



The Story Begins!

Wednesday, 6th May 2015

Today's the day when I take delivery of my new car, a 1965 Jaguar Mark 10 4.2 - but first things first - how did I come across it?

I had decided several months ago that I wanted to become a Jaguar owner again, and set my heart on a Mark 2. I had been looking around for a while, but most of the Mk 2's in my price range were not in the sort of condition I felt I could realistically deal with. Through asking around, I was made aware of an old Jaguar sitting in a driveway in Wulguru, Townsville, that had not moved in a while. With neither an address nor a model for this Jag, after a couple of afternoons just cruising around the suburb, I came across what looked to me like a Mark 10 - not quite derelict, but obviously unused for some time.



The car parked under cover in Wulguru.

It wasn't initially a car that I wanted to get involved with, but I left a note in the post box to see if I could have a closer look at it - convincing myself it was just for interest's sake!

A couple of days later I got a call from KAREN SECCOMBE, who told me the car had belonged to her husband GLENN, who had died about 2 years previously, and she had not really considered what to do with it. She had received some (obviously low) offers for the car, but was not prepared to just give it away. I asked to just have a look at the car – as an interested enthusiast, still believing it wasn't for me!

I went to see the car the following day. It was a magnificent beast, clearly quite original, but in need of some serious TLC. The bodywork was badly oxidised, woodwork in need of renovation, leather seats dry and cracked, and all rubbers - door, windscreen, rear window, suspension etc - needing replacement. There was some rust on the chrome, and a few pinpricks on the bottom of the doors, but everything was there, including the original

radio, the toolkit (untouched). The engine fired up, but I didn't dare drive the unregistered car because the driveway was steep, and I didn't know if the brakes would work.

Glenn had bought the car in New South Wales, around 2008, from the second owner, who had registered it under a restricted club licence, and had proudly displayed it as "original and unrestored". The mileage on the speedometer shows 97,293 miles, which is quite believable - the service book shows that it covered 62,885 miles from original registration on 9th November 1967 until 27th August 1974, at which time the entries in the book cease, when presumably the car was sold to its second owner, the enthusiast/collector. If you assume the second owner did only occasional mileage, and Glenn, the third owner only drove the car on weekends, then it's entirely credible that it hasn't yet gone "around the clock".

My conversation with Karen seemed inevitably to lead to me making an offer on the car.

Karen asked to have some time to think it over - and the following day she sent me a message; she had talked to her son, and agreed to sell the car to me. I made payment, and I became the proud owner of the Mk 10. It wasn't until several days later that I arranged for insurance, and transport of the car from Wulguru to my home in Rangewood - about 20km's.

So today, I've taken delivery of my car.



Loading the car



About to set off



Where shall I drop it?

Some interesting facts on the Mark 10:

- It is/was the largest car ever produced by Jaguar
 - Wheelbase: 120 in (3,000 mm)
 - Length: 202in (5,100 mm)
 - Width: 76.3 in(1,938 mm)
 - Height: 54.5 in (1,380 mm)
 - Curb weight: 4,200 lb (1,900 kg)
- Only 5,137 Mk 10's were produced (or 5680, depending on which data you look up) with the 4.2litre XK engine.
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- The interior was the last Jaguar with abundant standard woodwork, including the dashboard, escutcheons, window trim, a pair of large bookmatched fold out rear picnic tables, and a front seat pull-out picnic table stowed beneath the instrument cluster.

Can't wait to start taking things apart!! My problems always arise when I try to put them back together ---