy had ever heard before.

It was the boy's first experience of an E-Type Jaguar. It was like something from another planet and here it was in the flesh. The boy had seen grainy black and white drawings of an E type in newspapers, looking like something from another world, but here was proof, up front and personal that there was one free and prowling on Adelaide roads!



After that the boy waited every morning hoping to experience that gear change again.

So, back to 1971, what was the lad going to do? There was no YouTube, no Google, no Pinterest where the lad could, within a few short hours become a complete expert on the Mk V Jag. The models, the colours, the specifications, the strengths and weaknesses, the performance, all laid out in front of him.

Three weeks after the advice from the Aston man, there was an advertisement in the Saturday paper for a Mk V, so the youth borrowed his mum's FB Holden and went to have a look, with his life's savings of a few paltry hundred dollars stuffed in his pocket.

As he turned into the street, there it was, his first sight of a Mk V Jag, magnificent in gleaming black, just as it was on the day Bill Lyons had signed off on the design in the driveway of Wappingbury Hall, his English country home, some years before. Running boards, front opening doors, side opening bonnet that seemed to go on forever. In wonder, the lad discovered the Mk V in the flesh, he ran his hand over the huge gleaming Jaguar emblem arrogantly displayed above the imposing chrome radiator grill, he opened the door, polished woodwork, leather, the smell of luxury! He sat behind the huge steering wheel, turned the key and pushed the button and for the first time in his life, saw a rev counter needle swing into action.

A few hours later he had parted with his life savings and here he was, with you all on board, driving down the road.

Imagine the excitement, a different Era!

From then on, every Saturday I raced down to buy a paper so that I could see if there were any other Jaguars for sale. Over a period of time, I realised that there were other people as obsessed with cars, and in particular Jaguars, as I was and we had started to find each other.

The Beginning

I remember meeting them all. I remember going for a ride with Chris Holland in his Mk IX manual overdrive and experiencing an XK motor fly past the five thousand revs per minute mark for the first time. Frankie with his mad Mk 1. David Seidell selling me bits to keep the Mk V going.

At that stage Christine, my wife at the time, and who is here tonight, had bought an XK140 and we got to know the XK register. The first time I knew that an XK150 even existed was when David and Sally Burton drove up to a function in their white fixed head coupe. Wow, what a car! It took your breath away.

Then a few of us decided to start the club. We used the only medium possible, we put an ad in the paper to say when we would have the first meeting.

I might remind you, that for all intents and purposes, there were no means of communications as we now know it. Only landline phones, I could leave a message with Frankie's Mum who might pass it on when next she saw him, if she remembered and which would normally be a few days later anyway. Then he would ring back and leave a message for me at a phone somewhere. We didn't even have answering machines.

So, we hired a room, but had no idea if anyone at all would turn up, if a dozen came, we would have been ecstatic. On the night, the crowd was hanging from the rafters, a cast of thousands it seemed to us at the time and the club was launched.

Every event we organised was exciting, and new models kept appearing at each of them.

The Cars! The Journey of Discovery!

I remember at one of the first few club meetings, seeing an SS100 abandoned in the car park, and after the meeting, a skinny quiet guy ended up taking me for a ride; Tony Bishop and I flew around the Adelaide Parklands flat out with me banging on the door as a Mk 2 tried to catch us.

Gavin Sanford Morgan turning up in a C-Type at one event, and at another, Jumbo Goddard in a D-Type.

It was an era of not knowing every day what you would discover the next, Sir William's cars, what was he going to stun us with next, seat belts were optional.

Mick Jagger, (who just turned eighty on Thursday by the way, same day the club turned fifty) and the Rolling Stones still challenging the very fabric of normal society. Jag Club festivities were nothing short of outrageous. Global warming? What was that? Some sort of new BBQ? Emission restrictions, we couldn't have even spelt it. Five people sitting in an E-Type roadster? Easy, three with feet behind the seat and sitting on the boot, with Peter Norris at the wheel trying to tip us off the back, and it was legal!

The dark clouds of a future World view that might need some custodian responsibility was not yet upon us, we all thought that the future was just going to get bigger, brighter and better.

