

# *My First Jaguar Car Ride*

*By Bruce Jamieson*

Can you remember your first ride in a Jag? I sure can. For me it was something special and never forgotten.

As we know there wasn't too many good quality cars in God's own, in the years when I was growing up in Rotorua as a young boy. To get a top-quality car you needed overseas funds. That suited cockeys in those days, just send off your wool clip and get a car. Then the car sales industry got the second pick of the best. We have all heard the stories!!!!

Well back to my story. About 60 years ago a car salesman, a friend of my father, from Hawera, arrived at home with a Mk7 Jag. He looked very pleased with his latest acquisition. I was very excited and busting for a ride. I got my wish, yep it had it all, grace, space and lots of pace. That night at the tea table, the subject of the car came up. The Jag that is. I made the logical request that our old Citroen be replaced by a Jag, it sure made sense to me. My request was replied to with sounds of laughter and the words "well boy, first I'm not made of money, I'm not a cockey or a car salesman, and if you want a car like that, you'd better put your nose to the grindstone and keep dreaming".



After moving to Opotiki in the seventies, we became friends with Roger & Colleen Clark. Our interest in cars became a common thread. Roger often spoke of his grandfathers' Jag, a green Mk7, which he had purchased new, with overseas funds (he was a cockey of course). He recalls as a boy peering over the long bonnet riding around the farm with Pa Clark, but he loved best going into town with him, hoping his friends would see him.

After meeting the Bourke's through the Jag club, cars are always at the top of the conversation list, Jags in particular. Raewyn mentioned her first ride in a Jag, not sure of the model, but it was a lovely big green one and it belonged to her sister's future father-in-law. She recalled cruising the main street of Hawera on Friday nights looking very cool.

One afternoon we were at John and Raewyn's for a BBQ. The Clark's were there and also Raewyn's sister and brother-in-law. Ted's son. Yes, Ted the car salesman from Hawera. A little later that evening the subject of the Mk7 Jag was bought up. I asked "where did Ted purchase it". To my astonishment, Opotiki was the reply. The next question was asked of Roger "how many green Mk7's was in the area" – "Only Pa's".

Roger - Opotiki, Raewyn - Hawera, Bruce - Rotorua

**First ride in a Jaguar – Same car. *'What are the odds'***

*Bruce*