It Was Another Era

Bill Lyons had just released the XJ6, simultaneously, General Motors had just proudly unveiled the miserable HG Holden. Jaguars had a mystique that spoke of a future. Your first encounter with an XJ6 was in the flesh, low slung, with impossibly wide tyres that Dunlop had designed specifically to match Bill Lyons latest technology. You owned and drove a Jag or you were a lesser being. If movies wanted to depict style, daring, fast getaways, they used Jags; Michael Caine in the Italian Job; the maniac in

JDCSA 50th Anniversary Dinner - Guest Speaker (cont)

a stripped-down E type challenging the hero in Vanishing point; the first fast and furious street chase, in the movie Robbery, was a Mk 2 being chased by an S-Type.

Limitations Were Few

I go to cars and coffee some Saturdays now and see young people turn up in all sorts of exotic cars that will do 0 to 200kms in nine seconds, - except that you can't, you will have already broken the speed limit in first gear.

What's the point?

Imagine an era when you have bought your first E type, in my case it was in Melbourne, a series one E type roadster that apparently was capable of sustaining 240km/hour. This at a time when some new cars were still being sold with cross ply tyres, skinny pathetic little things that shrunk back inside the wheel wells with embarrassment.

I drove out of Melbourne and went past a big white sign with a funeral black circle containing a diagonal, swipe, also funeral black, across it. That sign meant - "From here on in buddy, you're on your own, there are now no speed limits, you are entering the unknown. Good luck and may God have mercy on your soul."

I do remember looking up at the roof of the 'E' at one stage of that journey, at a speed I can't remember, and being surprised to see that the wind coming off the windscreen had sucked the soft top some six inches off the frame where it remained strained like an over tightened drum. It stayed like that for a few short hours until Adelaide appeared more abruptly than it should have, to cut the drive short.

It Wasn't Just All Fun!

You may be thinking that all we did was hoon, that was not the case, it is just my way of trying, poorly I know, to convey the fraternity and excitement of an era and the youthful exuberance that helped form this club.

What we did we did well and with passion, some of us went to the National Concour in Melbourne not long after the club formed, sitting in a pub back in Adelaide we thought, is that the best they can do? How about we show them how to do it.

We recruited the British Aerospace chief quality engineer to run the concourse, we convinced Jaguar to use the Concour



for their southern hemisphere unveiling of two new models, the XJS and the two door XJ model. They delayed one launch and flew the other out early from England to ensure they got it here on time.

There were hundreds and hundreds of Jaguars on display.

We were all so proud.

And since then, over the last half century this club has enriched the experience of owning a Jaguar for many hundreds of people and I congratulate you all for the commitment you have made in achieving that. I salute you.

What of Jaguar's future? (and by extension perhaps the future of the club?)

Sir William Lyons once said, "The car is the closest thing we will ever create to something that is alive."

And he got closer to that concept than most.

Some of you may have heard of the term, 'Pur Sang', its French for "pure blood" and was initially used to describe a champion horse, dog or any superior well-bred animal. Enzo Ferrari was the first to use it for cars, his cars.

Just about all legendary motoring marques are the extension of one man's genius. We didn't think about that in 1970 when we saw our first XJ6 or when you first looked under the bonnet of an E-Type. Little did we know at the time that we were looking at the twilight years of an artistic, commercial and social genius.

Then a committee called British Leyland became the main influence in Jaguar's history, the Jaguar plant became large car plant number 5. Should we have changed the car club's name to Large Car Plant no 5 car club? My point is that once the genius fades the car seems to fade with it.

Pur Sang

You want more visceral evidence than that?

The average age of this club has increased at the same rate as the length of time back to when Sir William was still designing cars. There you have it, I have said it. The Jaguar Company committees, aided by the ending of a world as we knew it, have not been able to attract young people back to the brand.

Pur Sang

Ettore Bugatti produced magnificent cars for a period of time, fast, elegant and the engineering! I don't know how many of you have heard the sound of a 1930s Bugatti driven in anger, but it is song worthy of the ears and the soul. And then as Ettore faded, so did his cars.

But there is a future I believe, a hope for us enthusiasts,

One man, Jorge Anadon, an Argentinian and another genius, decided they should not die and it fact he called his company Pur Sang! Today you can call the factory in Argentina and order a brand new 1930s Bugatti. One man took up the mantle and the passion.

Alvis, two engineers, George Smith-Clarke and William Dun formed a 28-

JDCSA 50th Anniversary Dinner - Guest Speaker (cont)



year partnership that between WW1 and WW2 produced the fastest naturally aspirated cars in the world, the fact that they were also some of the most elegant, and would have been admired by Sir William, gave them an added charisma. When the partnership faded so did the cars.

But the batten got passed to one man, one Alan Stote who bought the Alvis Company. Today you can ring Alan and order a brand new 1930s Alvis. As Alan sternly corrected me in our conversation, "Sir, they are not replica's, they are Alvis models made by the Alvis factory.

It has just been a long time between orders."

And they are magnificent.

Now you might be saying that Pur Sang belongs to the past. Not so.

I remember, it must have been in 2016, seeing the first Tesla in a show room in Los Angeles and thinking two thoughts, Wow! That should be a Jaguar and then being disappointed that it was only an electric toy that would never get off the ground.

How wrong was I, Elon Musk - Pur Sang

In 2019 Land Rover announced that the new Defender would look nothing like the old land rovers. The sum total of the wisdom of the Jaguar/Land Rover engineering department, a cast of hundreds of very talented people was that emission and safety standards are now such that it is impossible to produce a modern version of it. It couldn't past the crash test.

And then along comes Jim Ratcliffe, an English businessman sitting in a pub

with his mates lamenting the death of a British motoring icon. Three beers later they turned a coaster upside down and designed what they thought the new, impossible to build defender, should be like. Three more beers, they decided then and there to build it, in fact they called it after the pub they were sitting in, the Grenadier.

And today again, you can buy a brand-new Defender. They are coming off the production line at the rate of 500 a week, with forward orders of 20,000 and with 75,000 written enquiries.

Pur Sang is alive and well, it is the passion of the human spirit.

It is my personal belief that there will never again be a schoolboy sitting at the bus stop that will have his breath taken away by a new model Jaguar.

Regardless, this club, like the Alvis club and many other clubs, will continue to celebrate the era of William Lyons and his cars. It will evolve and grow as it gets comfortable with preserving some magnificent machinery in the era that is coming.

So, The Future

I have probably bought my last internal combustion everyday driving car, the next one will be electric.

The future of commuting will be a combination of three things, electric vehicles, autonomous driving, and artificial intelligence. The combination of these technologies already exists.

Our human ability to cope is the weak point. We have electric cars, but we still need to have a power point that looks like a petrol pump so that our feeble

minds can 'fill it up". Instead of a more obvious, Scalextric type connection that sits on the floor of your garage so that the car slides into it every time you park it, - self-charging. This is no different to our human response to all change. In London, when cars first started to appear, the local authorities, being progressive and not wanting to hold up the future, daringly decreed that you could drive a car on the streets, but you needed to have a man walking in front with a flag to warn everyone and not scare the horses.

So, electric cars? Twenty-seven moving parts, none of them reciprocal, just washing machines on wheels that won't wear out. Battery technology being the weak point at present but that is changing rapidly.

Autonomous driving? Philosophical issues are the big hesitation here, our human emotional inability to "let go of the steering wheel". And again, that is changing rapidly.

Finally, artificial intelligence, the ability for a computer to learn and to learn by conversing with other computers. We can all accept today that Uber or uber like apps could manage a self-driving car and have one sent to us at our request. There are places in the world where that already exists.

Artificial intelligence means the cars will also be communicating with each other. For example, if a car hits a pothole the position of that pothole is instantaneously known to every other car in the country.

So picture this, you are flying overseas for a three week holiday and you arrive at the airport in your new electric car. As you get out, you tell the car to go home. No parking fees for you.

Except that you won't, you will tell the car to go uber itself and earn you some money while you are away, to subsidise your trip to the Goodwood Festival of Speed.

Let me stop here and highlight another important part of the equation.

The most horrendously expensive component of the current Uber like systems are the humans.

For a car to operate at it's potential, (some 120 hours per week), you need at least two humans. So currently, two families are being sustained by that

one Uber. Eliminate that over arching expense and the cost of running an Uber, and therefore the charge rate, becomes comparatively miniscule.

The cars will plan their day, where to be to collect a fare, when to go to an automatic charge station, in fact they will have booked themselves in hours before hand, no waiting. They will not park, there will be no need for parking stations.

There will be no crashes, therefore no crash repairs, no insurance, no petrol stations, no need for traffic lights, each crossing will run like an airport with cars planning their crossings. No speeding fines, no traffic jams and so it goes on.

Then The Next Step

It will become obvious that all car crashes that do exist are a result of human involvement. For commuter driving they will be banned, we will get to the stage where hospital emergency departments will be advertising for work.

The average current usage of a car is around an hour and a half out of every twenty-four; our cars spend all night parked up in a garage and all day parked up in a parking station. What if cars worked 24 hours a day? The future will only need a fraction of the cars we have today, and Ladies and Gentlemen, we already have far more roads than is going to be needed in the future.

Where Does That Leave Us Enthusiasts and This Jag Club?

It will evolve and become an even more enthusiastic club with an average age dropping significantly every year. Cars and coffee will become all day events, every weekend, with roads being allocated for a magnificent day of driving. Ubers will not be allowed on those roads. Driving Licences will be something that, like a flying licence but of course not as complicated, that the youth of the future will aspire to so that they can get involved in the magnificent age of driving internal combustion motor cars.

Is this bad? I don't think so, we are talking about making the everyday mundane driving, convenient, cheap as chips and effortless, leaving more time and funds for us to indulge our passions. And if weekend driving and celebrations of an era of internal combustion engines; and if sharing all the style and passion of that



era is something you enjoy; then you will have even more opportunities to revel in it, and this club. You, and others clubs like you, will be the way of the future.

Is this where the youth are going? They already are, we all came from an era of music on vinyl records, an era where the source of music needed to be cherished and the ritual of placing vinyl on the deck and connecting the needle was a visceral experience. Then music was instantaneously available with no effort. Now, my children and yours are again buying stereogram's and collecting vinyl. They are seeking the pleasure of being involved physically in the music. They ignore the fact that the music is not the same quality, in fact, they convince themselves the quality is better.

Certainly, the experience is, and that is what they are seeking.

So, in the future then, is not too much of a stretch to expect that Pur Sang will again embrace the Jaguar brand. Jaguar, as an unsuccessful mass producer of commuter cars will be bought by a well-heeled enthusiast or a small group of them.

The future generation will be able to order a brand new 1956 model Jaguar off a limited production line of maybe a thousand cars a year, with reasonably competitive pricing built in. These future enthusiasts will travel to the factory to see their car being built, they will be escorted to see the XK140 production run for this year, forty cars travelling down the line.

They will turn a corner in the factory and the line of gleaming cars will be

revealed, just as Sir William envisaged, it will take their breath away.

The factory guide will whisper to them, words similar to those exclaimed by Leonidas Jorge Anandon of Pur Sang in Argentina when guiding a visitor through his factory.

"Our ideal is clear: to recreate here in this factory that space of pleasure where we can be taken by surprise and entertain ourselves every day, searching history with a passion almost melancholic which defines all those of us who speak and share the passion of dynamic art."

The youth, looking at her brand new XK140 will turn and exclaim "They look like the originals!"

The guide will quietly place a hand on her arm and remind the young lady.

"These are the original madam, they are Jaguar motor cars, produced by the Jaguar motor company from genuine Jaguar parts.

It has just been a long time between orders."

Phil

Editor: For interstate and overseas readers, Phil Smart was the driving force behind the formation of the Jaguar Drivers Club of South Australia and inaugural President. He is now a very successful businessman, resides in Brisbane, and races a lightweight E-Type.